**Katherine returns - Winter in the City**

by splotch

**Part 1**

As they had planned, Katherine and Sarah had left their entire lives behind. They had sold Katherine's mother car, then traveled the rest of the way by bus. They settled in a hostel, where few questions were asked. For two months they lived on the money from the car, Happily and gleefully. They went out to parties, ate out, got some of the older tenants to buy them alcohol or take them out to the bars sometimes. And, for a while things were good.

But, of course it couldn't last. Eventually they ran out of money. Their rent was due in two weeks and they needed jobs.

But, there was a problem. Both of them had thrown their ID's away, in fear of being tracked down by Katherine's mother, or proven to be runaways. True, they had both turned 18, but they had also stolen Hedi's Car. So now they had to try to find work under assumed identities. Not as easy as it was in the movies.

Eventually Sarah had a lucky break. Excited she ran back to the hostel.
She hurried into their room and woke Katherine.

“Katherine! I found you a job!”

“What?” Katherine asked, rubbing the sleep out of her eyes.

“Yeah, down at the mall! It's just seasonal, but it'll pay our rent for a while.”

“Really? What job?” Katherine rose excitedly. Sarah reached over and grabbed a large bag.

“Ta-da!” she said excitedly, pulling out a green dress. Katherine looked at it wearily. It was a short sleeved outfit with whit fuzzy liner around the waist.

“what the hell is that?”

“Well... it's an elf outfit.” She grabbed a matching pointed hat from the bag.

“What?” Katherine exclaimed. “You want me to be an elf for a Mall Santa? Why didn't you take the job yourself?”

“well, that's where it got a little tricky.” Sarah sat on the foot of the bed. “See, you know how we haven't had any luck finding work without ID's? Well, I saw this sign in the mall that said they were hiring, and it would be a great job for high school students!”

“Oh, so you thought of me?” Katherine said, pouting.

“No, not at first. I tried to get the job myself, but they said I looked too old. So I told them my younger friend needed work, and showed them your picture, and they said you'd work out perfectly.”

“Younger!? I'm older then you!” Katherine said angrily. Every since the events of the last year she hated anyone pointing out her youthful appearance.

“Come on Katherine: we need this. Rent's in a week. If we don't have cash we're not going to make it.”

Katherine sat silently for a moment. Sarah looked hopefully at her.

“Well, I guess I can try it on.” Katherine reluctantly agreed. Sarah squealed happily and clapped her hands together.

Katherine grabbed the dress and hat and headed for the bathroom. Moments later she emerged, Pajamas in hand. The dress stopped about mid thigh on her, showing generous amounts of her freckly thighs. She stood barefoot, in nothing but an elf hat and the rather skimpy one piece dress.

“ooh, you look so cute!” Sarah squealed. Katherine blushed and smiled, jutting out one hip in a modeling pose.

“You think? I mean, I guess it's not that bad...” Katherine said.

“there's just one problem...” Sarah said, looking her partner up and down.

“what?”

“you don't look 16.”

“16!? why'd you say I was 16?” Katherine asked.

“He asked how old you were and it was the first thing that came to mind.”

“Well, I mean, what can we do? I look how I look.”

Sarah didn't respond verbally. Instead she just looked down at Katherine's chest.

“What? No way!!!” Katherine said, crossing her arms over her breasts.

Since they had moved Katherine had resumed stuffing her bra's. Since being stripped, diapered and spanked repeatedly over the last year She was now so defensive about her appearance it was almost a disorder. When they had decided to alter their appearances to throw of anyone on their trail Katherine had taken it as a chance to try to hide her rather youthful appearance as much as possible. She cut her hair from it's old bob cut into a very slick, more mature shape and dyed it black. She wore layers of makeup: concealer to hide her freckly cheeks, thick mascara to make her eyes look darker. But, most of all she had added a thick layer of padding to her bra. It made her natural A cup look more like a D.

Sarah had disapproved from the beginning. Changing their look was one thing, but she thought altering one's bust size was an unhealthy action. Katherine needed to learn to accept her body rather then try to change it.

“Sorry Katherine, but it's the only way. Either ditch the wonderbra or go back to your mom's house. It's the only choice.”

To Katherine that was no choice at all. Her mother was her worse enemy. She'd sooner die then be under Hedi's power again.

Reluctantly she nodded her head. Sarah walked up behind her and unzipped the dress.

“This is for the best, you'll see.” Sarah said, unclasping the bra. “As a woman you need to accept your appearance, not try to fit the standards society places on you.”

Katherine sighed at Sarah's remarks. Due to the feminists down the hall Sarah was constantly trying to make points about gender and society to Katherine.

Suddenly Katherine's top was pulled away. Katherine almost gasped as she felt the air on her nipples, the lightness of her chest. She looked down, cringing at the change. Instead of the two full, grapefruit sized mounds she normally showed the world she saw two small bulges, white as snow, curving upwards into two pink erect nipples. She cupped her nipples.

Sarah pulled her dress up and zipped it again. She stepped back, looking at Katherine's profile.

“There, that should do it.” She said approvingly.

“I don't know...” Katherine said, looking down at herself. She felt a familiar pinch in her stomach, a shakiness in her thighs. She felt foolish and childlike in this small frock, with no added confidence concealing her chest.

“don't worry Katherine.” Sarah said, patting her shapely backside. “you look great.” She flipped up Katherine's skirt, revealing a black thong
which was barely visible wedged between the two rounded meaty orbs.

“Sarah!” Katherine squealed. “what are you...” Katherine fell to silence as the thong was pulled down to her ankles. Sarah forcefully pushed her back onto their shared bed. Katherine gratefully spread her thighs as Sarah buried her face between her legs.

Sarah had a way of winning arguments.

The next morning Katherine went to begin her first day of work. She rode the bus to the mall, then quickly met with her boss. Her job was simple, she simply led the kids from their parents to Santa, then back to their parents after they had made their requests.

“It's nothing complicated. Really you're just there to make sure that the kid's don't get upset or anything.” He led her to a locker room.

“you can change there. See you in a minute.”

Katherine took off her street clothes and put them in her locker.

“ooh, fresh meat.” Katherine jumped, startled. She had assumed she was alone. She turned to see a tall blonde in lingerie, grinning widely at her.

“so, you're the new girl?” The blonde asked, walking closer. Katherine unconsciously backed away.

“uh, yeah...”

“hmm, little thing isn't she?” Katherine turned at the new voice. Two more girl's approached. One was Asian, one black. All wearing the finest underwear and nothing else.

“I'll say.” The black girl said, getting right next to Katherine and looking down at her. Katherine stood in only her panties and a tank top, feeling helpless. These were high school girls? They looked more like models. All of the tall, and mature looking. They were all very fit, especially the blonde next to her, who had the long muscular legs of a professional dancer or runner. Katherine looked at her narrow butt, defined even better by her black panties. Katherine couldn't help but visualize her own backside, almost the definitive opposite. While this girl had two thin, perky cheeks Katherine's own backside was pear shaped, bulging out the bottom of her white underwear.

The black girl was blessed with probably the largest breasts Katherine had ever seen. Her cleavage swelled up almost to her chin, her wire framed bra barely capable of holding her massive womanhood. Katherine looked down. All her bras were too large now that she had been forced to surrender her deceiving layers of padding. Her nipples stood erect through the shirt. Nipples off two tiny swells. She cringed, wishing the girls weren't eying her so thoroughly. Even the Asian was taller then Katherine, Her modest B cups putting Katherine's perky little chest to shame.

“wow, you're gonna fit right in.” the Asian girl said. “You almost look like the little brats out there.”

“got that right.” the blond said with a chuckle. She leaned on Katherine's shoulder, her massive chest brushing against Katherine's arm. Katherine looked at her own bare feet.

“What, nothing to say?” The Black girl said again. “Well, that's okay, I'm sure we'll get a rise out of you sooner or later.”

The three girls walked away laughing. Katherine felt her knees shaking. The feeling of helplessness and shame of her body was too familiar. She was angry she hadn't stood up to them, but even more she was angry how jealous she was of these three stunning beauties. Flustered, she hurriedly put on the rest of her clothes.

**Part 2**

This was the start of her new job. Every day she'd have to change in the locker room. Her only other option was to bus across the city dressed like an elf. They'd corner her in the locker room and berate her. Katherine fumed, but could do nothing about it. They'd mock her body, her hair, her clothes while she just looked away. While she worked they would trip her and give her flat tires. Once the Asian girl flipped up her skirt while she was bending over, flashing her panty clad backside to the crowd of children and parents. Katherine shrieked and flipped it back down, but was haunted for the rest of the day by the appreciative laughs of the crowd.

When she got home that day she ranted to Sarah.

“I can't take it anymore! Between the parents, the bratty kids and these ...ing bullies, I'm going crazy! Tomorrow I'm gonna quit!”

“Katherine, you can't do that.” Sarah responded calmly. “we have to make rent in three days.”

“I don't care!” Katherine cried out. “You know what they did? Today they flipped up my skirt in front of the whole store! Can you even imagine?”

Sarah visualized Katherine's full, sweltering butt being reveled to the crowded store quite happily. Secretly Sarah often fantasized about Katherine being exposed in public, remembering the summer before where she had seen every inch of Katherine exposed to crowds of men and women alike. For some reason she couldn't shake the visual of Katherine wide eyed, mouth gaped, cheeks flushed, trying to cover herself but still revealing so much.
Sarah shook off the visual.

“Katherine, just go for a couple more weeks, until I figure out something. It'll be fine, I'm sure you can handle some high school students.”

Katherine raged silently. She hated when Sarah shut her down like this. Yet another situation where she was treated like a child. However, in every relationship there's a submissive and a dominate, and their roles were already decided. Katherine gritted her teeth and bared it.

At the same time the three coworkers were just as angry. They were annoyed by no matter what they did Katherine shrugged off their taunts. The three were top dogs of their school, dominating the social ladder. All boys pined for them, all the girls envied them. But, for some reason their coworker ignored them like they were flies on the wall, no matter what they tried.

“there's got to be some well we can get to her” Rachel, the black girl said. The three were lounging at Rachel's house. Rachel was painting her toes.

“I know, it's like she's seen worse then anything we throw at her.” Emily, the fair skinned Asian said. She was sitting on the window sill smoking, trying to blow out the window to keep the smell from alerting Rachel's parents.

