**Jackie's Vegas Strip**

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*Summary: Jackie is trying to come to grip with her mixed feelings of embarrassment and arousal over her many past naked experiences. A trip to Vegas might be a good place to explore her feelings*

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 1**

Jackie's professional life had progressed nicely since her return from Asia. She had received a nice bonus and the thanks of her country for her help in the trade agreement with Sandgadoo. She had been promoted and been given a hefty pay raise. That part of her life was a success. However, her embarrassing experiences had left Jackie's non-work life in confusion. She had found the Asian embarrassments exciting. Her new friend Mindy had fueled Jackie's growing passion for public nudity despite the humiliation she had suffered with the college girl and the bike race. Jackie was filled with her mixed emotions and decided to take a few weeks off away from every one she knew. She had over two months of vacation time saved up so it was not a problem with work.

Jackie debated where to go. She thought about a nudist colony, but felt that if everyone around her were also naked, she would not find the situation as exciting. She thought of returning to Sandgadoo, but she wanted something where she could have more opportunities to safely recover from embarrassing situations without the whole world knowing about them. She thought Las Vegas was the perfect place.--

Jackie was safely in her room at the Treasure Island Hotel and Casino. She had brought money to gamble, but that was secondary. Here in Vegas she felt she could safely experience some of her feelings. She changed into a short skirt and halter-top. She wanted to forego underwear, but she feared the embarrassment that plagued and confused her. She needed to maintain some control on the situation. After donning a pair of thong panties she left her room. She could already feel her excitement growing. She hoped that the situation would inspire her to try new situations.

Jackie strolled around the casino area. The atmosphere was relaxed yet promising. The flight had left her hungry and she took a table in the Black Spot. She ordered one of the delicious light pasta items and sipped on a white wine while it was being prepared. She looked over one of the local entertainment guides and let her mind drift.

The Jaguar Club, a strip club in town, was advertising amateur night on Monday. That was tonight. Jackie thought she could go and experience the controlled exposure that would occur. While she had never intentionally stripped for anyone in public, she thought it would be a safe way to bare herself. She decided she would wander around for a few hours and then visit the Jaguar Club.--

Jackie sat in the dressing room of the Jaguar Club. She added some heavy make up around her eyes. She was to dance after the current girl finished in about five minutes. Jackie found her excitement growing with each moment as she contemplated stripping in front of the room of rowdy men. The tiny lace G-string she wore tickled her. The half bra left the top half of her nipple completely exposed. The snug halter top, short spandex skirt and high heels accentuated her abundant curves. She found herself moist between her legs as she rose and walked to backstage area. After only a few moments the music ended and the current dancer walked from the stage. Jackie heard the announcement for Cheshire, the name she had given, and she took a deep breath just as the Donna Summer disco music started. Jackie skipped onto stage and started her dance.

Jackie had been instructed to watch three lights that were on the tip of the stage. While one light was on she was to remain clothed. When the second light went on she was to remove all save her G-string. When the third light came on, she was to slide the G-string to the floor and finish the dance nude save for her shoes. She started dancing like the girls she had watched earlier. It seemed only moments before the second light winked on. Jackie continued dancing as she slid her skirt down her legs and untied her halter. The crowd was cheering enthusiastically as she continued dancing, her breasts bouncing free of the bra on their own. She unfastened the front clasp and threw the bra back toward the back stage area toward the rest of her clothes.

Dancing in just her G-string Jackie felt her whole body blush. She was thrilled as she could feel the stares of countless men on her almost nude body. She danced to the metal pole and spun herself around it as she felt herself moist between her legs. Jackie was covered with sweat as she moved energetically. In this environment where no one knew her she found herself only slightly humiliated but very thrilled with her public nudity. The pounding music finally ended and she strutted from the stage, intentionally swaying her body enticingly.

Backstage Jackie looked for her clothes but found only her short skirt that she slid up her long legs. She became more self-conscious of her exposed flesh and smiled as she felt her body burn with arousal. She returned to the dressing room and sat on her chair. Her reflection showed a blushing smiling image. She looked at the collection of skimpy and revealing attire. She failed to notice that her gym bag that contained her clothes, room key card and purse were missing.--

Monica stood in the parking lot of the Jaguar Club. She dropped Jackie's gym bag into the trunk of her car and slammed the trunk shut. Monica could not believe her luck when she had noticed Jackie's name on the reservation list at Treasure Island. Monica was serving as an outside auditor. After her humiliating return from Asia she had needed to get away and recover. She had used her old business contacts to land a job working for Brown and Brown Accounting. Her contacts knew Monica was a brash, hard-nosed businesswoman. Her personality would match the predominate attitude that many auditors used to intimidate middle and lower management personnel into revealing all their financial secrets. With her position she was able to blow off the rest of the day and follow Jackie. Monica was surprised when she had seen Jackie arrange to participate in the amateur night strip show. It was not like Jackie's happy, goody-two-shoes persona. Monica had been determined to get some revenge. She had used her figure and a smile to get backstage. She had had no problem sneaking Jackie's gym bag out of the club. Monica sneered devilishly as she thought of Jackie with no clothes, money or identification.--

By 2:00 AM Jackie did three more dances that left her burning with sexual excitement. It was only later in the dressing room after she had stripped naked and removed her makeup that she reached for her gym bag. Not feeling the bag's handles she bent down and looked under the table. Her jaw dropped open as she realized her situation. The rest of the girls had left for the night. The only clothes in the dressing room were the sexy scanty types. She would have to get back to the hotel somehow and these were the only clothes available.

Jackie thought out loud. "Well, in this town, these clothes won't draw as much attention as in most places."

Jackie chose the longest skirt available. A tube top and a G-string would complete the outfit adequately. She looked at her self in the mirror and noticed that the skirt pulled up if she did not stand straight. Her G-string and a lot of firm butt appeared as she bent forward.

"I only need to get back to the hotel. I left my credit cards and most of my money in the hotel vault. I can always get a new room key from the desk."

At that moment there was a knock on the door to the dressing room. "Come in," answered Jackie. The club manager opened the door and stepped in. Jackie smiled at the little twerpy stone-faced guy. "Well, I'll be on my way," Jackie said.

"One moment," answered the manager. "Why are you wearing the club's clothes?"

"My stuff is missing," replied Jackie.

"Well, there's nothing I can do about that, but I can't let you take the club's property. Take those clothes off right now."

Jackie's mouth fell open as she stared at the manager and the old humiliating feeling of embarrassment flooded her mind.

"But I won't have a stitch to wear!" The manager face remained expressionless. After a few moments Jackie realized he was very serious. With no alternative coming to mind she stripped off the tube top and skirt. She hesitated as she hooked her thumbs into the sides of the G-string, but seeing no change in the manager's face, she kicked off her shoes and stepped out of the G-string. Feeling very naked she tried to cover her breasts with her left arm and moved her right hand between her legs.

"We are closing now. I'll walk you to the back door."

"You are really going to make me leave like this?" Jackie appeared to shrink and was unable to move her feet.

"Come along now or I'll call Goliath." Goliath was the head bouncer for the club and aptly named. At six foot eight and two hundred and sixty pounds, his muscular frame looked like it could handle any rowdy customer without breaking a sweat. Jackie remembered the lusty look he had given her and did not want him anywhere close. Jackie hesitantly stepped forward and followed the manager to the back door. He hit the crash bars and waved for Jackie to step out. With her legs shaking Jackie stepped through and heard the door quickly slam shut.

The city lights glowed into the alley in which the naked Jackie stood. With no money, no clothes and no identification, she had no idea what to do.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 2**

Jackie's had thought Las Vegas was the perfect place to address her conflicting feelings about her embarrassments in Asia and her life in general. She had come to Las Vegas to explore those feeling. After checking into the Treasure Island Hotel and Casino, she had decided to try amateur night at the Jaguar Gentlemen's Club.

Stripping on stage before hooting men had been a turn-on; she had loved the controlled excitement. Unbeknownst to Jackie Monica, her former boss and Asian nemesis, had stolen Jackie's clothes and had bribed the Jaguar's manager to force Jackie out of the club after 2:00 AM wearing only high heeled shoes. With no money, no clothes and no identification, Jackie squatted next to the dumpster in the alley behind the club.--

Jackie shivered even though it was a warm night. She had wanted to get away from anyone so as to work out her feelings, but that left her with no one to call for help within hundreds of miles. I was one thing to choose to play stripper for a roomful of faceless strangers, but it was another thing to be forced to strip involuntarily. She thought her safest bet was probably to turn herself into the police for help, but she dreaded having to explain to anyone how she got into one of these situations. Of course, there was a chance that she might be charged with indecent exposure (or something worse) and she did not want that on any more official records than possible.

Jackie looked up and down the alley. On both sides of the Jaguar were taverns from which music was still booming. If she waited her too long someone was sure to spot her pale body even in the relative darkness. The other side of the alley seemed to be some type of commercial businesses behind chain link fences. She shivered again as she envisioned herself chaining over the fence wearing just high heels until she spotted a small tear near the bottom of a section of the fence. Finding the alley still deserted Jackie scurried over to the torn fence, dropped to her stomach and squirmed under it.

"Yuck!" Jackie mumbled as she stood inside the fence. Even in the limited light she saw and felt the dark oily substance that she had squirmed through now covered her front from her erect nipples to her shoes. She wanted to stop and clean it off, but hurried over to the shadows next to the building. She crept up the side of the building and saw sign in front. It was an automobile garage. The oily substance was probably some type of lubricant. Jackie looked up and down the street in front of the garage. All the buildings were dark and no cars drove by.

Across the street were several more service businesses. Beyond that it looked like there was a row of three stories buildings with some scattered lights in the windows. Jackie watched for awhile and decided the building might have cheap apartments.

Jackie thought, "Where there are people living, there might be something I could wear."

The street was still empty of people and cars, so Jackie trotted as best she could in the high heels across the street. She skidded on the street and realized that some of the oil must have gotten on the soles of her shoes. She caught her balance and continued to the back of an apartment building. Seeing nothing she could use she hugged the building wall and moved to one side.

"Bingo," Jackie whispered.

There was a small pool inside a fenced in area adjacent to building. Hanging across the top of the eight foot chain link fence was a piece of cloth fluttering in the light breeze. Jackie's temporary good luck held... no one was in sight. The pool area was dark and the wooden gate to the pool was open. Jackie inched slowly through the gate and grabbed the towel. Remembering the slick oil on her body Jackie draped the towel over the gate, removed her shoes and lowered herself down the pool ladder into the water. She squatted at the three feet depth with just her head and shoulders above the water and rubbed her hands over her oil-covered body. Jackie felt and saw the oil slowly come free from her skin and form a smudgy stain on the surface of the water. Still squatting so as to keep her body somewhat out of sight underwater she edged back to the ladder. The oily stain remained where she had been. The breeze picked up and chilled Jackie's wet exposed neck and shoulders.

SLAM! RATTLE!

The gate to the pool area noisily slammed shut. The sound echoed back and forth between the apartment buildings. The towel slid off the gate and dropped outside. Lowering herself so that the water was up to her mouth, Jackie looked around to see if the noise had attracted any attraction. She held her breath as a side door to the apartment building opened. A young man in a T-shirt and cutoffs exited the building and walked toward the pool. Jackie backed up to the far, deep end of the pool, took a deep breath and ducked under the water keeping her eyes open. Through the wavering water she saw the man shake the gate but left it closed and did not enter. He stooped outside the gate, stood and paused for few seconds scanning the area. Jackie's lungs were threatening to explode when she saw the man walk back toward the side door. Across his shoulders was a towel.

Jackie surfaced and gulped air. She groaned as she realized the man had taken the towel, leaving her once again with absolutely nothing to wear. She waited a few minutes to make sure no one else was around and then eased out of the pool. The breezed felt chilly on her wet body as she walked to the gate. She reached for the latch, but it would not open. She bent down and saw a padlock now locked the gate closed. She had to climb the fence to get out. She threw her shoes over the gate. After positioning a desk chair to help her up she managed on her third try to get over the fence with a minimum of scraps on her thighs.

Wearing just her shoes Jackie edged up the building and checking for cars, she crossed the street to a row of small houses. She moved to the backyard and looked through the backyards of the neighbors. The coast was clear and she crossed one backyard after another until she reached the end of the block. Although the lights of the casinos lit the sky, this part of city seemed quite dead, more like a small town. The streetlights were at the corners and left the center of the block somewhat dark. She hid behind a trashcan for a solitary car to pass before crossing the street.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 3**

While passing through the alley Jackie spotted a medium sized rectangular pet door on the backdoor of a house. There were no lights on in the house as Jackie crept closer. Jackie thought to herself. "Should I try to sneak through the pet door? What if I am caught? Whoever heard of a naked cat burglar?"

Jackie hesitated, then she stooped down to the pet door and laid on her back. She ran her left arm through the door pushing it forward. She passed her right arm through up to the elbow, dipped her head and pushed it through the door. With her arms above her head she pushed her shoulders one at a time into the house. It was a tight fit. The pet door was wider than it was high and her breasts reached up to the top of the pet door opening. She tried to roll over onto her side, but her ribs were pinched and prevented this. She lowered her arms and placed her hands over her nipples and pressed her ample breasts painfully against her body. Pushing with her feet and exhaling allowed her to push further through the door passed her breasts.

Jackie released her hands and took a few deep breaths and before pushing farther through the door with her arms and legs until she reached her hips. She pushed and pushed, but she could not get her hips and firm butt through the opening.

"Damn!"

Faced with no alternative Jackie gave up trying to enter and pushed back out the door. Her breasts would have to endure more painfully punishment when she squeezed back out.

Jackie heard the front door open and saw a light in the front room turned on. The limited light showed that she was stuck in the back door to the kitchen. She looked toward the inside doorway fearing that at any moment someone would enter the kitchen and see her. She heard footsteps cross to the other back corner of the house. Jackie pressed her breasts against her body and squirmed outward. She pulled her shoulders out one and a time followed by her head and arms.

Jackie stood, moved to a back window and peeked into the house. A hairy hulk of a man sat in the living room in the middle third of the house. He had stripped off his clothes that now laid on the couch leaving him in only his boxers shorts. He held a magazine in one hand and it was obvious what his second hand was doing in his shorts. Jackie shuddered as she imagined what would have happened had he found her stuck naked in the back door. She backed away from the house to the alley and continued her naked trek in search of clothes.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 4**

Jackie was not having any success finding anything to wear. She had slowly worked her way into a more commercial neighborhood and had been stopped by a well lit wide street that had just enough traffic on it to prevent her from crossing it unseen. She crept along the alley that paralleled the street looking for anything that might help her. She approached a building that still had music coming from it. She guessed it to be a bar of some kind and the sounds of male voices hooting and hollering told her it might be a nudie bar. She spotted a closed door into the alley and approached it carefully. She eased the door open and saw an empty hallway. She slipped through and tiptoed down the hallway to the first side door. She pulled the door open and saw an empty dressing room with a row of lighted makeup tables.

Jackie jumped into the room. "There have to be clothes here." She approached a row of lockers only to discover they were all locked shut. She turned to a small trunk at the other end of the room. "Success!" She saw that the trunk was almost filled with clothing. As she pulled clothes from the trunk and placed them on a table her relief ebbed away as her search revealed only G-strings, filmy sleepwear and other revealing items intended for strippers. Jackie selected a lacy black G-string that she pulled up her legs and settled into place. She had hoped the lace would provide some additional coverage, which it did, but the lace tickled the insides of her thighs and she considered exchanging it for another. As she thought she pulled on a slinky short nightgown with spaghetti straps. She looked in the mirror and saw that the nightgown was so sheer that she might as well not have put it on. It failed to reach her thighs and left the G-string fully visible.

"Hey, the new waitress is here!"

Jackie jumped and turned to see a man with a weather-beaten face standing in the door. "Come on" he shouted and grabbed her upper right arm, pulling her out the door and down the hall. "Get hopping. We still have quite a crowd tonight." He shoved her out into the smoky barroom. A dancer was gyrating nude on the stage. Another waitress in just a G-string scurried by carrying a tray of drink. "Get moving," the man shouted, slapping her butt hard.

Being caught so totally surprised, Jackie was unprepared and wanted to slink off and hide, but the man stayed at the door through which they had entered. There was a crowd between her and the front door. Jackie reluctantly walked over to the bar and grabbed a tray that she held flat across her breasts. The barkeeper pointed her to tables on the left and she walked in that direction. She had hoped to work her way to the front door when a hand darted out from one of the tables and engulfed her waist. She was pulled sideways to a table of four young hunks who ogled her. She took their orders using the little pad and pencil affixed to the tray. When taking the order she had to hold the tray horizontally and exposed her breasts to view. As she did this she felt bodies brush up against her from behind and hands slid over her body.

This experience was not like the one at Jaguar. There, though fully exposed, she was separated from the men and felt she was in at least partial control of the situation. Here she could was surrounded and could not avoid contact with men. She moved onto another table nearer the door and took more orders. She avoided some of the hands by swatting back with her free hand and blocking with the tray. She grimaced as a man slid a dollar bill into the left side strap of her G-string from behind her while making some highly suggestive comment. As she squeezed through the crowd of men toward the door she saw a man standing in the door checking identification. He saw her coming and gave her a look that told her that she would not be allowed to exit. With no alternative she returned to the bar and gave her drink orders.

Jackie was anxiously trying to come up with an alternative when she saw that her tray was filled with the orders she had taken. She grunted as she lift the tray that contained several mixed drinks and four large pitchers of beer. She needed both hands to carry the tray and the crowd seemed to know she would be unable to block unwanted contact. Hands caressed and pinched her every step of the way to the first table. As she bent over and lowered the tray to remove the first table's drinks she felt the back of the G-string pulled out of the crack of her ass. Something, which she hoped was another dollar bill, was inserted and the G-string was released. She almost dumped the tray into the laps of the customers but spilled only a little from a pitcher of beer onto the tray.

Terrified, Jackie left the table its drinks and lifted the still heavy tray. She felt another hand on the left side strap of her G-string and another bill inserted. The customer did not return the strap to its prior position at her waist, but positioned it a good three inches lower on her hip. There was sufficient elasticity to hold it up and she kept both hands on the tray. While setting the tray down at the next table she felt a tug on the right side of her G-string and another bill inserted. The G-string on the right was now repositioned a good four inches lower and her concern increased. With the tray down she pulled up both sides of her G-string as she took the table's order off the tray. Unfortunately she was still left with two pitchers of beer and had to make more effort to balance the tray as she moved to the third table.

Mischievous hands behind her grabbed and lowered both sides of her G-string as she walked. By the arrival at the third table the G-string was low enough to expose the top of her cunny. She left the drinks and carried the tray to the fourth table. As she bent and sat down the tray she felt hands grab both side of the G-string and pull it one swift motion to her ankles. The last pitcher of beer tipped forward and drenched the customers. In a full panic she reached down to pull up her G-string. A large male shoe between her feet pinned the G-string to the floor, anchoring her high heel clad feet in place. Her nightgown was pulled upward and she found herself standing naked in the middle of the bar. She felt hands cover her body and hold her in place as tears ran down her cheeks.

After five minutes in which the anonymous hands examined every inch of her body, the hands withdrew. Jackie reached down for her G-string and found it was gone. She turned to run for the door and saw the bouncer shake his head "No". He pointed to the back of the bar. She turned and ran for the dressing room and the weather-beaten guy was out of sight. The dressing room door was locked. Wanting any type of escape from the situation, she fled out the back door and into the night.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 5**

Jackie was getting desperate. While she had gotten somewhat closer to The Strip she had failed to find and hold onto anything to wear. The sky was starting to lighten; dawn was approaching. Her chances of hiding in daylight were not promising. She needed to find clothes or a safe place to hide. Her desperation had reached the level where she would accept being picked up by the police. When she saw a vehicle with a police type visibar approach her in the alley she stepped from the dumpster where she was hiding and waved them to her. She tried to cover herself with her hands and arms even though she knew it was futile. The vehicle stopped with her centered in its headlights and two people stepped out.--

Becky and Mike were two of the private security officers employed to patrol commercial properties. They were an unusual pair. Becky, in her mid forties, kept fit mostly by jogging and had that long lean look of a long distance runner. She had been a patrolwoman in New York for fifteen years until a gunshot wound had cost her a kidney and forced her to retire with disability pay. While home recovering she had noticed they her husband, a desk sergeant in Queens, was keeping irregular hours. She had thrown his ass out when she finally discovered he had a girlfriend on the side. When their divorce was final Becky wanted a change and had sold everything. She had moved to her sister's in Las Vegas and found the job as a guard. She now had her own house thirty-five miles north of The Strip and was rediscovering herself. Mike was a local kid earning money so he could go back to UNLV next fall. The two had hit it off professionally with Mike deferring to Becky's experience when on patrol. Outside of work Becky was trying to fix Mike up with a good girlfriend instead of the bubble headed bimbos to which he seemed attracted. Actually she wanted to fix him up with herself, but she figured that being twenty years older he would not be interested in her. Becky did not know that Mike was very attracted to her. The two guards had seemed comfortable working together and hid the underlying sexual attraction from each other very well.

The two security guards were tired and more than ready to go off shift in twenty minutes. The two guards in the Security Patrol car were pleasantly surprised when the nude woman appeared in the alley before them. The guards looked at each other and back at the beautiful nude cowering before them. They stopped the car and stepped out of their cruiser. Becky saw that Mike had a shit-eating smile as he took in Jackie's naked flesh.

"Let me handle this, Mike. Just stay with the car and try to stop drooling."

Mike gave Becky a dirty look, but leaned back against the hood of the cruiser as Becky approached Jackie.

"Okay, miss. What's your story?"

Jackie, still thinking she was talking to the police, told Becky about the amateur night at the Jaguar Club and the manager locking her out nude. She admitted she had been searching for clothes since then, but omitted the incidents with the pool and the pet door. Becky was a little sympathetic, but after her years patrolling in New York she was not one to believe that Jackie was as innocent as she let on.

"Well, Jackie, I don't have anything for you to wear. I have no spare clothes to give you. I'm certain my partner would gladly take off his clothes for you, but he would have other motives on his mind."

"Don't you have a blanket for something?"

"Let me check the emergency gear. Don't run off."

"Not a problem," Jackie returned as she leaned up against the side of the dumpster, one arm over her breasts and a hand over her pussy.

Becky checked the trunk of the cruiser and found a metallic thermal blanket that she took to Jackie. The blanket was long enough to reach from her neck to her feet but only wide enough to barely wrap around her. Jackie's hands held it shut below her waist and between her breasts letting it gape over her stomach. Her thighs and calves flashed into view with each step as Becky led her to the cruiser's back seat. Jackie settled into the back seat rearranging the blanket on top of her so that she was fully covered. This arrangement left her bare backside against the plastic seat covers that quickly warmed in contact with her skin. Becky returned to the driver's seat and Mike took the passenger's front seat.

Becky spoke. "Jackie, I don't think it will do any good taking you to the police station. I get to drive this cruiser home when the shift is over. Why don't you ride home with me and we'll get you something to wear? How does that sound?" Becky saw Mike frown and imagined that he had alternate suggestion. Jackie felt relieved and quickly agreed to Becky's suggestion. Becky dropped off Mike at the security office and proceeded north out of town. After a few minutes they were traveling down a two-lane highway surrounded by flat arid land and Becky pulled to a stop on the shoulder to roll down the passenger side window.

"Sorry about the air-conditioning, it broke last week. It's just the two of us here. You can drop the blanket if you want. Better yet, come sit in the front and give me some company."

Jackie was melting and was sticking to the seat covers. Seeing that the road was deserted she stepped out of the door with the blanket loosely around her. She opened the front passenger side door and sat down. She held the blanket across her chest and lap leaving her legs exposed. Becky accelerated back to forty-five the air blew across Jackie's exposed legs. As they drove Jackie relaxed for the first time since she had left the Jaguar Club and let the blanket fall from her chest. The feel of the air on her nipples was felt wonderful and she leaned her head back on the headrest. Within moments she was sound asleep.

Becky looked over and jealously admired Jackie's figure. Becky had always wished she had more than her A cup bra contained. She only wore a bra for work and jogging. The rest of the time she liked the feel of her nipples against a blouse or T-shirt. She secretly admired the courage it had taken Jackie to flaunt herself at the Jaguar Club. As they drove Becky pulled the blanket from the sleeping Jackie and admired her nude form. Becky had never been sexually attracted to a woman, but she did appreciate the naked beauty of the female form. Becky found herself excited as she placed herself in Jackie recent situation.

Becky pulled up to her house. It was an old ranch house that still needed some work, but it served her needs. It was off by itself in a side valley with no neighbors for five miles and gave Becky a lot of privacy. Becky had taken to wearing little or nothing when alone home. She had become interested in the Internet and had read several of the 'Dare' sights. She had jogged the quarter mile to and from the main road nude on more than one occasion. In the arid treeless terrain she had little to hid behind if anyone came along the rarely traveled ranch road that passed her place. Becky's plans solidified as Jackie snoozed in the car.

Jackie stretched without opening her eyes. She settled back into the car seat and yawned. When she opened her eyes she sat upright; she was naked in the front seat of a car parked in front of a house in the middle of nowhere. Becky stepped naked from the front door of the house and spoke. "I have a deal for you."

Jackie swallowed hard and answered. "I'll do most anything for some clothes."

Becky smiled and a chill ran down Jackie's back.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 6**

Jackie relaxed after Becky had made her proposal; it sounded like fun. Becky wanted to be stranded naked on a seldom used hiking path in another side valley. She would have to jog the distance down to a prearranged site where Jackie would pick her up. Jackie had been given a short brown coat that exposed some cleavage but covered Jackie down to her upper thighs. Becky promised Jackie a normal set of clothes once they had returned to her house. Jackie found herself smiling as she thought about it.

It was well into a hot day as Jackie drove the cruiser up the side valley road. Becky sat beside her in only socks and jogging shoes. For a woman in her forties Becky was in very good shape. Her legs and ass were firm; her stomach was flat; her small perky nipples were rock hard. Becky was excited as Jackie pulled the car around. Jackie saluted her and drove back down the road.--

Becky watched the cruiser pull away. With a smile on her face she stretched out her legs and started slowly down the path. The path paralleled the road for a few hundred feet before turning and passing behind a small hill. Out of sight of the road Becky felt a wonderful feeling of freedom as she jogged. She felt her breasts bouncing free and a tingle between her legs. The empty trail was dusty and Becky settled into a comfortable pace. Usually she could keep up this pace for several miles, but she seemed more conscious of the muscles in her thighs and butt as a breeze tickled across her exposed flesh. The wind kept picking up and soon she found herself in a sand and dust storm. She felt the sting of each sand granule that struck her skin. She took shelter between boulders and waited for the storm to pass.--

Jackie was caught in the storm and visibility was down to almost nothing. Fearing she would drive off the road she pulled to the side and stopped the car. She rolled up the windows and sat in the car; the storm swirled around her. After twenty minutes the storm had not lessened and Jackie was getting worried about Becky. She seemed like a nice woman in search of herself not unlike Jackie in some ways. When the stormed lightened Jackie continued down the road to their rendezvous point. When Becky did not appear after an hour Jackie became more concerned. She locked the car and walked up the trail in search of Becky.--

Becky had weathered the storm and was left covered with sand and fine dirt. She had continued down the trail and stopped at a small spring fed pond. After taking a much needed drink she had stepped into the thigh deep water and was washing the dirt from her body.

"What a sight you are!"

Becky jumped and turned to find Jackie watching her from the trail.

Becky gasped "Whew! You scared five years off me."

"How's the water?" asked Jackie.

"Refreshing. You should try it."

Jackie smiled, shrugged the coat from her shoulders and stepped into the pond. "Yikes, it's cold."

"You get used to it."

Jackie walked in deeper and shivered as walked to meet her in the middle. The cold water had reached above Jackie's knees when Becky splashed the water on Jackie's breasts and stomach. Jackie splashed back and the two women were soon splashing each other playfully. The two were surprised as the sound of Mike's laughing voice reached them. They both turned and saw him rise from behind a rock with Jackie's coat in his arm. Both women slid down in the water until just their heads were visible.

"Michael Thomas!" shouted Becky. "How dare you sneak up on us like that? You just turn around and get out of here." Becky had tried for the commanding voice of a mother, but it squeaked more like a scared teenage girl.

"Okay, but I've got the coat with the keys to the cruiser. Its a long walk to your place, especially in just your lovely birthday suits."

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 7**

Becky was astonished. "What do you want?"

