**Karen and Penny Naked at the Mall**

**A Story in the Naked In School Universe**

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Monday seemed like the most carefree day in years. I wore clothes all day in school even though I missed the fun I had last week. The girls who were picked to go naked this week were going to have a hard enough time without me taking the attention away from them. Anyway, I was very surprised when the announcement came over the P.A. system during last period: "Karen Wagner, report to the principal's office at the end of classes". I got nervous wondering what was wrong. Then I sort of hoped it was something which would require a spanking!

Principal Harriman didn't keep me waiting for long. I walked in and sat down in front of his desk, feeling a little nervous.

"Miss Wagner, I've called you in to ask you to help with a little problem," he began. "I believe you recall a young freshman girl from last week who had a very poor reaction to the mandatory nudity program in which you participated. She was so shy that she had to be sent to a psychiatrist, and even then she resisted every moment and had to repeat the program this week. Nor is she doing any better today."

I certainly did remember. She was up on stage with me during the Miss Nude Central High Pageant. Anyway, I heard about the way she cried when they made her take her clothes off, and how she had to repeat the whole week naked at school.

"Her parents seem to be the root of the problem. They appear to be trying to repress her sexuality, and they've created a very unhealthy environment for a young teen.

"We considered reporting the situation to Adolescent Protective Services, or 'Girlie Lib' as some of the kids like to call it. APS is empowered to investigate, provide counseling, or even remove girls from a sexually repressive household and put them in a loving environment.

"We are reluctant to take such drastic action, however. That's why I'd like to ask for your assistance. Do you know her? Her name is Penny Lovelace."

Even though I saw her a few times last week, I never really met Penny. I told him so.

"Unfortunately, Miss Lovelace is not yet 14, and the age of consent is still 15 without a parent's written permission. If we are to help Miss Lovelace overcome her problem, sex is the best tool available to us. That's why I've called you in today. I'd like to see if you would be willing to help out a young girl who is very unhappy with her predicament. I know that last week was very hard for you, and I'm very proud of the way you reacted to the situation. In fact I would go so far as to call you our star pupil".

I couldn't help blushing a little at that. It was a mixture of pride at the compliment and embarrassment over being told I was the best in the school at being naked.

"If you agree to help out, I'd appreciate it if you would visit Miss Lovelace at home this evening. I've let her know you'll be dropping by. I'm hoping that you can help counteract her parent's resistance and convey how enjoyable a healthy sex life is for a teenage girl. Can I count on you to help out?"

I told him I wasn't sure how much help I could be, but I'd give it a try. He thanked me and I left, thinking about what I could do.

What to wear was the first question. I didn't want to go naked because then her parents might not let us play at all, but I wanted to let her see how much fun it was to let everybody look at your body. I settled for going topless. Then I got the idea to put my hair in pig tails like Penny. It would help if I looked like I was her age.

My brother Jimmy walked in the door just as I was about to go out. "Hi, sis. Hey, it sure is great to see you topless again. I was afraid you were going back to wearing clothes this week."

"No, I just wanted to take some time without everybody staring at me so much. I really like being naked now. Say, would you tell Mom I'm going over to play with Penny Lovelace?"

"Sure. Isn't she the girl who's having so much trouble going naked? I'd sure like to see her without her clothes, even if she doesn't have the world's most gorgeous tits like you. She IS only a year older than me."

"Why, thank you, Jimmy. That's the nicest thing you've ever said to me." I kissed him in passing and rubbed by nipples lightly against his shirt. "I'll ask Penny if she wants to play with you sometime. Bye-bye!"

Walking topless to Penny's house was fun. I smiled and waved at everybody who honked and whistled, but when I walked up to her door I hesitated.

I stood there feeling suddenly very shy. Finally I knocked on the door, then I grabbed both of my pig-tails and twisted them as I heard footsteps inside the house. Penny's father opened the door and looked surprised to see a topless girl on his doorstep. He was a tall man with thinning black hair and a distinguished look; very much the kind of Daddy a girl can look up to.

"Can Penny come out and play?", I asked in my best shy-little-girl voice. I glanced up at his face and saw him quickly look away from my chest.

"Who's at the door?", I heard Penny call from inside the house. Mr. Lovelace ignored her and said, "I'm sorry, young lady, but our daughter is not allowed to play with boys or with anyone who doesn't..."