“Then we'll just have to do something drastic” Britney, the tall fit blonde said. She was following along with a jazzerize video, trying to keep her practically perfect physique toned.

“what do you mean? Emily asked.

“I mean we're the three cheer captains of our school's squad.” Britney turned to the other two girls. “We've squashed every nerd, every hipster little twat that's ever looked at us wrong. And this pudgy, flat chested little punk isn't going to break our record.”

“Alright, what were you thinking?” Rachel asked.

“Well, I think the most reaction we've gotten out of her was today when Emily flipped up her skirt.”

“Ha, yeah, that was great!” Emily exclaimed. “did you see her face? She looked like she was going to pop, she was so embarrassed.”

“Right.” affirmed Britney. “Well, I was thinking starting tomorrow let's see how much skin we gotta get that girl to show before she quits.” She smiled wickedly, plotting in her mind.

Katherine arrived late for work the next morning. She dodged past the stage where Santa (actually a former truck driver named Ralph) sat and headed straight to the locker room, Practically running. Her boss had threatened to write her up if she were late again. Luckily He didn't seem to be around. She rushed to her locker and disrobed quickly, shoving her clothes in. She was just about to pull on her elf costume when she heard a trio of familiar, wicked giggles.

Katherine sighed heavily. Here it comes, her daily torment. Luckily she had practice with ridicule and humiliation. She turned, ready for whatever taunts they were about to toss her way. Strangely they appeared to just all be on their phones.

“wow, great shot Emi!” Britney said with a giggle.

“yeah, you need the wide angel lens to fit that into one frame!”

Katherine froze. Oh, god, were they talking about what she thought?

As if she had been heard all three girls turned their phones to face her. Each of them had taken a photo of Katherine as she was dressed at the moment. Or, rather undressed. She was wearing nothing but white, wide cut panties, a tight fitting gray tank top and. Her fair arms, freckled covered shoulders and the tan line around the top of her chest all showed clearly in each photo. Also her perky, alert nipples jutted through the thin tank top as though they were begging for attention. And even her wide cut panties could barely contain her full butt. In fact the photo Emily had taken which Britney commented on moments before was a shot of Katherine bending over to take off her jeans. Her butt pressed so tightly against her panties that each cheek was clearly defined. Her crack was just peaking over the elastic, and a faintly defined camel toe could be noticed between her thighs to the alert eye.

The color left Katherine's face. She had turned around expecting some cruel remarks, not softcore photo's being taken of herself!

“What's the matter Kathy?” Rachel said in a horribly sarcastic tone. “Just a couple photos, no big deal right?”

“yeah, I mean after all, who'd want to see YOU in your underwear?” Emily said with a laugh.

“Well let's find out? Britney said. She began hitting commands on her phone.

“Wh.. .what are you doing?” Katherine stammered.

“Oh, just posting this picture on my facebook.” She said matter of factly.

“NO!” Katherine shouted.

“No? Where do you think I should post it? Some kind of small tits big ass fetish site?” All three girls laughed madly as Katherine flushed. Her posture had become less and less confident, she shoulder's hunched and her toes pointed inwards. The girls reveled in her defeated mannerisms.

“Please... don't put it online.” Katherine begged. She hated herself for groveling, but couldn't stand the thought of those photo's on the internet, for anyone to see!

“Well, you'll have to give me something then.” Britney said with a catty smile.

“What?”

“It's simple: if you want me to not put these up I want something from you.”

“what do you want?” Katherine asked, defeated.

“hmm: I think I'll take those lovely granny panties of yours.” Britney said, sending the other two girls into a fit of giggles.

“My... my panties?” Katherine's voice barely rose above a whisper.

“Yes, your underwear, your bloomers, whatever you want me to call them. Hand over those and I promise we won't post these photos.” Britney held out her hand.

Any rational person would refuse this request. After all, the photos showed less then the average bathing suit. Besides, Britney didn't even know Katherine's real name or home town: the photo's would never be seen by anyone who would recognize Katherine. To expose one's most private area because they were afraid of being exposed was totally irrational.

But Katherine wasn't rational. At least not right now. She lived in terror of being humiliated. The fear dominated her life. Almost every night she had dreams about jeering faces, pointing and laughing at her bare flesh. She felt she had to prevent anyone from seeing those photos, whatever it took.

So, with two trembling hands she grasped the sides of her panties, tucking her thumbs under the elastic liner. She stood like this for several long seconds.

“Britney, please...” she pleaded once more. Britney and her cohorts stood silently, calmly waiting for Katherine to decide.

Finally she tugged downwards. She almost gasped as she felt the cold air of the locker room hit her crotch. She had cleanly shaven, as Sarah preferred. Her bald skin bristled at the breeze across it.

Almost against her will she felt her hands continue to push down. She felt the fabric roll down her thighs and past her locked knees, landing in a pile around her ankles.

“Hand them to me.” Britney commanded. Katherine, cupping one hand over herself stepped clear of her underwear and handed it to Britney. As soon as her hand was free she placed it over her crack, flinching at the soft slap as it impacted her meaty backside.

Britney didn't verbally react. She and the other two were reveling in the moment, the pure dominance they had over this half naked coworker. Katherine could feel their eyes all over her. Her hands felt tiny, she knew they barely covered anything.

“Better hurry outside.” Britney said finally. “You're late as it is.”

The three turned on their heels and headed outside, fuzzy hats jingling leaving Katherine cowering and shaking, trying desperately to cover herself.

**Part 3**

Eventually Katherine left the locker room. What choice did she have? She couldn't hide in there through her whole shift. She'd be found eventually. So, wearing her all too short green dress she carefully and slowly walked into the open mall. She kept her hands pressed to her front holding her dress down. Mid thigh had never seemed so short!

Even worse was the feeling of the cold, air conditioned air across her most sensitive and private regions. She was all too familiar with how even the air could feel invasive under the wrong setting. So she kept her knees almost touching, never taking more then a shuffle step. She knew all it would take was a wide stride or a sudden draft and her bare crotch or generous backside would be revealed to anyone who happened to be looking. Sweat ran from her brow as she timidly shuffled forward.

"Katherine!" She turned at her name. Her supervisor was approaching her, huffing with annoyance.

"Late again! How many times do I have to tell you!"

"Sorry Mr. Millan..." she said, looking away.

"Don't be sorry, be on time! I'm tired of your behavior: one more mess up and you're gone Katherine!"

Angrily he stomped away. Katherine sighed. How could this day get any worse?

Of course the bad had just started. The three other girls knew her current state of undress, and were working overtime to try to reveal it to the crowded mall. Emily bumped her as she walked by, almost making Katherine stumble over and risk exposure. Rachel tried several times to pull up Katherine's skirt. Only Katherine's alert eyes and quick hands kept it in place. Britney just watched and waited. Katherine obviously wasn't going to let them simply hike up her dress and reveal her to a building full of people. She knew though that however vigilante Katherine tried to be, she would slip up at some point. Britney intended to be the one to catch the moment and act on it.

Katherine spent her day in terror. Every time she had to move she felt her dress flutter with every step. She knew how odd it looked but whenever both her hands were free she held the hem of her dress down. Making matters worse the three other girls were watching her like hawks, occasionally trying to reveal her bare butt and bare vagina.

About half way through her shift she had to deal with a very unhappy young boy. All she had to do was lead him from his parents to the hired Santa and then back. But as soon as he was out of reach from his mother he began instantly crying. Katherine tried to reassure him but the child simply bawled and tried to pull away. Katherine became nervous as she noticed that this scene was drawing the attention of everyone in the store, something she'd prefer to avoid.

Britney saw her opportunity.

"Say Kathy, i have an idea" she said loudly as she approached. "why don't you sit on Santa's lap to show the him that there's nothing to be scared of?" Katherine shot Britney a seething glare. Britney just smiled.

"that's a good idea" Emily chimed in. Katherine looked from one girl to the other, then the crowd. She didn't know what to say. After all, she couldn't explain why she didn't want to sit.

"here Kathy, hop on up!" Ralph, the man playing Santa said with a chuckle, patting his knee. "I want to know if you've been a good girl!" To Ralph the only thing that redeemed his silly and demeaning title as Santa was watching these high school elf girls prance around in their mini skirts. The possibility of getting one on his lap was too good to pass up.

The parents of the other children in line looked at Katherine impatiently. Katherine, a bit shaky and sweating, waddled up to Ralph, taking careful little baby steps. She looked out at the crowd. She had to be extra careful because Santa's chair was elevated above the crowd. Carefully she sat on the very edge of Ralph's knee, keeping her own legs locked together and her hands on the front of her skirt.

Ralph wasn't satisfied with Katheriene barely resting on the edge of his leg though. With one arm her reached around her waist and pulled her back into his lap. Katherine wasn't ready for this at all. She was so nervous that when she was suddenly pulled backwards she could do nothing to stop it. Her legs were forced apart on opposite sides of Ralph's thigh. The crowd of parents gasped in shock. Katherine, in her awkward pose couldn't see what had happened, but she knew all too well. She could see in the faces gathered around that her womanhood was exposed. With her legs spread in a sitting position there was nothing between her bare crotch and the crowd. She felt the cool air across her clean shaven vagina in horror.

She desperately tried to pull her knees together but Ralph, still unaware, held his arm around her waist obviously. Katherine tried to press her knees together in vein, unable to reach her dress and pull it down over the girth of Ralph's wide arm.

Katherine stared out at the crowd as she struggled. The children took notice, pointing and laughing. The parents, mostly mothers, whispered in shock. Katherine's co-workers just stood there reveling as Katherine helplessly revealed herself.

"Good lord, what a tramp!" a woman said loudly.

"In front of the children! She should be ashamed!" said another.

Finally, after a few seconds which to Katherine were immeasurably long Katherine slithered out from under Ralph's arm. She yanked down her skirt and locked her legs together, her face neon red. Trying to avoid looking at the crowd (though she couldn't stop herself from hearing them) Katherine rushed off the small raised stage. Head down she rushed towards the locker room.

**Part 4**

Katherine saw the door to her salvation. In the locker room were her clothes and privacy from the eyes which had already seen too much. But, just a few feet before her escape Mr. Millan caught her by the shoulder.

"Katherine!" He said loudly, stopping her in place. "what just happened up there?!"