"Just the company of two beautiful women for the day."

"Is that all?" asked Jackie.

"From you, yes. From Becky I want a chance to prove something."

"Having seen my tired imperfect body, you are still interested?" asked Becky hopefully.

Mike smiled broadly "Yes I am."

"Then give Jackie back her coat and we can go explore possibilities." Becky walked seductively to Mike and placed her arms around him. He dropped the coat and held Becky's arms behind her back as they kissed. Becky jumped as she felt handcuffs lock around her wrists.

"What are you doing?" asked Becky.

"Just making sure you are not vamping me just to get away. Jackie come here and put these on." He dropped another set of handcuffs on the ground.

Jackie walked from the water and picked up the cuffs. She crossed her wrists behind her back and clicked the cuffs shut. Mike gestured for Jackie to lead the way and for Becky to follow her. He watched the firm butts bouncing in front of him and followed them. Reaching the car he had them get in the back before taking the driver's seat. He drove directly back to Becky's place.

During the ride Becky whispered to Jackie her previously unspoken desire for this young stud. She was sure she could satisfy him and secure Jackie's release. Becky reassured her that Mike was basically good, not one to commit rape. Jackie admitted that she found the situation stimulating and briefly told Becky a couple of her on experiences. The two found themselves giggling and smiling when Mike opened the door at Becky's place.

"Okay, here are the rules. Jackie, you have to remain in my line of sight. I don't have any plans to ravish you sexually; I just want you in sight. Becky, before I release you I want you to see that a young man can appreciate an older woman. After four hours I will release both of you."

As the day progressed Jackie found herself watching Mike kiss, lick, caress and generally stimulate Becky in more ways than she had thought possible by one man. However Mike avoided Becky's love canal and left her frustrated and pleading for relief. Mike's endurance and imagination was phenomenal. Unable to use her hands Jackie also became very aroused and frustrated. She could only rub her legs together and was unable to find relief.

When Mike finally entered Becky and brought her to orgasm and there was no doubt that Becky enjoyed the experience. When Mike unlocked their cuffs Jackie left Becky and Mike and ran down the hall for a long cold shower. Jackie wrapped herself in a large bath towel and, finding no other bedroom, settled herself on the couch. Despite the moans of pleasure as Becky and Mike continued their lovemaking; the exhausted Jackie quickly fell asleep.--

"Wake up, Jackie."

The aroma of coffee, eggs and bacon filled Jackie's nose. She opened her eyes to see Becky in her guard uniform. Becky carried two plates of food that she placed on the coffee table in front of Jackie. The towel had come loose and fell to her sides as Jackie sat up. After all that Jackie and Becky had been through, Jackie was comfortable being exposed to the fully clothed Becky.

"We have some time to talk before I have to go to work. What is it you are here for? It is unusual that a tourist would subject herself to amateur night at the Jaguar."

While they ate Jackie slowly talked of her Asian experience and the mixed feelings that had remained. She became very open and even talked of her wild college experiences. Becky took this all quietly with only an occasional question.

"Well, you are welcome to stay here if you like. But you seem to crave exposure and humiliation. So I have a proposal for you. As you know prostitution is illegal in Vegas, but there are a lot of services that provide topless and nude dancers. I know of one that is legit and plays by the rules. I can drop you off behind the night dispatch office for the service. You can do the service for a day or two. It you get into any serious trouble, you call me. I'll bail you out."

"Okay, if you just give me some clothes, you can drop me off on your way to work."

"Based on what you told me, I think you should go as you are."

Jackie gasped. A smile crept across her face as the idea appealed to her.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 8**

At 10:00 PM Becky dropped the naked, high heel clad Jackie off at the alley on the end of the block. Standing naked in the warm night air Jackie was having second thoughts and was about to try to talk Becky into forgetting the whole thing. Before Jackie could speak, Becky floored the car and zoomed away. Jackie thought she heard Becky's laughs fading into the distance.

Jumping into the alley Jackie started working her way from house to house. Becky had said the stripper service was half down the block on the east side. There was light coming from a side window of a house in the middle of the block. She watched in the hopes that it was the stripper service. One car pulled up in front of the house and an attractive young woman exited the side door of the house. The woman got in the passenger side door and the car left just as another dropped off another young woman. A few minutes later another woman was dropped off. All the women were dressed in attractive short dresses or skirts with tight fitting tops. Jackie eased up to an open window and listened. She heard a phone ring and a woman's voice answered.

"Las Vegas Dancers. We bring the entertainment right to your room."

As Jackie listened to the woman it was apparent this was the stripper service that Becky had talked about. Jackie eased up to look through the window and saw only two women inside. She moved to the door and knocked.

"Come on in."

Jackie squared her shoulders, opened the door and entered. An average looking fifty-something woman sat at the kitchen counter speaking on the phone. She looked up, smiled at Jackie and spoke.

"My, my, what have we got here?"

Jackie felt herself blush as the woman looked up and down Jackie's exposed body and whistled.

"Are you looking for a job, dearie? You look like you'd do well in this line of work."

"No, ma'am. I lost my clothes and got locked out. Can you help me?" That was the simple cover story she had worked out with Becky. It was almost true.

"Well, I guess I can if you'll do me a favor."

Jackie thought this was going perfectly and replied "I guess so."

"I just got an order for three girls for a private party. I wasn't sure I could get the third girl, but if you do the party, I will see that you get something to put on."

Jackie hid her excitement; this was just what she had in mind. She had already danced in front of a bunch of guys at the Jaguar. Could this be much worse? And she might learn more about herself.

"Okay, I'll do it."

"Fine," the woman smiled. "Get in the car that will pull up in a minute and I'll send out Clarice and Sarah to join you."

"Can't I have some clothes now?"

"That wasn't the deal. First you do this party and then I'll get you some clothes. You won't need clothes for this party anyway, so why bother?"

Jackie was thrilled but wondering if she was in over her head as she watched for the car. It was a short wait as an old Impala pulled in front of the house in seconds. Jackie left through the side door, checked for other people and quickly walked to the car. She opened the back door and quickly stepped in. The driver looked in his mirror and did a double take. He turned and took in Jackie's nudity for several long seconds that seemed like hours to her. Finally, he took a deep breath and spoke.

"This is a first. I've returned girls nude from a party, but I've never delivered one that way."

Jackie tried to shrink into the seat behind the driver. She positioned her arms across her breasts and squeezed her legs tightly together. It seemed like an eternity before both back doors opened and in stepped two mini-skirted, halter-topped young women. Jackie was pushed to the center. The driver started the car and proceeded away to the outskirts of town. They rode in silence as Jackie noticed the driver frequently checking his inside mirror. She was sure he was using it primarily to check her out and she drew her arms more tightly across her breasts.

Jackie realized it had been almost twenty-four hours since she had worn any real clothes and was examining her feelings. Was she becoming a slut or just obsessed with the sexual feelings surrounding humiliation? One thing was for certain... the tingle between her legs felt wonderful.

After a twenty minute drive the car came to a stop at a bar surrounded by open arid land. It looked like at least fifty cars were parked beside the bar and the sounds of loud music and rowdy men filled the air.

"Girls, this is your stop. I'll be back in three hours to pick you up. Have a good time."

Miles from her clothes Jackie reluctantly stepped from the car.

"What's going to happen now?" Jackie sighed.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 9**

Jackie followed the two clothed dancers through the open front door of the noisy bar. The men's voices fell silent at the girls entered. Jackie found herself standing alone as the two girls walked off to outside sides of the room and started to dance to the music. A slap on Jackie's bare bottom brought her out of her trance. She turned holding her arms over her breasts and faced the slapper. Before she could utter a word the man spoke.

"Hi, I'm Bob. You must be the kinky one we were told was coming. I was told you liked it a little different than the regular dancers." A ball gag appeared from behind and was pulled into her mouth before she could object. As she reached up to pull the gag from her mouth and her arms were pulled down and behind her.

Click. Click.

For the second time in the day Jackie felt handcuffs lock shut, binding her arms behind her back. She felt some one behind her fumbling with the straps on the gag and just made out the sound of another padlock locking. A strap was wrapped around her elbows and tightened. Jackie arched her back and groaned as her elbows touched. Her breasts were thrust forward. Jackie flashed back to the Halloween in college when she had had to 'trick or treat' nude with her arms behind her in handcuffs but this was even more humiliating.

"Go ahead, honey, dance. I was told this is your specialty."

The gag prevented Jackie from objecting. She was led to a bar counter and up a step stool at one end. The step stool was removed stranding her on the bar counter top. As she stood on the bar counter top she felt many eyes staring right up at her crotch and butt. The cuffs prevented her from covering up in any manner. Jackie felt her nipples harden and her legs quiver. A country rock song with a strong beat began and Jackie started to dance. It was as if she was an observer to her own actions as she strutted and gyrated on the bar counter top.

Inside Jackie was torn. She felt totally helpless and humiliated, unable to cover herself in any way. She realized that she was so wet between her legs that it was dripping down her inner thighs. Some of it was sweat but not all of it. She felt hands rub legs from her knees down and was relieved that the hands did not reach higher. She saw that the other two dancers were being felt up all the way to their breasts and was glad she was on the bar top. Her mind became strangely calm and detached as she danced to song after song. She saw that although the other two girls were now dancing nude while standing on chairs, but that she was garnering the majority of the men's attention.

Jackie lost all track of time as she danced on and on to the almost continuous music. A sexual heat filled her body and held her at the edge of orgasm. She glistened with sweat and was breathless when finally the music died down. The lights were turned up and the place was emptying out. She saw the other two girls sitting slumped forward, still naked on the chairs on which they had danced. A guy held Jackie's upper left arm and helped her down the step stool that had reappeared next to the bar. Once her feet touched the floor her legs weakened and the guy eased her down to sit on the stool. Jackie took a deep breath and smiled. She realized she had enjoyed herself, but she could have done it without the cuffs and gag. Her shoulders ached and her mouth was parched.

Bob approached smiling. "That was some show you put on, babe. Do you want to be unlocked now?"

Jackie shook her head. Bob reached behind her neck and released the gag. Jackie worked her jaw as Bob went to work on the strap and cuffs. The cuffs popped open, the strap fell away from her elbows and Jackie moved her hands to her lap. She rubbed her wrists and kept her hands over her pussy. Faced as she was now by just one man, instead of faceless men in a crowd, she felt very self-conscious sitting naked in front of him.

"Come on, our ride is here." Jackie heard one of the other dancers and saw her waving for her to follow. The dancers were now dressed and proceeded out the door. Jackie stood and stumbled out the door. She stepped out into the bright parking lot lights and felt somehow more naked. She stepped quickly into the driver's side back door and closed it. The car sped off toward town.

As the car drove down the secondary streets Jackie hugged her breasts in an attempt to conceal them. She felt much too visible seated next to the window.

"Anyone else want some breakfast?" asked the driver. Clarice and Sarah responded strongly "Yes". Jackie was parched and shook her head. It was not until they pulled into the drive up lane of an all-night McDonald's and the order was about to be given to the faceless speaker that Jackie realized what the driver had in mind. Sitting behind the driver she knew that anyone standing in the drive up window would be able to see right down on her naked body. Her embarrassment seemed to erupt to near panic.

"Oh, please, not here, not like this," pleaded Jackie.

"Oh be quiet back there so they can hear me," answered the speaker "or we'll go inside and leave you in the car."

Jackie spied a flattened paper sack under her feet. She grabbed it and spread it across her lap. She wrapped her arms more tightly across her breasts and faced forward. She refused to turn to look at the guy at the drive up window as the order was paid for and taken. She thought that maybe she had gone unnoticed until just before they drove off the guy in the window commented "Nice seat covers you have there". Jackie blushed, knowing he was talking about her and not the worn seat covers under the three women. The food was passed back to Sarah who sat in the middle. Jackie was so thirsty she grabbed the large orange juice and gulped it down holding the cup with both hands and leaving her breasts uncovered.

A few minutes later they pulled up in front of the house from which they had been dispatched. Sarah nudged Jackie to open the door and get out. Jackie hesitated before running to the house's side door. She opened the door and charged into the house. She faced the same woman on the phone talking on the phone. The woman paused and spoke to her.

"Why don't you go back and freshen up?" The woman pointed down the hall and Jackie trotted to the bathroom. She had to pee something fierce. Sitting on the stool Jackie was finally alone. She reviewed the events of the last two nights and, although she doubted that she would want to repeat them, they had revealed to her some interesting insights. She could actually enjoy being naked in public so long as she had some level of control and did not have to directly face people. It had been during the "breaks in action" and direct contact that she had been most humiliated. Jackie decided to take a shower and get the night's sweat off her body. She took her time and emerged from the shower feeling surprisingly clean and fresh. With a bath towel wrapped around her body Jackie padded down the hall to where the phone lady had been. There was no one there, but Jackie saw a note taped to the phone, which she took and read.

YOU DID A GOOD JOB, DEARIE, BUT THERE ARE NO CLOTHES IN THIS PLACE. NO ONE LIVES HERE. IT IS JUST OUR OFFICE. I'VE GONE FOR SOME CLOTHES. JUST WAIT HERE AND I'LL BRING THEM TO YOU. DON'T RUN OFF, I CAN USE YOUR TALENTS IF YOU AGREE TO WORK HERE A WHILE.
HEATHER

Jackie searched the house and found nothing useful. There were no clothes in the house save for a garter, a tissue thin shortie nightgown and a half bra that left her nipples totally exposed. All the windows had mini-blinds and no curtains. There were no other towels except a few tiny hand towels. Unless Jackie was willing to venture outside practically naked, she was trapped in the house. She dressed in the nightgown and half bra and looked at her image in the bathroom mirror. "Not bad, but not good enough to go outside." Closing all the mini-blinds Jackie sat her tired body down on the couch and tried to get some rest. She fell into a restless sleep in which she dreamed she had to run the full length of The Strip completely naked. A smile appeared on her sleeping face.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 10**

Jackie was usually a heavy sleeper and this time was no exception. She opened her eyes and saw the mini-blinds were open and that the bright sun shone through the windows. A phone rang and it was answered.

"Las Vegas Dancers. We bring the entertainment right to your room."

Jackie's sleep-fogged mind cleared and she sat up on the couch. She looked down and saw she was still wearing the sheer shortie nightgown and half bra in which she had fallen asleep. Jackie stood, padded into the kitchen and saw Heather once again on the phone. Heather saw Jackie and pointed to a paper sack on the counter. Jackie looked in the sack and saw some clothes. Heather pointed back towards the hall and silently mouthed the words "Go ahead." Jackie grabbed the sack and scurried down the hall to the bathroom. Once behind the closed door Jackie removed her nightgown and examined the contents of the bag.

The first thing from the bag was a cutoff sweatshirt. Jackie pulled it over her head and it fell to barely reach the bottom of the half bra. If she raised her arms over her head she would flash her bare nipples. Next from the bag was a garter belt and hose which she sat on the edge of the sink. The last item in the bag was a skirt. As Jackie stepped into it she realized it was very short. When she pulled it to her waist and zipped up the side she looked at herself in the mirror. The skirt was so short that her trimmed pussy peaked from under the hem. Jackie pulled the skirt down to hug her hips and found that the skirt barely covered her in the front and back. She sat on the lid of the stool and discovered that the skirt rode up leaving only her bare bottom in contact with the plastic lid. If she kept her legs tightly together she could keep her pussy from view. She stood, arranged the skirt for maximum coverage and looked at herself in the mirror again. Her bare midriff was quite wide extending from just below her breasts to her hips. Her firm stomach, back and narrow waist looked deliciously exposed. Jackie admitted to herself that she was a knockout in this outfit, but it was just too revealing for the public. She decided against wearing the garter belt and hose. The tops of the hose would be clearly visible and it would make her look like a common hooker from the movies. Jackie returned to the kitchen to talk to Heather.

"Well, dearie, you look almost as good clothed as naked. Where are the hose and garter belt?"

"I decided to skip them for now. Your note said you might have some work for me. I want to make this clear, I am not a prostitute."

"We are strictly legit here. You really made an impression last night at the party. I could definitely use you. Here's part of your cut of the take." Heather handed Jackie $120 which she stuffed in her half bra.

"I don't want to work in the hotels; I might run into someone I know. I also don't want to work all night as I am on vacation. I would also rather not dance alone."

"I think I can meet your restrictions. Why don't you go back to your hotel and rest? Be back here before 11:00 PM."

"Okay. Do you have some underwear or a longer skirt I can wear? This one is too short for me."

"I don't own any underwear and the rest of my stuff is in the laundry. You'll have to make do with that skirt."

"Okay" Jackie sighed "I'll see you tonight."

Jackie walked out the door and to the corner. She had remembered a bus stop sign and would catch a bus. The bus ride in the skirt with no underwear would be a challenge, but she found herself tingling with the thought of it.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 11**

Monica sat in the office in accounting office in Treasure Island going over the books. She had been in a bad mood all day and was terrorizing all the clerks and staff with insults. After all, the TI staff had been told to cooperate in every way and she liked bossing them around endlessly.

The reason for Monica's bad mood had nothing to do with anything with at TI. She had lost track of Jackie when Jackie left through the back door of the Jaguar Club. Monica had been ready at the front door of the club with her camera to capture nude photos of Jackie for blackmail, but the damn club manager had not told her about the back door. Monica had used the cardkey to Jackie's room twice to see if she had returned. On the second visit Monica had been unable to find Jackie's money or credit cards and had settled on moving all of Jackie's clothes and luggage to her own room.

Monica stood and left the accounting room to stretch her legs. It was blind luck that she glanced into the Security Office and saw the security camera aimed at the hotel desk area. Jackie was dressed like a tramp in a cut off sweatshirt and tiny skirt talking to a desk clerk. Monica watched Jackie become angry. At least this part of Monica's plan was working and an evil smile formed on her face.--

"What do you mean I have checked out?"

The clerk faced the upset Jackie. "According to our records, you checked out early this morning."

"What happened to my stuff in the security vault. I set the personal combination myself."

Jackie was gesturing with her arms and did not realize she was flashing her half bra and tantalizing glimpses of her breasts. The clerk was trying not to smile as he checked his computer screen and keyed in some commands. "According to our records you never left anything in our vault."

Jackie was infuriated and stared at the clerk. "Check again please."

The clerk entered the commands again with no change in the results. "I'm afraid there is no change. I you are going to check back in, I can do that. If you are not going to check in I must ask you to step aside."

Jackie saw the smirk on the clerk's and dropped her arms. Realizing she was not going to win this argument, Jackie stepped back from the front desk. She had been eager to get out of this short skirt and into a hot shower in her room. Instead she had no immediate alternative. She could confront the hotel manager but in her present limited clothing with no identification or credit cards, she felt she would be thrown out or turned over to the police. At least she could buy some clothes to be more presentable.--

Monica chuckled evilly to herself. Her doctoring of Jackie's hotel records had worked. Monica still had a chance to get further revenge. She hustled down the lobby in time to see Jackie at the taxi stand. Monica held back as she saw Jackie awkwardly enter a cab. From the look on the cabby's face, Monica guessed the Jackie was without underwear. "Good, she's half naked already" she mumbled to herself. Monica heard the doorman give the destination as the Northside Mall. As soon as Jackie's cab pulled away, Monica rushed in front of two couples and grabbed the next taxi.--

Jackie sat on the right side of the cab's back seat with her legs closed tightly. The seat's upholstery was scratchy on her bare bottom and she could not pull the skirt down any farther. It took twenty-five minutes in the busy afternoon traffic to reach the Northside Mall. She had picked this mall on the advice of the doorman as the place that the locals got their inexpensive day-to-day clothing. Jackie wanted at least two outfits of clothes including underwear for less than $100. She needed the remainder to eat as she was starved. At her request she had the cab stop short of the main entrance so she could exit the cab with fewer people to flash.

The mall was not very busy and Jackie was able to move about with much difficulty. She spied a dress shop and entered. Her first order was underwear. She moved to the lingerie department and quickly selected two no-frills panties and bras. Next she selected a knee-length summer dress. She moved to the counter and paid for them. She was a little embarrassed digging the money out of her bra but completed the purchase. She sought out the restrooms and changed into her purchases. It felt so good now that she was fully clothed. She stuck the clothes she had worn into the shopping bag. She strolled back through the mall to the food court and ate a sweet and sour chicken lunch. With a full stomach Jackie determined that her next order of business was to see some of the famous Las Vegas Strip. With no room at Treasure Island, but felt she could return to the Las Vegas Dancers place this evening and ask if she could use the couch. She did not want to bother Becky just yet. She and Mike deserved at least one night alone.

Monica followed Jackie's every move and looked for opportunities for humiliation. Monica could easily have ruined the summer dress by spilling food on it, but she did not want to reveal herself until she had the blackmail material in hand. Monica was surprised when Jackie returned to the Treasure Island and watched her check the schedule for the pirate show. Monica decided she needed some help and returned to TI. She searched through the phone book, called a private detective and made arrangements for Jackie to be followed. After the detective arrived Monica pointed out Jackie in the crowd enjoying the pirate show. With the surveillance on Jackie in place Monica returned to work. Those around her were surprised when Monica treated every one nicely for the first time. They did not know what had put her in a good mood, but they hoped it lasted.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 12**

Jackie had called her office back home and made arrangements for her credit cards to be stopped. She was shocked when she was told they had already been reported as stolen. Someone at Treasure Island had to be playing games with her. New cards and an ID were being forwarded to Becky's address and should arrive the day after tomorrow. Money would be wired to the same address.

Now that Jackie had taken care of business she wandered The Strip in the bright midday sun. It felt wonderful to be walking around in clothes again even though she was without money to spend or gamble. Today she just wanted to drink in the atmosphere. She had enjoyed the pirates show and had hung around TI in hopes of seeing who might be playing tricks with her. She had missed Monica and had failed to notice the private detective following her.

The Strip is a wonderful example of an American adult playland. From the expensive shops in Caesar's to the newer Luxor, the signs of wealth were everywhere. Drink girls waited on all the game tables wearing costumes that showed at least a lot of leg and usually some cleavage. The costumes at the Rio were little more than finely detailed sexy one-piece swimsuits. Jackie drank in the atmosphere and was reassured that this was just the place to work out her confusion. So long as she did not loose much money it was probably cheaper than visits to a psychiatrist.

Jackie was looking for ideas. In a drink girl's outfit she might have some opportunities for embarrassment, but that did not seem quite her test. She would probably get a better thrill with the Las Vegas Dancers service. She kept her eyes open and asked a few questions. She remembered watching Mike and Becky and admitted she might be interested in watching other people in humiliating situation. She had enjoyed watching Jenny squirm during several situations on the Caribbean vacations they had shared last year.--

While walking through the newest Hotel, the International, Jackie's figure caught the attention of the manager, Clayton Ross. The former cardsharp and ladies man eyed her firm figure on a security camera and immediately adjusted it to follow her. He was reminded of that girl he had embarrassed in a game of strip poker some time ago. "What had been her name, Janet something? No, her name had been Jenny. She had almost the same figure and face, although this girl's fine breasts did not look quite the match for Jenny's 38 CC's. This girl seems more comfortable with her body as he watched Jackie talking with a drink girl. Maybe she wants a job?" Well, Clayton could arrange for that.

Clayton was about to swoop down from the security office when he spotted the detective, John Weber, who seemed to be following Jackie. He watched for a while to confirm that the detective was actually on Jackie's tail before directed one of the guards to persuade Weber to meet with him. Weber knew of Clayton Ross's reputation and quickly met with him. Weber held back nothing and informed Ross of Monica's orders. Ross told Weber to call Monica so that they could talk a deal. Monica and Ross quickly struck up a deal that should provide Monica with humiliating videotape of Jackie. As she hung up the phone Ross knew that Monica did not have a clue that the co-star of that video tape would be a humiliated Monica.

Jackie was thrilled when the drink girl gave her a complimentary ticket to the International's feature show. She had read in the paper two nights ago where it was acclaimed as one of the best of new shows The Strip in years. The paper said the show combined dance, magic, music and erotica into an extravaganza without equal on in Las Vegas.

Ross had talked to the show's head magician and effects manager who like the idea. They often had audience participation and it would be no trouble to have Jackie and Monica participate for a special moment in the show. The audience would think it was all part of the act and be awed and entertained.--

Jackie applauded from a table within fifteen feet of the stage. The opening production dance number had been beautiful. A dozen men in tuxedos and a dozen women in slinky gowns had tap danced onto the stage. With each few steps an article of clothing had seemed to vanish into the air. Within two minutes all the dancers tapped and kicked in tight skimpy thongs. The dancers' firm bodies formed a line and finished in a high kicking routine that brought loud applause from the audience.

Monica watched the show from the wings. She had contacted Ross when her private detective had passed her the message. She was dressed in a formfitting black full bodysuit that covered all but her head and hands. The high heeled shoes were part of the suit and left her a bit unstable on top of the towering five inch heels. She held a tiger face mask that she was to wear during the time the trap was sprung on Jackie. Monica would be able to look Jackie in the eyes without Jackie recognizing her. Ross had promised to tape the whole show and give Monica a copy. She put on the face mask and followed the magician onto the stage.--

"And now, if I could have the assistance of a member of the audience?" The magician pointed into the audience directly at Jackie. "Miss, would you help me?"

Jackie squealed with delight, stood and walked up onto the stage. The strong stage lights showed through her summer dress revealing the outline of her body to the pleasure of the audience.

"And what is your name, miss?"

"Jackie."

"Do you usually have trouble misplacing your underwear?"

Jackie mouth fell open. How did he know? "Well, ah, no I don't."

"Well you do now."

Jackie's plain panties and bra were in the magician's upraised right hand. Jackie felt her nipples fall, brushing against the inside of her summer dress. Running her hands down her hips she realized she was pantyless. The audience laughed as Jackie's shocked expression confirmed the magician's words.

"And now if you will step this way."

The magician and a tiger masked woman led Jackie onto a short platform. Her wrists were pulled straight out from her shoulders and strapped to a T shaped cross. Her ankles were encircled with a chain that forced her legs together. Jackie dress was stretched across her chest revealing the outline of her nipples through the thin material.

"Now watch carefully."

The magician waved his arms. The T shaped cross was now an X. Her wrists were secured to the top arms of the X and each ankle to a bottom arm. The skirt of her dress was now stretched between her wide spread legs and slid up to the middle of her thighs. She bit her lower lip as she realized that the front rows of the audience could almost see between her legs.

"And now."

Jackie's dress vanished. The audience laughed and applauded as she struggled against her bindings. Despair threatened to crush her.

"Now, if my beautiful assistance will step onto the other platform."

Monica did not know what was happening, but so long as it continued to humiliate Jackie, she would play along. She stepped onto another platform and turned to watch the magician

"And at last the switch."

"Switch?" thought Monica. The next instant she was naked on the cross and her mouth was gagged. She turned her head and saw Jackie in Monica's clothes minus the tiger mask. Jackie walked to Monica as the audience cheered and applauded.

"Well, if it isn't my old friend and work mate, Monica. What have you been up to lately?"

Jackie turned and walked to the wings. She watched the rest of the magician's act during which Monica remained on naked display. Her struggling subsided as her defiant look gave way to frustration. Ross joined Jackie and the two left for his office. He had a proposition for her.--

The magician stood in the wings with his teenage nephew.

"See what you can do with your abilities. Stick with me for awhile and learn how to use showmanship and your time stopping powers, then I'll help get you started on your own."

"Thanks, Uncle!" Tommy's eyes glowed as his imagination ran wild.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 13**

It has been three days since the magic show at the International Palace. Jackie had gotten a room there after she had gotten her credit card privileges returned to her. She had thought that her experiences with the strippers and Becky had cured her of much of her modesty. However, after seeing Monica naked and restrained on the stage for the whole magic act, Jackie was once again confused. Her own brief time on the stage helplessly naked in front of hundreds had embarrassed her greatly while still exciting her sexually. Even with Monica deserving everything she got, Jackie still felt both pity and envy for Monica's situation.

The three days since had been a time of where she kept to herself and thought. She had called Becky more than once and they had talked about Jackie's mixed feelings. Becky had been supportive, but had told Jackie she would have to make up her own mind.

Jackie was relaxing in the health spa. The International Palace had large indoor and outdoor areas with both separate and shared facilities for men and women. The women's spa opened into a women's only tropical lagoon where women could lounge or exercise nude. The area was set back from the hotel tower so that the trees would give them complete privacy. It even had its own bar and snack bar.