Just then Penny came up behind him and said "Hi, Karen. Daddy, this is Karen Wagner, the girl I told you about who won the beauty contest at school on Friday. Karen's probably the most popular girl in school. Are you here about the mandatory nudity?"

"Well, yes I am, Penny", I said, feeling a little awkward without my top. I saw her Dad looking me over again and I blushed a little. I still wasn't completely over my bashfulness.

"Principal Harriman asked me to come by and see if I could help out. Last week was pretty hard for me, but I made it through O.K., and he thinks maybe I can help you get through it, too. Can I come in?"

Her daddy looked grumpy, but he reluctantly opened the door. As I brushed past I felt something huge in his pants. He might seem strict, but I thought Penny and I could find a way to bring him around.

Her room looked a lot like mine, all pink and white and lacy. She even had a teddy bear collection. The only difference was a lack of makeup or clothes to show that the little girl was growing up. She did have a full length mirror, though, and another at her dresser with lights all around it. I think Penny was starting to think about how she looked, and not just for Church.

"Do you think your Daddy would let us go to the mall?", I asked. She looked hesitant, so I said "Don't worry, you don't have to go naked except at school. Maybe we can find something a little bit sexy for you to wear, though", I said, looking at the frumpy sweat shirt and pants she was wearing. I walked over and started looking through her closet. "Don't you have anything but boy's clothes in here?"

"No", she replied, "My mom is still a strict feminist. She even quit her job after the sexual harassment laws were repealed and her boss told her she had to start dressing sexy. Part of the reason I'm scared to go naked is that both my parents treat me like I'm a boy, or more like there aren't any differences between boys and girls."

I pulled another baggy sweat shirt off a hanger. Hmmmm ... at least this one was kind of faded and had a few interesting holes in it. "Wait a minute! Do you have some scissors?"

"Sure, right here in my desk. Here they are."

I took them and started cutting off the bottom half of the sweatshirt. Penny didn't seem to mind, she was watching what I was doing with some curiosity. "I don't think Momma would let me wear that. It'll show my tummy."

"It'll show more than that if you aren't careful. It's so loose it might ride right up your chest. But we aren't telling your mom!" She giggled and took it into her closet. In a minute she came back out looking shy but excited.

We slipped out the front door without seeing her Daddy again. On the way to the mall the cars slowed down and honked just like always. Penny looked interested when I smiled and waved. "Isn't it scary to have everybody staring at you? I get all nervous even in school."

"It is at first", I admitted, "but pretty soon you start getting used to it, and then it turns out to be fun. Besides, they aren't just honking at me. Next time a car passes, wave to them just like I do."

There was no traffic for a while, then a couple of cars passed us without taking notice. Penny was starting to loosen up a little, so I took her hand and started skipping. She went along with me, and pretty soon our titties were bouncing all over, hers under her shirt and mine out in the open. So many cars started slowing down that it's a good thing we were close to the mall or there would have been a traffic jam.

We went inside and started shopping. About half way down the mall, Penny stopped in front of a jewelry cart out on the promenade. The sales girl noticed us.

"See anything you'd like, ladies?", she said.

Penny was looking at some pearl earrings. "These are nice. Do they come with clips?"

"No, I'm sorry, but all our earrings are for pierced ears only. But we do offer free piercing".

"That's what I thought", Penny sighed. "I never get any earrings because my Momma won't allow me to get my ears pierced."

"Well, if your Momma is a problem we offer piercing in places she won't be looking. These rings and studs are designed for your nipples, and this rack over here contains a fine selection of of labia or clit jewelry. We can also do your tongue, but your parents are going to notice that."

Both Penny and I were surprised at the number and shape of bangles designed for our most intimate parts. Why, I never even thought about getting a belly button ring, let alone sticking something in the most sensitive places I had! I did get to thinking about a tongue stud, however. It suddenly occurred to me that lots of boys I knew might think a girl with one of those would be an especially good cock sucker. That was something to think about.

Penny was starring at the nipple rings with a look of enchantment. You'd think this girl had never had a piece of jewelry before. Well, maybe she hadn't. She sure seemed fascinated with the titty rings. There were all kinds, from plain metal loops to gold wires set with precious stones, even diamonds.

"Pardon me, young lady, are you interested in a nipple ring?" It was a distinguished looking man wearing a business suit who had stopped to look us over and was talking to Penny. She glanced at him, then blushed a deep pink and looked back at a small gold loop set with a diamond. The price tag said $300.