"w.. what do you mean?" Katherine poorly feigned innocence, trying to avoid discussing her exposure.

"What?! What do you mean what?" he yelled loudly. As Katherine looked ahead he grasped the hem of her dress at her thigh.

"This is what!" He yanked the dress up before Katherine had a chance to react. The crowd was now greeted with a full view of Katherine's white, well shaped ass.

Katherine yelped and tried to step away. She held the front of her dress down in an awkward tug of war, pulled to her tip toes by the much taller man.

"Mr Millan please!" she whined loudly, seeing the laughing faces of both young and old as they stared at her. Finally she pulled herself free, struggling to roll the fabric back over her backside.

"Do you have any explanation for why you decided to work half naked today?!" Mr. Millan asked angrily.

Katherine managed to stammer out a couple sounds, but was quickly cut off.

"Do you realize the trouble I could get in for a stunt like this? I could get arrested for having naked underage girls half naked in public!" Katherine felt her humiliation compounded as she was once again referred to as a much younger girl by someone who had just seen her half naked.

"Mr. Millan please..." she started to plead, darting a glance to the sanctuary of the locker room.

"Katherine, I don't want to hear any excuses for this offensive behavior. You're fired! Don't bother finishing the day, i just want you out of here!" He stormed away angrily. Katherine felt anger and disappointment at getting fired in such a way. She stood for a moment, contemplating her financial situation. How would her and Sarah survive?

She shook her head. She'd worry about that later. Right now she just wanted to put on real clothes (minus the panties she had surrendered) and go home. She ran into the locker, giving the smirking onlookers a peak up her fluttering skirt as she rushed unknowingly through the door.

**Part 5**

In the locker room Katherine breathed a sigh of relief. Finally she had escaped the prying eyes that had surrounded her. She tried to steady her breathing. She couldn't believe that this was once again happening to her. It felt like she was cursed and would always be exposed in public, no matter what she did.

Katherine shook her head. No, that was absurd. It was just a series of accidents, pushed along by bitches intent on humiliating her. Well, at least she wouldn't have to put up with those three anymore!

She walked to her locker. When she reached it she stopped in shock. The door to her locker was wide open and it had been emptied! She stood in shock. Those bitches! she realized instantly. That trio of witches weren't content exposing half her body a crowded mall. Now they had taken her street clothes, leaving her standard in nothing but a knee high dress!

Katherine looked around. The locker room was completely empty. She felt the draft creeping up her nether regions. Her hands pressed to the front of her skirt as goosebumps rose on her legs. She couldn't stay in the locker room. The three bitches would be back as soon as they could to prolong Katherine's exposure. Despite her reservations she knew she had to leave. She glanced behind her. There was no indication of her missing panties. The skirt rested about four inches above her knees. If she was careful nobody would see anything else.

She poked her head out the employee's exit. The mall was crowded, as always. People hurried about with their holiday shopping. Nobody noticed her spying about. Hopefully everyone would be so in their own little consumer world that she wouldn't attract any attention. Using that thought to garner courage Katherine, taking a deep breath, started walking to the exit. She tried to keep her eyes forward, her pace steady. Tried to ignore how absurd she felt clad only in curly toed shoes and a green felt elf dress. Even more disconcerting was the secret knowledge that underneath her pleated skirt was only bare skin.

Katherine began to attract the occasional glance. This wasn't really that surprising. After all, seeing a girl dressed like an elf was fairly rare, holiday season or not. People looked curiously towards her. To Katherine every glance was a statement: we know! We know your not wearing panties! She twiddled her thumbs in front of herself, keeping the dress carefully pressed as low as it would go.

Carefully she made her progress to the exit. She boarded the escalator, slightly uncomfortable with how close she was forced to stand to the small Asian woman in front of her and the man with a briefcase behind. Her every sense felt heightened. The soft air conditioned breeze across her thighs felt almost like fingers tickling at her.

She looked down: just a few yards from the base of the escalator was the revolving door that was her exit. She was almost there! She sighed with relief. Just then she noticed a small gaggle of boys who seemed to be staring at her. They stood almost directly under the side of the escalator and all had shark like grins plastered to their faces.

Katherine suddenly realized why they were so happy. Her face paled. The side railing of the escalator was clear plastic. From where they stood they had a perfect view up her skirt!

Katherine let out a high pitch yelp, cutting herself off halfway through the sound. More eyes turned to her. She pressed her hands flat to her front, holding the skirt down. She realized that they could see up the back too and moved one had there. She noticed one of the boys was holding a camera phone. She turned her face away, hoping that their resolution was low. Finally, after an eternity on the painfully slow automated stairs she reached the base. Quickly she started jogging at the door. She pushed against it, going through the rotation until she reached the cold open air of the outside world. She was free!

Or so she thought. She stepped out of the revolving door and stopped for a moment to get her bearings. Suddenly she felt something tug at her from behind. She stumbled backwards, confused. Looking over her shoulder she saw the back of her dress was caught in the door! She pivoted and grasped it with both hands, trying to free it. If no one had been pushing it would've come free easily. Unfortunately an impatient shopper was in the door, trying to force her way out. Katherine fretfully pulled. Between the pulling and the pinching the dress tore with a loud rip. The door spun quickly, sending Katherine stumbling forward. The sound of the rip echoed in her mind. In slow motion she turned backwards and looked. The back of her skirt was ripped almost six inches up! The curve of both butt cheeks hung below the green material, coming together and revealing the very bottom of her crack. Her pale, slightly freckled cheeks wiggled in the breeze, almost begging for attention.

Katherine heard laughter. She looked back: The boys were all pressed to the wall sized windows of the mall, pointing and hooting. She looked down at her self again. From ankles to halfway up her butt she was fully exposed, tan lines and dimples and all. Then back again. The attention of the boys was drawing more eyes. A crowd was forming. For longer then she wished she simply could not move.

Then her reaction came. She screamed and threw both hands over her butt, fingers spread, trying to hide her two sizable cheeks. She Ran out of view, feeling the jiggle with every step.

**Part 6**

Rounding the corner in an alley Katherine stopped to catch her breath. She closed her eyes, haunted by the vision of those teenage boys, laughing and pointing. The horrible feeling of exposure stayed with her. Once more she turned to check the damage. A large chunk of fabric had been lost, there was no way to tie it back together. Katherine looked around the alley. Week old snow was piled on everything. There was no way she was going to be able to find anything to cover herself: everything was waterlogged and soggy.

The below freezing air was starting to take it's toll. Katherine's teeth were chattering, her knees shaking so much they started banging together. The bare area of her cheeks bristled with the cold. She had to get home!

There was a problem though. Her three scheming coworkers had stolen her clothes. Also they had taken her purse. She had no money, no I.D. Nothing besides Shoes that were quickly becoming more and more damp and a ripped dress. How would she make the four mile trip home? She certainly couldn't walk. Besides the cold consuming her she had no way to hide exposed backside. No way would she be exposed for hours running across the city!

All she needed was two dollars to catch the bus.; Katherine decided the quickest way would be to panhandle. She slowly emerged from the alley keeping her butt pressed tightly to brick wall behind her. She could feel the cold porous stone scraping against her bare skin, another reminder of her exposure. Why'd it have to be her butt? She had always had a pear shaped backside. Since moving to the city, living on whatever foods she wanted and learning about the fun of alcohol it had belled out even more. She was embarrassed by how far it stuck out even in normal pants! Now it was rubbing against a freezing cold wall after being seen by a gaggle of little punks at the mall!

Trying to calm herself she began to ask the passing people. She felt her humiliation grow as she called out to people, attracting confused glances at her short skirt and exposed thighs, her strange green felt elf outfit.

"excuse me, spare any change?" she repeated over and over. "I'm trying to catch the bus." Most people walked by indifferently, some throwing her dirty looks. After about half an hour she had a dollar and eighty cents. Just two more nickels and she'd get to go home, take a shower and forget this ever happened!

At this point she was freezing. Her felt shoes had absorbed the moisture off the damp ground, soaking her feet. The gusts ripped icily at her legs. Most of all her butt and nether regions felt like icy fingers were constantly scraping them. Her cheeks and nose were glowing red as her knees slammed against each other and her teeth chattered. In a shaky voiced she asked passerby's for the money she needed.

Abruptly a hand grasped her shoulder. She flinched, almost letting out a shriek. To her horror a mall security guard loomed over her.

"Miss, are you part of a charity organization?" He asked with an authoritative growl.

"what?... no, I just..." she started, but was cut off.

"Soliciting for money is illegal on Gateway Mall property unless you are with an official charity." He said coldly, strangely alert for mall police. "It is also illegal to impersonate a charity." He gestured at her slightly tattered Elf dress.

"No, no you see..." she was once again cut off.

"Please turn and face the wall." he said.

"what?"

"I am going to cuff you and hold you until the police arrive. Please face the wall."

Katherine stood in shock. He couldn't be serious!

The guard proved how serious he was by using his hand on her shoulder to turn her fully around and pushing her face first against the brick wall.

"AHH!" Katherine screamed. She felt the air on her butt as it faced the street. Anyone walking by could see her generous cheeks, bare except for dimples.

"Let go!" she said, trying to turn around. The guard, despite his shock at her exposed state kept her pressed to the wall.

"Ma'am, are you aware your backside is exposed?" he said after a moment of shock.

"YES!" she yelled as she heard giggles of someone walking by getting a view of her full moon. "Please let me go!"

"are you also aware that indecent exposure is a crime?"

"Please!" Katherine whined, struggling against his firm grip. She managed to turn her head. About a dozen people were gathered, pointing and commenting.

"look at her butt!"

"That's the biggest rear end I've ever seen on a white girl!"

"why is she dressed like that?"

"little slut must enjoy it!"

Katherine moaned and faced the wall. With her hands she slapped her palms over her butt, but could feel that barely any of her butt was covered. She raised one leg, trying to use her foot to cover herself. But, nothing worked. All her struggling just caused her pink, bell shaped mounds to shake and jiggle more violently. she saw a flash of light and new the pictures had began. She chocked back tears at the thought of even more people in possession of photo's of her bare ass.

Even worse, the cops were on their way! how would she explain? If they found out who she really was she would either go to jail or be sent back to her mother! Either option was to horrible to bare.

"Excuse me, what seems to be the trouble sir?" a voice asked the security guard. Katherine tried to see who it was but from the angle she was being held at she couldn't quite see the person.