Jackie had finished her aerobics class and showered off. Her room keycard was on a chain around her neck. Wearing only a large bath towel covering as much as a short strapless dress Jackie reluctantly strolled into the bright sun. Women were in all states of dress from swimwear to string bikinis to totally naked. Even at the snack bar she spotted women eating sandwiches while wearing nothing.

"It's only other women" Jackie thought. She found an unoccupied lounge chair to one side of the lagoon and steeled herself. She dropped the towel and sat in the chair. After a few self-conscious minutes Jackie observed that she was not attracting any more attention than any other woman. She relaxed and closed her eyes. The warm sun felt good on her body. Within minutes she was fast asleep.

Ross panned the hidden 'security' camera in the women's area until her found Jackie. The camera zoomed in on her ample chest and a VCR was set to record. "For my private collection" Ross muttered as he smiled and leaned by to drink in the view. Only female security guards sat in the part of the security office used to observe the women's area, but Ross had had a splitter put in to his office to give him his own special channel. He had kept the tapes of selected knock-outs to himself. Even he knew the trouble he would be in if the casino owners or the law found out about his special viewing arrangement.

While keeping the picture of Jackie on the one screen, he turned on a second monitor and checked on their other special guest. The employees of the Treasure Island had taken up a collection and paid Ross to keep Monica for a few days... sort of reverse ransom. He had the tape of the arrangement Monica had made with Ross to embarrass Jackie. With a little bribery in the right places and a few copies of the tapes of the naked Monica he could keep her from reporting him to the police. Monica had made her own bed and Ross was determined to make her sleep in it. The second monitor showed Monica in a small basement room that contained only a toilet, a sink and a cot. Her arms were secured behind her back by one of those Asian cuff-tubes. And, of course, Monica wore not a stitch except for a pair of four inch high heels locked on her feet. All in all a very exposed and attractive sight.

Jackie snoozed never noticing the female attendant who adjusted the umbrella on a nearby table to give her some shade. The attendant removed that keycard and chain about Jackie's neck and picked up Jackie's towel that have fallen to the ground before returning to the spa. It was another forty minutes before a warm breeze tickled Jackie's nipples, waking her from a dream in which she was driving naked at night. She started to roll over and then sat up abruptly.

"Where?" Jackie muttered as she realized her nudity. It took a few seconds before she remembered where she was. Reaching down to where she had dropped her towel, her hand felt only the paved ground. She looked around nervously as her hands and arms reflexively moved to cover her private parts. No one was in sight of her and she relaxed after a few moments.

"Well, I've been here long enough for today. I might as well get dressed and eat for dinner," Jackie thought. "Mr. Ross had seemed like such as nice gentleman. I don't want to be late for the dinner he invited me to." She stood and reassured herself that after all she had been through, she should not feel uncomfortable here. As she followed the path back toward the indoor spa she let her eyes wander and noticed several of the other unclothes bodies that she passed. There were quite a number of attractive women and some gave Jackie appreciative stares in return.

"I bet Mindy would love to get some of these women into one of her dares. And poor Jenny, I doubt she could even get comfortable with women smiling at her like this." Jackie continued through the women's area of the health spa to the women's locker room. It was not until she approached the locker that she realized the chain was missing from her neck. She needed the keycard to get into her locker where her clothes and purse were. Jackie again got an attack of modesty as once again she found herself separated from her clothing. After all she had experienced her in Vegas she had still not cured herself of inappropriate modesty.

No attendants or other patrons were in the locker room, but Jackie remembered there had been a stack of towels next to the shower area. She started creeping toward the showers before she forced herself to stand tall and walk normally. As she turned the corner to the shower she saw that the stack of towels had dwindled to leave only one bath towel. Jackie quickly arranged it about her torso and found it covered as much as a short strapless dress.

"This will do until I can find someone to help me." With the towel in place she wandered through the indoor spa area, but no one was in sight. She exited to the outside women's area again and found an attendant.

"Just go to the spa front desk. They will take care of you." The attendant walked off before Jackie could reply. Jackie swallowed as she remembered that the front desk was across from the elevators in the common area shared by men and women. Another attack of modesty came upon her as she realized she would have to go there in just the towel. She thought sounded like something Mindy would do.

"Why not!" Jackie thought as she squared her shoulders and reentered the building.

At the door to the common area Jackie checked that the towel was as secure as possible. Taking a deep breath she grabbed the door and stepped into the common area. Both a male and a female attendant stood at the desk talking to two patrons. Two men in suits stood at the elevator doors a few feet from the desk. Jackie stood behind the two patrons and waited for one of the attendants to free up. She prided herself that she was maintaining her composure as five minutes passed before she got impatient.

"Excuse me, I need some help here?"

Jackie's jaw dropped open as the female patron turned around... and saw it was the First Lady.

"You again?!" shouted the First Lady. Jackie had had a run-in with her back in Sandgadoo that had left the First Lady as mad at Jackie as she must have been with that intern that had gotten the President in all kinds of trouble. The suited men next to the elevator saw the First Lady's reaction and immediately each grabbed one of Jackie's arms.

"Let her go, but get her out of my sight," screamed the First Lady.

The suited men, Secret Service guards pushed Jackie through the open elevator doors just as the doors closed. Jackie was now in a panic and tried to get her hands between the doors as they closed, but the door slammed shout. The elevator started down and Jackie felt a tug on the towel.

"My, God, it stuck in the door." The door pulled from her body and disappeared between the doors. Jackie hit the buttons to go up to her room, but the elevator dropped to the ground floor. Jackie remembered that security measures in the building were such that to go up to the rooms, someone had to pass their cardkey over the sensor to have access to their room floor or the spa. Without a cardkey the elevator had only one destination. THE LOBBY.

"No!" Jackie whimpered as her fists pounded against the button panel.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 14**

"DING!"

Jackie stepped back from the elevator doors as if there was someplace to hide. The elevator opened across from the lobby and front desk but near enough that the electronic bells and whistles of nearby slot machines were immediately heard. Several people waited at the check-in line, but no one looked up and saw her crouching in the open elevator. For fifteen seconds she remained still as the world passed by.

"I might as well get this over with quickly," Jackie thought as she stood tall, placing her right hand between her legs and her left arm across her chest. She stepped out of the elevator and walked directly to the check-in desk passed a few people standing in line. A desk clerk was busy with something at his terminal, looking up as he heard a man in line ask "Are you part of room service?"

Jackie almost turned and ran as someone's hand slapped her squarely on her right cheek as the clerk stunned clerk stared at her luscious nakedness. The young male clerk's mouth fell open and slowly formed into a smile as Jackie stepped to the desk area in front of him.

The words "I need some help" squeaked timidly from Jackie's lips. She held her position but felt her legs start to shake as she tried to ignore the people behind her. "I got locked out of my room." By this time the desk manager, a thirty-something man of average build, had noticed Jackie and approached her while removing his jacket. He held it out to Jackie who quickly pulled it over her shoulders and buttoned it closed. The jacket was long enough to reach her upper thighs but in no way diminished the lusty stares she was receiving.

"Thank you. Thank you." Jackie's blush reddened even further as she reached down and tried to pull the hem of the jacket even lower. "Can you help me back to my room?"

Jackie stuttered as she gave her name and room number to the desk manager. He quickly checked the hotel records and produced another cardkey. Jackie had calmed a bit as the manager stepped out from behind the desk and personally escorted her to an elevator. He accompanied her up to her floor and right to her door.

"I'm not going to ask how you got locked out. You aren't the first woman to do so, but you are the first nude to come to lobby for a key. By the way I need my coat back." Jackie smiled as she backed into her room. She let the coat slide down her arms and handed it to the manager. "Although it's against the rules, are you free for dinner?"

Though still shook up she smiled as she eased the door shut as she said "Meet me right here at seven." She saw his face brightened just as the door closed. He was kind of cute.--

At seven sharp the desk manager knocked on Jackie's door. After a few seconds the door opened to reveal Jackie in a snug little back strapless dress that reached to middle of her black nylon clad legs. Black two inches heel sandals were strapped on her feet and a black purse was in her right hand. Only Jackie knew that under the dress she wore only the pantyhose.

"You look wonderful. By the way, my name is Robert."

Jackie looked over Robert in his navy blue jacket over tan trousers. "You don't look bad yourself."

Robert held out his arm and Jackie took it after closing her door. They strolled down the hall making small talk. They took the elevator down to the ground floor and walked to the elegant Roman Garden restaurant in the casino next door.

"The food here is quite wonderful. It serves both northern and southern Italian as well as juicy steaks and sizzling seafood." Robert waved to the restaurant hostess and they were immediately seated in a quiet booth near the back. After placing their drink order Robert's curiosity finally got the best of him. "Just how exactly did you find yourself in my lobby today?"

Jackie blushed. "Well, if you have to ask...." She told him of the day's incident as his smile broaden until she finished when a chuckle finally escaped his mouth.

"I'm sorry. It must have been traumatic for you, but you seemed to have gotten yourself into an interesting situation through no fault of your own."

"Well, it's not the first time," Jackie admitted. Robert's company and the fine wine was making her relax. He pressed her for an explanation of her comment and found herself talking about her Caribbean trip with Jenny. She found herself laughing at herself as the two laughed at the situations she described. Robert slid closer to her as the meal progressed and as they waited for the desert to appear they sat side by side holding hands.

"I do hate it when I get into one of my situations, but I also find myself very excited by them." Jackie had not talked about the rare occasions when she had voluntarily agreed to get naked such as the times with Mindy. The conversation was one of those rare times when she had admitted to anyone that there was things she liked about her naked escapades.

As if reading her thoughts Robert asked "Have you ever intentionally placed yourself in an embarrassing situation -- on a dare or a wager?"

Jackie blushed as she remembered the dare about her apartment key that had left her locked out with Mindy. The two of them had been without a stitch of clothes for most of the weekend. "Oh..... well, yes, there have been a couple of times. But they never turn out the way they are planned."

Robert realized Jackie was that perfect mixture of innocence and hidden sexuality that thrilled him. That must be why Mr. Ross had offer Robert the use Ross's house for the evening. Robert smiled as he envisioned his plans for the rest of the evening.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 15**

Jackie rode in the back of the limo as she looked over at Robert. She sighed and thought "He's such a nice man, basically simple and up-front. Just the break I need from my recent escapades." Robert poured her a glass of wine and passed it to her. The two snipped and snuggled as the limo excited the bright lights of Las Vegas.

After a thirty minute ride the limo left them in front of a large expensive looking house. Jackie gave Robert a questioning look as the limo pulled away.

"It's my boss's house. He wanted me to use it since he will be tied up on business until tomorrow afternoon." The lie flowed easily from Robert's mouth for he knew Ross had something in mind.

The two settled into a large sofa in the expansive living room. Robert found the remote that Ross had told him about and clicked on the gas fireplace. The mood was romantic as the two continued to snuggle and make small intimate talk. After a few minutes the two were getting into heavy petting and before it went any farther Jackie sat up and straightened her dress as the bustline had slipped to expose a nipple. Robert, sensing that Jackie was not yet ready to progress further. Jackie stood and walked to the patio doors.

"What a lovely pool!" Jackie said as she spotted a large kidney shaped pull in the enclosed backyard. The underwater lights were on and the water seemed to glow as tiny waved flowed from a fountain at one end. Robert had regained some composure as he walked up next to her and said "To bad we didn't bring any suits."

Jackie smiled as she reached a decision. "We don't need them."

As Robert stood a smile appeared and broadened as Jackie loosened her dress and it slid down her body. She had kicked off her shoes and had her thumbs in the top of her pantyhose as she impishly smiled at him.

"Aren't you going to join me?" Jackie said with a mocking tone.

Robert shook himself and quickly his shirt, shoes and socks. He was still struggling out of his pants a the now buck naked Jackie sprinted the few steps to the pool and dove into the water near the diving board.. He was ready to dive in as she surfaced and smiled. "The water is wonderful, just cool enough to be refreshing and not chilling." Jackie side stroked to the far side of the pool as a naked Robert dove in. He crossed the pool underwater and surfaced right next to Jackie, sliding her hands up her sides from her hips to under her arms. Their arms moved into an embrace that pulled their bodies together as they kissed and explored each other's bodies. They playfully made love over the ninety minutes in and around the pool until a satisfied, smiling Jackie stretched on in a chaise lounge next to Robert. The two kissed and embraced until they fell asleep.--

Robert woke at dawn and looked down at Jackie's sleeping, nude form. He smiled as he entered the house and placed her clothes on the sofa before locking the patio door. "This is what Ross had told me to do and she might even enjoy it," Robert thought. "It does sound like one of the situations that had both embarrassed and titillated her in the past." He locked the rest of the doors and donned his clothes before taking one of the cars from the garage back to the hotel.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 16**

Bright sunlight struck Jackie's body, warming it. She moaned as rolled to her right side as the sunlight tried to invade her eyes. She stretched out and then relaxed into a fetal position on the chaise lounge chair. "Humm...." she moaned as a feeling of freedom and comfortable filled her. She slept lightly for several more minutes until she tried to roll onto her stomach and fell off the side of the chair. "What?" was all she said as she raised herself to her hands and knees, blinked and shook her head. The dream of Robert's satisfying lovemaking fled from her mind and she looked around the pool.

Now conscious and remembering the past night Jackie used the lounge chair to help her stand. She was relaxed with her nudity and she saw the note on the table next to the lounge.

THANKS FOR A MEMORABLE NIGHT. I HAD TO GET TO WORK. YOU LOOKED SO WONDERFUL THAT I THOUGHT I WOULD JUST LET YOU SLEEP. WHEN THE BOSS GETS THERE AT NOON YOU CAN TAKE THE LIMO BACK TO THE HOTEL. I HOPE TO SEE YOU TONIGHT. CALL ME AT THE FRONT DESK.
THERE IS FOOD IN THE FRIDGE.
   ROBERT

Jackie held the note as she yawned and stretched. She had remembered there were no houses adjacent to Ross's and felt comfortable despite her nudity. She walked to the patio doors and was surprised when she found them locked. She checked her watch and now she got nervous as she saw it was only fifteen minutes to noon. She cupped her hands over her eyes and saw her clothes on the couch. She shook the patio door again, but it still was locked shut.

Despite her recent adventures she grew nervous as she realized that Mr. Ross would see her naked. She frantically looked around the pool and found not ever a towel she could wear. She looked at the redwood fence around the back yard and contemplated climbing it. As she finished scanning the fence she noticed the gate near the wall to her left. She padded over to the gate.

"Maybe there's a window open someplace," Jackie thought. She raise the handle on the inside of the gate and it opened easily. She stepped out and scanned the area. A rise about 100 feet to the east of the house hid any house in that direction. "Good," Jackie thought as she crept along the wall toward the front. She checked each window she passed and found them all securely locked. Reaching the front corner she saw that across the road was an open area. The nearest house was at least 250 feet west and set back from the road. With no one in site she checked the windows and front door. Finding everything regrettably secure she followed west wall back to the pool area with no better luck. She then finished her circumnavigation of the house and pool and returned to the gate only to find it had swung shut, leaving her locked out.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 17**

Even though the late morning sun was heating up the land, Jackie felt herself shivering. Once again, through no intention of her own, she was locked out without a stitch of clothing. She thought about her situation and decided that the safest thing to do was to hide and wait for Mr. Ross to arrive. He had been nice to her previously and hoped he would make it easy for her to retrieve her clothes with a minimum of humiliation.

As she waited in the narrowing shade of the back fence Jackie found herself getting that old familiar embarrassing tingle between her legs. She wondered what Mindy or Jenny would do in the situation. Mindy was a survivor and would somehow get through it all while Jenny would be cowering and getting desperate by now.

The shade continued to narrow as Jackie sat against the fence. She would have to move soon or risk getting too much sun. As she was contemplating an alternate waiting spot she heard the door to the patio slide open. She moved to a small knot hole in the fence and peered into the enclosed pool area. Several middle aged Oriental gentlemen in business suits walked onto the patio and took up seats around the pool. Mr. Ross was not in sight.

"Great," Jackie grumbled to herself. "He's going to entertain some clients."

As Jackie watched several gorgeous young women strutted from the house carrying trays of drink and snacks. Jackie's eyes grow big as she observed the huge breasts displayed by each woman and 'display' was the right term for they only wore tiny bikini bottoms and high heels. As the drinks were served she saw the women willingly permit the gentlemen to caress their bodies. Each woman took up a station standing beside each gentleman. It quickly became obvious that each woman was at the beck and call of the gentleman she stood next to. After thirty minutes and a second round of drinks for the gentleman the woman were all wearing only their shoes. A bikini bottom hung on the left hand arm of each man's chair. Despite the heat each gentleman still wore his shirt and tie, but the women had helped them out of their coats and hung them carefully inside.

Jackie was afraid of the situation, she did not know what all was expected of the servers and did not want to get involved. The sun was now directly overhead and Jackie really felt the heat on her skin. She would have to move soon or risk sunburn. She inched her way to the side of the fence and moved carefully to the front corner of the house. She spotted the limo in the driveway, but no one was in sight. Taking a deep breath she sprinted to the car only to find the doors all locked and windows closed. Steeling up her courage she stepped to the front door and rang the bell. After a few seconds the door opened.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 18**

Mr. Ross opened the door to see Jackie on the front steps wearing only a nervous smile. He had found her clothes and wondered where she had gone, but this was better than he hoped. He was just about to start reviewing the tapes of the hidden security cameras so that he could figure out what had happened. He decided to make the most of the good situation. The two stared at each other for several seconds before Jackie broke the silence.

"Can I come in?" Jackie asked in a timid quiet voice.

"Why, of course, my dear. Are you here for the party?" Ross could not quite hid the sneer that was on his face. Jackie quickly stepped in, trying unsuccessfully to cover herself with her arms.

"Not really. I had some problems this morning and found myself like this. Could I have the clothes I left on the sofa?"

"I don't remember seeing any clothes." Ross had already her clothes and purse to a locked drawer in the security room. He admired Jackie's ass as she walked to the sofa. She looked on and under the sofa cushions and finally on the floor under the sofa itself. She turned to Ross, still trying to cover herself and asked "Could I borrow something to wear?"

"Surely. Why don't you wait at the pool while I find something." Without waiting for an answer Ross turned and walked away. He would play this for all it was worth and still be the 'perfect gentleman'. He hoped to get many more viewing hours of this nymph who had such an affinity for losing her clothes. "Let's see, what should I get her?" He ignored the gowns and underwear from past female guests. Instead he rummaged around his bedroom and found an old pair of his running shorts which had a failing elastic waistband. He grabbed one of his cutoff muscle shirts he wore for his private workouts and returned to the living room to find Jackie frozen to the spot that he had left her.

"Here, these are large, but you can keep them." He held them out to Jackie who hesitantly reached out to accept them, exposing her breasts to his admiring eyes. He remained and she finally shrugged her shoulders, pulling the shirt over her head. It was way too large for her shoulders and even loose around her ample chest, but it only fell to just above her navel. Jackie fumbled as she tried to pull the shorts up her legs and fell to the sofa. She pulled the shorts up and stood only to have the way-too-large waist allow it to fall to her knees before she caught it.

"Let me get you a safety pin" Ross said as he walked into the kitchen. He returned with two small pins, handed them to Jackie and waited for her to act. Jackie sat back down on the sofa and tried to pin the sides tight enough to stay up. She stood and the shorts barely hung from her hips - threatening to fall if she moved. She grasped the shorts on each side to keep them in place.

"Can I use your bathroom?" Jackie asked.

"Second door down the hall on the right," Ross responded.

With a beet red blush warming her face and shoulders she walked into the bathroom. She let the shorts drop to the floor and then carefully rearranged the safety pins to take in about eight inches on each side. The arrangement left the safety pins bulging to hold that much material in place and it look strange. When she pulled the shorts back up she found they hung nicely just below her waist. Feeling adequately covered she combed out her hair before returning to the living room.

Ross was now out in the patio and talking with the businessmen. Jackie picked up the phone and called Becky's home number. Becky, the security guard, would be off duty The phone rang three times before it was answered.

"Yes?"

"Becky, I hate to bother you, but I've had a little problem."

Jackie heard a giggle. "You lose your clothes again?"

Jackie's blush deepened. "Well... yes... but I have some now. Can you pick me up? I don't have any money for a cab."

There was a silence as opportunities ran through Becky's mind before she playfully answered. "Okay, but there is a price for this help."

Jackie gulped as she remembered the last help Becky had given her. "Okay." She gave the directions and said thanks. It would take Becky at least forty minutes to get here.

Jackie waited the time watching the scene at the pool. Some music had been turned on and the girls were performing dances for the gentleman. Jackie expected Ross to invite her to join in at anytime and was quite shocked when the door bell ran. She almost ran to the door and found Becky in a T-shirt and cutoffs.

"Well, girl, are you ready to go?"

Jackie smiled and answered. "Whenever you are."

As they stepped into the cab of Becky's old pickup, Becky said "Oh, yah, if you want to ride with me, you better throw those shorts in the back of the truck."

Jackie stared as Becky gave her a mischievous smile. "New rule. Passengers must be bottomless. Come on, I don't have all day."

Jackie reluctantly removed her shorts and dropped them into the back of the truck before climbing in. Becky floored the gas and a dust plume formed behind the truck as Becky drove rapidly back toward town. Jackie sat with her hands in her lap and found herself tingling as she rode. She wanted to relieve that feeling, but could not bring herself to do so in front of Becky. As her desire became stronger the shirt became sweat soaked and heat built between her legs. Neither she or Becky noticed the flash of white as the shorts blew out the back of the truck.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 19**

Jackie saw Becky look at her and smile. "Can she read my mind and know how turned-on I am?" thought Jackie. The once baggy cutoff T-shirt was sweat-soaked and formed a wrinkly second skin over her shoulders and chest. The heat of the day seemed to soak into her and intensify her internal heat. The cab of the pickup felt like an oven with the hot wind from the open windows giving no relief.

They were a good ten miles from town as Becky slowed and pulled into a dusty old gas station. Small single story buildings, mostly businesses and some houses lay beyond. "We need some gas. Would you like to pump as I pay?" Becky giggled as she saw the expression on Jackie's face. "Donut worry girl, just sit there and I'll get the gas." Becky was full of energy as she stepped from the pickup, fueled the pickup and paid. As she returned she passed the back of the pickup and froze for a moment as Jackie watched from her huddled position in the pickup's cab. Becky resumed walking more slowly and stepped into the cab.

"We have a small problem" Becky announced as she pulled out of the station and drove back the way they had come. "Your shorts aren't in the back."

Jackie squeezed her legs together more tightly and groaned, "Was this your plan?"

"No, no, I was going to give them back to you just now and then drop you off at your hotel. Now, I'll have to make other plans." Becky drove on for a few minutes with Jackie torn between her embarrassment and her growing need to relieve the mounting desire. They were once again surrounded by open land with only a few widely scattered houses.

Becky pulled off on a sandy side road and stopped. "Jackie, take off that top." Jackie gave Becky a look of frustration, but did as she was told, peeling the cutoff T-shirt from her skin. She watched as Becky pulled her own moist T-shirt from the waistband of her cutoffs and pulled it over her head. "Here, put this on." She handed Jackie the T-shirt. Jackie pulled the T-shirt over her head and down her body. It was a relatively long shirt and Jackie became somewhat more relaxed as she stretched it down to just cover the bottom of her ass cheeks.. This shirt was not the baggy affair she had had and fit her snugly, leaving the outline of her erect nipples and full breasts fully visible. Although she was still without pants she felt more comfortably covered as she turned to see Becky step from the cab and wring out the sweaty cutoff T-shirt Jackie had worn.

"Thank you," Jackie said sincerely as she felt the protection of the T-shirt as if it were a suit of armor.

"You were sweating up a storm" Becky said as she squeezed the shirt. Becky's own small pert exposed breasts shook. "I think I'll let it dry a few minutes." She hooked the still damp shirt over the radio antenna. "Come on out and model that T-shirt for me."

Jackie giggled and somewhat relaxed as the stepped out of the truck's cab. They were far enough from the road that only Becky would be able to see her clearly. She met Becky in front of the truck and actually strutted her stuff seductively for Becky.

"I bet your dear mother would have a fit if she saw you like this," exclaimed Becky. That shirt barely covers your vitals and leave little to the imagination."

Jackie laughed and commented. "Well, maybe. Mom recently admitted to me that she and her sister, Aunt Claudia had quite a number of embarrassing incidents growing up. Aunt Claudia's daughter, Jenny and I seem to have inherited the family tradition or curse of getting into these situations. Claudia was one of those naked girls at Woodstock who got their pictures on the evening news. Grandma was supposedly furious with her. It wasn't until years later than Grandma admitted to Mom that during her days at a field hospital in France that she too had had her embarrassing situations. Mom told me some of Grandma's stories last summer."

Becky had listened intently, smiling. "Well, go on, tell me one of them."

"During one incident a truck of injured soldiers had arrived in camp just as Grandma stepped from the showers. She wrapped a towel around herself and hurried to the operating tent. AS she ran a corpsman gave her towel a tug and it came off. She was so dedicated that she continued running to the OR tent in her naked glory. She spent the next four hours assisting doctors while she wore only a hospital gown and mask. A while later one of the doctors asked her if she had known that the back of her hospital gown had been open at least six inches the whole time she was in the OR tent. It seems she had mooned the entire staff and several patients. She turned beet red the next day when in the recovery tent one of the recovering soldiers asked if she was the morale officer. When she asked what he meant he said that the last thing that he had seen when the doctors put him under for surgery was her firm naked butt not three feet away and that it had helped his morale."

Becky and Jackie laughed together as they each drew mental pictures of themselves in that situation. The wind was rising and in moments sand particles were stunning the women's exposed flesh. They jumped in the truck just as the visibility dropped to zero and shared more stories until the windstorm passed.

Several minutes later the visibility improved and Becky started the truck. Before they moved Jackie asked "Aren't you going to put that cutoff T-shirt back on?" Becky's eyes got big as she jumped out of the cab.

"Oh, no" Becky moaned.

The antenna was clean and the cutoff T-shirt was gone.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 20**

Becky climbed into the cab and informed Jackie of the fate of the lost shirt. They both shivered from the situation in spite of the heat of the day. Between them that really had only enough clothes for one of them. Jackie felt her own nipples harden as she watched Becky think and saw the Becky's smaller but well formed breasts and nipple harden too.

Becky broke the silent. "I guess we'll have to go to may place for clothes before I drop you off. The only thing is that I'll have to go through at least part of town to get there." Becky's place was on the far side of the valley from their current position and Las Vegas was the hub of all roads here.

"Is there no other way around?" Jackie asked. To her seemed as though the T-shirt that had somehow just shrank to a tiny inadequate rag.

"We can avoid the busiest part of town by driving south and catching the interstate. We can drive past town and take a ramp to the state road. >From there it's a clear shot to my place." Becky paused and turned to Jackie. "I hate to be an 'Indian giver', but could I have my shirt back?"

Jackie's hands and arms clutched her breast and crotch as if she were naked again. "Whatever for?"

"One of us has to drive and the driver had to sit up. If I'm to drive I insist my titties be covered."

"Why can't I drive?" asked Jackie.

"Can you drive a manual transmission?"

Jackie paused before answering quietly, "No."

"Well, there you have it." Becky gave Jackie a stern sensible expression that hid the fact the she was relieved to have had a simple way to win the discussion.

Jackie slouched down and then started to peel the T-shirt up her body. She hesitated as the bottom of the shirt reached her breasts. With a sign of resignation she pulled it over her head and handed it to Becky.

Becky quickly pulled the shirt on and started the truck. Jackie slouched down low in the seat and felt the breeze blew across her once again naked flesh.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 21**

The drive to Becky's place was actually uneventful. Jackie rode with her right hand over her moist tingling pussy and her left arm covering her nipples. She wanted to relieve the lustful feelings that flooded every moment of the trip but she was not going to put on a show for Becky. The seat was moistened by more than her sweat. Becky drove in a non-aggressive manner and did not want to get pulled over even though the thought of a nude Jackie facing a police officer did make for a delicious fantasy. Becky satisfied herself with occasionally warning Jackie to get even lower by comments such as "I hope those bikers keep their distance". It was not until Becky pulled up the drive to her house and saw a dark sedan sitting in front her house that any of the threats were real.

Becky did not warn Jackie about the sedan. Jackie, seeing that Becky had pulled on to a side road, had hoped that it was Becky's place. She inched up and peeked out the window just as they stopped near the sedan. Her mouth gaped open as the doors of the sedan open and two men in shirts and ties stepped out. Before she had a chance to react the men approached Becky as she stepped from the van.