"Let me introduce myself. I'm James Williamson, and I run a web site that specializes in teenage girls with body piercings. I'm always looking for new girls. Would either of you be interested in earning some money?"

Penny just blushed more deeply, so I said "No, I'm sorry, neither of us have any piercings, and I don't think our parents would let us pose for you." Actually, mine would, but I didn't want to remind Penny that her's were so old fashioned.

"Well, girls, your parents don't have to know about it if you're over 12 years old. Also, I've bought lots of jewelry for first-time models. Sometimes they don't even show up at my studio, but I believe that it's worth the price if I can make a young girl sparkle. Now you, young lady. You seem to be interested in that titty ring. Would you like to give it a try?"

I nearly fell over when Penny looked at him and smiled. It was the first time she hadn't looked like she was about to cry. "Please, mister, would you buy me that ring? I never get to have anything nice and I'd love to try it just once."

I was amazed to think that shy little goody-two-shoes Penny wanted to take $300 from a perfect stranger to get a titty ring. Did she know what she was getting into? Suddenly I was impressed with this little girl's courage. I don't think I could have done that when I was 13.

The sales lady smiled as she opened the cabinet and handed the ring to Penny. Penny held it flat on her palm and starred at it like it was the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen.

"Shall we go ahead and stick it through your nipple?", she asked. Penny looked at Mr. Williamson, who reached into his pocket and pulled out a gold card. He was smiling. She looked at the clerk and nodded.

There was a comfortable stool sitting next to the display case right there in the middle of the mall floor. Penny sat down and pulled up the bottom of the sweat shirt I had cut off right below her tits earlier that evening. A small crowd had gathered in addition to the boys who had been following us around. Mr. Williamson gasped when her pointy little tits popped out. Even though they were starting to round out on the bottom, they were mostly just cone shaped extensions of two fabulously long, puffy nipples. For a minute I thought she was going to need a bigger ring, but Penny had her heart set on the one she had picked out. The sales girl was already attaching it to the piercing gun and adjusting the gap to fit Penny's nipple.

"Which side do you want it on?"

"It doesn't make any difference to me. Why don't you pick, Mr. Williamson? It's just so nice of you to buy this for me. Which one do you like?"

Mr. Williamson stepped over to where Penny was perched on the stool, both her hands holding the bottom of her shirt high up under her chin. He leaned forward and carefully inspected her young breasts. Penny blushed again, but her nipples hardened and got even longer. Suddenly Mr. Williamson took both her nipples between his fingers and squeezed hard. Penny let out a startled yelp.

"Which one hurt the most?", he asked.

She was surprised, but she looked him right in the eye. "The left one", she said.

"Stick it in the left one", he said, turning to the sales girl.

It didn't hurt too much, at least Penny didn't cry, and a few minutes later she was wearing a new, very expensive ring in her left nipple. She was awfully disappointed that that floppy, shapeless T-shirt hid her brand new diamond ring completely. Heck, it was even hard to tell she was braless except when they were bouncing, but she was still too shy to go topless when she didn't have to.

"Maybe I can help, miss," said the sales girl. If you go down that way and look for the Lingerie store called Living Dolls, they sell a button-hole blouse which might be exactly what you're looking for. At least a lot of our customers seem to like them."

"Ladies, this is my business card," Mr. Williamson said, "please stop by any day between 9 and 5 if you're interested in some very well paid modeling."

I looked at the card he handed me. "Williamson Internet Modeling Web site, for Sparkling Young Beauties" against a line drawing of a small breast in 3/4 profile with a glittering diamond dangling from the nipple. It could have been a picture of Penny's breast.

I think I was beginning to understand a lot more about Penny Lovelace. She had grown up with a feminist mother who treated her like she was no different from a boy. Now her body was maturing and a fight was going on in her mind, or rather, a fight going on between her mind and her pussy. All her life she was taught that women should never be treated like sex objects, but now her pussy was whispering that sex was exactly what she was made for. She was a shy little girl who freaked out at the thought of going to school naked, but give her a chance to wear ONE sparkling piece of jewelry and she'd pull up her top in front of a crowd of strangers and get her nipple pierced just so she could feel beautiful in front of the boys.

We walked down the promenade toward Living Dolls. As we got close we saw the usual small crowd checking out the live mannequins on display. A redhead with absolutely enormous breasts was modeling matching black bra and panties with vertical slits cut to leave her nipples and vagina bare. She looked fabulous.