"This girl was soliciting illegally while exposing herself in public. I'm calling the police and restraining her until they arrive.

"The police? surely that won't be necessary." the unknown female voice continued. "that's my sister, she got separated from me in the mall and probably just got confused and ripped her dress by accident." The voice said with a convincing tone.

Katherine brightened. It must be Sarah! Sarah coming to her rescue! After all, who would lie and say they were her sister?

"Well, I'm sorry but she has to be held accountable for her actions." the security guard refused to back down.

"held accountable? she only 13!" the voice said. Katherine winced. It was probably a good call, claiming she was a minor so she'd only be let off with a warning but Sarah knew Katherine's insecurity about her youthful looks. After all that had happened to her the last thing she wanted was people thinking she was a child again!

This finally caused the security guard to release her. It made sense: if the cops showed up while he was holding a exposed minor against a wall he'd be more likely to go to jail instead of her. Finally, after a half a minute that had felt like ten years, Katherine was released. She whipped herself around, pressing her exposed flesh to the wall. the crowd, disappointed, slowly dispersed. She saw the same teens who had stolen glances up her skirt reviewing photos on an i phone, laughing and jeering. Katherine hung her head in shame.

"you should keep a better eye on your sister ma'am." the security guard said. Katherine's savior walked up to Katherine. Katherine looked up at her in shock. It was Britney! Britney her co-worker and tormentor, the one responsible for her losing her panties then her job.

The tall blond smiled wickedly at Katherine. Katherine's face went from flush red with humiliation to ghostly white with fear.

Britney grasped the smaller girl over her shoulders and pulled her close, causing Katherine to stumble awkwardly.

"Don't worry" she replied to the security guard. "I'm not going to let the little lady out of my site..."

**Part 7**

Britney ushered Katherine away. Katherine, forced to leave the concealment of the wall, through her hands over her butt crack. Katherine always had small hands and feet, another oddly childish feature of hers. Her dainty little hand on her overly defined butt looked strangely disproportionate, like a baby trying to hold up two melons. There was no chance she would be able to hide her quivering ass, especially while Britney forced her to walk at a brisk pace, causing her to stumble and falter.

"Come on little sis, try to keep up!" Britney said, keeping the act going. Katherine looked to Britney. While the blond girl was years her junior, she looked much more mature. She was tall, her long hair pulled back in a pony tail, her makeup pristine. She wore a high collared coat, practical and fashionable, accenting her long, angular face and muscular legs concealed by tight jeans. Katherine looked down at herself. Short, wearing a much to short skirt which showed a most of her pale, freckly thighs. She knew at this point her hair was a mess, her flat shoes making her appear shorter then normal.

"Wow, you get into trouble quick!" Britney said with a chuckle. "First you lose your job, then half your dress, then you almost get arrested! Luckily big sis was there to bail you out!"

"Britney, Thanks for helping me out, but could you drop the act please?" The two slowed as they reached the car. "Please, just give me a ride home." she hated asking this bitch for anything after all she had been put through. But, it was her only chance.

"Where do you live?" Britney asked. Katherine pointed up Broad street.

"About four miles that way."

"hmm." Britney said, giving her an appraising look. "you know, my house is on the way, you sure you don't want to come over. After all, i said i wouldn't let you out of my site."

"Britney, cut the crap!" Katherine said, stomping one foot in annoyance. "after all the crap you've pulled you owe me a simple ride home!"

Britney stared at Katherine. She showed no emotion, just stared blankly. Then, without a word she grabbed the front hem of Katherine's dress. She grabbed and pulled, the felt giving away easily. Katherine, both her hands over her butt was too slow to do anything. She watched in horror as the dress ripped along her belt line, everything below the waist coming off. She stared in horror at her clean shaven vagina, lined with triangular thong tan-lines. She looked down, then to Britney in shock.

Britney calmly opened the driver side door to her car. She threw her purse and the fabric in then sat down, slamming the door. Katherine still stood motionless, brain to terrified to react.

Britney rolled down the window about halfway.

"tell you what." she shouted out of the car. "I'm going to go around the block to pick up a cup of coffee. If you really want to go to your house so badly then you can just walk. If you're here when I get back then I'll give you a ride to my place." With that she turned up the radio and pulled away, out of her spot quickly.

With the car gone Katherine stood, naked from the waist down, facing out towards the street. She saw dozens of people walking by, several turning their heads in shock. Finally she snapped out of it. She shoved both hands between her thighs, cupping her crotch in her palms. She ran to the nearest car and crouched against it. pressing her butt to it. She was naked from the waist down, other then the stupid elf shoes! Not just her butt, her vagina, visible to anyone who cared to look!

She looked up and down the street. So far, no one could see her. But, at the end of the block a gaggle of five or six hipster looking boys were walking together and laughing. They would see her in moments!

Katherine looked around. Everything on the crowd was waterlogged from the recent snows. There was nothing she could over herself with.

Katherine began unbuttoning her dress. her hands were almost numb from the cold, causing her to fumble with the over sized wooden buttons. Finally she got it unbuttoned and pulled it off herself. She was now wearing nothing but a shear cotton tank top. Goosebumps rose over her and her face, butt and chest all flushed as blood rushed outwards under her skin, trying to battle the freezing air. Her nipples jumped to attention, almost looking like they would rip free of her shirt.They raised the thin fabric as though they were tent poles.

Hurriedly, and freezing more then ever Katherine wedged the tattered remains of her dress between her legs. She then wrapped it around one hip and tied the short sleeves together. She looked down at her makeshift shorts. Really it looked more like an odd felt diaper. She cringed at the memories stirred by the feeling of the bulky shape between her legs.

At that moment the group of boys walked up. They all stopped in shock. There, huddled against a car was a girl in freezing weather, wearing nothing but a tank top and a wrap half barely covering her crotch.

"what the hell?" one of them exclaimed, stopping and pointing. They all stared in shock.

"uh, hi...." Katherine said, feeling like an idiot. She rose into a crotch, fidgeting her hands in front of her in a awkward attempt to look casual.

"wow." one of the boys exclaimed stupidly, his mouth hanging open.

"aren't you... cold?" one of them asked.

"that or she's just really perky." One of them said, gesturing at her clearly defined nipples. The boys all laughed as Katherine crossed her arms over her chest.

"Is this some kind of dare thing?" one asked. "are we on camera or something?" He looked around for an explanation. Katherine couldn't find it in herself to provide one.

"wow, do you always walk around like that?"

"i don't think so, check her tan!" another joked. "I don't think she's ever seen the sun!"

"yeah, i think we need sunglasses, I'm getting blinded!"

They all laughed nervously as Katherine just stood, unsure what to say. She shook in place, hugging her chest with her arms.

Suddenly there came a honk, making everyone flinch. Katherine turned. Britney had just pulled up, waving her in impatiently. Katherine ran to the car. What choice did she have? She could hear the boys laugh and was grateful for what little covering over her ass she had managed. She jumped into the passenger-side seat and Britney sped away, leaving a gaggle of confused boys to discuss what they had just seen.

"That's pretty creative there." Britney said with a laugh, poking at Katherine's wrapped crotch. "But i think to hide all of that butt of yours you'd need a couple more yards of fabric." Katherine just sighed and took the insult, happy to be in the heated car, safe and concealed.

"Well, I'm glad you decided to come over Katherine. We're going to have so much fun..." Katherine looked at Britney and realized that she wasn't safe at all. Not by a long shot.

**Part 8**

After a short, quiet drive they reached Britney's house: a tall, townhouse apartment.

"my parents own the building." Britney explained. Great, thought Katherine. a spoiled rich girl.

They walked to the front door, Britney with her usual confident swagger, Katherine at a an awkward crotch, trying to avoid being seen more in her unconventional clothes. When Britney opened the door she ran through, catching her breath in the hallway. She was freezing! She rubbed her arms as her knees vibrated.

"You look like you could use a bath." Britney said.

"th.. thank you." Katherine replied gratefully. Britney disappeared upstairs, leaving Katherine alone. She looked around nervously. The house was huge, the largest she had ever seen in the city. She felt strange and out of place, quivering in this pristine living room alone. She was actually grateful when Britney called to her. Running up the stairs she found A Bathtub full of steaming water.

"That should warm you up." Britney said closing the door. Katherine was surprised by this kindness. Maybe Britney felt guilty for getting her fired and exposed. Maybe the girl wasn't so bad after all.

Katherine pealed off her soaking wet shoes and tank top. she untied her awkward waist wrap and lowered her naked body into the water. Blissfully she sunk in, warm for the first time in hours. She relaxed, stretched out her legs.

Suddenly the door open. Katherine looked up. Why hadn't she locked the door!

Britney walked in, iphone in hand. Katherine heard the familiar click of a photo being taken before she moved her hands.

"AHH!" she yelped, throwing her hands over herself. Water splashed about as she awkwardly splashed about, trying to conceal herself.

"ooh, that one is priceless!" Britney said, admiring the photo. "You look as clueless as a baby in the bath!" She cackled madly.

"GET OUT!" Katherine yelled. she pulled her knees to her chest and wrapped her arms around her shins.

"Jeeze, calm down. I just came to give you these." she set a jar of shampoo and body wash on the edge of the tub. THen she picked up Katherine's discarded clothes.

"you can't walk around in these anymore, I'll find you something else." Katherine watched as Britney took the only clothing Katherine had and closed the door. Katherine leaped from the tub and locked the door, pressing her bare back against it.

Katherine took her time washing up. Finally the water was no longer warm. She rose from the water and looked back and forth. Of course there was no towels. Katherine wasn't even surprised. Slowly, on her damp feet she walked to the door. Opening it slightly she stuck her head out.

"Britney?" She called out in a harsh whisper.

"what's up?" Britney called back.

"I...I need a towel."

"There's one on the bed."

The bathroom connected to what appeared to be Britney's room. Katherine saw a towel on the bed about five yards away. Steeling her nerves she left the security of the bathroom and, fully naked soaking wet she ran across the room. She made it about half a dozen steps when she stopped. There was someone else in the room!

"AHH!" She screamed. For a moment she stood and stared, fully nude, small breast still swaying. Then, regaining her senses she rushed and grabbed her towel, pressing over her front.

The Second girl cackled loudly. Britney stared with a smirk.