"We are with the FBI. Are you Rebecca Stanhope?

"Yes."

"I'm special agent Johnson and this is special agent Scully."

Becky could not help the smile that crept to her face as she could not resist. "Scully?"

Agent Scully sighed. "My name often gets that reaction. We are looking for a Jacqueline Hewloff. We found that some correspondence had been sent here with her name on it. Could you tell us where she is."

Becky could not resist the smile that was forming. "She is right here in my truck."

Agent Scully turned and looked in the driver's window. Jackie was huddling on the floor under the dash on her knees with her head toward the driver's side. "Well, Ms. Hewloff, we have a few questions...." His voice trailed off as she saw her kneeling with her chest squeezed tightly to her thighs. Jackie's head, naked back and knees her about all that was visible, but it was obvious to agent Scully that she was unclothed.

Jackie cleared her throat and looked up as Scully. Jackie asked in a squeaky little girl's "Can it wait for a few minutes until I've gotten some clothes on."

Scully and Johnson turned by to face Becky, but Jackie saw that the agents continued to watch her from the corners of their eyes as Johnson spoke.

"We'll wait right here. You get dressed and then we need to talk. Jackie pulled herself off the floor and opened the door to the truck. She stepped out and dashed for the house, but had to wait at the door until Becky unlocked it, which Becky seemed to take delight in doing very casually.

Jackie ran to the bathroom and immediately urinated. She wanted to finger herself a release some of the pent up desire. Instead she toweled some of the sweat from her body and donned Becky's bathrobe. She returned to the living room to find Becky and the agents sitting.

Jackie sat in an old armchair and pulled her calves up under her. Pulling the top of the robe shut with her left hand left only her knees, head and hands visible. Feeling a less exposed she asked "What can I do for you?"

The agents explained that they were part of a team investigating the disappearances of several young women in the Las Vegas area. There was also indication that a few other woman may be being blackmailed. Some information in that investigation had led them to believe Mr. Ross might be involved. Unfortunately, Ross was the brother-in-law of an old law partner of the First Lady. The First Lady had been in LV recently and had talked with Ross. They assumed she had warned him that he was under investigation.

Jackie was stunned since she thought Mr. Ross had been nice to her. "But what do you want of me?" she asked.

"We want you to play up to Mr. Ross. In fact we want you to act as though you thought being a submissive might be what you want."

"A submissive?"

Agent Johnson quickly added "We are not making that suggestion that you are into those things, but given your history, we thought you might be able to act as though you were into a kinky life style."

Becky had to ask. "What history?"

Jackie hung her head as the agents pulled photos of her time in Asia. Most of the photos shows her in a state of partial undress, but the photo of her on the moto-cop's cycle was the clincher. There she was without a stitch of clothes and restrained, her hair streaming from the helmet as she rode behind the cop that led the First Lady's motorcade.

Jackie sat quietly as Johnson continued. "Ms. Hewloff, we want you to situate yourself to be taken by Mr. Ross. Because we expect you to be stripped, we can't just put a wire on you, but we do have a way to track you." Johnson pulled a small jewelry case from his pocket. He opened it to reveal a smooth oval object that size of a large aspirin.

Jackie's face had become pale and it was obvious that she was scared. Johnson continued.

"With this we can track you for about a mile. You can swallow this and it will stay in your stomach for about five days. After that it will dissolve harmlessly and pass without problem."

Becky was becoming angry. They wanted to use Jackie as bait and it was dangerous of Ross was into what they suspected. "Why should she do it? I have the police training and would be willing to try."

Scully answered. "Jackie fits the physical profile and you don't." Becky was still angry, but had to admit that Jackie figure and particularly her large firm breasts were probably the physical attributes they were referring too. All eyes turned to Jackie and a blush appeared on her face. A hint of an embarrassed smile flashed across her mouth.

"I'll do it Becky. I've always tried to help my nation when it was in need."

The two agents remained quiet as Becky tried to talk Jackie out of volunteering, but Jackie became more adamant. Becky turned to the agents and demanded "If she's going to do this, I want to be along with one of her backup teams."

Agent Johnson looked like he wanted to argue, but Scully cut him off. "You have the police background, but you would have to do as we directed." Becky reluctantly agreed.

It was Jackie who finally asked, "When do we get started?"

"As soon as we get you properly dressed," answered Scully.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 22**

The above the knee summer dress Jackie wore was beautiful, but the thin airy fabric made her feel very exposed. The frilly material of the dress slid across Jackie's flesh and sent runners of sensation through her body. The feel of the dress was heightened by the fact that the agents had insisted that she be without underwear. Jackie felt as if all eyes could see her dark nipples through the material. The three-inch red high-heeled sandals made her hips sway seductively with each step. In a different situation Jackie could see herself thrilled to be walking about as she was, perhaps with the uninhibited Mindy.

It had been Becky's suggestion that if Jackie needed to be the sexy attraction that the agents said fit the profile of the missing women, then Jackie should be clean-. Jackie had reluctantly permitted Becky to take a razor to her pussy hair. Jackie had bit her lips and restrained herself from squirming as Becky had run the razor over her. Jackie was left feeling more naked than ever before. She felt shame that she was actually enjoying the feeling.

Based on the reactions of the FBI agents and Becky when she had appeared before them in the new summer dress, she must appear to be a walking wet dream. As she entered Ross's casino and strutted past the gaming table she felt every eye on her. Becky wanted to hide in her room and relieve some of the sexual tension, but she stayed with the program. Finding a blackjack table with a couple of open chairs she sat with her legs crossed and played for over an hour. Whenever she won she responded enthusiastically, squirming in her chair and squealing in delight. She was putting on the show that the agents said she should, her breasts brushing the inside of her dress. The low neckline of the dress exposed significant cleavage that held everyone's attention.

The agents had said it might take several hours, or even days, before Ross approached Jackie. Since Ross had already met her the FBI men hoped that Ross would react more quickly. After only an hour of blackjack a note was dropped off for Jackie asking for her to come to his office when she was through playing. She played a few more hands before gathering her remaining chips and heading for Ross's office. She signaled the agents by checking her earrings as the agents had requested.--

"She's on the move," announced Johnson. He, Scully and Becky were sitting in the lounge. Scully checked his hand held scanner that looked like a Pilot palmtop computer and found the signal strong. He smiled back at Johnson and the three continued to sit in the lounge and await further developments.--

"You look particularly nice today, Jackie," greeted Ross as Jackie entered his office.

"You asked for me to come here," said Jackie, waving the note in her hand. "What can I do for you?"

"I wanted to make sure you were okay. You seemed very shook up yesterday at my place. I wanted to apologize for your situation and make sure you understood I had not set you up." Ross just had a few moments to set her at ease before he sprung the trap.

Jackie was trying to appear casual, but was very nervous as she realized Ross might be up to anything. If the FBI men were right, he might take her captive. Only by catching Ross in the act and by following Jackie to the other missing women could the FBI get the goods on him. Jackie decided that the bit of honesty would be best to cover her tracks.

"Well, I was very embarrassed but I don't hold you responsible. I think Robert played a trick on me and I'm not talking to him."

Ross just said back and was relieved when the phone rang as planned. After faking a brief conversation Ross hung up the phone, smiled and spoke to Jackie.

"I have a situation to which I must attend. If you could wait for a few minutes, I would like to make it up to you."

"Okay" Jackie responded, still sounding casual. Ross stood and left his office. She sat for a few minutes before her head rolled back and she was sound asleep in the chair.

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Jackie woke to find she was face down on a bed. Her first impression was of the foul rubbery taste in her mouth, which she quickly realized was a gag of some sort. She tried to move her arms, but found them tightly but not too uncomfortably secured behind her back. She squirmed on her stomach and was able to sit up. She could not see a thing and realized that it was not that there were not lights, but that she was blindfolded. By her contact with the bed she quickly realized she no longer wore her summer dress and was naked. Unable to cover herself, especially her freshly shaven pussy, she shivered in embarrassment and fear. She had been taken and was totally vulnerable.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 23**

Becky was getting very worried as she sat in the lounge with the two FBI men. They had not heard or seen anything of Jackie in some time. She was somewhat relieved as she noticed Scully still frequently checking his scanner. He assured her Jackie was still nearby somewhere in the building.

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Robert was getting fidgety working behind the front desk. He had for some time suspected that Mr. Ross was up to something. He regretted co-operating in the trick he had played on Jackie at Ross's house. She had not returned his messages and he had been concerned until he had spotted her in the casino. She had been dressed like a dream in that light summer dress that did little to hid Jackie's delicious figure. When his break came he had hurried to the blackjack table where she had been playing only to discover that she had left. He spotted that note and, after checking with the dealer and finding it had been for Jackie, Robert read the note and hurried to Ross's office.

No one was in Ross's office, but Robert detected an faint odor. Within moments he felt dizzy and staggered back into the hallway. He realized there must be some type of sleep gas in the room and feared that Jackie may have been taken. He left the door to Ross's office open and hoped that the gas would clear. After a few minutes he re-entered Ross's office and started to search it. A quick search of the desk revealed nothing except for a remote control to the monitors on the opposite wall.

Hoping to spot Jackie, Robert checked the monitor that showed the view from security camera around hotel and casino. Using the remote control he skipped through the view and was surprised when the picture of a stark room appeared. A dark haired attractive woman sat on a bed with her arms held behind her back by some strange tube. She was gagged and naked. It looked like that woman who had been used in the magic show with Jackie a few days earlier. Robert remembered the channel setting and skipped on. Three rooms later he spotted Jackie. She was gagged, her arms restrained behind her back and stark naked. She paced the room in high-heeled shoes and seemed quite scared. Robert could not resist staring for several moments and noticed that Jackie was now bare between her legs. Robert sighed and thought "Nice look" before racing to the office door. He threw the door open to face two men and a woman standing in the hallway.--

Becky had finally convinced Scully and Johnson to act. They were following Jackie's trail as the scanner had recorded it. That had brought them to Ross's office. Scully was about to knock when Robert threw the door open.

"FBI," Johnson announced. Before he could say more Robert pulled them into the office and showed them the monitors.

Robert quickly explained. "It think these rooms may be in the sub-basement storage area. We haven't used much of that yet and Ross might be able to hide whatever he is doing down there."

"Can you show us now?" asked Johnson.

Robert led Johnson, Scully and Becky through a back area and down two flights of stairs. The brought them to a long hallway with doors on both sides. They ran down the hall passed several marked doors. After 300 feet they came the end of the hall. A unmarked locked door blocked their way.

"I think it is through here," Robert said, panting and out of breath. He tried his passkeys but none fit the lock.

Scully checked the scanner and announced "There's some interference, but Jackie seems to be very close and on the other side of this door." Scully stepped back, taking Robert and Becky with him. Johnson drew his gun and took aim on the lock. It took three shots to penetrate the hard steel lock, but Johnson and Scully kicked together and the door groaned open.

The four passed through the door to find a short hallway with six-sided room with a wire reinforced window in each door. Each door was bolted from the outside which they quickly slide open. The first room they checked contained Jackie. Becky pulled the blindfold from Jackie's eyes. Robert tried to release Jackie's arms and removed the gag as Scully and Johnson checked the other rooms. Unfortunately the gag and arm tube were locked in place. Even the straps of Jackie's shoes here locked around her ankles.

Robert and Becky had just helped Jackie to stand as Scully appeared at the door with the naked dark haired woman. Jackie recognized Monica immediately. Monica's restraints were similarly locked.

"We have to get out of here before we are discovered," announced Johnson. Becky helped Jackie as Robert assisted Monica. Scully led the way with Johnson following, their guns drawn and ready for trouble. They were able to leave the area and climb the stairs before encountering anyone else.

"We'll have to take you out through the casino to our car," said a obviously worried Johnson.

Jackie heard this announcement and froze. They were going to take her right through the public and she did not even have her arms free for cover.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 24**

Johnson peeked out the door then turned and talked to Monica and Jackie. "Stand up straight. We need to move quickly."

The two women faced each other. Jackie saw Monica's eyes open widely. "She looks like a deer caught in the headlights," Jackie thought. Jackie realized she must look the same and forced herself to stand tall. "If I have to be on display like this, I will give them something to talk about."

"That hussy is actually overcoming her embarrassment," thought Monica as she watched Jackie stand tall. "If she can do it, so can I."

The coast looked clear to Scully. He held the door open and they burst into the casino. The gambling stopped as the two nude women ran as fast as they could in their high heels. Becky steadied Monica as Robert helped Jackie. A silence fell with only the sounds of the slot machine in the air. To Jackie the click-click of her shoes seemed as loud as a church bell. Suddenly applause and cheers erupted. All eyes were on the naked women as they hurried. Their flesh bounced enticingly. Jackie's already moist pussy seemed drenched and drops started to run down her inner thighs. Her entire body was hot and she knew she had set a new personal record for a deep blush.

They had almost made it to the door when Ross ran from their left. In his right hand was a gun that aimed in their general direction. Scully and Johnson stopped and raised their guns. "Federal agents," yelled Scully. "Drop your weapon." Ross hesitated but realized the hopelessness of his situation and slowly placed his gun on a slot machine. He placed his hands on his head. Scully approached Ross and locked the cuffs on his wrists.

Becky, Robert, Jackie and Monica had continued running when Scully and Johnson had stopped. They now stood impatiently in front of the casino in broad daylight. Jackie found herself shamed that she felt very near orgasm. The muscles of her upper thighs twitched and her inner thighs were covered with her juices. A typical Las Vegas breeze blew between her legs cooling her wet thighs. Jackie crossed the stimulation threshold and an orgasm racked her body. She was glad that she was gagged as the gag muffled her moans. Becky felt Jackie's body quivering and held her up straight. Becky looked into Jackie's eyes and smiled as Jackie realized that Becky knew exactly what was happening.

It was several minutes before Scully and Johnson emerged with a handcuffed Ross. Scully waved and a car with two agents pulled up to them. Jackie was miffed when Ross was placed in the car while she had to wait in all her frustrated naked glory. Scully and Johnson walked Monica and Jackie almost a block to a parking garage. Jackie found herself strutting in spite of herself while Monica seemed to cower in shame.

The agents drove to the police station where Becky, Jackie and Monica had to walk from the curb and into the station. They were taken to an interrogation room.

Scully gave Jackie and Monica a leering look and smiled. "We were looking for the keys, but the locks used are foreign. We are getting some bolt cutters and should have you cut out in a few minutes. Sorry for the delay." The look on Scully's face indicated he was enjoying the view. While Jackie forced herself to sit tall in her chair. Her breasts stood out nicely with hard erect nipples fully in view. Monica was sitting so that her breasts were pressed against her tightly closed thighs.

Becky, seeing Scully expression and knowing Jackie's embarrassment did not say a word to drive Scully off. Becky watched Jackie with a smile that would put the Cheshire cat to shame. Jackie realized what Becky was thinking and another orgasm exploded. She leaned back in her chair and drank in the feeling.

Ten minutes later a young uniformed male officer entered with the bolt cutters. He froze as he saw the naked beauties before him. After a few seconds he smiled and proceed to take his time cutting the locks open. Becky had pointed at Monica and said "Do her first". She wanted to prolong Jackie's embarrassment as long as possible.

It was fifteen minutes before Jackie was able to pull her arms in front of her. She crossed them over her chest even though Becky frowned at her. Two long T-shirts were delivered in seconds Jackie and Monica had pulled them on. A officer in plain clothes entered and took Monica to another room. A second officer entered accompanied by Scully.

Scully spoke. "We need to take your statement so that we can nail Mr. Ross." Scully questioned Jackie for thirty minutes, gathering every detail of her ordeal. She really wanted to get off somewhere, either with Robert or alone to relieve the desire that still filled her. Becky gave her several knowing looks and smiled.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 25**

It had taken forever for the FBI and the police to question Jackie. She still wore only the long T-shirt as she wanted for the authorities to finish. Mr. Ross was charged and would be arraigned the next week. Both she and Monica would have to be present for the preliminary hearing.

The owners of the International Palace had denied any knowledge of Ross' illicit activities and were cooperating fully. A hidden compartment was found in Ross' office containing many video tapes of unsuspecting naked and near naked women. While not all of them were being held against their wishes, there was plenty of evidence to implicate Ross' involvement in kidnaping and perhaps even slavery.

Jackie sat as quietly as possible as her frustration simmered. She knew the tail of the T-shirt under her was drenched with her love juices. She was afraid to leave her chair knowing that no one would miss the T-shirt's condition. Becky's knowing glances were not helping.

Finally Scully entered the room and spoke. "We have everything we need for now. I'll give you a ride back to your hotel." Jackie's face flushed red as she sat in the chair. To her surprise Robert entered the room and draped his suit jacket over her shoulders. Jackie slowly stood with the jacket covering the tail of her shirt. Relieved that she could now leave without everyone seeing her condition.

Scully drove as Robert and Jackie rode in the back seat. Robert was trying to apologize for his small bit of involvement. She wanted a small amount of revenge she wanted to extract for leaving her locked in the pool area of Ross' house without clothes, but she held Robert blameless. As Robert continued to apologize Jackie saw she could have some fun with him.

"Of course I forgive you, Robert. I just need some time to myself."

Robert's pained expression showed that he did not quite believe her. "What can I do to make it up to you?"

Jackie hid her smile. She had him where she wanted him.

"Well, if you really want to do something with me, meet me her at noon tomorrow. I will arrange with Becky to borrow a couple of horses and we'll go riding."

Robert looked relieved. "Thanks. I'll bring a picnic lunch."

They stepped from the car and Robert escorted Jackie to her room door. As he opened the door for her he turned and smiled. He had hoped to get at least a peck on the cheek and was pleasantly shocked when Jackie pulled him to her and gave him a kiss that curled his toes. He was left breathless as Jackie smiled and closed the door. She leaned against the inside of the door and a sneaky smile formed.

"That will give him something to think about."

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 26**

Jackie had talked to Becky and made all the arrangements. Becky had two mild-mannered horses saddled and ready. Robert had admitted that he had not ridden a horse in years and had never been good at it. They saddled up with the picnic hanging from Robert's saddle horn. Jackie and her horse led the way.

Jackie followed the trail that Becky had jogged naked. They went to the end of the trail. No one was in sight as Jackie turned and led them back to the small pond. Robert was a little stiff as he got off his horse. Jackie grabbed the picnic bag and waved him to follow. They spread a small blanket in the shade of a small rock outcropping and sat. Robert had brought two small roasted chickens, a pair of Caesar salads and a bottle of French white wine. They took their time eating and then relaxed side by side against the outcropping. They talked for some time in the shade.

"I feel like a dip," said Jackie.

Robert smiled and replied. "I didn't bring a swimsuit."

"Who said anything about swimsuits? There's no one else around." Jackie smiled as she stood and unbuttoned her blouse. Robert smiled as Jackie dropped the blouse on the picnic blanket. She did a little dance like a stripper and slid her jeans down her firm lean legs. She reached behind her back and spoke. "You have some catching up to do."

Robert stood and quickly shucked his shirt and pants as Jackie's bra and panties joined her other clothes on the blanket. Robert dropped his boxers shorts on the blanket and ran to catch Jackie who was already knee deep in water. Robert caught her and they splashed around in the cool spring water.--

Becky watched from behind another outcropping. According to Jackie's plan, Becky was to steal Robert's clothes. Becky chuckled at Jackie's plan, but Becky thought she could improve on it. As the couple splashed in the spring fed pond, Becky gathered up all the clothes as well as the small blanket and bag.

"Can't have them improvising." Becky sneaked back to the cruiser that was parked a mile away.--

Robert came up sputtering after Jackie had dunked him using a very unorthodox hold. He turned and saw her running from the pond back toward their picnic blanket. He enjoyed the view of her firm backside as she bounced away. He set off after beautiful naked form.

"OH NO!" he heard Jackie scream. Robert quickened his pace. As he caught up with her he saw her pointing to the ground. Robert's mouth fell open as he saw only bare ground where their blanket and clothes had been.

"That damn Becky!"

"Becky?" questioned Robert.

"Oh, never mind. We have to get back to Becky's. Come on." Jackie jogged over to where the horses were tied up. Robert jogged along behind her feeling very vulnerable, but still enjoying the view of Jackie as she climbed onto the saddle.

"Ouch!" Jackie shouted as she stood in the saddle. "This saddle is hot."

Robert saddled up as Jackie eased her bottom back down on the hot leather. Robert's erect penis pointed up and forward but his balls felt almost seared as they came to rest on his hot saddle. The two nude riders finally settled uncomfortably and set off with the horses walking fast.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 27**

Jackie felt more than the heat of the sun or the leather saddle. Her bouncing breasts felt very hot and tinder with rock hard nipples. Juices from between her legs had formed a slippery layer that caused her to slide around in the saddle. She led the way riding with her hands holding the reins between her firm tanned thighs. As her horse broke into a trot Jackie's breasts started to bounce in time to the horse's pace. She closed her eyes and let the movement lull her into a sensuous feeling despite her embarrassment.

Robert had never been involuntarily naked in public before and was looking around in fear. As Robert's horse broke into a trot behind Jackie his member bounced against the saddle. He became harder than he had ever been as the bouncing continued. With his view of Jackie's naked backside his found himself gritting her teeth as he tried to keep up with Jackie.

After several minutes Jackie opened her eyes and saw that they were approaching the main road. Although it did not have a lot of traffic, there was no way she wanted to ride along the roadside. She halted the horse and Robert pulled up beside her.

"Let's get across and then parallel on the other side out of sight," said Jackie. She glanced over as Robert and saw that he was sweating profusely, much more than from just the heat and exercise. "God, he's as turned on as I am," she thought.

The two leaned forward as if that would hide their exposed flesh. They waited for the road to be clear of vehicles. With a quick look passing between them, they kicked their horses to a gallop and headed for the road. As they approached the road a fast moving charter bus appeared. Jackie bent forward against her horse's neck, crossed the pavement and continued several hundred yards into the slightly rolling terrain. She reined in her horse when she passed behind a rise and was hidden from the road. Robert was nowhere in sight.--

When the bus had appeared Robert had tried to rein in his horse. A slippery layer of sweat was between his skin and his saddle. As his horse stopped abruptly he found himself desperately trying to keep from going over his horse's head. Just as he was about to right himself his horse pivoted to the right and Robert thumped to the sandy ground near the shoulder of the road. He caught a glimpse of several laughing faces as the bus flashed passed him. He struggled to his feet only to see his horse trotting down the road. Robert was about to stagger after the vanishing horse as a car came into few. He realized if he took off after his horse head would be clearly visible to everyone on the road. He hid behind a twisted juniper and tried to think.

Jackie was out of sight. The hot sun on his bare skin made Robert feel very exposed. He had never been trapped like this before in his life. "There was that skinny-dipping I did with Joan back in college," Robert thought. The thought of Joan's wet nubile body in that pond. The moonlight had reflected off the water and made her skin glow.

Robert shook himself as he returned to the present. The thought of Joan and his recent lovemaking with Jackie left him with a raging hard-on. He watched the road, but a car seemed to pass about every few second, trapping him on his side of the road. He had no choice but to work his way away from the road and parallel it. The sand was hot on his bare feet, but it was bearable.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 28**

Jackie peeked over the top of the rise. After several minutes she finally spotted Robert on foot on the other side of the road. Despite her own unplanned nudity, she smiled as she watched Robert run from one hiding place to another.

Jackie's revere was broken as her horse stepped to her left. The horse walked in the direction of Becky's house and Jackie thought it was probably best to let it have its head. After all, she was a good distance from the road and heading in the right direction. She checked the saddle bags even though she doubted Becky would have left her anything to wear. Her hand brushed against something and she pulled it from the bag. It was a bottle of sunscreen.

"Well, thank Becky for small favors," sighed Jackie as she smoothed the screening lotion over her shoulders, face, legs and arms. As the bright sun heated her body she realized she needed some on her breasts. As she worked the lotion over her firm breasts she had the feeling that some one was watching her. She flicked the reins and the horse broke into a trot as she scanned the horizon for the hidden eyes she felt taking in her firm, naked figure.--

Robert's feet were hurting as the hot sand worked into his pores. He had tried sitting on a rock but had sprung back to his feet when it felt like he had sat on an hot stove. Even though his throat was parched, his penis had remained erect and demanded attention. He kept watching the road and edged closer to it. The traffic seemed to be spaced more widely. With any luck he could time a dash across the road and avoid being seen. He crouched behind a scraggly bush and waited for the traffic to break. After ten minutes no car was visible in either direction. Now was the time.

Taking a deep breath he lunged forward and stepped onto the hot asphalt road. He made it to the middle of the road and heard the roar of a powerful engine from the left. Turning, he saw a Porsche doing at least ninety towards him. Robert froze like a deer caught in headlights as the car roared toward him. He broke for the far side of the road and made it to the shoulder just as the car flashed by. The sound of female laughter was heard as he raced forward more deeply into the sandy terrain. He collapsed onto a small spot of shade behind a rise and caught his breath. He was out of sight of the road and felt a bit of relief. He still had at least of couple of miles to go but he was now confident he could make it to Becky's.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 29**

Jackie had seen no one as she rode up to Becky's house. She was almost comfortable in her naked state, but she felt guilty about it. She tied the reins of her horse to the porch railing and approached the front door. Becky's truck was parked in front of the house.

"Anybody home?" Jackie was about to knock on the screen door when she saw the note tacked to the wood door. She pulled the note and read it.

SOME CLOTHES ARE IN THE FRONT SEAT OF THE TRUCK. THE TRUCK KEYS ARE IN ROBERT'S SADDLEBAGS. FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS TAPED TO THE STEERING WHEEL. THERE ARE BOTTLES OF SPRING WATER UNDER THE SEAT. SEE YOU LATER.

"Oh, Becky, what more are you up to?" Jackie walked around the house and checked the windows and back door. All entries were locked up tight. With Robert not in sight, Jackie had no choice to wait. She sat in a wooden straight-backed chair on the porch that she had moved into the shade. With little else to do she relaxed and scanned the rugged, dry terrain.

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Robert was making progress, but he had to rest his sore feet often. As she sat in a small bit of shade he pondered his situation. He was still at least a mile from Becky's place and quite embarrassed about his naked body. He was not ashamed of his appearance as he often took the liberty of working out in the hotel's gym. He still had a firm stomach and had received comments from some women in the past that he still had a tight little butt. It was the loss of control that embarrassed him the most. He resolved to get some revenge on Becky. Struggling to his feet he set off across the hot sand.

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Jackie had been sitting on the porch for over an hour when Robert staggered into sight. Jackie reached under the porch and grabbed one of the bottles of water. She ran over to Robert and handed him the bottle. He quickly opened the bottle and chugged it all.

"Thanks, I really needed that. Did you wait naked for me?" Robert was not so tired that he failed to smile at Jackie's luscious body.

"Not exactly. Didn't you find your horse?" Jackie stood with her hands on her hips. Robert's smile broadened and it took a moment for him to respond.

"Not since it threw me. Why?"

"We need the keys in your saddle bags to get our clothes from the truck. Becky has us locked out."

Robert just smiled and gave Jackie a lusty look.

Jackie smiled then forced a stern expression on her face and crossed her arms across her breasts. "Business before pleasure. I want some clothes." Robert's lusty stare brought a blush to Jackie's face and down her shoulders. Even as exhausted as he was from his nature walk at least a part of him was still ready for more of her. Her stare caused him to blush. She could not deny her own attraction to Robert, but Becky had taken this too far and desired some payback.

Robert was thinking about more than Jackie's firm shape. "Let's check the wheel-wells for a spare key." He checked the front left well and found nothing and moved to the right front wheel. "Found it." He pulled the key from the its magnetic box and opened the passenger. Two small bags sat on the passenger side floor. He threw the one with Jackie's name to her and opened the one with his name on it.

In the bag Robert saw only a tiny male thong. The front pouch was barely large enough to contain his genitals when they were not erect. The back was barely more than a string and would leave his bottom uncovered.

As Robert struggled into this thong he looked up to see Jackie holding only a small triangle with a nylon cord attached to each corner. His member throbbed as he realized neither one of them had much to where.