As we came through the door I noticed a big Help Wanted sign: Ladies -- Be a Living Doll. Pose in our Lingerie for 15 minutes and earn $50 in store credits! I nudged Penny and pointed to it. I think I saw her smile.

May I help you girls? The sales ladies name tag said "Gigi". It was attached to a leather harness which circled her breasts while leaving them bare. A thin leather strap ran between her legs. She looked sexy, graceful, and poised. Penny blushed again and I tried not to giggle.

"Hi. My friend just got her nipple pierced and they told us we should come and see your Buttonhole blouses. What are those?"

"They're a new style, ladies, designed to show off nipple jewelry whenever you want and put it away when you don't. Let me show you one." She looked at Penny, then led us back toward the Junior's and Miss's section. We walked up to a torso display which was lighted from inside. A pink blouse of thin spandex was clinging to the feminine shape. At the tip of the breasts were button holes through which the nipples emerged. Large gold rings through the nipples were joined by a thin gold chain.

Penny looked at the chain and giggled. "Would you like to try one on?" asked Gigi.

It took a while to find one small enough for Penny. Even then, when she tried it on it was so long that the bottom fell below her pussy, looking weird over her baggy pants. It was long enough to be a short dress, so Gigi and I talked her into taking her pants off. She turned out to have long coltish legs, but you could easily see her huge white underpants through the thin material. Neither of us could get her to take those off because she thought her tiny blonde bush would show through even the blouse.

The top was a different story. The tight white spandex absolutely clung to every curve on her tiny chest. I tugged both button holes right on top of her nipples, twisted the ring and pulled her nipple right out. Her hard nipple stuck out half an inch from the opening with her brand new ring dangling from the tip. She walked up to the mirrors shyly, almost reverently, but she must of liked what she saw. She put her hands on her hips and turned around. She stuck out her bottom and looked back over her shoulder. Then she made a half turn, reached up and cupped her left breast, then tugged gently on the ring. She gave a little grimace; it had to be sore. Then she turned toward the mirror, put her hands behind her head, and stuck her chest out as far it would go. Her smile was dazzling. She turned back to Gigi and said, "I love it! How much does it cost?"

"It's $39.95, sweetheart."

Penny face fell. She turned around and looked wistfully in the mirror.

But I had an idea. "Can I be a Living Doll?" I asked.

Gigi looked doubtful. "We're not allowed to hire girls your age, but let me talk to the manager and see if we can work something out."

We waited at the mirrors. I stood behind Penny and smoothed the wrinkles out of the tight material. Then all of a sudden I reached around and pulled her right nipple through the other button hole. She grabbed my hand, but just for an instant she held it against her breast. Then she turned, smiled, and gave me a quick little kiss on the lips.

"That's for being such a good friend," she said. Both of her nipples hardened. (So did mine!)

A moment later a good looking guy of about 25 walked over to us with Gigi. He introduced himself as the assistant manager and explained that the store was prohibited from hiring anyone under sixteen. "Nevertheless, it's store policy to encourage nudity and exhibitionism in girls of all ages. We aren't allowed to pay you directly, but if you'd like to model for us we'd be happy to let you have a 100% discount any merchandise you'd like.

A few minutes later I was wearing a floor length gown of green translucent material which fell in a straight line from under my breasts, which were left completely bare. Two thin straps crossed between my breasts, over my shoulders. I talked Penny into coming up on the display stage with me, but she was still shy and stood behind me. I spotted some props on a little table and picked up a feather duster in one hand and a fan in the other. I held these up and to the side, and looked off into space, frozen like a mannequin.

After a few minutes I had a naughty idea. Since Penny was standing right behind me, I asked her to reach around and hold my breasts up. The size of the crowd picked up as she cradled my breasts in her small hands. There was scattered applause, and then a guy's voice called out "Play with them!" I felt her gently caress the underside of my tits. I was embarrassed to have another girl fondling me like that, but I was determined to do a good job for the store. I felt like I was being paid, even if it was in merchandise.

After 15 minutes we climbed back down. The crowd seemed disappointed to see us go, so I got an idea. I noticed a display of collars like we had to wear last week in class. I was starting to get an idea about a very fancy choke collar, but I picked out a leather dog collar and whispered to Penny. She giggled, and a few moments later we walked back on stage with Penny wearing a collar. I was holding the other end of the leash attached to her neck. We were greeted with applause, which turned to cheers when Penny got down on all fours and started to wag her tail.