"Kathy, I want you to meet my little sister Abagail." Abagail waved and chuckled. Kathy pressed the towel to her moist contours and shuffled her feet nervously.

"There's some clothes for you there." Britney pointed to the bed. Katherine hadn't noticed the pile of folded fabric. Careful to keep her towel covering what she could she picked up the fabric and backed away to the bathroom.

"My mother made dinner for us, we'll be waiting downstairs for you." Britney called out.

"Can't wait to SEE you again!" Abigail said, laughing at her own silly remark. Katherine slammed the door and pressed her bare back to it. Yet another on the ever growing list of strangers who had seen her naked. She shuddered and gratefully began donning the clothes she had received.

She grabbed the pants first. They were thin pajama with a floral pattern. She pulled them up her calves and over her thighs, but when they reached her ass they would go no farther. Katherine grimaced. They were obviously for someone a few sizes smaller then her, and definitely not for someone with such a generous trunk. She worked them back and forth until finally they rolled over her generous backside. to her dismay the undersized pants clung like a second skin. They invaded her crack and revealed a slight camel toe, besides being extremely uncomfortable. Due to her discomfort with her Endowed butt she rarely wore tight pants. Certainly nothing like these, and certainly never without underwear.

But, anything was better then remaining naked to face whatever Britney had in store for her. Next she grabbed the shirt. It was a thin velvety red fabric which fit loosely. Katherine blushed to herself, realizing that the reason it was so loose was it was for someone with a much larger bust. But, it seemed fairly stable.

Katherine breathed a sigh of relief. Finally she was clothed. Still no underwear, but better off then she had been all day. Now she just had to sit through a free meal and hopefully would get to return home to try to put this day behind her. She left the bathroom and headed downstairs, eager to be done.

The dining room was easy to find. She heard voices and entered to find the meal already in progress. When she entered everyone turned. Besides Britney and Abagail there was two adults. Katherine assumed their Parents. All four of them were dressed in street clothes, making her feel slightly silly wearing pajamas.

"Hi, you must be Kathy!" The adult male said, rising to shake her hand. Katherine nervously returned the gesture. She felt his eyes crawl over her in a slightly disturbing way that made her look down to make sure she was fully covered. The woman at the table ignored her completely. Awkward Katherine sat in the empty seat. Due to the stresses of the Day Katherine had no appetite. She played with her foot and sat awkwardly, feeling the eyes of the table on her.

"Kathy, this is my dad Mark and My mother Cynthia." Britney did the introductions. Katherine nodded in response. "Kathy will be staying with us for a while" Katherine grimaced at the indefinate time for her visit. She intended to leave as soon as she could. for one thing, Mark was staring at her. Well, not her face, his eyes kept wandering up and down her body, especially her barely contained butt and the outline of her womanhood. Katherine awkwardly held her hands in front of her crotch and twiddled her thumbs. For another, Cynthia seemed painfully aware of her husbands leering. She shot Katherine a vaguely jealous glare, increasing Katherine's discomfort.

Katherine sat, grateful to be hidden by the table. The meal went quickly, mostly full of awkward silence. Then Mark turned to Katherine.

"so Kathy, Abigail tells us you're in her class. How's that been?" Katherine looked to Abigail and Britney in confusion.

"Oh, Kathy's doing fine." Abigail jumped in. "She's a great student, she'll be ready for high school in no time."

Katherine just stared. Ready for high school? Britney and Abigail had told their parents she was in junior high? She cringed. First she had been pretending she was sixteen, now she was supposed to be thirteen? She was 19! She couldn't believe she had to play along with another age reducing lie! Katherine wanted to scream her true age, but she knew she had to play along with the sisters. She was in their house, they were in charge for the time being.

"Glad to hear that" Mark said, his eyes drifting down to Katherine's chest. What a creep? This guy thought she was 13 and he couldn't keep his eyes off her? Katherine squirmed uncomfortably in her seat.

Finally the painfully long meal ended. Abigail rose from her chair, patting Katherine's shoulder.

"Come on Kathy, help me gather the dishes." Katherine stacked the plates in front of her, then rose, turning to the kitchen. At that moment she heard a loud "RRRIIPPPP!" Katherine froze. She knew instantly what had happened. The strain had been too much for her undersized clothes Pants. Katherine looked over her shoulder. Sure enough the seam down the middle of her pants had split, revealing her slightly spread ass as she leaned over. Her white cheeks and crack peaked out of the split.

Katherine looked around, helpless. Mark was staring blatantly, a huge foolish grin across his face at the exposed ass across the table. Cynthia was glaring angrily. Britney and Abigail were barely containing their laughter. With her hands full, Katherine could do nothing. She rushed into the kitchen, fully aware of every jiggle of her backside. Setting down the dishes she rushed up the stairs in shame.

**Part 9**

Katherine sat upstairs in Abagail's room, panting. God, how many people had seen her ass at this point? more then she could count. No matter what she did modesty was unattainable. She felt doomed, doomed to be exposed over and over again.

Abigail and Britney walked in, interrupting her musing. Both girls were laughing loudly.

"Wow, that was great!" Abigail said between laughs.

"I know, didn't i tell you Kathy here was a blast?" Britney said to her younger sister.

"I'll say!" Abigail fell backwards on the bed, still laughing. Katherine squirmed on her bare butt blushing. "We didn't even plan that! Her giant butt just busted loose, like it wanted to be loose!"

Katherine sat silently while the girls laughter slowly died down.

"Well, I'm going to bed." Britney said. "You two should get some sleep. You both have school tomorrow." She started to leave the room.

"Wait, school!?" Katherine yelped. "I thought you were taking me home!"

"Sorry Kathy, I've got work early, and I'm not waking up an hour early just to take you home."

"Well, just give me some clothes and I'll walk right now!" Katherine demanded.

"I doubt you could fit in any of my clothes." Britney sneered. "and I don't want any of my pants splitting. Don't worry, it's just to keep up appearances to my parents. They think you're Abby's friend, they'd know something is up if you sat up here all day. Besides, you'll probably have fun! Abby will take care of you."

Katherine looked at Abigail. The younger girl's smile made Katherine fairly certain that nothing fun was waiting for her. But what could she do? Walk home now, in the freezing cold, wearing nothing but pajamas that showed her whole ass? She could be kidnapped, arrested or worse. She was trapped she now realized. Completely under the power of two girls who seemed dead set on getting the whole world to see her naked. She felt so helpless!

**Part 10**

A few hours later Katherine still stirred restlessly. She had been given a blanket and told to sleep on the floor in Abby's room. Besides being unable to sleep on the hardwood floors, she also couldn't stop worrying about the day to come. Restlessly she rose and went to the bathroom. After doing her business she opened the door only to find Cynthia, Britneyand Abagail's mother. Cynthia looked like an older version of her two daughters. Tall, blond, with an hourglass figure and an evenly tanned form. She must have been in her forties, but only looked thirty or so. Katherine guessed plastic surgery, but she still felt that familiar pang of jealously as she looked at the older woman curves.

"I'm on to you." Cynthia said.

"excuse me?" Katherine said. She realized the older woman was drunk. She leaned against the door frame, invasive and leaning towards Katherine who stepped back awkwardly.

"You heard me" Cynthia said with a hiccup. "You think just cause your a kid you can get away with shoving your butt in my husbands face!"

"No, I..."

"But i know how little sluts like you think!" Cynthia interrupted Katherine. "You giggle while showing off your little bodies off to older men! Well, I got news for you! Mark doesn't want a little girl, cause he's got a full grown woman!" She stepped forward, cornering Katherine.

"Look at this!" She said, thrusting her chest into Katherine's face. "This is what a real woman looks like!" Katherine turned her head away, almost being smothered in the woman's immense cleavage. "Not some little mosquito bites, but someone with a real body!"

"Leave me alone!" Katherine yelped and pushed past Cynthia towards the door. Cynthia gave her a violent slap on her exposed butt as she passed. Katherine rushed from the bathroom back into Abagail's room. She waited in the dark, but didn't hear Cynthia follow. She breathed a sigh of relief as she laid back down and rubbed her stinging butt. What was wrong with this family? She pondered this as finally, sleep took her.

Katherine awoke slowly. For a blissful moment she was too groggy to realize where she was. She expected to role over and feel Sarah next to her. Instead she bumped her head on the post of Abagail's bed. With a pained moan she rose, rubbing her head. She looked around, confused. Who's room was she in? Then it all came back to her. She cringed as she recalled the night before. Her exposure at dinner, the strange encounter in the bathroom.

"Rise and Shine!" Abigail said with a laugh. Katherine cringed at the other girl's bubbly personality. "Get up, we got to get ready for school!" Katherine rose, covering her mouth while she yawned. Abigail took the opportunity to yank her pants down.

"AHH!" Katherine screamed, cupping her crotch in both hands. "What are you doing?"

"I've got to get you dressed, relax." Abagail said. She grabbed Katherine's shirt and yanked it over her head. Katherine struggled, but was too groggy to keep her clothes. In two seconds she stood naked, cupping her genitals. Abigail stepped back, evaluating.

"Hmm, this take a little work." She said.

"Give me clothes!" Katherine demanded.

"calm down, jeeze." Abigail said, annoyed. "My school requires uniforms. The only spare i have is from when i was eleven." She grabbed a blue skirt and button up shirt. Katherine reached for them, but Abigail pulled them away.

"the only problem is, when I was eleven I had even smaller boobs then you!" Katherine looked at Abigail. The thirteen year old girl was wearing her underwear, wearing only a wire frame bra and thong. Katherine hadn't yet noticed but Abagail's breasts were at least two cups sizes bigger then her own. She cupped her chest tighter, ashamed of her small chest.

"I know, hard to imagine right?" Abigail said with a laugh, shaking her chest a bit. Katherine looked at her bare feet in shame. "But, to get you to fit into this uniform I'm gonna need to make your little titties even smaller."

"Abigail, that's impossible." Katherine said.

"Wait, i know!" Abigail ran from the room, leaving Katherine alone. Katherine hugged herself, feeling small and isolated in this strangers bedroom. She actually felt slightly relieved when Abigail entered again.

"Bingo!" she said, holding up a strange loop of fabric.

"what's that?" Katherine asked, somewhat reluctant to find out.