Jackie gapped slack-jawed at the barest minimum of bikini bottoms she had ever seen. She pulled two of the cords around her waist and joined them together using the clasps she found at the end of each string. The cords were very tight about her waist. She pulled the triangle to the front and threaded the third cord between her legs. She had to tightly pull the cord up between her buns to attach its clasps to the others. The small triangle barely covered her pussy and the cord covered nothing in back. To make matters even worse the triangle was only a single layer of white cloth. She watched as the sweat of her body started to soak into the material. As the material got wet it glued to her as tightly as would a wet T-shirt. She felt positively lewd and more naked than if she wore nothing. She reached to undo the clasps but found they would not release. She was going to have to wear this getup no matter what.

Robert's penis stood erect and stretched the thong out in front of him like a tent pole. The thong was so brief that this left his balls uncovered. As Jackie and Robert looked at each other their expressions of embarrassment and fear broke into laughter at the sight of each others barely contained assets. They both staggered to the cab of the truck and contained laughing until tears came to their eyes. After five minutes they settled down. Jackie read the note she found on the seat.

I ASSUME YOU TWO HAVE FOUND YOUR "UNIFORMS". IF YOU WANT TO RETRIEVE ADDITIONAL ATTIRE FOLLOW THESE DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY. DRIVE NORTH ON THE ROAD PAST MY PLACE. YOU WILL FIND A REST AREA IN ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE MILES. YOU ONLY HAVE A COUPLE OF VERY SMALL TOWNS TO PASS THROUGH.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 30**

"My God. Becky wants us to drive around naked!" Jackie shouted.

"What?" exclaimed Robert. He grabbed the note and read it. He stood in slack jawed disbelief as he found himself even harder.

Jackie hung her head as she climbed into the passenger side and put her seat belt on. She wrapped her arms around her chest. "Come on, Robert. Let's get this over with as soon as possible. I can't drive a stick so you have to drive."

Robert climbed in and tried to arrange himself comfortably. Failing that he started the truck and pulled away.

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"There's a town up ahead Robert. Better slow down." Jackie was bent forward in the seat trying to make herself small. Robert had managed to relax somewhat and was driving in a relaxed manner and enjoying the feel of the hot wind across his skin. He had been taking liberal glances at Jackie's near naked body. He looked ahead at the town Jackie was talking about and saw just a few buildings. He was not even going to slow down until he saw the police car sitting next to a speed limit sign. "35 MPH" and he was doing sixty. He hit the brake just as the police car's red light started flashing.

"Pull over," announced the bullhorn on the police car. Jackie squealed and tried to crawl under the dash as Robert pulled over. Robert looked in the rear-view mirror to see a tall Barney Fife step from squad car and amble up to Robert's window.

"Where's the fire?" asked the officer as he looked in the window. His eyes widened as he glanced at Jackie trying to turn invisible. The officer's month moved but no words came out. Robert, though somewhat embarrassed, was enjoying the expressions on both Jackie's and the officer's faces. After a full minutes the officer broke into a smile, "Please step from the car."

Robert and Jackie reluctantly stepped from the truck. In the bright sunlight they both felt even more exposed than they were.

"Put your hands on the car and spread your legs."

Robert and Jackie did as instructed until the officer pulled Robert's arms behind his back and locked cuffs on his wrists.

"Oh please, officer. Please don't handcuff me." Jackie pleaded but continued to lean against the car. She was mortified when he pulled her into handcuffs. The officer walked back to his squad car leaving Jackie and Robert standing next to Becky's truck.

Officer Mankins grabbed the cell phone from his car instead of using the police radio. He dialed a number and waited

"Hello, is that you Becky?"

"Yes. Did you get them?"

"As planned. Do you still want me to continue?"

"Yes. I'll be there in about an hour. I have a lot in store for these two."

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 31**

Officer Mankins led Robert and Jackie to the back of the squad car and seated them. As he fastened their seat belts snugly around their waists Jackie found that the officer's hands seemed to linger as he checked that the belt was tightened. He tightened the belt and Jackie found her waist squeezed. The strip across her chest passed between her breasts and seemed to make them larger and even more exposed. Mankins took much less time tightening Robert's seat belt, but the result was similar -- Robert was held firmly in place. Neither of the near naked "criminals" had any ability to squirm their torsos and hide their exposed flesh. When Jackie started to cross her legs Mankins said "No, no, no." He quickly locked Jackie's ankles in another pair of cuffs that he locked down to the backseat floor. Robert got equal treatment and was similarly secured.

Mankins climbed in the front and pulled out of the road. He drove through the small town and sped north up the road. Jackie and Robert rode in shocked silence as Mankins finally pulled over to a service station that sat by off by itself. The officer stepped from the squad car and entered the building leaving Jackie and Robert on display through the car windows.

"At least there's no other cars around," stammered Jackie.

While Robert watched for traffic, he and Jackie sat nervously as the car baked by the sun. After a few minutes their bodies were covered by a sheen of sweat. Despite the trouble he felt they were in, Robert could not help from staring wide-eyed at Jackie's glistening flesh. Jackie's soaked bikini bottom was so wet it clung to her like a thin layer of transparent elastic. The twitching in her loins was frustrating and driving her crazy. She felt guilty that on some level she was enjoying the situation. Jackie squeezed her eyes shut as her body drove her toward orgasm.

Robert was entranced by Jackie's condition as the aroma of feminine arousal filled the car. He became completely distracted by Jackie and failed to notice the officer return from the service station. When the front door opened Jackie was wracked by an orgasm. The animal passion made her fight against her bindings. Both Robert and Mankins watched as Jackie moaned and struggled. After a few minutes she collapsed and exhausted. Within minutes she fell asleep.

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Jackie woke as a chill ran up her spine. A chilly breeze blow across her chest and her nipples hardened. Her eyes opened and she look around while still half asleep. She rolled to her side and curled into a fetal position before her mind consciously reacted. Suddenly she sat up and found she was on the chaise lounge chair. She wrapped her arms over her naked breasts as she looked around herself. The chair she sat in was inside the glass-paned door of a wooden rural store. "Last Stop - snacks, sandwiches, beer" was on a sign over an old manual cash register. Behind the register was an open door to a darkened room. No one was in sight. Jackie stood and noticed she no longer had the tiny bikini bottom any more. She dropped her right hand to cover her "V" and left only the remaining arms to inadequately cover her firm hard breasts. She timidly walked to the door and looked out. She recognized the gas pump and realized she was now in the service station at which the officer had stopped.

"Oh my Gawd, where's Robert?" Jackie gasped. She heard a chuckle from behind her and she whirled around to face the sound.

An thin elderly weather-beaten man emerged from the door behind the register. "Heh, heh," he cackled. "Well, missy, it looks like you are awake." Jackie backed up until her bottom touched the doorknob on the front door. It was hot and she jumped a couple of inches back toward the men.

"Mind the black doorknob. When the sun hits in the afternoon like it does, it can get positively scorching. I always meant to spray some white paint over it, but I just keep forgetting."

Jackie just stared as she moved her arms and hands constantly trying to maximize their meager coverage. All she accomplished was to give a never-ending series of quick views of at least each luscious spot of her front. The elderly man savored the views for several long moments before speaking.

"Well, dearie, as long as you are awake, it's about time you starting earning your keep. Your uniform is hanging on that nail to your left." Jackie turned her head and saw an apron hanging from the nail. She reached over with her left hand and grabbed it, exposing both breasts simultaneously. She flipped the apron and found it to be a twelve by twelve inch flap of cloth with a strip of cloth along one edge as a belt. She turned and faced the front door to wrap the apron around her. She tried to pull the flap between her legs and up her back to the belt, but the flap kept pulling loose. Jackie realized it was only enough to cover either her front or her back and would only give its limited coverage if tied around her waist. She positioned it to cover her "V", leaving her breasts still uncovered. She turned back to face the man with her arms across her chest. She felt only slightly less comfortable, but at least she was wearing something.

"Aren't cha going to wear the top?" asked the old gent. He pointed to the other side of the door. Jackie found an inch wide strip that looked like a stretch headband. She held her arms over her head and pulled the band down. She struggled as the band held her arms to sides of her head, a situation that caused her breasts to bounce delightfully. She finally pulled the band down to the top of her breasts, but had to work hard to stretch it over her pert nipples. The elastic material pulled hard enough that her breasts bulged out both above and below the band. Her nipples were barely covered.

A bell rang as Jackie heard a car pull up. Realizing her bottom was now perfectly framed for view in the glass of the front door she whirled first to face the door and then back to face the old guy at the register.

"There's your first customer."

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 32**

"I said that's your first customer. Get out there and take care of them."

"What?!?" squealed Jackie.

"Since you didn't have any money with you when the deputy brought you in, I waived your fine and sentenced that you have to work it off. Ya see, I'm the Justice of these parts. Now get out there or the deputy and I will have to think of some less pleasant way for you to work off your debt to society."

Speechless and in total disbelief Jackie scanned the horizon. She stood in front of the only building in sight. On all sides was an arid landscape with no cover anywhere. She sighed and walked to the pumps. She had her head down and was avoiding looking at the people in the car when she heard "Looky here, we got ourselves a nekkid lady to service us."

Jackie's looked up to see three young studs staring and whooping at her. She wanted to run back inside and turned to face the door. At the door stood the old guy and she could see him lock the bolt.

"Look at her butt. It looks so tight I betcha could crack a raw egg open on it."

Jackie spun back to face the car and managed to get her voice to squeak, "Do you want gas?"

"Yup, fill 'er up. And get us a case of cold beer, sweet cheeks."

Jackie found out then and there that she could blush all the way down to her toes. She took a deep breath, grabbed the gasoline nozzle and started pumping gas. The band over her nipples slid down. She pulled the band up over her nipples and kept her butt facing away from the three guys.

"I'll get through this. If I could die of embarrassment, I already would have" Jackie thought. She tried to ignore the lewd comments and proposals being shouted at her and finished filling the tank. She saw that the old man had placed a cardboard wrapped case of beer just outside the door of the station. She side stepped over to it trying to hid her butt as much as possible and picked up the case. It was heavy and she carried it in front of her breasts. When she passed the case into the car one of the guys managed to run his fingers across the bottom of her breasts and tugged the band down just far enough to expose both nipples. She took their cash and covered her breasts as the car started and roared off down the dusty road.

"Not bad, young lady, but you gotta work another seven hours today. I think this is going to be one of my busier days."

Jackie followed his eyes as two cars pulled in on either side of the pumps. Jackie spent the next two hours as an endless stream of cars kept her constantly pumping gas and fetching snacks and beer for the customers. A layer of dust stuck to the sweat that had covered her body. Jackie felt filthy, but based on the comments from the customers, this in no way detracted from her obvious assets. She constantly needed to adjust the narrow top, but faced a greater challenge.

The stretch seemed to be going out of her breast band and she concentrated on keeping it positioned. As a consequence she spent little attention on covering her exposed ass cheeks. As she was gassing up a car she failed to notice that the frequent tugging on the belt had left it loose. The knot was barely holding. She brushed against a pickup's rearview mirror and waited for the truck driver to pay. The loop on the knot wrapped over an exposed screw. Jackie collected the money and the pickup rolled forward. The apron ripped from her body, spinning her like a top. Jackie caught her balance and straightened up to find herself bottomless. She ran to the station door only to find that the deadbolt had it locked tight.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 33**

Two vehicles pulled up and honked. Jackie was now in a panic and stood frozen for several seconds as her hands. Her hands attempted covered her tight buns from the view of the motorists as she faced the door of the service station. When the weather-beaten form of the elderly judge appeared just inside the door Jackie was momentarily relieved until she realized they her pussy naked to his eyes. Her hands flew to cover her front. This revealed her butt completely to the motorists and drew several appreciative comments. Her right hand flew to back to cover her buns as Jackie saw the judge point at the motorists and indicate that she better get busy. Jackie reluctantly turned and walked to the nearer vehicle.

Jackie's eyes were downcast and her throat was bone dry as the mumbled "Can I help you?"

"Fill 'er up and do the windows" came the reply.

Jackie jumped as she recognized the voice and finally looked through the window of pickup.

"Becky, look what's happened to me!"

Becky gave Jackie an appraising look that was every bit as embarrassing as that of any man. With a lecherous smile on her face Becky answered.

"Well look at you now. I like your uniform, what there is of it. Are you having fun yet?"

"Becky" shouted an exasperated Jackie. "Please bail me out of this. It's at least partly your fault I'm like this."

"You take care of the other car and I'll see what I can do" answered Becky as she stepped from the pickup and walked into the service station.

Jackie took small steps over to the other car and jumped the gas. The not very elastic band around her breasts was threatening to fall to her waist with her every movement. Her free hand flashed around her body trying to cover first one exposed spot and then another. When she approached the car to collect the money for the gas she held her upper arms tightly at her side to hold the band across her breasts and crossed her wrists in front of her pussy.

The driver looked appreciatively at Jackie and sighed. Before Jackie could react the driver reached up stuck a twenty dollar bill between Jackie's nearly naked breasts. She straightened up quickly and the elastic band caught on the driver's fingers, pulling it down to her stomach. The driver chuckled and released the band. The driver started the car and left.

There were no cars waiting for service. Jackie relaxed and stood tall as she tried to reposition the elastic band over her nipples. Any elasticity that had been in the band moments ago was gone and the band refused to stay in place. Jackie gave up and walked toward to the station door only to have the band fall passed her hips and tangle around her feet. Fearful that another car would come at any moment she struggled to release her feet. For once her luck held and her feet came free easily.

Jackie found the door to the station still deadbolted shut. She could see Becky talking to the old judge.

The sun had moved west far enough the a shadow was cast to the front of the station. Jackie sat on an old crate to the right of the door in the relative cool of the shadow. This was the first break she had had in over two embarrassing, humiliating hours. Jackie pulled her thighs up to her chest and wrapped her arms around her calves so that she would not feel quite so exposed.

As Jackie rested her head down on her knees and took several cleansing breath she could not deny that she was horny as hell. The constant scurrying to pump gas had kept her so busy she had spent all her thoughts on how to minimize her exposure. With the break and time to think she found sexual frustration to be a more of a problem. She snaked her left hand behind her calves and lightly ran her fingers over her most private and sensitive parts. The thoughts of those parts being on public display for much of the last two hours made them supersensitive to even her lightest of touches.

"Oh, I don't want to masturbate right out here" groaned Jackie. Guilt helped her pull her hand back to the front of her calves and she squeezed her legs together as tightly as possible. With her eyes closed she tried to relax and get some rest.

HONK!

Jackie's head jumped up at the sound of the horn. She could not believe she had fallen asleep. She was still hugging her legs to her chests and had to fight the stiffness that had set in. Both her feet were sound asleep as she stood and staggered to the car that had pulled up.

"Well, It's nice to see you finally found a job worthy of yourself."

That voice! The arrogance and superiority just oozed from it. Jackie looked up as one word slipped from her mouth.

"Monica?"

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 34**

"Jenny, it's so nice to see you like this." The sarcasm in Monica's voice was obvious. Jenny wanted to hide someplace, but was not going to give Monica the satisfaction.

Jackie stood as straight and proud as possible and asked "What can I do for you?"

Monica spent several moments as she seemed to visually devour every exposed inch of Jackie's naked condition. Jackie held her ground and stood even straighter, thrusting her magnificent breasts out even more. Monica's sneer widened and she finally spoke.

"Full service, you bimbo. Gas, windows, oil, the works."

Jackie strode to the hood and popped it open. She grabbed one of the tiny paper towels from the dispenser and checked the oil.

"You need a quart of oil."

Monica just shouted back "Get it, you slut."

Jackie grabbed a can of oil, a funnel and poured in the oil. She slammed the hood down and, walking to the pump, she put the gas nozzle into the gas pipe. Jackie stood proud but was visibility trembling. Only her rage at Monica restrained Jackie from hiding. While the gas was flowing into Monica's car, Monica shouted again.

"I want a 12-pack of beer, too. It better be ice cold."

Jackie walked to the station and found the front door open. Becky was arguing with the judge. "But, your honor, you can't make her work like this. I'll pay her fine myself."

The judge eyes followed Jackie as he answered. "She's just working off her bail. If she doesn't want to work, I can handcuff her out front to the pump."

Becky looked at Jackie to see if she would rather be just cuffed. Jackie envisioned her hands locked behind back and unable to cover or defend herself. A shiver ran up her spine and she shook her head no. Becky turned back to the judge who continued.

"I'm not ready to set the fine until we do the weekly court session. We do that on Thursday. Officer Mankins has to be here along with the bailiff and court reporter."

Becky pleaded back "But it's only Monday. How long does she have to work her bail?"

"When she finishes work today, her bail will be paid. She'll have to return on Thursday for the sentencing."

"But I'll pay her bail myself."

"The only way to pay her bail is if you take her place pumping gas."

Becky hesitated as Becky thought about the idea. There was a certain appeal to it. "Would I have to do that right now?"

A leer appeared on the judge's face and his eyes followed Jackie's every movement. "You'd have to strip down and pump gas. I would then cuff Jackie to the pump anyway."

The judge turned and yelled at Jackie "You better get hopping, young lady. You are not to dawdle in here." Jackie grabbed a 12-pack from the fridge and held it in front of her chest. "Oh," Jackie moaned as the cold can were squeezed to her breasts. She had been standing behind the stack of beer cases as she desperately tried to hide. Becky gave Jackie a look of sympathy.

Jackie reluctantly walked out the front door carrying the 12-pack. Once more in the bright sunlight Jackie walked to Monica and handed her the 12-pack. Monica placed the beer in the seat next to her as she watched Jackie move to wash the windows.

Jackie got the bottle of window cleaner and sprayed the front window. She had to lean forward as she reached out to wipe the window with the grabbed paper towels to wipe the cleaner off. Jackie saw that the window was still streaked and sprayed more cleaner. Using more clean towels she finally got the front window clean. Jackie saw that Monica's eyes followed her every move as she went to work on the side windows.

"Damn, she gives me the willies," thought Jackie. "But I'm not going to let Monica see me wilt."

With the windows finally clean Jackie told Monica, "That will be 22.95 for the gas and beer."

Monica gave Jackie a twenty and three ones, but continued to sit with the car off. "She actually wants change" Jackie thought. Jackie entered the station, got a nickel, returned and gave it to Monica. As Jackie turned to walk away Monica reached out and surprised her with a smack on her bottom. Jackie jumped as Monica started the car and roared away.

Jackie stood still for a few moment rubbing her stinging bottom before she walked toward the station door. Becky met her before she could enter.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 35**

"I'm sorry, Jackie, but he refuses to budge. I'll come by at the end of your shift and give you a ride back to my place. I also need to look for Robert. The judge says he last saw Robert locked in the back of Officer Mankins' police cruiser."

Jackie sat on the crate again and almost burst into tears as Becky tried to console Jackie. Sniffling, Jackie spoke. "Becky, you better go look for Robert. He may need you more than I do. Before you go, do you have any extra clothes with you?"

"I have some clothes stashed up at the rest area for you. When you didn't show up, I went looking for you. Unfortunately, I left them at the area in case you eventually showed up."

Jackie sat dejectedly as Becky walked to her car and drove off in a cloud of dust. Jackie hugged her thighs to her chest. No cars came by for several quiet minutes. Jackie found that she itched and took a moment to look at herself. Dust and sand covered her body. Streaks ran from her armpits, breasts and from between her legs where her sweat had loosened her dusty coating. To make matters worse she had an itch between her legs that had nothing to do with the grime. Jackie desperately wanted to hide and stroke herself. She was glad she restrained herself when the judge's voice came from beside her.

"You look like you could use a break."

Jackie's head jerked up with a shocked expression. She hugged her thighs more tightly to her chest as the old judge smiled down at the trembling Jackie.

"There's a shower head behind the station. Why don't you go and scrub off some of the day's dust since there's no cars to wait on."

Jackie froze. She didn't want to move while the judge stood so close.

"Hurry along now and I'll see if there is anything else for you to wear." The judge gestured for her to go. With the promise of something to wear she slowly stood while trying unsuccessfully to cover her most private parts. She turned and, with her hands over her firm bottom, she walked around the side of the station.

Jackie walked to the back of the station and found the showerhead the judge had mentioned. The showerhead was mounted directly to the outside back wall without side walls or anything to obscure the view. Jackie looked around and saw that only arid open land was behind the building. "At least no one can see me from the road," Jackie mumbled to herself. She turned on the rusty showerhead and was rewarded with a strong stream of comfortably hot clear water. A half bar of soap sat in a soap dish mounted to the side of the showerhead. Jackie stepped into the water and felt the water start washing the dust from her body. She worked up a lather with the soap in her hands. She found her muscles relaxing and started scrubbing her skin clean. The water pounded delightfully against her skin and she found herself becoming more aroused. Looking around and seeing nobody she started to work her soapy hands between her legs. She stroked harder and harder and was just on the edge of erupting in an orgasm when the judge walked around the side of the station.

"You've got a customer, young lady. You better get out front right now. Here, I found this." Jackie ground her teeth in frustration as the judge tossed a T-shirt in her direction. As there was no towel she pulled the shirt over her head. The short sleeves settled onto her arms as she pulled the now wet material down her body. The material just barely reached her nipples before stopping. The T-shirt had been cut off and exposed the bottom of her breasts. The shirt clung to her skin as she wiggled and tried to stretch it farther down with no success.

HONK!

Before the judge could say another word Jackie scurried around to the front of the station, her still exposed wet skin glistening in the bright mid-afternoon sunlight.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 36**

A jeep sat at the pump with a beautiful college aged girl at the wheel. The girl bore a striking resemblance to Catherine Zeta-Jones and was dressed in a pair of tight short shorts and a halter-top that presented a tasty amount of cleavage. When she smiled devilishly at the sight of the almost naked Jackie the girl's face light up. With the wet T-shirt barely covering her nipples Jackie felt very naked under the girl's stare.

Jackie was quivering inside with the force of her near orgasm under the shower. She stood next to the girl's car waiting for her to say something. Jackie's hand dropped to hands in front of her pussy. After twenty seconds under the girl's intense glare Jackie asked, "Can I help you?"

A few more seconds of silence passed before the girl answered. "Just fill 'er up, sweetie." Jackie walked back and started pumping the gas. She glanced at the girl and found her eyes following Jackie's every wiggle and squirm. Jackie's top seemed smaller with her dark erect nipples peeking through the T-shirt.

"Now, even the women are making me hotter than ever before," Jackie thought. She finished pumping the gas and walked back to the driver's door. The girl was licking her lips and running her hands over her own thighs seductively as her eyes bore into Jackie's flesh.

The girl finally spoke. "I'd love to take you home although you are a little overdressed. You should lose the top. It spoils your curves." The girl reached out as if to grab Jackie's top. Jackie raised her arms to hold her top in place only to have the girl's hand drop and run her fingertips lightly over Jackie's pussy. Jackie tilted her head back and did not step away. Jackie frantically needed release and had reached a point where she could not even make a move to stop the girl. The girl's touch felt so good, but so naughty. Jackie's legs shook and her knees almost buckled.

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Monica watched through binoculars. She had pulled partly onto the shoulder behind a small sandy hill and had walked back to take up a position just behind the top of the sandy rise. "Shameless. That slut is flaunting herself and enjoying it. I'm going to make sure she can never enjoy herself like this again." Monica was furious. Jackie always got all the attention and came out of the most embarrassing situations smelling like a rose.

Monica was so completely absorbed as she watched that she did not notice the police car approach from the other direction. The officer did a U-turn and pulled up behind Monica's car. He sat in the cruiser, took down the plate numbers and ran them over the squad car's computer. "Two speeding violations and several unpaid parking tickets." Officer Mankins mumbled to himself. He eyed the car and saw that the left side wheels remained to the left of the shoulder's white line. Mankins stepped out of his car and soon spied Monica laying stomach down near the top of the adjacent hill. The corners of Mankins mouth moved up as he walked quietly up behind her. He was not fifteen feet away as he admired Monica's body. Her tan dress jeans fit snugly over her shapely butt and thighs. A band of lower bare back was visible above the waist of the jeans. A white crop-top started half way up her back. All visible skin of Monica's arms, shoulder and back was deeply and deliciously tanned and soft looking. From the way her jaw was working the woman had to be chewing gum.

"Ma'am", said Mankins.

Monica gagged and almost swallowed her gum. She quickly rolled onto her back as her face briefly paled with fright. After a moment she took in the police uniform and calmed herself.

"Is that your car?" asked Mankins.

Monica's calm was short-lived as her superiority complex kicked into gear. "Yes, what of it?"

"You are parted illegally and have some outstanding violations. I need you to come with me."

Monica remembered the speeding tickets. She had been summoned to appear in traffic school. She had blown it off thinking she would be out of the state by now. Since her rescue from Ross diabolical schemes, she had forgotten all about traffic school when the Vegas police and the FBI had ordered her to stay in town.

"If you contact the FBI in Los Vegas you will find I'm being retained in the area for a very important case." Monica's tone was still belligerent and made Mankins mad.

"Roll onto your stomach right now, miss."

Monica hesitated until she saw Mankins drop his right hand onto his pistol grip.

"NOW!" he ordered.

Monica rolled back onto her stomach and started to plead. "But, officer, if you would just..."

"Shut up and put your hands behind your back."

Monica was now really afraid and placed her hands on the small of her back. Her fear increased as she felt Mankins snap handcuffs on her wrists. With the cuffs in place Mankins helped Monica to her feet and walked her to his car. He locked her in the backseat before taking her car keys. He started Monica's car and pulled it completely off the road, clearing the roadway for traffic. He returned to his squad car, started it and made a U-turn. Monica kept her mouth as she saw them approach the service station.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 37**

Jackie was oblivious to everything except the girl's fingertips on sensitive skin. The Zeta-Jones look-alike had brought Jackie to the brink of orgasm twice in only five minutes. Each time Jackie was about to explode, the girl stopped her fingertip caresses as if she knew Jackie's exact condition. Jackie had been totally at her mercy, frozen like a statue and unable to even say a word. Jackie's fists had hung straight down her sides with her hands clinched tightly. Her eyes were closed and her jaw squeezed shut. When the touch stopped and the car pulled away, the girl had giggled lustfully. Jackie had remained as if she were turned to stone.

The arrival of Mankins' police car broke Jackie's trance-like state although she still did not focus her eyes, but rather pulled her hand forward, dropping her chin to her chest.

Monica, despite her own handcuffed plight, took in the expression on Jackie's face and thought (rather insightfully) "She is embarrassed, but she's still enjoying herself somehow. How can that be?" Monica's confusion over Jackie occupied most of Monica's mind as Mankins pulled Monica from the car and escorted her into the station. She was placed four feet in front of the judge's counter near the cash register. Mankins and the judge exchanged whispered comments as Mankins showed the judge the printout from his squad car's computer. Mankins pointed out the speeding tickets and outstanding parking violations. Monica, for once, remained quiet and tried to make out what was being said. Finally the judge waved her to the counter and spoke.

"Is this here record correct?" The judge showed her the printout. She saw the violation and a copy of her driver's license that included her picture.

Monica meekly answered, "Yes, your honor." She flashed back to the judge in Sandgadoo and shuttered as the memory. She would be respectful to this judge in his presence no matter what happened.

A smile was threatening to transform the judge's weathered stern face to a broad smile. The harder he tried to appear serious, the thicker his accent got. "Well, I'm a'feared I'll have ta hold ya over 'til the state police kin take ya into custody. Skipping traffic school is a felony in the parts. We'll let the state deal wit' any FBI matters you may have."

Monica fought to maintain a civil voice. "May I post bail?"

The judge shook his head. "Normally I would take ya driver's license and hold ya car in lieu of bail, but that there's a rental car, isn't it?"

Monica wanted to lie but feared that she would be caught by it. "Yes, your honor. Can I make at least a phone call?"

"You'll git that opportunity once the state police gits here." The judge cackled and a chill ran up Monica's spine as the judge continued. "We don't have cell here so we'll just have'ta make do with something that will discourage ya from running away." He turned to Mankins. "Remove her top and pants."

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 38**

Monica stepped back from the counter. With her hands still in the cuffs there was no way she could physically stop Mankins. She turned to face the door just as two hot hands grasped her forearms behind her back.

"She's not goin' to cooperate judge." Monica could hear the smile on Mankins face as she stood behind her. She stopped squirming when she felt cold metal touch her spine at the bottom of the crop-top. The cold metal moved up her spine the crop-top with the sharp side of the blade out. The back as the crop-top split apart against the out-turned razor sharp blade. Within a few seconds Mankins sliced the shoulder straps and the now unless top fell from Monica's breasts to lay across her feet. Monica's firm breasts, while not quite up to Jackie's size, were every bit as firm. Monica wished she had worn a bra.