I sat down and Penny trotted over in front of me. She sat up, then as she came back down onto her four paws, she did what doggies do: She stuck her nose right between my legs. The whole crowd burst out laughing. I started to giggle uncontrollably, Even Penny started to laugh, but not before I felt a quick lick of her tongue.

For the next few minutes Penny trotted around the stage. Every time she came to the edge boys would reach out and pat her bottom. She would pant or arf a little if she liked it. Pretty soon her "dress" was pulled up around her waist, but it didn't do any good because of those awful under pants. Before we knew it our time was up. The crowd applauded again, so we took a bow. Then I turned to Penny and kissed her right on the lips.

Just as we broke the kiss I reached up and unclipped the leash from her collar. She smiled her gratitude, but a moment later she let out a surprised yip as I reached over and clipped it to her new titty ring.

"Ouch, Hey, that's still sore. Be careful!"

"Oh yes, little puppy, I'll be very careful. Now it's time to go for a walk!" I giggled and gave a gentle tug which caused her to rush after me down from the display.

The mall crowd was very heavy by now, but people lined up on both sides and let us pass like we were movie stars. A topless high school Junior leading a little Freshman around the Mall on a dog leash attached to her tit seemed to be a very popular sight. Penny looked like she might start to cry again, but I knew I had to be firm. We walked from one end of the mall to the other listening to various snickers, encouragement, and applause. Penny started to brighten up as we headed back to Living Dolls.

We had enough to get Penny her Buttonhole, and I bought her the collar she wore up on stage. I also picked out something else I didn't show to her yet.

I was determined to get Penny out of those awful underpants, so I talked her into getting her hair done with me. We headed for the end of the mall.

We saw the Beauty Parlor as we walked around the corner. There was a sign on the window, "The Purrfect Pussy". A kitten was standing up on a girl's lap. The lap was bare, but you couldn't see her pussy because of the kitten. Penny stopped short when she saw the sign.

"What kind of a beauty parlor is that?", she asked me. I had to come clean. I told her we were getting "hair styling", but I didn't say what hair.

My pussy hair had never been trimmed. Last summer I thought about getting a bikini wax, but I didn't really need one because my bikini bottom was so conservative. Last week nobody at school seemed to be disappointed by my bush, which is not very thick anyway, partly because I'm a blonde, and partly because my hair is very fine.

We walked up to the receptionist. She smiled at us and asked "Do you ladies have an appointment?"

"Sorry, no. Don't you take walk-ins?"

"I'm afraid we're fully booked up for the next three days. I'd be glad to make an appointment for Thursday."

Just then a lady in a business dress walked over behind the counter and spoke to the receptionist. "Jennifer, do you know who this is? Karen Wagner is quite well known all over town. I think it would be very good for business if we could say that Miss Nude Central High has a Purrfect Pussy." She smiled at us. "Your hair styling will be on the house, girls." She smiled again and led us to chairs by the window.

She brought out a big binder full of color pictures of exotic pussy hair styles. There were pages and pages of frosted and dyed bushes, trimmed lips topped with patches of hair shaved into hearts, lips, horizontal bars and vertical lines extending straight up from snatch-top, long arrow shapes pointing to bare pussy; or the opposite: Shaved mounds over lips covered with dyed or frosted hair, sometimes trimmed and sometimes left thick. Even braided if there was enough there to begin with. Penny and I sat there trying to decide.

The chairs were something to see. They were kind of a combination of a dentist's and a barber chair. They were deeply upholstered and very comfortable, but they reclined way back. The most unusual part was the split extension leg rests. The stylists sat on little stools right between our knees. There were overhead lamps just like dentists use too, only these focused a lot further down.

It was hard to make up my mind, but finally I decided to shave my pussy lips bare, but leave a thin line leading straight up to the top of my mound. It flared out slightly so the effect was to extend my slit while pointing down toward it. My natural blonde hair made it hard to see, so Jenny, my stylist, recommended dying it black with pick frosting.

Penny got hers shaved bare.

Another crowd gathered while we were sitting there getting our pussy's shaved in the window. Along with the men and boys there were lots of girls window shopping. I was really enjoying the attention as Jenny finished trimming with the electric clippers and began to lather me up with shaving soap. It made my pussy tingle and I started getting wet with something besides shaving cream. Several guys outside the display window were talking to their wives or girl friends. Quite a line had formed over at the appointment desk.