"Here." Abigail said, pulling the hand that cupped Katherine's naked nipples away. She put the loop around Katherine's chest. "It's a girdle. My dad wore it for a while when he gained weight. He lied and said it was a back brace." She turned Katherine around and pulled the straps tight. Katherine gasped as it tightened around her chest, pushing all the air from her lungs. Abigail tied it in place as Katherine struggled to breath.

"there, look." Abigail pulled Katherine in front of a mirror. Katherine gasped at what she saw. The girdle over her chest completely flattened it. Even her nipples were smashed completely flat! Now she was flat as a board! For the first time in her life Katherine wished her real chest was on display. What would people think when they saw her? Her small mounds showing was better then this! Now she really looked thirteen, if not younger.

Behind her Abigail grabbed a pair of panties. She pulled Katherine's foot through each whole, the pulled them over her legs, settling them around her hips. Katherine continued to stare in the mirror in horror. The panties were much too small, pushing her stomach up as the top pushed her belly down. Now her stomach stuck out like baby fat. She looked almost exactly like she did when she was a little girl! Normally anything was better then being naked but this, this was too much. It altered her frame and exaggerated everything she hated about her body.

With Abagail's insistent help She put on the blouse. As Abigail predicted it fit over her reduced chest, but barely. Stretched to the shirts limits it clung tightly to her. Where her chest normally would bulged through was now completely flat, it looked liked she didn't even have nipples! Her stomach stuck out far more then her chest, a first for Katherine. She felt frumpy and awkward, even more so because she could barely breath with her chest constricted.

Next Abby pulled the skirt over her legs. It was designed for an eleven year old girl, someone petite and slickly. Though Katherine's chest was constricted her butt was at it's normal girth. So, the skirt designed to rest at knee level hung just below her ass cheeks. While Katherine looked in the mirror she noted that the slightest movement showed her panties on either side, front or back.

Katherine stared in awe. It was her worst nightmare come true. She had literally been transformed back into an awkward preteen before her eyes. In her mind she tried to remind herself. "I'm an adult, I'm an adult!". But, looking herself she could barely believe it.

"Well, we better get going," Abby said, snapping Katherine out of her daze. "we don't want to be late for school!"

**Part 11**

Abby's father Mark gave them a ride to school. Katherine rode in the back. Her undersized skirt showed generous amounts of thighs and she constantly had to push down the front to keep her panties concealed. She saw Mark glancing at her through the rear-view constantly and struggled more and more to keep herself concealed. Even when she managed to get the skirt in place she was still showing all her milky white thighs. She noticed her tan line from the last time she had been at the beach where her board shorts had stopped. Though it was a frivolous detail she hated that anyone looking at her would see these tan lines. They would no her clothes were too small, that they were seeing part of her she normally concealed.

Finally they arrived at the campus. Katherine had never been to a private school before. All the girls were wearing uniforms like hers, though all were much larger on them, the skirts hanging near their knees instead of right below her butt. She looked at the girls, raging from ten to thirteen. There was no way this would work, she was 19! She felt painfully, obviously older. It was like a bad joke, any minute now everyone would notice. Katherine waited for someone to call her out. But, as they passed through the campus nothing happened. Katherine looked down and remembered why. With the girdle smashing down her chest to pre puberty size she really did look like a preteen! Her chunky butt now just looked like baby fat, and her face had always been very youthful. Normally she accented her age and hid her freckles with makeup. Now her doe eyes and rounded cheeks and fair skin all added to the illusion of youth. Add to that the immature uniform and Katherine now realized anyone would be fooled. Abby had stolen her age more thoroughly then anyone else, even her mother!

Katherine shuffled awkwardly. She was getting a fair amount of looks. Not because people knew she was an adult, but because every step flashed either the front or back of her panties.

Abby noticed the attention Katherine was gathering.

"Wow, so many people are seeing your fat butt" she whispered to Katherine, flipping up the back of her skirt. "how embarrassing! Bet you wish you didn't have all that cellulite on display."

Katherine pulled down her skirt, flushing. Her butt was actually very smooth except for a few lumps on her thighs. But, once again she knew that everyone could see that minor, private imperfection. She placed her hands over the back of her thighs, even realizing this allowed another slight glimpse of her panties.

Blindly Katherine was guided by Abby. She only noticed where they when they stopped moving at a group of kids.

"hey Abby, who's you're friend?" One girl asked. Katherine looked to her. She was tall and skinny with long black hair. Katherine could tell by her tone she'd be trouble.

"Guess we already know what her favorite color is!" Laughed a oddly muscled young man, who gestured at Katherine's exposed pink unmentionables. Katherine pulled down the front of her skirt.

"Oh guys, this is Kathy my cousin." Abby explained. She's from out of town."

"wow, she's really not shy about that butt." another girl said. This one was small, probably about Katherine's size. Normally Katherine would've had a larger chest then this young girl, but right now the illusion created by Abby implied otherwise. The girl had meager A cups that Katherine was shamefully jealous of.

Not to mention the comment about her butt. Katherine wished she could justify that this outfit wasn't her choice, that her breasts were normally at least larger then this. But she knew such explanations would just humiliate her more. So she stood there, the center of attention, while her appearance was mocked and ridiculed.

Finally Abby's friends had enough and started to head to class. Abby and Katherine followed a step or two behind.

"This is so great!" Abby said with a laugh. "We're fooling everyone! All we had to do was strap down those little nips of yours and everyone thinks you're younger then me!" She laughed and put her arm in the crutch of Katherine's.

"That must be so weird, knowing that you're age is so easy to take away! I mean, really I bet we could say you're five! Or put you in a diaper and say you're three!"

The diaper remark brought back horrifying memories for Katherine. Surely this girl wouldn't take it that far!

"Abby, please, let me leave!"

"No can do, this is a closed campus. Where would you go anyways? the cops would pick you up for truancy in a second! Just stick it out, it'll be fine."

Katherine doubted very much it would be fine. But what choice did she have? She was helpless, and would be even more screwed if she didn't do what she was told.

So Katherine followed Abigail to her first class. They sat beside each other, near the back. The teacher entered, a balding older man with a mustache. He went through role, pausing when he saw Katherine.

"And who might you be miss?"

"oh, this is Kathy, my cousin from out of town. She'll be sitting in today" Abby explained, cutting off Katherine.

"Is that so?" He asked, looking at Katherine suspiciously. "I do not appreciate this. I am here to teach and do not approve of guests disrupting my class.

"Okay." Katherine muttered. She hated that she was once again the center of attention, and being talked down to as though she really were a child.

"Okay? Okay?" the teacher asked loudly.

"Okay, I won't be a disruption." Katherine said, not sure what the right answer was.

"It's too late for that." The teacher said, rubbing his temple and returning to the chalkboard. He wrote a long division equation on the board.

"Since you'll be joining us I'd like to see you participate. Please come solve this problem."

Katherine looked to Abby who just shrugged. She was supposed to get in front of the class in this skirt? Slowly she rose from the seat. She grabbed the book from her desk and held it behind her as she walked, hoping it would conceal any pantie flashes. She saw the teacher glance at her exposed thighs with some shock, but he didn't say anything.

Katherine grabbed a piece of chalk with her free hand. She looked at the problem. She knew she had done long division at this age, but it had been so long, she had forgotten most of it.

"Any day now young lady!" The teacher snapped, startling Katherine and causing her to drop the chalk. She reached down to pick it up. Right when she was at the farthest part of her lean she heard a familiar, terrifying RRRIIIPP!!!

The color left Katherine's face. She heard some giggles behind her. The book was still covering her backside but most of the class had figured out what had happened. Her panties had split under the strain of her sizable ass! Underneath her short skirt her crack was visible!

"Is there a problem miss?" the teacher said, startling her once again.

"NO! No Problem!" She proclaimed loudly.

"then kindly finish the equation?"

Reluctantly Katherine rose, carefully keeping the book to her backside. She stared up at the problem,more distracted then ever. After ages she finally finished it.

"Very good, probably the world record for the longest time to solve a math problem." The teacher said, drawing another laugh from the crowd and causing the flustered Katherine to flush all the more. She rushed back to her desk, half running there. She sat down and almost gasped as the cold plastic of her chair made contact with her exposed buttocks. She hung her head and listened to the whispered remarks and giggles about her.

How long would this day be? And how much more of her would be showing by the end of it? Katherine was haunted by these worries as she nervously sat at her desk.

**Part 12**

Finally the bell rang. Katherine rushed out the door, holding her stack of books behind her. She practically ran into the nearest girl's room. Setting down her books she stuck out her butt and looked over her shoulder to inspect the damage. With her skirt down, the lower edges of her butt showed, but the split was not visible. She flipped up the back of her skirt. The rip was about four inches long, from the top of her pink panties to about midway down her butt. her cheeks bulged though, her crack plainly visible.

Katherine grimaced. With her skirt she was still hidden. But for how long? The split was bound to grow. She needed tights, something, to wear over her underwear. Tights, something!

"Ooh!" Katherine saw Abby behind her looking in the mirror. "That's a bad little split! I told you not to ruin any of my clothes!" Katherine flipped her skirt down, but not before drawing a laugh from the two girls who had entered with Abby.

"Let me see, maybe we can fix it." Abby walked over and flipped her skirt over again. Katherine flinched, did not resist. She needed whatever help she could get.

"Wow, that's got to be the fattest butt I've ever seen." The tall dark hair girl said with a laugh. Katherine yelped as the girl poked her cheek.

"totally, you ever get any exercise?" the other girl said, kneeling over and staring blatantly. Katherine grimaced at the remarks. What kind of 13 year old girls were these?

"Well, it looks like we can sew this up no problem" Abby said. Katherine breathed a sigh of relief. The feeling of relief disappeared instantly as Abby grabbed the sides of her underwear and pulled them to the floor!

"ABBY!" Katherine screamed. She flipped the back of her skirt down. Abby took the opportunity to yank her panties off her right foot, then the other. This caused Katherine to stumble, falling against the sink.

"What are you doing?!" She screamed. The girls were all laughing, staring down at her. Katherine realized that she was standing legs apart, her vagina plainly visible. She slammed her legs together tightly and pulled down the front of her skirt.

"She doesn't even have hair yet!" The tall girl laughed.

"I'll let you in on a little secret: She's 19!" Abby said through giggles.

"Abby!" Katherine hissed.

"What?!" the two other girls said in shock.

"No, seriously" Abby assured them "She used to work with my sister."