"Wait!" Monica screamed as she expected the knife to slice through her waistband. She had not worn any panties that morning either. If Mankins sliced her pants off she would left naked. Monica fell silent as she saw Jackie look in the front door window; a broad smile on her face.

Instead of using the knife Monica felt Mankins reach around her waist, loosen her belt and slide down the zipper. When the waistband was pulled to her thighs she whimpered. Mankins continued to pull on the pants and in too few seconds he forced her to step out of them. He stood and handed her pants to the judge. Unable to cover herself in any way Monica groaned as she stood in the middle of the station.

Jackie watched as Mankins walked Monica to front of the station and out the door. Once outside Mankins simply released Monica. Jackie could not help but feel a measure of satisfaction that Monica was getting her due. She watched as Monica looked around and quickly ran behind the station. Jackie wanted to follow and watch as Monica struggled helplessly against her bounds.

A car pulled into the station and Jackie turned to take care of it. Mankins stood in the station door. "Better get to the work, ma'am, before I get the cuffs to you too."

Jackie hustled over to take care of the car and driver. She went through the motions in a detached manner. She pumped the gas and collected the money, ignoring the male driver. It was not that she was less embarrassed, but rather that the thought of Monica's loss of control felt almost revenge to Jackie. So many time Monica has treated Jackie and others in her abusive 'oh, so, superior' manner. While Jackie wanted to be above revenge, she was delighted that Monica was now below her - being both naked and handcuffed.

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Monica stood behind the station and took in the empty arid view. The only shade was at the front of the station leaving Monica to choose between burning up in the sun and privacy or moving back to the shadow in the front where she would be on display for all to see. She tried to turn on the shower to cool off, but the handle was higher than her cuffed hands could reach. Monica was still undecided when a snake slithered into view. Monica's fear of snakes made her "EEK!" and she scurried back to the front of the station.

Jackie was sitting on the crate in the shade hugging her legs. Monica wanted to strangle Jackie. Even in this situation Jackie came out above Monica. When a smug smile appeared on Jackie's face at the sight of Monica, Monica went ballistic. She started kicking Jackie and yelled at her to get off the crate.

Jackie slapped down Monica's kicking feet and told Monica to find her own spot. Mankins swaggered out the front door of the station and told Monica to be quiet and leave Jackie alone.

Monica screamed and yelled, "God damn it. It's all her fucking fault."

The judge appeared next to Mankins and said, "Shut up! I don't hold with that kinda language. Officer Mankins, gag the prisoner."

Monica turned to run off but Mankins grabbed her before she had taken two steps. Monica found herself in a bear hug. Monica struggled against Mankins' hold as he forced her down onto her stomach next to the side of the station. He freed up his hands by placing one knee firmly in the middle of her bank. Monica's breasts were flattened somewhat painfully against the sandy soil.

As Monica opened her mouth to complain a leather strap was pulled between her teeth and cinched behind her neck. With the gag in place no intelligent sounds could escape her mouth. Mankins helped Monica to her feet and led her back around to the front outside wall of the station. Monica felt him release the handcuff on her right wrist. Her hope that he would release her was dashed when he re-locked the cuff moments later. Monica did not understand what had happened until she tried to step away from the wall. The short chain between the cuffs was now looped around a vertical rusty pipe that ran up the wall. Monica had no choice but to stand with her back against the wall leaving every bit of her front exposed to anyone that drove by the station.

Jackie felt guilty that she was enjoying Monica's plight. She stood next to the crate with a smile on her face. The judge turned to her and spoke.

"Don't enjoy yourself too much or we can do the same for you." The judge's accent had disappeared and no smile was on his face.

Jackie wiped the smile from her own face and answered, "Yes, your honor."

"You got less than four more hours to work. Don't make me hold you over for another day of work for being uncooperative."

Jackie was dead serious as she thought, "Another day like this and I'll be so frustrated it will take days to work off my sexual energy." The combination of sexual and guilty feelings had Jackie on a emotional high. Adding the sight of the naked vulnerable Monica, struggling defiantly against her cuffs, in no way diminished either the erotic desires or guilty impulses that coursed through her mind and body. With no vehicles to service Jackie sat back on the crate and closed her eyes. She tried unsuccessfully to empty her mind.

The dry heat had long since evaporated the shower water from her body but the moisture between her legs remained a constant. She barely noticed when Officer Mankins slowly walked to his cruiser, his eyes alternating being Jackie's and Monica's flesh. Reluctantly he started his car and rolled off down the road.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 39**

The next few hours passed slowly. Although the number of vehicles that needed servicing decreased, Jackie grew more aroused than she had ever been in her life. She realized that her desire was amplified by her lack of any clothing whatsoever and the denial of any release of her significant pent up desires. During one slack time she had wandered back to the shower and turned on the cold water to try to cool off. The contrast of the cool water and the hot sun on her skin proved to be even more arousing. She almost gave in to her frustration and had just started to rub her hands between her legs. At that moment the judge walked around the side of the station and cleared his throat to get her attention. Jackie jumped and felt as if her heart had stopped. She stared wide-eyed at him only to see him shake his head no and point toward the front of the station. Jackie reluctantly turned off the water and walked back around the station to her familiar crate.

Jackie saw that Monica, while still trying to maintain a defiant glare, was looking more and more desperate as each minute passed. Jackie noticed that there were only three small spots of pale untanned flesh on the front of Monica's body. A small white triangle surrounded her neatly trimmed pussy. Two even smaller triangles indicated that the top Monica wore while tanning did little more than cover her nipples. Her uncovered dark nipples were now rock hard.

Jackie turned her head away but the three pale spots drew her eyes back to them as though magnetically drawn. Jackie stood entranced, unmoving as if made of stone. Only her eyes slowly shifted from one pale spot to the next. Even here in the shadow tiny glistening drops of sweat appeared on Jackie's face, chest and between her legs. Her breathing quickened and her face flushed.

Jackie took a few steps to stand in front of the station door. She turned her head and saw the judge sitting inside behind his counter. Jackie hesitated and then stepped over to stand face-to-face with Monica. Jackie's left hand rose slowly on its own until it stopped with her index finger a fraction of an inch from Monica's right nipple. Jackie locked her eyes on Monica's and moved her finger forward a millimeter at a time until her fingertip barely touched Monica's swollen nipple. At the moment of contact Jackie closed her eyes and fell into a trance-like state, her entire whole centered on the point of contact with Monica's nipple

An electric-like charge flowed from Jackie's finger up her arm and exploded across the skin of her body. The charge intensified as Jackie moved her thumb up and lightly squeezed Monica's right nipple. The charge accumulated most strongly between Jackie's legs. Frustrated sexual energy quickly built to higher than ever before in her life.

Monica was taken back by Jackie's actions. As much as she wanted to scream and squirm to evade Jackie's slutty touch, she felt as rigid as stone. Heat erupted from Jackie's finger and flooded over Monica's body with such intensity that it almost felt as if she were on fire. Monica moved only to close her eyes and tilt her head back. Although she hated Jackie with a passion, at this moment, she wanted anyone (even Jackie) to satisfy the need that ignited deep between her legs.

CLICK.

The sound barely penetrated Jackie's consciousness and would have been lost except that the next moment Jackie felt her left hand pulled down. Contact with Monica was broken and a chill flashed over Jackie's body. Whimpers emerged from both the women's throats as they felt cutoff from the energy they had so briefly shared. Jackie felt her left arm pulled behind her back and felt hard metal circle her left wrist.

CLICK!

Jackie seemed to surface from a deep warm pool of tingling electric water to face a frustrating reality. Her arms were locked behind her back. She struggled against the metal encircling her wrists and turned to face the judge. A stern expression was on his mouth, but his eyes glowed with glee.

"Can't have you molesting the other prisoners, can we? You'll still be able to pump gas, but you'll be more a sight for the customers. Go sit on the crate and wait."

On wobbly legs Jackie struggled over and sat on the crate. The near orgasm slowly faded leaving a powerful aching between her legs. "If only we'd had a few seconds more. Now, I can't even try to cover myself." Jackie's vulnerability fueled her frustration as she contemplated her options and found no escape.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 40**

As embarrassed and vulnerable as Jackie had been in the last few hours, she felt much worse with her arms locked behind her back. When the next car arrived with two middle-aged men, she reluctantly rose to pump gas as she had been ordered. The two men got out of the car and stood in front of the station as Jackie serviced the car. Their hungry stares followed her every move as she backed up to the gas cap and squirmed to twist it off. Grabbing the nozzle handle it took three tries to get the nozzle into the gas line. Of course, the gas cap was on the side of the car that faced the station and Jackie had had to do all these with her pussy and breasts in full view of the men.

Monica fumed as she watched the men and Jackie. Even though Monica was humiliated and angry at being on forced display, she was more maddened that Jackie got all the men's attention and they ignored her. "That little twit always come out on top", thought Monica. Gagged, Monica did not even have the satisfaction of taunting Jackie. Monica pulled against the pipe around which her handcuffs were wrapped even though she knew that was no chance of getting loose.

Jackie finished filling the tank and placed the nozzle back in the pump. The men returned and sat in the car. Lusty smiles remained on their faces as the driver held a twenty in an outstretched hand. Jackie bent forward to take the twenty between her teeth and her large, firm breasts hung before her. Jackie groaned as the hand drew away from her.

"What?" asked Jackie.

"Turn around, I'll put it in your hand", responded the man.

Jackie sighed and turned to face away from the car. She felt the money placed in her hand. Before she could pull her hand back, she felt the man's hand cup brush across her left buttock. The next instant hands squeezed both her cheeks bringing a warm feeling where he touched. Jackie pulled away as chuckles erupted from the two men. The car started and pulled away leaving Jackie standing in their dust. Jackie stepped over to her crate and sat.

"When will this end?"

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 41**

It was within a few minutes of the end of Jackie's 'shift' (and after several more embarrassing incidents) when a state police car pulled into the station. Jackie stood to see if the car needed service only to see a female officer step from the driver's side. The officer was dressed in a crisp starched uniform that failed to hide the fit feminine curves that it covered. The attractive officer took in the sight of Jackie and Monica. She shook her head, a mischievous smile appearing on her face. She waved at Jackie to follow her as she strode to the station and entered. Unable to cover herself in the least Jackie followed the brunette haired officer into the station and stood by the door.

The officer said "Uncle Jack, are you up to your old tricks again? You really need at least one cell here for the prisoners." Her frequent glances at Jackie made her scurry behind the stack of beer cases. She squatted so that only her head was visible to the judge and officer.

The judge chuckled while keeping one eye on Jackie. "Why, Nellie, my methods work just fine. It definitely helps make the station turn a profit." He turned to Jackie and continued. "I think you've learned your lesson about interacting with the other prisoner." The judge handed Nellie a key. Nellie walked around behind Jackie and removed the handcuffs.

Nellie snickered as she returned to stand in front of the judge. "If this station wasn't the village hall and sole source of revenue except for minor fines, the state would charge you with a conflict of interest."

"Smartest move I ever made, donatin' the station to the Village of Dry Creek."

Jackie's curiosity got the best of her as she remained behind the beer cases. "Where's the village?"

The judge cleared his throat and said "The Village of Dry Creek is about a half mile east of the station just behind a small rise. I'll have you know the population is up to 51 with the birth of the Johnson boy last week."

Nellie replied in a mock scolding manner. "If those developers from Vegas have their way, there'll be a new tract of houses just down the road. If that happens you'll have to stop using naked prisoners as your service staff. You won't be able to lock your prisoners to that old pipe out front either. Families will complain."

"We'll see. As judge AND mayor of our little metropolis I intend to enjoy myself as long as I can. Besides, with any luck the people in the new houses will be just like the majority of Dry Creek citizens - nudists!"

Nellie chuckled. "I remember last year's village fair attracted quite a few surprised visitors. The naked sack race will always be a favorite."

"I remember; you placed second."

As Nellie and the judge continued to talk as if they were in a naked Mayberry, an idea came into Jackie's mind. She would have her little revenge on Becky. Jackie had to ask "When's this year's fair?"

The judge answered sociably "Why, it's this weekend. Don't you worry; you'll be there anyway. You have to perform part of your community service at that fair."

"I thought I would be through with my bail after today."

"Not hardly."

Despite the heat, Jackie shivered and asked. "Will I be permitted to wear clothes by then?"

"It would be a shame to cover that beautiful body of yours." The judge's lustful stare made Jackie quiver as he continued. "Of course we can arrange for some clothes."

The look on the judge's face made Jackie sure that somehow the judge would still have her on display.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 42**

"Which prisoner is the Monica Russell I am to pick up?"

Nellie turned to look at Jackie. Jackie covered her breasts even though she still was mostly out of sight behind the beer cases. Before she could speak a word the judge answered.

"The one outside is Ms. Russell. Jackie here has been a near model prisoner and a good worker. She can leave as soon as her friend comes to pick her up."

Jackie sighed with relief. "Thank you, thank you. Do either of you have any clothes I could borrow?"

The judge smiled and said, "I haven't a thing that would suit you." Nellie gave him a look; she knew he always had a least one spare pair of coveralls in back.

Nellie faced Jackie. "I might have something in my truck. Just let me get Ms. Russell into the backseat first." She walked outside. Using that same key that had released Jackie's cuffs Nellie unlocked Monica's right cuff, pulled it from the pipe and re-locked her wrists behind her. Monica was very quiet through Nellie's actions and did not fight as Nellie walked her to and sat her in the back of the police car.

Jackie had watched from inside kneeling behind the station's door. She knew this gave the judge an unobstructed view of her uncovered backside. Although she knew he had seen her countless times over the last few hours, she moved her hands to cover her ass. The bottom panel of the door obstructed the view from outside.

Nellie rummaged around in the trunk of her car. She draped some items over her left arm and reached into the trunk one last time. Her right hand pulled two long boots from the car. She closed the trunk and walked to the door.

Jackie, seeing Nellie return, scurried back behind the stand of beer cases. Nellie dropped the boots and other items on the counter in front of the judge. He pulled one small item from the pile of clothes, a tiny g-string as he inspected the clothing and finally nodded with approval. He pointed at the stack and waved for Jackie to come to the counter. Jackie stood with her arms across her chest and walked toward the counter. Half way to the counter she realized that with both hands across her chest she was totally uncovered below the waist. Resigned to her condition she dropped her arms to her sides and stood before the judge.

"Here's some clothes for you. Put them on here so we can see how you look."

Jackie grabbed at the stack and knocked it to the floor. She saw a short black leather skirt and immediately grabbed it. She pulled it up her legs and had to squirm as it snugly hugged her hips. She was about to pull the belt around her waist when she realized just how short the skirt was. She struggled to pull the belt down to her hips. Fastening the belt she realized that the skirt barely covered her ass. The tight hem rubbed against her upper thighs. She looked up to see the judge's admiring stare centered on her breasts. Jackie grabbed the next article of clothing on the floor; it was a red leather tube top that had four buttons between her breasts. She struggled with the buttons and got the bottom two buttoned. Her breasts were pushed up and seemed ready to explode upward. She struggled with the two remaining buttons to no avail. Her nipples were squeezed tightly and barely hidden at the top edge.

"This was definitely designed for someone less blessed than I," thought Jackie.

Being covered for the first time in hours, Jackie gave Nellie and the judge a smile as she reached down to see what else there was to wear. She found a short leather jacket that had lost the zipper down the front. It barely hung down to the bottom of her top and hung open revealing most of Jackie's magnificent cleavage.

The only things left on the floor were two thigh high boots with zippers up the inner thighs. She leaned against the counter to and stepped into the left boot. She found that the boot required her to stand on her toes as if she were wearing five-inch high heels. She ran the zipper up past her knee leaving at least twelve more inches unzipped. She pulled the second boot on and ran he zipper up to match the other. She felt the unzipped part of the metal zippers scrap against her inner thighs. She realized that the metal zipper teeth would scrap her if she did not zip them all the way up. She reached between her legs and struggled to pull the zipper to their top. The leather was snug against her skin and tingled against her inner thighs. A mere inch of tanned thigh was exposed above the top of the boots and below the hem of the tight short skirt. The way she was forced to stand on her toes made her calves and thighs flex and curve delectably.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 43**

"You look better than the biker girl I confiscated those clothes from," said a smiling Nellie.

"Thank you, it does feel good," answered Jackie. Jackie ran her hands down her sides, down to brush the exposed bit of her thighs and down to her leather covered knees. Jackie thought the outfit was naughty especially without any underpants.

As if on cue, Becky pulled up in front of the station. Jackie watched as Becky quickly looked around before stepping into the station. As soon as Becky stepped through the door, Becky spotted Jackie. A smile appeared on Becky's face before she made issued a wolf whistle.

"I thought you needed help, but you look like you're doing just fine," Becky said.

"Becky, did you find Robert?" asked Jackie.

"Yes, I did. Officer Mankins eventually turned her over to Nellie here. She made him ride up and down the interstate all day in the backseat of her squad car as she patrolled. Every time she pulled someone over Nellie made him wait outside the car while she wrote her tickets. When I caught up to them, Nellie let me take him back to my place. She released his handcuffs, but made me promise to keep him locked out and naked. Right now he's waiting on the porch."

Jackie had held back a case of the giggles while Becky told of Robert's perils. The dimples on Jackie's cheeks were quite noticeable and she envisioned Robert in all his glory.

Nellie and the judge sported smug expressions that left Jackie wondering what they had in store for you. She would soon find out.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 44**

The judge spoke. "You are to appear before this court in that outfit on Thursday at 10:00 AM. I will release you into the custody of Becky here." Turning to Becky he continued. "Becky, should Jackie here fail to appear as instructed, Nellie will also retrieve you to perform Jackie's sentence."

Jackie and Becky thanked the judge despite the mixed blessings of the judge's instructions. Jackie discovered upon sitting in the truck that unless she sat straight backed with her legs together her crotch would peak from below the skirt's hem. She felt the bottom of her ass cheeks make contact directly with the seat covers.

Becky could not help taking some delight in Jackie's attire. The temperature in the open-windowed cab was hot as they cruised back to Becky's house. Becky noticed that Jackie was very quiet. The blush on Jackie's cheeks was from more than embarrassment. The why she rubbed her thighs against each other and her accelerated breathing indicated she was in at least a partial state of arousal.

Jackie could not squelch the arousal that had been her constant companion for the day. She just wanted to get back to Robert and screw his head off. As they drove up the road to Becky's place she saw Robert peek from around the side of the house. Becky had said she left him with no clothes, but Jackie saw that she had also handcuffed his hands behind his back. Jackie licked her lips as she saw that he was already partially erect. From the expression of his face it looked as if he had had no relief all day. Jackie turned to Becky with a questioning look.

"I didn't want him to relieve himself. I thought you should have something to play with."

"Thanks, Becky. He won't have long to wait now."

Without another word Jackie walked from the truck directly to Robert. Her long strides in the tall boots and short skirt practically made Robert's eye jump out of their sockets. Robert stood stunned until Jackie grabbed his arm and led him to the front door. Becky opened the front door and Jackie walked Robert into the house. Jackie looked Becky and tilted her head toward Becky's bedroom. Becky nodded her head yes and Jackie pulled Robert toward the bedroom.

Becky got a sandwich and sat in the living room. From the sounds emerging from the bedroom, both Jackie and Robert were enjoying their reunion. Becky tried to ignore the sounds, but finally had to move to the porch with a book to read. The air had cooled and the sun was setting when Jackie walked out on the porch in just the short leather skirt and tube top. From her slightly bow-legged walk and the exhausted but satisfied look on her face, it was obvious what Jackie had been doing. Jackie plopped down in the other chair on the porch and leaned back.

"You look like the cat that ate the canary," Becky said with a giggle.

"It was more than a canary," Jackie answered and the two giggled at the implication. "I think I wore Robert to a frazzle. He is sound asleep."

"Do you blame him? You look to be out on your feet too."

"If you'll give me a T-shirt or something I'll take a shower and crawl in next to Robert."

"Not possible," answered Becky. A questioning look crossed Jackie face and Becky continued. "The judge was quite serious. He restricted you to only those clothes you were given. You can take them off, but they are the only clothes you can wear. Don't underestimate the judge. He used to sit on the Nevada Supreme court and knows enough dirt to get his way. He could send someone by to check up on you. I'm not going to be punished letting you wear something."

"But, Becky?"

"Get used to it, Jackie. Those are the judge's rules."

Jackie walked back into the house to the bathroom. She stripped off her skirt and top and stepped into the shower. She stood and let the warm water flow down her naked body. Only her exhausted state stopped her from reacting to the soothing water. She finally stepped blurry eyed from the shower and died herself with a bath towel. She noticed that her skirt and top were gone. Once dried she hung the wet towel over the shower door and stepped from the bathroom. She staggered sleepily toward the bedroom and climbed into bed. She saw the Robert's cuffs had been removed and snuggled next to his naked body. Within moment Jackie fell into a deep sleep.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 45**

Jackie woke on Wednesday to find Robert gone. The bed was still warm where he had been and Jackie snuggled into that warmth. She hugged his pillow against her breasts and closed her eyes as the thoughts of their long satisfying night. After several minutes she opened her eyes to see a note on the end table.

MY SWEET SEXY DEVIL,
I'M SORRY, BUT I HAVE TO GO INTO WORK. BECKY GAVE ME JUST ENOUGH OF MY CLOTHES SO THAT I COULD SNEAK HOME AND CHANGE INTO SOMETHING DECENT. I'LL CALL ON THURSDAY AND WE'LL MAKE PLANS FOR THE WEEKEND.
LOVE,
ROBERT

Jackie pouted. She had wanted a repeat of some of last night's more vigorous and satisfying bed exercises. The smell of coffee drifted to her nose and Jackie's empty stomach growled. She had not had anything to eat since lunch the prior day. Wrapping the sleet around her like a toga, Jackie padded into the living room.

Becky was fixing eggs and bacon while wearing a plain white T-shirt that hung down to her mid-thighs. She turned and saw Jackie come down the hall. "My god, Jackie, how can you look so beautiful the first thing in the morning?"

"It's just the way I am, even when I am as bleary eyed as I now feel. You got any of that breakfast for me?"

"The bacon is already cooking. Sit and drink some coffee while I do your eggs. How do you like them?"

"Scrambled will be just fine." Jackie sat and sipped from a steaming cup that Becky placed in front of her. "Ummthat's good."

"You better get rid of that sheet. The judge might send someone to check on you. If they find you wearing anything at all while release to me, I will find myself involuntarily joining you in whatever punishment he has in mind."

"Well," Jackie blushed as she found herself once again forced to be naked. "Okay, it's just you and me anyway." She stood and pulled the sleet away from her body. It fell to a pile around her feet leaving Jackie very self-conscious. She quickly sat so that she was hidden from the waist down.

"My God, Jackie, after all you've been through and you're still blushing. Maybe I can make you more comfortable." Becky stepped away from the stove and pulled the T-shirt over her head to reveal that she had worn nothing else. "Feel better now?"

Jackie looked over Becky's less shapely, but still firm attractive body. She noticed for the first time that pale freckles covered her body. Becky turned back toward the stove just as the hot grease from the bacon popped.

"Ouch!" Becky held her right hand to a spot between her breasts. "Damn bacon got me." Jackie watched as Becky rubbed that spot.

Jackie found a stir between her legs and her nipples hardened. All her recent experiences had left Jackie in a state, that of easy arousal - particularly when she was embarrassed. Becky finished the eggs and bacon, scooped them onto plates and placed them on the table. Jackie pulled one of the plates in front of her and felt her stomach growl again. The still naked Becky sat down opposite Jackie and the two dug into their breakfasts.

After eating the meal Becky had Jackie related all the things that had happened since she had ridden off on horseback with Robert. Despite her embarrassment Jackie warmed to the task and within minutes she was horny as hell.

Becky's mouth turned up into a smile as the story continued. She found herself aroused as she pictured herself in Jackie's place. Becky remained silent for over an hour and Jackie related not just the situations. As the story unfolded Jackie spoke of her own frustrated arousal. Becky's found her own breathing accelerate and a desire for an adventure of her own, but with a little more control over the situation than Jackie had had.

A plan formed in Becky's mind that insure that they would both have some fun.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 46**

Jackie dressed in her biker girl outfit after breakfast. She did not feel comfortable sitting around Becky's house naked. Becky was determined that meet the judge's restrictions. The outfit did feel stimulating especially with the tall boots, but it was hot. To keep from burning up as the day warmed, Jackie decided to wear just the red tube top and the short tight black skirt. The tight top exposed as lot of her breasts, but her nipples were covered. Although she still revealed a lot of flesh, she felt that she could get by if she were careful.

 When Jackie returned to the kitchen Becky had cleaned up from breakfast and had not changed from her t-shirt. Becky sat in a chair at the table and was reading a magazine.

Jackie sat opposite Becky and asked, "What's the plan for today?"

"I have to work tonight so I need to get a nap this afternoon. I thought we could have some fun this morning."

"Fun?" Jackie knew the kind of trouble Becky thought of as fun, but had to admit some of it was indeed fun, at least until it got out of control.

"Yes, I have some errands to run and you can help me. I just want you to get that jacket that goes with that outfit."

"And if I don't want to play the game?"

"It takes but one word from me and you will be back under the judge's watchful eye."

Jackie shivered with the thought of pumping gas in her birthday suit for the next two days. "Okay, I'll play." She got the jacket and returned to the living room to see Becky had her truck keys in her hand while still wearing just her T-shirt. Jackie asked "Aren't you going to put on more than that?"

"I won't be the one getting out of the truck."

Jackie started to put on the jacket when Becky stopped her. "First, lose the tube top." Jackie unbuttoned the four buttons on the tube top. It popped from her body as if spring loaded when the last button was released. Jackie quickly donned the jacket. With no zipper or buttons, the jacket hung open. She had to pull the edges toward each other to cover her nipples.

"That's better. Come on."

Becky led the way to the truck. Jackie's short tight skirt made if difficult to step into the front seat. She got in and arranged herself. Becky pulled up her T-shirt and tied it off around her waist. Becky started the truck and off they went.

Becky drove up the rode to one of the small towns that were sprinkled widely across the arid landscape. Becky pulled up in front of a wood building that still had a hitching post. Becky handed Jackie a list from the truck's dash and spoke.

"Here's list of groceries. Get the stuff and tell them to put it on my tab."

With the list in hand and trying to hold the jacket closed Jackie stepped from the truck. Stepping down she felt her tight skirt ride up to expose her pussy and the lower half of her bottom. She tried to pull it down with one hand, but it felt tighter than before. She let go of the jacket and used both hands to pull her skirt down. She did not notice that the seam that ran down the skirt's back gapped open to reveal the entire crack of her ass. Thinking the skirt was protecting her she pulled the jacket over her exposed nipple and sighed.

Stepping into the store she was surprised of find that the inside was a small modern grocery market. Refrigeration units ran down one wall contain meats, eggs, dairy products and cold beverages. Dry good were on shelves on the opposite wall. The center of the store had snacks and trinkets. Jackie saw a white haired elderly lady smiling at her from behind a counter at the back. Jackie grabbed a basket from a pile next to the door and started working her way down though the dry goods section.

"Dearie, I can't let you shop here." The elderly lady waved Jackie over and pointed to a sign in front of her counter.

NO SHIRT, NO SHOES, NO SERVICE.

"I can let you get by with the jacket, although it does a poor job of covering you. But you have no shoes at all - that will never do."

Jackie walked to the women and asked, "What do you want me to do?"

The grandmotherly women smiled and said, "I can loan you a pair in exchange for that little skirt."

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 47**

"MY SKIRT!"

The 'nice' elderly woman just smiled back and said, "I'll just hold it here for you."

Jackie set the basket on the counter, turned and walked back to the Becky. Becky gave her a curious look and asked, "Where's the groceries?"

"She wanted my skirt."

Becky smiled. "Is Dottie working today? She's a spunky old stripper. She must have taken a liking to you?"

"A liking?" gasped a shocked Jackie.

"Don't worry, she's straight. She just can't resist a good practical joke."

Jackie thought a moment before replying. "Are you sure? She seemed serious."

"She's such a little prankster. Get back in there and get those groceries. If you come out again with them I'll make sure you lose more that your skirt."

Jackie thought things spinning out of control again. With Becky's threat of turning her over to the judge early, Jackie feared she would soon be naked again no matter what she did. She turned and re-entered the store.

Immediately Dottie spoke. "Back again, my pretty young miss. Have you decided to take me up on my offer?"

Jackie felt a chill even though it had to be over eighty-five degrees in the store. "You're not just kidding are you? Becky said you were."