As Jenny finished applying the last of the pink highlights, the lady who had seated us came walking up. "Girls, I want to thank you for doing business with us. You're both welcome back any time. In fact, I'd be glad to offer you free styling for the rest of the year if we could take your pictures for our display book." It seemed like a great idea to me, but Penny was feeling a little shy again. I think she was afraid her mother would find out.

The house photographer came out and posed me in the chair. Jenny powdered up my pussy and did my makeup, too. They got several shots from all angles, both closeups and full body. Finally they asked if I would mind posing with some props. They handed me a large pink dildo and asked me to lick the end while they took pictures. I was feeling very daring by this time with the crowd cheering me on, so I licked the end and then I stuck the whole thing in my mouth. I was only able to take the first three inches before I gagged, but I still got applause.

The tip of the dildo was all wet and shiny now. Jenny took it and started to lightly stroke my clit. It felt wonderful. I was squirming in my chair now with the crowd looking on. That was when Jenny slid the dildo inside my pussy.

I know I should have put a stop to the whole thing right there, but the photographer kept clicking away and telling me to smile, the crowd was chanting my name, and best of all Jenny was stroking that big, beautiful dildo in and out of me. Somebody handed me another dildo and I started to suck it.

I don't know how long it went on, but I could feel the warmth turning to an electric tingle high up inside my pussy. I felt like an orgasm was coming that I would remember forever. Jenny stroked me faster and faster, and I heard myself moaning and begging her not to stop. The flash of the camera turned to fireworks as my body tensed and shuddered in an intense, almost violent orgasm.

The crowed cheered wildly as I came back to earth. Drained of energy though I was, I reached out and pulled Jenny to me for a deep and grateful kiss.

Penny was so excited about her new hair style that we both walked home from the mall naked. She still shied away when cars slowed down and honked at us, but I smiled and waved, and pretty soon she was doing her best to wave at them too.

We were still bare when we walked up to her front porch. "Aren't you going to get dressed?", I asked.

"Gee, Karen, tonight was the most fun I've ever had had in my life," she said to me. She was absolutely bubbling. "I can't thank you enough, and now I'm going to march right in there and tell Daddy I'm staying naked for the rest of the week". She looked straight up into my eyes, stepped closer until her nipples brushed against mine, put her arms around my waist and kissed me. I wasn't so surprised when she opened her mouth, but when she grabbed my bottom I knew she'd overcome the last of her shyness. The kiss went on and on for a long, wonderful time.

Our lips parted at last. I sighed and looked deep into her eyes. "Are you sure you want to do this? Your Dad is going to be mad at you."

"Oh, I can handle Daddy. It's Momma that's the problem, and she's out of town. Daddy's just a big old cuddly bear who loves me too much to say No."

"I think you're right", I giggled. "Did you see his erection when he was talking to me at the front door? Your Daddy really likes naked girls."

"What's an erection?"

I was more startled than when she grabbed my bottom. "An erect penis, silly! What do you mean?"

"Is a penis the thing boys have between their legs?"

"Good heavens, Penny, don't tell me you've never seen an erect penis! I know you've had sex education even if your parents won't let you watch T.V."

"No, I haven't", she admitted shyly. "My parents never let me take sex education. Up until last year they didn't have to if they sent a note to school. I never even thought about my Daddy's penis before."

"You poor girl, you have sure missed a lot." I strongly suspected Penny was going to learn a lot about erections this week. "Yes, boys have penises right where girls have vaginas. When they're ready for sex their penis gets big and hard, and then they can put it inside us."

"Wow, that's cool!", she bubbled again. "But you're wrong about my Daddy. That's just the way he is all the time. I know that for sure because I've sat on his lap all my life. When I do he slides it right between my butt cheeks, and then he rocks me back and forth. We've cuddled like that ever since I can remember. That's how I know he loves me so much."

I could see Penny wasn't going to have any problem at all wrapping her Daddy around her little finger.

"Penny, I picked up a present for your Momma at the mall. I think it will solve your problem with her." I opened up the package from Living Dolls and took out a choke collar just like the one Miss Hooker put on me in class last week.

"Just tell your Daddy to put this on your Momma. After he tightens it up so she can't breath she'll be eager to do exactly what he wants. Believe me she will."

Penny looked at me and smiled. Her problems were solved.