"19? She doesn't look younger then us!"

"I know, right!"

All the girls laughed. Katherine hung her head, feeling the heat in her face. They were right! Here she was, dressed like a schoolgirl. Her small chest now completely flat, Her bare butt hanging out of her skirt. She felt like a complete child!

"Abby, i need my panties!" Katherine pleaded.

"Well, did you expect me to sew them while they were on you're butt?" Abby asked rhetorically. She shoved the pink underwear into her purse.

"I'll sew them in home ec, then you can get them back."

"when's home ec?"

"seventh period"

Katherine's jaw dropped. She had to go six more classes bare assed?

A loud chime came over the loudspeakers.

"Well, there's the bell." Abby said. "I'll see you in English, room 209." The three of them, still laughing, turned to leave.

"Don't be late! Hall monitors check for people ditching everywhere! Don't want you getting in trouble!"

Katherine heard the echos of the girls giggling as they left the room. She stood stunned for a moment. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. Still pulling the front of her panties forward, more then half her ass was visible. The two semicircles of her butt cheeks were plainly visible. She released her skirt to see how it would look. When she let it go she could see the lips of her pussy just below the bottom of the skirt. She couldn't walk around a public school like this? What could she do?

After long moments of panic she finally had an idea. Unzipping her skirt she pulled it down a few inches, to the widest part of her hips. She looked down: she was entirely covered front and back below the skirt. Above however the skirt road far too low, with the top of her crack above it in the back and the clean shaven area above her crotch in the front. However, her shirt covered that.

Katherine wasn't sure how well the skirt would stay up. The only thing keeping it up was the wideness of her hips. She felt the cold air on her bare crotch: almost stimulating, but it made her feel even more vulnerable. How did situations keep deteriorating like this? As if the embarrassing dress, the smashed down chest weren't enough. Now she was forced to attend a junior high school with no panties? What had happened to her life? No matter where she went, her age, her privileges and eventually her clothes were always lost.

Hearing the final bell, she rushed from the bathroom, taking careful steps to avoid losing her skirt.

**Part 13**

The day dragged on and on. Katherine went from one class to another, being dragged along by Abigail and her friends. Every moment she was mortified, feeling how low and loose her skirt was on her hips. She felt the pleated skirt against her bare butt, knowing that a strong breeze would reveal her shame, her plump butt, the bane of her existence lately. She also couldn't help staring down at her flattened chest under her tight button up shirt. She knew everyone who saw her would think she was entirely flat. The restrictive girdle over her chest put constant pressure on her breast, making it hard to breathe.

But, so far she managed to keep herself concealed. She was alert to every breeze and step, not allowing for any exposure. She was NOT going to have her ass on display to a gaggle of junior high boys, or have her clean shaven crotch oogled by some teacher. Katherine promised herself this.

Abby chuckled when she saw Katherine's solution to her skirt situation.

"Very Creative." She said. Katherine kept an eye on the girl, but Abby made no attempt to expose Katherine. Maybe Katherine had misjudged her. After all, she was much younger then her sister. Maybe she thought of this like a game, and had no malicious intent. Katherine hoped that was the case.

Finally, after many nervous, boring classes Abby lead Katherine to gym class. After that was home ec, where Katherine would hopefully be returned her underwear. They entered the locker room, Katherine trailing behind Abby. Abby pulled out her spare gym clothes. Before handing them to Katherine though, she slyly grabbed her nail file. Without Katherine noticing she used it to slice the elastic linger at the top of the shorts. Not all the way through, just leaving a small strand.

Then she handed them to Katherine.

"These are my old gym clothes. You can't wear your uniform in P.E." She explained.

Katherine excitedly took the clothes. Finally, she would be out of this embarrassing school girl outfit! Nylon shorts and a cotton tee weren't exactly glamorous, but anything beat this!
She unbuttoned her shirt and removed it. Her hand shook as she set it down. She looked around nervously, hoping no one would look at her squished chest, she hurriedly slipped off her skirt. She caught a glimpse of Abby looking at her with a grin, and blushed bright red, exposed everywhere except the narrow strip of fabric with restricted her chest. She threw the shirt and shorts on as fast as she could then followed Abby into the Gym.

Everyone stood in lines, milling about until the P.E. teacher walked in.

"Alright, everyone quiet down!" She yelled, A gruff man with a beard, his presence silenced everyone. "Front of the Line forward to lead warmups!"

Katherine realized she was at the front of her particular line. With a nudge from Abby She stepped forward and turned around to face the row of junior high students. Abby smiled happily. She knew the elastic in Katherine's shorts didn't have long to live. Now she was standing before 100 students, unaware of the risk she was in.

"Alright, 20 jumping jacks, now!" He bellowed. Everyone began jumping. Katherine, her chest constricted, was breathing heavily after five. She continued to jump, unaware of the elastic in her shorts, unraveling strand by strand. Then, on jumping jack number 13, the thin stretchy band in the hem of her shorts finally snapped.

The entire gymnasium stopped. Everyone stared at Katherine, bare from the waist down to the pile of fabric over her shoes. Katherine, felt the breeze upon her. She looked around. All eyes were on her, but none on her face. She cranked her head downwards in terror. She prayed, hoped that she wouldn't see anything out of the ordinary. Instead she saw exactly what she had feared. Bare thighs and calves, white and curvy, leading up to an even paler clean shaven crotch. Her shirt stopped right below the navel, hiding nothing. Her legs were slightly spread, showing all.

She could feel the eyes of 200 preteens on her bare lower half. Finally she made herself react. She threw her hands over her crotch, wrapping her fingers between her legs. Realizing that her shapely backside was still exposed she bent down and pulled up her shorts, giving one last unhindered view of her bare crotch while her hands were occupied. She heard voices giggling, whispering to each other, or outright yelling catcalls. For almost every boy present it was the closest to a naked woman they had ever seen. She knew they would remember it their whole lives, laugh about it and tell people for years to come. In a way she realized it was her most permanent exposure. She felt how loose her shorts were and was forced to stand before all, holding up her malfunctioning clothes.

The gym teacher stood in somewhat of a shock. He had witnessed the entire scene and stood silently marveling at the girls shapely backside through it all. What kind of 13 year old had an ass like that? He forced the thought of his mind. He couldn't afford this to get out, who knew the scandal it would cause. He decided the best course would be to ignore it. Pretend nothing had happened.

"Alright, everyone be quiet!" He bellowed, silencing the youths instantly.

"Everyone, continue your warm up now!" Begrudgingly everyone started their jumping jacks again. Katherine stood, unsure how to proceed. After the remaining seven jumping Jacks, the teacher told everyone to reform their lines. Katherine waddled to the back of her line, trying to not make eye contact with anyone. She held her shorts up with both hands, terrified of another exposure.

"Alright, Now I want you all to take three laps around the gym! Anyone caught walking will have to start over! Now Move!" He blew his whistle, setting all the kids off. Katherine was caught in the mass migration, moving with a cloud of people mostly against her will. She just didn't want to be singled out for standing stationary. Running was no easy task in her current state however. She had to hold her shorts up, prevent her from pumping her arms while she moved. Her breathing was also restricted by the girdle around her chest. She struggled to keep up, her face growing even more red. It felt like everyone was still looking at her. Probably she really was the center of attention. No matter what she did she would be noticed as the girl who everyone had seen half naked, the girl who was trying to run and hold her pants up. She couldn't stop thinking of how much she stood out. She barley even noticed Abby grab a tennis ball from the side of the gym.

"think fast!" were the words that stirred Katherine out of her humiliating thoughts. She looked up just in time to see the ball about to collide with her face Instinct took over as she reached forward with both hands to catch the ball while still running. It was more a flinch then anything, to protect herself from the projectile. Two things happened though. First, by moving her hands up she realized her grip on her shorts. She ran several paces without even realizing, leaving her pants yards behind. Those behind her were treated to the hypnotic wave like motion of her butt as she stammered to a stop. Second, she caught the ball. Though now, it hardly mattered to her. As soon as the moment had passed she realized she was running still, naked from the waist down. the feeling was unmistakable. She was half naked again! She dropped the ball and cupped her crotch again and turned around, scampering backwards as fast as she could. She ran, looking intently for her shorts. They were gone! As she ran she realized that someone had picked them up. It could have been anyone! It hardly mattered. What mattered was the air across her wide hips and bare ass, the undecipherable feeling of being naked and knowing everyone could see her just by turning their head.

The class ran past her, those ahead running backwards to laugh. Katherine yelp when someone slapped her butt as they passed. She threw her hands down, pulling her shirt down in the front and the back. It hardly mattered. She managed to cover her crotch and part of her crack, but so much was still visible there was no missing the fact that she was bare below the waist. She turned in place frantically, seeing jeering faces every way she turned. Finally she just ran. She chose a direction and took off, her the sides and base of her buttocks flapping as she ran. She heard laughter behind her as she ran through the nearest door.

**Part 14**

Once inside Katherine sighed, trying to catch her breath. As far as she could tell she was alone now. She stood in a empty locker room still trying to cover herself. She started frantically searching for something to cover herself with. A towel left out, extra shorts someone had forgotten to put in a locker. But, there was nothing. It was the cleanest locker room Katherine had ever seen. She unconsciously whined loudly, stomping her feet. She needed clothes!

Suddenly she heard voices. Male voices! She realized that in her panic she had run into the wrong locker room! This was the boy's locker room and people were coming!

Katherine had seconds. She looked around. She couldn't go the way she had come, not back into the gym. She couldn't go anywhere! At the last moment she ran to the bathroom. and jumped into a stall. She saw shadows on the ground as people came in. She could hear voices of boys laughing and joking to each other. She pulled her small feet up so they wouldn't be seen, pulling her knees to her chest.

"Man, I hope we win the game tonight!" She heard one voice say.

"I know, coach is gonna eat us alive if we loose again!" another responded.

"I just hate that we have to use this little kid gym!" came a third voice.

"I know, look how short these stupid urinals are!"

Katherine realized what these were not middle school boys. It was some sports team from a high school using the gym! Katherine began shivering. It would be even worse to be exposed to boys closer to her own age!

"well, if the urinals are too small use the stall." one suggested. Katherine froze. She began praying. No, No, anything but the stall!