"You're Becky's friend, the one who worked the judge's gas station?"

Jackie sighed. "Does everyone know about me?"

"The judge made sure we all knew about you and the terms of your bail. Now, do I have to call him and report that you are being uncooperative?"

Jackie wondered if everyone was determined to get her naked. She thought over the Dottie's proposition. If she was going to be naked, it was not so bad if it was only in the store. With only a groan, Jackie slid the skirt down her hips and legs. Feeling once again very exposed she handed the skirt to Dottie.

"What a lovely pussy" said Dottie as she passed Jackie a pair of ratty sneakers.

Jackie slid the sneakers on and tried to pull the short jacket down with no better results than her earlier attempts. She just wanted to get this over with as soon as possible and quickly filled the basket with the groceries. Moving to the counter she set the basket in front of Dottie. Dottie rang up the total as Jackie leaned up against the wood counter leaving her visible to Dottie only from the waist up.

Jackie could see Dottie's frequent glances at the exposed portions of Jackie breasts. Her nipples were just hidden by the open jacket and she felt them harden even more under Dottie's attention. Dottie finished totaling the groceries and announced "29.72. Will that be cash or charge?"

"Please charge it to Becky's account."

"Her account is overdue at the moment. I need at least a partial payment. I could hold this skirt, but that wouldn't be enough. I'll need your jacket, too."

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 48**

Jackie had hoped she would get her skirt back when she left the store. Now, Dottie was asking for her jacket, too. Her hesitation caused Dottie to add, "Or should I just call the judge for non-payment."

Jackie felt trapped. The whole world was in on getting her naked and keeping her that way. With a shiver she took the jacket off and placed it on Dottie's counter.

"That will do just fine, dearie. You and Becky have a nice time."

Jackie turned and, with the groceries in two paper bags that she held in front of her, she walked out of the store. Becky smiled with delight as Jackie wordlessly stepped to and then into Becky's truck. Becky gave her a good once over before starting the truck and driving on down the road.

Jackie arranged the bags on the floor before crossing her arms over her all too-exposed breasts. Only then did she notice that Becky was not headed back to her place. The hot wind from the open truck windows blew across her torso and legs. Despite the heat, goosebumps raised as Jackie felt her conflicting emotions battle for control. Though once again embarrassingly without clothes she felt a shameful delight take hold of her. Dropping her right hand she could not help running her fingers lightly down her lips. Her middle finger seemed to have a mind of its own and slowly ran across her clitoris. A fresh shiver ran from between her legs and up her back. She threw her head back and was helpless to resist. Her right hand rubbed faster as she squeezed her right nipple between the thumb and forefinger of her left hand.

Jackie was oblivious to Becky's stare as the truck stopped in front of the judge's gas station. Becky waited until Jackie looked ready to explode before that shouted.

"Next stop. I need some gas."

"What? Huh?" Jackie opened her eyes and groaned as she ached for relief. She looked around to see that she was back at the sight of her naked gas pumping day. "What did you say?"

Becky forced the smile from her face. "I said I need some gas. Get out and pump it while I wait."

Jackie looked around. There were no other vehicles in sight. She turned back to face Becky and saw the mischievous smile on her face. Resigned to her fate Jackie stepped from the truck and reached for the pump handle. As she fueled the truck she stood between the pump and the truck that which she hoped would shelter her from any passing motorists. Two vehicles passed but neither slowed and no comments were shouted. With a sigh of relief she finished pumping fifteen gallons to fill the gas tank.

Jackie was about to step back into the truck when Becky said, "Go pay for the gas." She held out a twenty to Jackie who took the cash and walked to the station.

"Are you back to apply for a job? You look like you are properly dressed for it."

Jackie looked up to see the judge staring at her. Jackie walked to the judge and laid the twenty on the counter in front of him.

"Step back from the counter, miss." The judge's voice sounded stern and Jackie took three steps back. She looked at the floor with her arms at her sides. Her arms trembled as she fought to keep from covering up.

Jackie slowly raised her head to see that judge looking seriously at her. There was no trace of the smile that he had when she entered. The twenty laid flat on the counter, untouched.

"Jackie, please bring Miss Becky in here."

Jackie stepped to the front door and beckoned Becky. Becky returned a confused expression and stepped out of her truck. She pulled her T-shirt down, but its hem sprang back to her upper thighs. A concerned expression was on her face as she stepped into the gas station. The judge waved her up to his counter.

"Miss Becky, I find you in contempt of court."

Becky looked frightened and crossed her arms in front of her. "But judge, what did I do?"

"Miss Jackie is not in the designated attire."

"But Judge, I did not think you would mind if she wore less."

The judge leered at Jackie before turning back to speak to Becky. "The way Jackie looked I don't have if she is minus an article or two, or even nude. What I object to is the substitution of those ratty looking sneakers for her boots."

Becky turned and looked at Jackie's feet. "Oh, my God." She turned back to face the judge. "Your honor, I'm so sorry. I forgot all about her shoes. Dottie gave them to her."

"No excuses, young lady. It was your responsibility and you will bear the bulk of the penalty. Give me your T-shirt. Now."

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 49**

Jackie watched as Becky attended to the customers. Her older but firm naked body was sweaty as she trotted back and forth pumping gas and washing windows. >From the expression on Becky's face (as well as the red of her blushing cheeks) Becky was thoroughly humiliated.

Jackie stood inside the gas station where only the judge could see her. Jackie's was delighted that for once the tables had been turned on Becky. The judge took frequent glances at Jackie's shapely backside as she peeked out the front door. He allowed several minutes to elapse as he enjoyed the view. Finally he cleared his throat. Jackie turned and faced the judge.

"Miss Jackie, you are not totally without blame here."

Jackie held her breath and remembered that the judge had made her stand straight that last time she stood before him. She forced her arms to her sides and stood tall.

"Well, at least you haven't forgotten everything I told you. Why are you still wearing attire that is in violation with my orders?" Jackie bent forward to remove her shoes. The judge watched her large breast hang and shake as she pulled to remove the ratty sneakers. He wiped the smile from his face before Jackie looked back at him. She stood nervously without a stitch of clothing on her body.

"Don't worry, you won't have to work the pumps, at least not until she leaves for her guard job. Until then I have something else in store for you."

The judge waited a few seconds to let Jackie dangle at the end of his mental line. He watched as her delightful blush spread to her breasts. Her skin took on a glow.

"You have violated the terms of your bail and are in contempt of this court. Since only involuntary nudity seems to impress you I sentence you to seven days with only revealing clothing above your ankles. During the days you will perform community service in Dry Creek. At 6:00 PM each day you will report to me at the police station."

Jackie trembled and closed her eyes as she thought. "Trapped in public for seven full days without clothes." A thought flashed into her mind. "If Dry Creek is a nudist colony, maybe I will get used to it if everyone out is also naked." The judge continued.

"Since you have also showed a weakness to succumb to a desire to self gratification additional steps will be taken. You will wait until Officer Nellie gets here. She will prepare you and transport you over to the main street where you will start your community service. Until she arrives you are to stand at attention just outside the door to this facility starting right now."

Jackie turned and walked out the door. She took up her place next to the door. She tried to clear her mind, but Becky's nakedness only distracted her and she felt moisture form between her legs.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 50**

Jackie's wait was not long. Officer Nellie drove up within fifteen minutes. She stepped from her squad car and gave both Jackie and Becky a mischievous smile before entering the gas station.

Jackie could not hear the short exchange between Nellie and the judge except for a hardy laugh that sounded like Nellie. Moments later Nellie exited the station and walked up to Jackie. She held a series of intertwining leather strips and buckles that formed a harness.

"Spread your legs and stand still", ordered Nellie.

Jackie stood frozen as Nellie wrapped the strips around her and starting adjusting them snugly to her body. Straps encircled Jackie waist, crossed between her breasts and finally wrapped around her neck to form a collar. Nellie tightened the strap snugly, but not painfully, to Jackie's body.

Two straps hung like long garters down the front of her thighs from the waistband. Nellie stepped back and took a look at her handy work. After tightening a couple of the straps she seemed satisfied with her results. She stepped behind Jackie and pulled the two front "garters" between Jackie's legs and into buckles on the back of the belt. The leather straps passed on either side of her pussy and ass crack without covering either of them. Jackie felt Nellie tighten these straps. As before the straps were uncomfortably, but not painfully, tight.

Jackie found the harness sexy in a naughty, lewd manner. All of her most private areas were exposed and emphasized by the black leather straps. In the right situation with the right man, she might welcome such a thing. On public display as she was, she felt only humiliation. She felt even more vulnerable when Nellie locked leather cuffs around Jackie's wrists. Short chains from the cuffs were locked to the waistband. The chains were long enough to allow her movement of her hands, but she was unable to cover her breasts, pussy or ass.

As chill ran up Jackie's spine as she was forced to remember the college Halloween years ago. "How will I survive days like this?"

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 51**

Nellie interrupted Jackie's thoughts. "I'll help you into the car and drive you over to the village." Nellie walked Jackie to the squad car and opened the car door. Nellie placed her hand on Jackie's head and steered her into the backseat before closing the door.

Nellie started the squad car and drove a short distance south before turning off on a narrow black top that seemed to head into the middle of nowhere. Although there did not appear to be any potholes, the road was a little bumpy causing Nellie to drive only twenty miles an hour. They drove past a short dune and turned to the left.

As if a mirage, Jackie saw a broad boulevard with a center strip filled with juniper and cactus. Lining the both sides of the boulevard were one story houses. Each house was different, yet seemed to fit in with the surrounding houses. They were all well maintained with curving walkways from the sidewalks to each front door. Some grass was seen, but most had attractive rock gardens and with an occasional small waterfall. It all looked like some small, perfect, idealized village.

Jackie stared from the backseat as they continued on through town. At the end of the boulevard there was a T intersection. Nellie turned right and they passed a park with picnic benches and a pavilion. There was a sign that read "Dry Creek Fairgrounds". At the end of the park Jackie saw the Village Hall, a concrete and steel building. Nellie parked at the curb and stopped out. She opened Jackie's door and helped her from the squad car.

The harness made her feel more than just naked. With her wrists in the cuffs she could move her hands and arms, but not even to cover her most private areas. The harness was so snug she could not even bend her back forward very far. Nellie took her arm and led her through the glass double doors on the front of the building.

Counters stood to the left and right of the door. A woman in a uniform sat at the counter to the left of Jackie. Her name tag simply read "Sargent Dahlia". Dahlia looked to be in her late twenties with a mane of long black hair. Dahlia walked out from behind the counter and Jackie did a double take. The blue police style tunic of the shirt snugly hugged Dahlia's large breasts, but stopped to leave a bare midriff. Below the bare midriff Dahlia wore skin-tight black bike shorts with white strip down each side. The curves of Dahlia's long legs were accentuated by the high-heeled shoes on her feet. All in all, the strangest and sexiest police uniform Jackie had ever seen outside of men's magazines and porno movies.

Dahlia stood and looked at Jackie, her gaze starting at her face and slowly dropping. Jackie shivered under Dahlia's more than casual examination. At the same time Jackie could not help but appreciate Dahlia's own attributes. Jackie pressed her legs more tightly together in a desperate hope to hide what little she could.

Dahlia turned to Nellie to say "Looks like you've got her dressed for community service, right?"

Nellie just said, "Judge's orders."

"Then this must be Jackie Hewloff. I'll take possession of the prisoner. The judge has already called in his instructions."

Dahlia grabbed Jackie's arm and walked her down a hall to the back of the building. They emerged into a small garage area containing a pick-up truck with the village's name on the door. A gangly teenage boy emerged from under the truck and looked up at Jackie from the floor. From his angle Jackie could see his eyes work up her legs and stop on her bare pussy. Jackie wanted to step away but Dahlia held her arm tightly. Once again Jackie's only alternative was to squeeze her legs tightly together.

"Well, what have you brought me, Miss Dahlia?"

Dahlia smiled at the boy, responding in a tone of voice that made Jackie think flirtatious sparring match.

"Now, David, you know you're supposed to call me Officer when I'm on duty."

"Okay, my sweet Officer Dahlia. Who is this lovely woman you've brought me?"

"David, be nice. Jackie is here to do community service. Didn't you say you needed some help get the fairgrounds ready for this weekend's activities?"

"I can think of some other things for her to do," answered David. Jackie felt very embarrassed in front of the leering youngster.

Dahlia answered in a mock scolding voice. "Now be good or the judge might have to come over and punish you."

The smile on David's face faded to a frown at the mention of the judge. Dave replied, the flirting tone absent from his voice. "You won't let me have any fun."

Jackie had some doubts as Dahlia turned and left, leaving Jackie at the mercy of this child.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 52**

Jackie saw David's face contort as various thought ran through his head. She watched and guessed that he was older than she had originally thought. >From some of David's expressions as she stared at Jackie, she could tell that some of David's thoughts were very adult thoughts. He finally seemed to calm down a bit and spoke.

"Since they won't let me have too much fun with you, I'll have you help me set up the chairs around the band pavilion. Follow he."

Jackie followed David out the back door, around to the front of the building and out into the park. She took some very mild relief that he was leading the way instead of following her. Jackie knew that the thought of his lustful eyes on her bare bottom would just embarrass her that much more than ever. Sitting in one of the open sided pavilions were stacks of folding metal chairs.

"I'll unfold them. You position them in rows in front of the pavilion like in a theater." David started flipping the seat out on the each chair he pulled from the stack. Jackie's wrist chains had enough slack for her to grab the back of a chair and drag it. She walked with her eyes downcast with shame. By the time she had positioned the first chair and returned to the Dave, he had already pulled eight chairs from the stack and unfolded them. When she grabbed the next chair and started dragging it, the fine hairs on the back of her head rose. Jackie turned to see David watching her drag the chair. Her blush deepened again as she realized David's eyes were following each wiggle of her bottom as she dragged the chair to its place.

David was having a great time. He had gotten the part time job to earn some extra money for college. He was a wizard with anything mechanical and was actually having fun working on some of the village equipment. Jackie was an unexpected bonus that he was going to make sure he enjoyed. At sixteen what better opportunity could he have?

As Jackie returned to get the next chair she could see that David's eyes were taking in every inch of her very exposed flesh. Even stretching the wrist chains tightly there was no way she could cover either pussy or ass. Her breasts were way out of reach. The black strips of her body harness just seemed to accentuate her uncovered parts. Under David's attentive stares she felt terribly embarrassed. To top that off, her inability to relieve any of her sexually tension made her feel guilty.

After David had unfolded the stacked chairs, he started to help Jackie set the chairs up in rows. Even taking them two at a time he managed to be keep pace with Jackie trips. This allowed him to drink in her image from many different angles. Jackie was very aware of his roaming eyes during the two hours it took them to set up the hundreds of chairs. By the end of that time David's shirt was soaked with sweat. Even in the hot dry air Jackie was covered with sweat. The tight straps slid over her sweaty flesh, which felt almost like a soothing massage. Unfortunately, none of the straps contacted her more erogenous parts so she was left wanting more.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 53**

Jackie was relieved when David led them back to the garage area. She was sore from dragging all the chairs in an unusual and embarrassing manner. She watched as he stepped over to a shop fridge, pulled out a cold can of pop and took a long swig.

"Ahh!"

Jackie licked her parched lips. "Could I get one of those?"

David reached grabbed a second can and cola and popped that tab. He walked over to Jackie and held the can at the level of her mouth. Jackie tipped her head back and David poured into her mouth. She gulped as he continued to pour the liquid faster than she could swallow. The cold fluid dribbled from the corners of her mouth and flowed down her over her breasts. Her nipples hardened at its touch. David continued to pour the cola with most of it running down her body. Jackie jumped as the cold touched her lower lips. She could almost imagine it sizzle before continuing to flow down her inner thighs. She shook as some of the pent up sexual tension erupted into a staggering orgasm.

David had just meant to dribble a few drops over Jackie's delicious orbs, but became mesmerized watching the brown beverage form tiny rivers on the many valleys of her body. When Jackie's orgasmic explosion hit, David's eyes were centered on her now swollen lips and the pink regions being revealed.

David had seen many a naked female in the village on one occasion or another, but it had always been important that everyone maintain a certain level of nudists' decorum. There could be a lot of kidding, especially with the young adults. Sexual acts were supposed to be behind closed doors between consenting adults. Public erotic displays were strongly discouraged. David had had more than one occasion when he had to run and hide as he had felt himself about to harden.

David watched as Jackie trembled before him, her eyes squeezed shut. He felt himself harden and felt frozen where he stood. He was enjoying the tight feeling in his jeans when Jackie's knees buckled and she fell against him. He caught her in his arms and lowered her gently to the concrete floor. As soon as she was down, David dashed for the men's room. Once behind the closed door he dropped his pants in front of a urinal. His timing was perfect as his seed exploded from his throbbing penis. He took a few minutes to clean himself up before returning to the garage.

Jackie woke with a start on the hard floor. She struggled against her wrist restraints for a few moments before she remembered her situation. She clamped her loosely spread legs together and sat up. No one was in sight in the garage. A now empty case of cola sat on its side on the floor to her side. She felt the stickiness of the cola where it had contacted the leather straps that bound her. The musky smell of female arousal hung in the hot air. She sat on the rough concrete and hung her head at her humiliating situation.

Dahlia entered the garage and called David's name. Jackie sat silently until Dahlia spotted her. "My dear, what has that little devil been up to?" Dahlia sniffed the air and a stern crept across her face. "Did he force himself on you?"

Jackie voice was barely above a whisper. "No, ma'am. It was more of an accident."

"Well, we have to get you cleaned up. It time for you to eat." Dahlia helped Jackie to her feet and led her back into the office part of the building. They walked to a small locker room and Jackie was told to stand under the shower. A single showerhead was visible behind a neck high partition. The hot and cold handles were just low enough for Jackie to turn them. She adjusted the water until a comfortably hot stream flowed from the head. She let the water wash her body and felt the stickiness wash from her body.

"Ready for some soap?"

Jackie turned to see Dahlia naked as a jaybird and holding a soapy sponge. Dahlia looked even better naked than she did in her skimpy uniform. Without exchanging any other words she stepped under the water and started soaping up Jackie's body. Dahlia did take a little extra time between Jackie's legs and around her breasts, but she moved on to finish the lathering. She moved Jackie back under the showerhead until all the soap had washed down the drain.

Dahlia directed Jackie to step back into the locker room while she finished her own shower. It was only a few seconds later that Dahlia stood next to Jackie with a stack of towels. She dried herself before carefully drying Jackie from the hair on her head to her toes. Standing there with a naked Dahlia, Jackie felt refreshed. She had not felt this comfortable since she'd had breakfast that morning with Becky. Suddenly, Jackie stomach growled and Dahlia looked up.

"My, you must be starving. I'll take you home where we can eat." Dahlia, still nude, walked Jackie out the front door of the building, stopping only to get her purse and place a sign on the police desk. Jackie followed Dahlia as they walked across the fairground and approached the back of a block of houses. In spite of Dahlia's relaxed nakedness Jackie felt exposed as they spotted neighbors in their back yards. Dahlia stepped up to the back door of a house and led Jackie inside.

Jackie sat at a kitchen table as Dahlia went about fixing dinner. The natural way Dahlia acted raised Jackie's curiosity.

"Are you really nudists?"

Dahlia answered without missing a beat. "Well, there is a mixture of people here. Some like to be naked in public because they feel it is nature's way. Others get a type of thrill from being exposed, although they want others to coerce them into that condition. Finally, there are those I suspect who are just voyeurs. They will get naked just for the opportunity to see others that way."

Jackie was thoughtful for several minutes as Dahlia went on to explain that Dry Creek was not a place of public orgies and rape. "Maybe this is the place I've been looking for to get some answers," she thought.

Jackie squared her shoulders and asked, "Could you release me from this harness so I can feed myself?"

Dahlia gave her a curious look. "One of the few rules we have is that only the person who binds you can release you. In your case that is doubly so since it was the judge who ordered you harnessed. Even your friend Becky should have known better than to change your judge-ordered attire. When I made my rounds earlier I saw her being fitted with a harness like yours minus the wrist restraints. She will have to wear that under her clothes until the judge orders otherwise."

Jackie smiled at the thought of a harnessed Becky. At least Becky would suffer some for her tricks.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 54**

Dahlia lifted the sponge to Jackie's lips. Dahlia's stew was delicious and the two struck up a friendly conversation as they both ate. Dahlia had only been in town on the small police force about a year and had loved every bit of it. They chatted like old friends as Jackie found Dahlia to be a warm person with a taste for nudity.

"Yes, just last month I lost a bet with the sheriff and had to wear a harness like that one for a day on the main boulevard."

Jackie shivered at the thought. "Why didn't you just hide?"

Dahlia smiled and the dimples on her cheeks blushed red. "The bet was for me to be left standing in full sleep restraints." Dahlia's dimples deepened. "You'll see them tonight yourself. At least you won't be outside."

Jackie did not know what to make of that, but it sounded a little ominous. They finished dinner and walked back to village hall. There was a note on the police desk from David that he had gone home for the night. The fairground tables needed to be set up the next morning and he was requesting that Jackie be available. Jackie saw Dahlia write that Jackie should be available. Jackie was permitted to sit in the lobby while Dahlia took care of some paper work for about eighty minutes.

With her IN basket empty Dahlia stood. "Jackie, I need to head home now, so I have to get you locked down for the night."

"Can't I come home with you? I'm be good."

"The judge emailed over instructions that you are to have full restraints in the jail tonight. I'm sorry. I'll have to wait until tomorrow to hear some of those stories you talked about at supper. That friend of yours Mindy sounds like a girl after my own heart. Please follow me."

Jackie was led down a hall to the left side of the village hall. There was a typical jail cell with bars. A sink and a toilet were in the back and Dahlia told Jackie to use them now. Dahlia released her wrists and even turned her back so Jackie could use the potty. Jackie was surprised when Dahlia did not immediately secure her wrists. Instead Jackie followed Dahlia further down the hall and they entered a three-sided room with no bars or door.

Jackie's eyes bugged when she saw the "bed". The head of the bed was angled at about 30 degrees. From either side of the top of the head of the bed were inch thick rods of chrome with padded cuffs at the ends. Dahlia had Jackie lean back on the bed. Jackie's arms were pulled straight out from her shoulder and her wrists were locked into the cuffs. Dahlia spent several minutes fastening more leather strips from the bed to Jackie's harness. Jackie found herself unable to move her torso more than a half inch in any direction.

Jackie's legs did not stay unfettered for long as Dahlia returned from another room with two telescoping chrome bars. The end of each bar sprouted another padded cuff whose use soon became obvious. The bar was telescoped down to about eighteen inches when Dahlia locked one around each ankle. Jackie gasped as Dahlia telescoped the bar out to over three feet. None of this was physically painful, but Jackie groaned as she realized how exposed and how frustrated she would be the whole night. When Dahlia placed the second bar between Jackie's knees and telescoped it out to almost the same length as the one at her ankles.

Jackie felt more naked than at anytime in her life and, despite her humiliation, she felt her juices start to flow between her legs and her nipples tingle in the cool air-conditioned room. This feeling somehow increased when Dahlia tied a blindfold over her eyes.

"All comfortable, dear?" asked Dahlia.

Jackie could not believe her own voice as she answered in a surprisingly firm voice. "Just fine."

Jackie heard the padding of Dahlia feet fade down the hall. Silence seemed descend almost physically. Jackie could only hear the sound of the air conditioning as it blew a tantalizing breeze down past her breasts and seemed to swirl between her wide spread legs.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 55**

Jackie strained to hear if anybody was present. She only heard the movement of the air and the sound of her own breathing and heartbeat. She strained against her bindings and found that she could barely move more than her hands and feet. Being alone she hoped that her embarrassment would diminish over time, but the tingle of the cool air across her hard nipples and along her bare stretched cunny just emphasized her exposed state.

What Jackie wanted more than anything was some release of her pent up sexual tension. Jackie almost wished Dahlia had touched her. Jackie tried to put it all out of her mind, but failed. She finally fell into a restless sleep in which she dreamed of running naked in front of a crowd of leering people. She woke twice during the night with a start, only to fall back into the same dream.

The dream ended when one of the pursuers finally grabbed her by the shoulder. Jackie's eyes fluttered open to see Dahlia shaking her shoulder. Jackie saw no one but Dahlia in sight. Dahlia smiled back at the sweat covered Jackie and spoke.

"Looks like you had a restless night. Are you okay?"

Jackie's breath continued to be short and quick and her entire body was covered in goose bumps. Her entire body felt like a huge erogenous zone. The fleeting touches at Jackie's ankles and knees as Dahlia released the cuffs just increased Jackie's aroused state. Finally, the cuffs were all opened and Jackie stood and stretched. She felt her joints pop.

"Jackie, you better use the toilet before I re-cuff your wrists. Meet me up front when you're done." Dahlia walked toward the front desk.

Jackie walked to the still open adjacent cell and took care of business. She took her time and delighted in her moments of freedom and privacy. She wanted to prolong her respite, but she did not want it to be punished for taking too long. With a sigh she walked up to the front desk. Jackie was relieved that only Dahlia was present, hard at work behind her desk.

"Step next to me, Jackie".

Jackie remained silent as Dahlia quickly and efficiently secured her wrists in the cuffs. Jackie stepped back and pulled against the cuffs in a reflex action. She found she was still unable to cover herself in any manner.

Dahlia looked up and pointed to a chair next to her. "Sit over here where I can feed you." Dahlia pulled a croissant and crispy bacon from a microwave behind her. Jackie felt her stomach groan with hunger. Dahlia tore off bite sized pieces and fed them to Jackie.

"Thank you."

Dahlia looked back and smiled. "Can't have the prisoners starving, can we? When David shows up I'm sure we'll have plenty for you to do." Jackie sat as Dahlia took care of paperwork for almost an hour before David came through the front door. One brief look from David and Jackie felt a blush return to her face.

David walked out to the garage and returned with a clipboard. He exchanged a few whispers with Dahlia before turning to Jackie.

"Well, I have to go report to my morning classes so you will have to work down this 'To Do' list on your own. Let's just get you started."

Jackie looked over the list and saw there was much to do to prepare the fairgrounds for the weekend's fair. David told her where to find everything. A moment did not go by that he did not glance at her exposed morsels. Jackie's blush only deepened as his appreciative glance brought a not unpleasant tightness at the base of her stomach. David checked his watch and, seeing he was running late, dashed off, leaving Jackie alone.

Jackie was very aware that she was still exposed to the world even though there was no one in sight at the moment. She found she was still turned on and, though feeling a bit guilty, she found herself enjoying the feeling. She was tempted to look for a way to relieve herself of the pent up sexual tension that had flooded her since yesterday morning. Fearing someone would walk in on her she turned to check the list on the clipboard. She had to get busy or she would yield to her desires.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 56**

Jackie spent the next few hours laying extension cords in the patterns on the clipboard. She was unable to plug the cords together with her hands still at her sides, but she could string them out from the pavilion like the spokes of a wheel.

Jackie saw Dahlia step out the front door of the village hall a few times to briefly watch Jackie at work. Other than those few minutes, Jackie worked in solitude under the hot morning sun.

After a brief lunch and fluids at the desk of Dahlia, Jackie returned to the fairgrounds and continued down the list. She found she was marveling at her situation. She was working in the buff in public. The thrill that filled her with desire was perverse. She desperately wanted to be free and to relieve some of the desire that built with each moment. Being denied the ability to touch or cover herself, she found it a rush that was in its own way quite exhilarating.

The afternoon seemed to rush by and she felt some regret when it ended. Dahlia walked out to her and invited Jackie to join her at her house for supper once again. Dahlia in her uniform and Jackie in her harness walked while exchanging small talk. Jackie found herself smiling as more than one of Dahlia's neighbor waved to them during the walk.

"Why don't you grab a quick shower while I rustle up supper."

"Dahlia, I can't even turn on the water." Jackie had a mournful look as she raised hands as far as they would go - to just below her breasts.

Dahlia turned from her work and spoke. "Go on into the shower. I'll get you started."

Jackie walked to the bathroom and pulled the shower door open. Within moments a naked Dahlia joined her and turned on a warm stream of water. In her aroused state Jackie was turned-on by the sight of Dahlia's trim body. Dahlia reached for the soap and washcloth. She wasted no time working up a lather and spread it over Jackie's body.

Dahlia seemed to pay particular attention to Jackie's breasts and pussy. As Dahlia spread the lather more than just her hands touched Jackie. Each contact of Dahlia's arm, breasts, hip and thigh just drove Jackie to a higher rush. Dahlia worked in an almost detached manner until she started to lather herself. As the two slick bodies stood under the warm shower a smile crept onto Dahlia's face. Within moments Jackie knew she would orgasm right in front of Dahlia.

Suddenly Dahlia turned off the water, opened the shower door and stepped out. Jackie was like a live wire as she quivered on the brink of release. A look of disbelief grew on her face as Dahlia toweled herself off. Jackie stepped from the shower - still slippery, wet, and aching with pent up desire.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 57**

"If you promise to be good, I will leave your hand free so you can feed yourself."

Jackie had things she wanted to do with her hands but she shook her head yes. The two left for the kitchen and Jackie sat squirming in a chair as Dahlia prepared steaks and a salad.

The two women chatted like old friends and Jackie was able to relax a bit. The conversation continued through supper and into the evening. Much too soon Dahlia had to refasten her cuffs and leave.

Dahlia and Jackie returned to the Village Hall after supper. With the same detail as the night before Dahlia secured Jackie at her 'sleeping station'. Dahlia bid her good night after placing the blindfold in place.

Jackie was still not used to her immobility and spent quite some time trying to find some relief. While none of bonds cut off her circulation, she was held firmly in place. Her struggles only served to emphasize her loss of control. She felt a pulsating throb grow between her legs and her nipples stiffened even further, but no amount of straining could bring her desires to a satisfactory conclusion.

Jackie fell asleep and dreamed of being

naked in center field during the World Series. She was staked out face down in a spread eagle that stretched her arms and legs tautly

felt each leaf of grass on her firm breasts, stomach, thighs

warm breeze caressed across her back and between the spread cheeks of her ass

the roar of the crowd built and her breathing quickened

hands on her back that moved under, squeezed her breasts and pinched her nipples

breathing came in short gasps as the crowd roared and cheered

Jackie woke with a start and strained against her bindings until she remembered where she was. She forced herself to relax again and drifted off to sleep again.

driving a motorcycle encircled by a pack of bikers. She wore only stiff leather calf boots. She pulled her right hand from the handle to cover herself, but the cycle slowed down. In her mind she just knew if the pack left her behind she would be viewed by the world

sped back to the center of the pack. The wind blew ruffled the short hairs on her moist pussy igniting a throb of desire

breasts vibrating with the powerful throb of the engine

hand grabbed her shoulder and tried to pull her from the cycle.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 58**

Dahlia shook Jackie's shoulder. "Wake up sleepy head! Today's the big day."

The blindfold was removed and Jackie blinked her eyes under the bright lights. The roar of motorcycle faded from her mind. "What?"

"Today is the fair. We have to get you up and ready to lead the parade. The judge has appointed you as the Parade Marshall."

Dahlia took a sponge and gave the still restrained Jackie a sponge bath. The soft stroking of the wet soapy sponge felt wonderful and exciting. In a less aroused state Jackie realized it would be soothing and relaxing, but as she been denied any release Dahlia's actions only serve to light her animal desires. Jackie groaned and struggled vainly in her tight restraints. She glanced at Dahlia and saw Dahlia enjoying Jackie's conditions. If anything Dahlia stopped to take particular attention between Jackie's legs. Jackie's closed her eyes and continued to groan until suddenly ice cold water struck her body. She eyes opened wide and she saw Dahlia spraying her down with a hose.

"Well, I had to cool you down some way, didn't I?" Dahlia said between her giggles.

The cold water quelled Jackie's physical desires, but the pent up desires drove straight into her mind and left her still desiring release. Dahlia patted Jackie down with a large bath sheet. She even worked the towel under the straps of her harness. Dahlia released her from her 'sleep station' and then helped Jackie to stand. Jackie's legs were wobbly as Dahlia helped her to the toilet.

Back at the front desk Dahlia fed Jackie a large breakfast of juice, toast, bacon and eggs. The food was delicious and filling, but Jackie could not bury her desires in some corner of her mind. The effect was like that of some addictive drugs and left Jackie "wired". A battle waged in her mind between maintaining some semblance of control versus humping anything in sight.

Dahlia rinsed Jackie's face with a washcloth before leaving Jackie alone for a few minutes. Dahlia returned with a cardboard dress box. Jackie watches at the box is opened to reveal it is packed with feathers. As Dahlia pulls them from the box Jackie sees that the feathers are actually more like a boa. Dahlia attaches the first boa to the harness at the shoulders. The boas follow the straps of the harness. When they pass between Jackie's legs they tickle her lower lips without actually covering them. More boas are wrapped around her breasts and add to the tickling. Jackie looks down and can see her nipples peeking from the colorful costuming.

"You look ready. Wait here while I change."

Jackie wait is short. Dahlia returns with minutes in her 'dress uniform'.

Dahlia returns wearing a pair of white latex bike shorts that fit her like a second skin. A latex halter top is wrapped around her upper body that could not have been tighter if it had been painted on her. Her erect nipples were noticeable under the tight material. The image of a badge adorned her left breast. A police hat and a pair of high-heeled shoes completed her costume.

Jackie smiled as she took in the image of the smiling Dahlia. She could not resist commenting.

"You are a moving violation if there ever was one.

Dahlia laughed and replied "Then you like it."

"You look spectacular. I know of no place else where a police women would be expected to wear such an outfit."

"It's my own design" replied Dahlia.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 59**

Dahlia drove the police car with Jackie in the front passenger seat. As they pulled onto the boulevard the town still looked very quiet. It was only upon reaching the other end of town that Jackie saw a crowd teeming with excitement. At first glance it might have looked like any rural county fair.

The illusion was shattered moments later as Jackie spied the marching band. True, they all had instruments and wore a type of uniform, but not like she had seen in any parade outside of films of Rio. The marching band consisted entirely of Vegas showgirls complete in their sexy costumes. While all had at least the essentials covered, all of the girls had builds that would satisfy any man's fantasy. The brevity of their costumes served to emphasis the small covered areas.

Jackie turned to see several men and women climbing onto the two floats. The women were almost completely covered, but their costumes were no less sexy. From their necks to their feet they were completely covered in skintight material that did nothing to hide their every curve.

"Seven of Nine has nothing on any of these gals" commented Dahlia as she followed Jackie's dumbstruck stare. The costumes of the men on the float were in sharp contrast to the women's costumes. Their tight Speedo like suits left them ninety-nine percent naked. The black leather dog collars around the men's neck implied a possible extra meaning to the sharp contrast between the men's and women's attire.

Jackie felt vulnerable as Dahlia helped her from the police car. Despite the scanty attire of those around her, Jackie was still the only person whose genitals were in plain sight. The restraints that only she wore only served to heighten her embarrassment. Despite her own best efforts she could not stop her urge to find relief out of the public eye. She was sure that the muscular contractions she felt between her legs were noticeable to those who saw her.

Dahlia took Jackie by the arm and led her to the front of the procession that was forming. With so many people in the parade she hoped there would be few to line the boulevard. Within moments the band struck up a song as Dahlia told Jackie to lead on. The strong beat seemed to intensify the pulsating throb between her legs. Jackie's first few steps were tentative and Dahlia grabbed her arm again.

"No, march!"

Jackie saw people emerge from the houses and line the boulevard of Dry Creek. People also stepped from between the houses until the crowds were at least ten deep. Jackie was startled but got in step with the music. However, Dahlia was not done.

"Raise those knees. Be proud of what you are. Right now you represent the spirit of Dry Creek."

Jackie maintained her pace, but raised her knees to the level of her hips. This motion only served to in intensify the pulsation between her legs. She tried to keep her legs closed as much as possible, but the brushing between her inner thighs made her legs feel weak.

Dahlia was marching behind and to the right side of Jackie. Whenever Jackie failed to raise her knees high enough, Dahlia was only too quick to prod her to do better.

Jackie did not think it possible, but as she marched she felt an orgasm erupt. Jackie's head fell back and she closed her eyes. She continued to march, but she only shuffled along in time to the music. Dahlia grabbed her right arm and in a dominant stern manner issued her orders.

"Keep up those knees or you will be placed on display in the middle of the fair in your 'sleep station'."

Jackie's orgasm exploded as the image of her restrained and immobile before the entire fair ignited a fire in her. Every fiber of her body seemed to explode with the most frustratingly complete rapture she had every felt. She moaned with passion.

The pounding sounds of the band seemed to quicken with her internal beat. Somehow her knees continued to rise with Dahlia's urging. Her whole world focused down to the pulsations between her thighs and the beat of the music. All else seemed distant.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 60**

As they marched Dahlia felt Jackie vibrate like a tight guitar string. Jackie was covered with sweat and shined under the bright morning sun. Her eyes were closed and her hands were clinched in fists. Dahlia continued to hold Jackie's right arm as she kept reminding Jackie to keep her knees high as they marched. It was obvious to Dahlia that more than sweat ran down the insides of Jackie's legs.

Dahlia was captivated by the vision of Jackie. Jackie, in her colorful and revealing attire, was a stimulating sight. Dahlia felt the muscles between her own legs tighten and start their own pulsation with the music. Dahlia wanted nothing more than to find her own private place and finish herself off in a satisfying manner. She was amazed that Jackie was able to move, but if anything Jackie's knees seemed to be rising higher than previously. Watching Jackie's firm shapely thighs rising in perfect step with the music was truly a sight to behold.

Jackie's world focused down to her thighs and what was between them as the strong beat of the band resonated through her whole body. She kept her legs as closed as possible. With each step her thighs rubbed against each other which only served to intensity those same feelings.

Jackie became an automaton. She did not notice the cheers of the crowd as she marched. Neither did she notice that she had reached the fairgrounds.

The music stopped. Jackie was dazed and looked around to see she stood at the band pavilion. Without the driving music Jackie's knees buckled. Dahlia reacted quickly and gently lowered Jackie into a chair in the pavilion. Dahlia saw Jackie's eyes flutter open. The look of animal lust was obvious to Dahlia. The next moment all the tension in Jackie's body drained away as she fainted dead away.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 61**

Jackie opened her eyes to see the incredibly blue clear sky. She struggled up onto her elbows and found herself lying on a table next to the band pavilion. She realized she must have fainted and tried to remember what had happened. Her last memory was that of leading the parade as, despite her embarrassed and frustrated condition, she experienced one long explosive orgasm. For the first time in days she had experienced some released. She would have smiled if she did not still feel extreme embarrassment at the circumstances.

As Jackie's mind cleared she noticed that something felt different. She raised her hand to her forehead and realized her wrists were free. She held her hand in front of her face in amazement. She looked down at her body and saw only her unadorned naked flesh - the harness as gone. All that was left of the restrictive harness were the crisscrossing tan lines. Her momentary relief vanished, as she felt even more naked without the constant tightness of the harness straps across her skin.

Jackie was about to use her hands and arms to cover her more private parts when Dahlia appeared next to her.

"Freeze, young lady. The judge has given you a reprieve for the day on the conditions that you don't try to cover up and that you stay at the fair."

Jackie groaned. She just wanted to hide somewhere, anywhere. She forced her arms back into a most familiar position at her side and sat up. She looked around and saw the crowds of the fair. She was attracting the attention of several others, but so were some of the other scantily clad people. Those individuals who where covered more completely were no less an attraction.

Jackie stood as her eyes followed a strangely attired woman walking past her. At first Jackie thought the woman had completely painted her nude hairless body, but on closer examination she was actually wearing a full blue body stocking. The tight stretchy material that was molded to her every feature. It covered even the woman's head and left her feature smoothed and indistinct. She had the look of an unclothed fancy store mannequin.

Jackie saw other people in equally bizarre or erotic attire, but almost everyone moved about as if it was not that unusual. Jackie tried to convince herself that she could feel comfortable with all these other people so strangely dressed, but she saw no other fully nude people.

"Jackie, go on out there and mingle." Dahlia punctuated her words with a slap to Jackie firm rump.

Jackie walked tentatively down a corridor of tables and stands. People had set up tables of every variety along the power cords she had strung the previous day. Many tables contained pies, cakes and entrees to be sold to the fair goers. The tables of foods were intermixed with exhibitors of crafts.

As she got further from the band pavilion Jackie saw that a traveling carnival complete with rides had set up overnight. The rides formed a ring around the fair. Carnival game stands dominated the areas near the rides.

Jackie realized that in most ways this was almost a typical rural town or county fair. Only the costumes of the patrons and some strange, if erotic looking, exhibits gave any indication to the contrary. If she had some clothes, she might have been able to relax and enjoy the strange mix of simple rural life and sensuous sights.

A tingle ran from between her legs, up her spine and around to her breasts. It was both delightful and frustrating. The frustrating part was that she could still not allow herself to voluntarily respond in public to her mounting desire. The next instant Jackie jumped as she felt a hand tinkle across the back of her left thigh. Jackie turned and there stood Becky.

Becky was wearing a harness similar to the one that had so recently wrapped Jackie's body. Becky's wrists were locked to the harness near her waist. Her less curvaceous though still attractive figure was otherwise bare for all to see.

"Well, Jackie, I guess you won this one. At least your hands are free. Ouch!" Becky jumped as she felt a pinch on her left ass cheek.

Despite her own exposed state, Jackie found herself giggling, as Becky stood, unable to even rub the pinched spot. After a few moments Becky's pouting expression broke and the two laughed with each other.

"Well, Becky, what brought you here? It certainly looks like you're dressed for the occasion."

Becky briefly frowned, but soon a smile crept across her face as she talked. "The judge ordered that I wear this outfit continuously since he found me in contempt of court. He unlocked my wrists so I could work and feed myself. At all other times he insisted that my wrists be cuffed. Even when I had to wear this harness under my clothes, I was constantly aroused by its presence."

Jackie had no problem imaging Becky's reactions to the harness. Even now, without the harness, she reluctantly admitted to herself the arousal the harness had brought to her. Jackie resolved to get one of these to take back home.

"Mindy would love it. I wish she were here," Jackie thought.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 62**

The rest of the day passed in a remarkably pleasant manner. Becky and Jackie strolled the fair. Other than frequent smiling stares and the occasional unexpected touch of a stranger, the two were able to relax a bit under the bright hot sun.

Several of the food vendors had offered the women snacks throughout the day. At 4:00 PM the two sat on chairs near the band pavilion. Jackie was sharing a piece of sinfully rich chocolate cake with Becky. With her wrists in cuffs, Becky was unable to feed herself.

Jackie thought back over her naked day at the fair. She had been constantly aware of her undressed state. She shared some of her thoughts with Becky.

"Maybe I'm finally getting over my shame when I find myself exposed in public. That's what I came to Las Vegas to do."

"Jackie, you should never be ashamed to show that fine body of yours, especially when it is due to no fault of your own."

"I think I'm almost ready to accept that now. I'm going to have to get in some more nude sunbathing anyway just to get rid of these ridiculous tan lines."

Becky gave Jackie a lascivious look and added, "I'll be more than happy to arrange for that, once we've served out the judge's sentences."

Jackie felt her cheeks redden and the tingle between her thighs intensified. "If only I could get off somewhere to, ah, get off." Jackie was shocked to admit this to Becky. Becky strained against her wrist restraints. It was obvious that Becky had a similar feeling.

The two sat in silence enjoying the cake until Dahlia and Nellie walked up to them. Dahlia was still in her special uniform, but Nellie was in her full state police uniform. Nellie spoke first.

"Becky, the judge has ordered your release. He has authorized me to remove your harness."

Nellie released Becky's wrists. As Becky flexed her arms, Nellie went to work on the buckles and straps. While she was still working on Becky's harness, Dahlia made her own announcement.

"The judge observed you here at the fair. Based on my reports and his own observations, he had commuted your sentence. You are free to go anytime you wish."

Becky and Jackie spoke almost as one. "What about our clothes?"

Dahlia answered as Nellie removed that last of Becky's harness.

"The judge made no orders about giving you clothes. He did ask Nellie to drive you two back to Becky's place if you wish."

Jackie turned to Becky who answered. "That would be fine. Can we leave now?"

Nellie responded, "Not now. I am on duty until after the fireworks display at 8:30 tonight. Until then you two will just have to make the best of your situation."

Jackie thought it over and came to the decision that, after all she had been through, she could wait a few more hours without clothes.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 63**

It was about 6:00 PM, but the hot desert sun was still bright in the western sky. Jackie and Becky strolled to the far side of the fairgrounds. They had seen a hot air balloon rise and fall every fifteen minutes and wanted to investigate it. Jackie was very aware of her nakedness, but with the equally exposed Becky at her side she felt more relaxed.

RIDE THE SKIES!
FIFTEEN MINUTES FOR FIFTEEN DOLLARS.

The sign stood in front of the hot air balloon. The basket sat on the ground anchored by four short ropes attached to basket's corners. A wrench stood next to the basket. A rope ran from the wrench to the basket as a tether. A man in his early thirties stood in the basket and working on the fuel tank for the burner. He had his shirt off and revealed a washboard stomach and rippling biceps.

"Excuse me", asked Jackie, "are you still giving rides?"

The man absent-minded glanced at Jackie and Becky and looked back up at what he was doing. The next second he did a double take that matched any from Benny Hill. His eyes grew big and the next minutes the wrench slipped from the hand over his head.

"OW, DAMMIT!" He rubbed his head, but never took his eyes off Jackie. He seemed to swallow hard and finally spoke. "What did you say?"

Jackie blushed under the man's intense stare. She lowered her eyes, but a smile lifted the corners of her month. "I asked if you were still giving rides?"

"I was thinking about closing down, but if you two ladies want a ride I guess I could take one more trip up."

Jackie surprised herself as she found herself flirting with his man. She felt very naughty as she batted her eyes and wiggled her hips. Never before had she intentionally flaunted herself like this, but it felt good. She was aroused as she saw the guy's eyes roam her body as she continued.

"We don't have any money with us. Can you give a brief ride for free?"

"As I said I thought I'd quite for the day, but I guess I could give you two lovely ladies a quickie." He blushed as he realized the double meaning of what he had just said.

Jackie asked, "What do we have to do?"

"I'll heat up the air for you and release the winch. You'll float up for about fifteen minutes before I winch you back down. Just don't touch a thing. By the way, I'm Tom."

A few minutes later the hot air balloon floated five hundred feet about the fair. The basket of the balloon was about waist high on Jackie. She realized this was as close to being covered as she had been in days. The two naked ladies took in the view of the fair and village. Miles to the south they could see the towers of the Las Vegas hotels.

Down on the ground Tom was having a problem with the winch. He could release the rope to let the balloon rise, but the small electric motor would not start to pull it back down. He stepped away to his truck in the parking lot about a hundred feet away. He did not notice that he had not locked the winch and did not see the rope pay out. The balloon gained momentum as it rose. The last of the rope paid out and the winch momentarily bounced into the air. For a second the winch hung from the rope and four stakes that anchored it. The rope tether to the balloon snapped tight and the winch fell. The balloon drifted south in the light breeze.

Becky was the first to comment that the village was to the north of them. Jackie looked down and saw the now useless tether rope hanging freely below them. The panic rose as the two realized that they were headed directly toward the city. A quick check of the basket revealed nothing they could use for clothing. With no idea how to control the balloon, the two naked women and their balloon drifted toward the crowds of the city.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 64**

The world seemed to pass in quiet slow motion below the eyes of Becky and Jackie. They were no longer rising and were at least three thousand feet above the tallest building. Both women stood and watched helplessly. Neither took note of the tiny speck that approached from the east until the throbbing of helicopter's blade drew their attention. The copter was approaching quickly and there was not missing the figure that stood with one foot on the landing skid. The camera on his shoulder was aimed directly at the balloon. The logo for "Eyewitness News" became visible as the helicopter slowed and turned to parallel the drifting balloon.

Becky and Jackie dropped down in the basket until only their head and shoulders were visible to the camera's eyes. They yelled for "HELP!" but the copter just continued to parallel them about fifty feet off to the side. There was some turbulence from the copter which caused the balloon to start drifting more to the south-southwest. Unwittingly the balloon was now drifting on a course that would keep them directly above the hotel-lined "Vegas Strip".

A second news helicopter took up a position trailing the balloon. It was slightly higher than the level of the basket. Jackie and Becky crouched lower in the basket as they realized the second copter was able to see down into much of the basket. In the crossfire of the cameras, the women were losing hiding space. They were so concerned with the helicopters that they did not notice that they were losing altitude until the towers of the Treasure Island drifted past to the west of them.

The balloon was steadily losing altitude as they passed the Mirage's volcano doing its fiery simulation of an eruption. The warmer aid reduced the lifting power of the hot air balloon and it seemed to positively plunge toward the front drive of Caesar's Palace. The women cowered in the basket as the helicopters hovered overhead.

SPLASH!

The water cushioned the impact and the basket sank into the fountain pool. The water quickly rushed into the porous basket and sloshed over their naked bodies.

Jackie climbed out of the basket and flopped into the cool water. Becky followed a second later and fell on Jackie as she floated. The women sputtered and coughed the water from their lungs, but felt concrete beneath their feet. They stood by reflex as they continued to cough.

As one Jackie and Becky looked up to see a crowd of vacationers lining the walks around the fountain. Video and regular camera pointed at them by the hundreds. Jackie felt her embarrassment like never before. Without thinking, she splashed to the edge of the fountain, jumped over the side, and ran down the street, her bare ass bouncing with each stride.

Becky squatted down in the water to hide. She saw Jackie panic and run. "Jackie, come back!" Becky's shout was lost in the roar of the crowd.

Jackie's nightmare had come true. Covered only with water with her hair matted to her head, she ran down the middle of the Las Vegas Strip as cheering crowds lined the street. She did not know where she was going. She just ran naked to the world.

**Jackie's Vegas Strip - Part 65**

Jackie's run down the famous Vegas Strip was no longer just a bad dream. Naked, without any money or identification, she ran north on the Strip. Despite her humiliation, she was shocked at the tingle that ran from between her legs and up to her breasts. Her nipples ached, as they became very hard. She ran past the Mirage. The volcano eruption had subsided, but the crowd of vacationers still clogged the sidewalk. The roar of the crowd near Caesar's Palace had followed her barefoot flight up the Strip and all heads turned to follow her nude run.

"JACKIE!"

The shout emerged from the cheering crowd and Jackie looked to her left. There stood Robert at the curb near the driveway into Treasury Island. His Hotel blazer was in his outstretched left hand. This was the first piece of clothing anyone had offered her and she cut left towards Robert. She slowed almost to a stop and grabbed the blazer. She slid her arms into sleeves and pulled the jacket closed. The slick silk lining felt deliciously cool and smooth against her hot skin. She felt the material hang down to her upper thighs and caress her bottom. Relief flooded through her soul at the feeling of being covered. Her head seemed to spin, as, for the first time in days, she was not bare to the world.

As Jackie pulled the coat tightly to her body, Robert kept her moving. He led her up the driveway to the hotel's main entrance and rushed her off towards the employee area. The two passed through the office reception area and a slack-jawed secretary. He whisked Jackie into his own office, closing the door behind them. He could tell Jackie's knees were buckling. Steering Jackie over to the couch he lowered her to its soft leather as she fainted dead away.

The door to Robert's office opened and in stepped Ellen, Robert's secretary. "What is going on?"

Robert knelt next to Jackie. Holding her wrist he checked her pulse. "For God's sake, close the door." Robert stern voice impelled her to comply. Ellen walked toward Robert rather timidly. She had never before heard his tone of voice. Ellen watched as Robert stood and retrieved a blanket from a closet. He motioned for Ellen to help him. Together they carefully lifted Jackie and slid the blanket under her. Ellen watched Robert remove the blazer from Jackie. He gently finished wrapping Jackie in the blanket leaving only her arms, shoulders and head exposed. He retrieved a second blanket and carefully under Jackie's head as a pillow.

Robert led Ellen out of the office. "Ellen, I need your help. I'm not sure of all that has happened, but that's Jackie, the woman I told you about earlier week. I want you to go get her some clothes quickly. I don't want to leave her alone. When she wakes up she's liable to be scared and disoriented. Just charge it all to me."

Ellen was five foot six and in her mid-thirties. She had worked for Robert for almost three years. When she had first come here and first started working for him, she had had her own designs on him. They had dated a couple of times, but nothing had ever clicked between them. It had been awkward for a while but they had worked through it and ended up friends. She had been depressed for some time until Robert had started trying to fix her up with some dates. She had said no, but he had persisted until she finally gave in to his matchmaking. On his second try Robert had fixed her up with Daniel. It had been a whirlwind romance for her and Daniel. When Daniel had proposed she had insisted that Robert should be the best man.

Ellen was happily married and had been trying to fix Robert up with a good woman. The sight of this bare-assed floozy in Robert's office disgusted her. She had heard him talk glowingly of Jackie and had expected her to be a looker, but not raunchy. She sighed as she decided to go along with Robert's orders and set off for the hotel dress shop.

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Jackie blinked and looked around the dimly lit office. The soft blankets felt wonderfully luxurious. The comforting was due not only to the feel of the material, but also the extent to which the material covered her. She focused her eyes and saw Robert at his desk. He was bent forward with his head resting on the desk's blotter. Jackie stood and was about to pad over to the desk when she saw the clothing on an overstuffed leather high-backed chair. Holding the blanket about her with her left hand she examined the clothes.

Jackie saw silk panties and a lacy bra lying on the top of the chair's back. She picked them up and rubbed them on her right cheek. The material was cool and felt wonderfully smooth. She allowed the blanket to pool around her feet and pulled the panties up her legs. She settled them into place and paused to enjoy the feeling. Robert stirred but remained asleep as Jackie reached for the bra. She was pleasantly surprised to find the lace tickled her breasts and hugged her comfortably. She had missed feminine feeling of comfortable fresh underwear on her body and took a few seconds to enjoy it.

Jackie felt lost in an almost forgotten memory. She hesitated before picking up the navy blue dress. It was really more of an ankle length gown. She slid it over her head and it slithered down her body. The bodice was snug against her breasts and waist, but not binding. From the waist down the gown hugged her hips and draped loosely down her legs. She ran her hands over the gown and wished she had a mirror. It felt lovely. Dark sheer panels covered her from her neck and down to cover her cleavage. Her nipples and much of her breasts were covered but the dress did nothing to hide her figure. A pair of open toes high-heeled shoes stood at the foot of the chair. Jackie slipped them on just as Robert stirred again. Jackie stood directly in front of the desk and watched as Robert raised his head.

Robert rubbed his fists in his eyes as he sat back in the chair. He did not really look at anything as he raised his head and was stunned by the vision of the saucy looking Jackie before him. He was left speechless as his eyes wandered up and down Jackie's body.

Jackie smiled and enjoyed Robert's reaction. When the smile finally spread across his face she broke the silence.

"Well, what do you think?"

Robert stammered a bit, but was eventually about to find his tongue.

"You are a true vision." He fell silent again until suddenly a different light came into his eyes. "Jackie, are you okay. I thought you would be traumatized from ..ah.. your ..ah.. experience on the Strip."

Jackie's expression darkened before she answered. "It was terrible. I felt humiliated and wanted to crawl into a hole, but to tell the truth, I mostly felt guilt for being so turned on by the whole thing. This whole year has been one trying time after another."

Jackie paused before confessing. "Somehow, I learned to accept my experiences on one level. I find I feel most alive when I'm stuck in an embarrassing situation."

Jackie let the last few words sink in to herself. It was the first time she had really admitted to herself that being naked actually was such a positive rush. She had talked about it with a few people, but she had not really accepted it.

Robert was completely awake, but remained quiet. He could sense Jackie's musings were important and wanted to give her some time. Over a minute passed in silence and he saw a smile creep back onto Jackie's face. He had to ask, "Then you are okay?"

Jackie's voice had a husky tone to it as she answered.

"I'm okay, but I can be better..if you can help me with one thing."

"What is it?" replied an anxious Robert.

"Guess?" Before Robert could answer Jackie pulled her gown over her head in one graceful movement. She hung the gown over the back of the chair. Robert's eyes widened as she unhooked her bra and dropped it on her gown. She looked straight into Robert's face and squared her shoulders. A smile grew on her face as she hooked her thumbs into the side of her silk panties. She watched Robert's face as she slid the panties off her legs and dropped them on the desk in front of Robert.

Jackie posed in all her naked splendor. She was swept away as she felt a shock run from her bare pussy to her nipples and then explode over all of her flesh. She was suddenly very confident and very aroused. She cleared her throat and announced, "Take me to your home right now!"

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*Follow the continuing story in "Jackie's New Life" coming soon to this board.*

The End