"Right." The voice responded. Katherine saw the shadow coming towards her, blocking out all light. The Lock! she looked at the clasp on the stall. Unlocked! She moved forward, reaching for it with both hands. when she was mere inches away the stall swung open. A tall, thin black boy with a clean shaven head looked at her in shock. She sat frozen, bare legs in front of her, sitting on the toliet lid. Her hands were extended and she was leaning forwards, mid lunge. This showed her slit, bare and plainly visible.

"Woah!" He yelled.

"what's up?" someone asked.

"Guys, check this out!" He said, motioning others. Before Katherine could react two other teenagers, a few years younger then her peered in.

"wow!" one of them yelled, laughing.

"Is that girl bottomless?" One asked.

"yeah, can you believe it? A naked little girl in our locker room!"

Katherine, regaining some degree of sense, through her hands between her legs. She tried to ignore the little girl remark.

"Oh, I get it" one said. "this is one of those cheer leading hazings. Like when we were kids and Molly Goldberg got tied to the flagpole in her underwear!"

They all laughed. Katherine wished they would let her get away, but she was too scared to move.

"this girl, a cheerleader? Maybe when she grows some tits!" one said. They all laughed loudly. Katherine looked down. She kept forgetting how dramatically she had been reduced. With this damn girdle around her chest she looked totally prepubescent to these high school students! They were younger then her, seeing her half naked and totally dismissing her lack of charms.

Katherine rose, holding her shirt over her crotch.

"will you please help me?" She begged. " i need something to wear." Katherine hated what she was reduced to, but at this point she'd do almost anything to end her exposure.

"what do you boys think?" One asked.

"I don't know, hazing is part of the natural order, you know?" one said with a sarcastic laugh.

"right, we don't want to interfere."

"please...." Katherine whined, moving from one foot to another, looking like an anxious little girl. This drew even more laughter from the boys. "I'll do anything you want...." Katherine heard herself say, shocked by her own words. How desperate had she become?

"Anything? Nah, I like my girls with some curves. I think I'd get kicked off the team for doing anything with a little girl anyways." One laughed.

"I'm not a little girl!!!" Katherine yelled. She stomped her feet and pounded her hands on her thighs. She was so sick of being treated like this!

"Not a little girl, really?" One of the boys pointed. In her fury she had released her shirt. He gestured at her bare, hairless crotch.

"Maybe you haven't heard, but adults get a little hair down there, LITTLE GIRL" They all laughed as Katherine stood in shock. What was she doing? Had she lost her mind. She covered herself again. The boys stood there, grinning widely at her little outburst. Katherine looked down at herself. Vulnerable. Flat. Exposed. There was nothing about her to indicate she was actually a young adult. These boys were right to think she was just a little girl. Her reactions did nothing to help her case. She just felt so helpless! It didn't help that to her she always had looked too girly. Hearing it a hundred times was making her loose it.

She tried to clear her throat but it was too dry. She tried to stand straight but her knees were too shaky. She tried to make eye contact but was too ashamed to match eyes with the teenage boys. She just stood, quaking in place, feeling foolish and lost.

Finally one of the boys spoke.

"Well, I guess we better send her on her way."

"what?!" one of the others said, disappointed. He wanted this to continue.

"Right, let's give her something to wear... in exchange for a dance!" All the boys laugh as Katherine stood in shock. Dance?! She got embarrassed dancing under normal circumstances. Dance now, naked from the waist down? with an audience of boys to leer at her? no way!

"come on, shake that big old butt for us!" the nearest boy said with a laugh. He leaned over and slapped her butt cheek, the smack sound echoing through the locker room. Katherine squealed, a high pitch mousy sound that just encouraged more laughter.

Katherine's face burned with frustration and embarrassment. This boys would never help her, just tease her as long as they could. Well she had enough. She pushed by and started away, one hand holding her shirt down, the other hand open, fingers spread over her butt.

"Looks like two squirrels fighting in a bag!" One said, making an old joke about the jiggling of her backside. Katherine started jogging away, desperate to get out of sight. She rounded a corner and was greeted with the surprise of her life.

She had entered the showers of the locker room. Before her stood a half dozen boys, even more naked then her. They were all about the age of the others she had just seen, 16 or so. They turned to her in shock. Katherine stared back. She had never seen a penis in real life before. Now she was staring at a dozen. To her shock half of them rose to greet her. She watched as the boys grew hard at the sight of her exposed legs and hips.

Katherine stared, jaw limp. The boys stared the same way. Katherine instantly felt her own body respond. She felt herself engorge and moisten. Her hand over her crotch was instantly dampened with her juices. She believed herself to no longer have any interest in boys, her relationship with Sarah being enough for her. The site of a male growing hard because of her body proved her wrong, however. Dozens of fantasys instantly flickered through her mind. She wanted to drop to her knees and start sucking off the nearest boy. She had never felt anything like this before!

"Uh, do you want something little girl?" One boy said casually. She looked up. She flushed almost purple as she realized she had just been staring at his penis.

"Looks like she wants a load of you man" Another boy laughed.

The first boy looked her up and down then scoffed.

"Yeah, maybe in a few years. Run back to your kindergarten class kid." He said dismissivley.

Katherine couldn't believe it. She felt a violent desire for this boy, and he dismissed her like a little girl! The shame was too much. She turned and bolted, her jiggling ass a pleasant parting site for the boys who stood there.

She ran, not thinking how little traction her bare feet would have on wet tile. After a few yards her heels slid and her legs flew out from under her. She slid on her ass, her momentum keeping her going until she slid into a row of lockers. The rest of the team was there, staring down at her. She looked up at them in shock. She was laying on the ground, leg's spread wide. Her knees were up, her bare crotch fully visible. She knew what they were looking at. Her bare, slightly spread lips, glistening with moisture from her unintentional arousal. Finally she thrust her hands between her legs and threw her knees shut. She took off again, finally finding a doorway leading out to the girl's locker room. But as she ran, she knew she was escaping nothing. The humiliation, the amused looks on their faces would always be with her.

**Part 15**

Katherine shoved through a doorway, using her shoulder to open it. Her hands were occupied barely covering herself. She burst forward into a hallway next to some soda machines. Amazingly it was empty. She knew that wouldn't last though. She desperately looked back and forth. There it was, the door to the ladies locker room! She ran at it, modestly abandoned for speed, pumping her arms like an Olympic sprinter. She blew through the door so fast it too her a moment to slow down. The girls inside looked to the commotion in shock. Then, seeing who it was, they all began laughing and whispering among each other. Katherine, struggling to catch her breath (this damn girdle!) and get her hair out of her eyes. She knew her crotch and butt were showing, but most of the girls were in various states of undress. She noticed though that everyone at least had their panties on and felt a bit of blush return to her face. Placing a hand between her legs she awkwardly waddled to Abby's locker.

Abby was with a gaggle of friends. They were all laughing and talking. Katherine could guess what they were joking about. Her, of course.

"Did you see her face when her shorts fell?" Abby said with a laugh.

"Her face? I was too busy looking at her butt!" the tall dark haired girl to her right responded.

"How could you not look at that thing?" A girl about Katherine's size said. "It's the size of a watermelon!"

` "I know! It jiggled like jello in a earthquake too!" Abby said. "It's like, have you even heard of the stair-master?"

The girls all laughed. Katherine hung her head. They noticed her, but didn't even bother to stop their mockery.

"There she is now! How was your visit to the boys locker room!" Abby said, putting he arm around Katherine. "We were all laughing our socks off watching you run into there!"

"Bet you gave those boys quite the surprise, showing off your butt!" The dark haired girl pulled up the back of Katherine's shirt, showing even more of her butt. Katherine tried to pull away but Abby held her in place.

"Man, no wonder she split your panties!" The dark hair girl said, Katherine's mouth became an O as she felt the girl squeeze both her bare butt cheeks!

"Let me go!" Katherine squealed, her voice cracking into a girly squeal.

"Don't worry, I'm not gay!" The girl laughed again. "Just wanted to see what it felt like!"

Katherine squirmed and whined as her butt was kneaded forcefully. The short girl, with a laugh joined in.

"Abby, make them stop!" Katherine whined pathetically.

"Don't worry about it! It's all just laughs!" Abby said, still holding Katherine around her shoulder. "No one here knows you. What are you so embarrassed about?"

Katherine had to admit that some of what Abby was saying was true. No one here knew her, she could still get home and none of her friends would ever hear about this. Her life wouldn't be over, the nightmare would eventually end!

The girls grew bored of Katherine once she stopped fidgeting. They left to their own lockers. Katherine sighed with relief. So the last couple days had been embarrassing? So what? None of these people would ever see her again. No one she cared about would know. It was just a temporary hassle, then she'd get to go home to her girlfriend, have some very needed sex with her girlfriend and put all this behind her.

She found herself already breathing easier. Well, sort of. The girdle across her ribs wouldn't allow for too much of that.

"Okay Abby, But I'm gonna need something to wear for the next two classes.

"Here" Abby reached into the open locker and gave Katherine her skirt from before. "We'll sew up your panties in home ec, then the school day will be over."

Katherine quickly changed into the school uniform. The skirt, far to short to wear without panties. Katherine wore it as she did before, unzipped around the widest point of her hips, with her untucked shirt hiding the top of her butt crack.

"Hurry, we're going to be late!" Abby grabbed Katherine's hand and pulled her away. They arrived in Home Ec just as the bell rang.

Katherine thought over Abby's advice again. Childishly simplistic, but there was some validity to it. She decided to relax. It didn't matter that she wasn't wearing panties, plenty of people had seen her at this point, and none of them would ever meet her again. She realized that it was kind of exciting. Shameful, but liberating. The air on her thighs, tickling up her cheeks. Her face turned a little pink, but this time not from embarrassment.

They got through Home Ec quickly. To Katherine it was almost a little too quick. She was starting to enjoy herself, to relax. part of her wished it would never end. She spread her knees under the desk. No one could see, but she could feel the breeze across herself. The risk just made it sweeter she realized.

She wondered if this was always her nature. If she was a closet exhibitionist who had lived her whole life repressed. Or perhaps she had simply learned to enjoy her humiliations. She could not say. But, when she thought of those boys, growing hard at the sight of her she bit her lip and felt her legs shake.

When the bell rang she followed Abby to the bus. Her dad was still at work, they had to take public transit back. Despite learning to enjoy herself a little, Katherine still was very weary and took the slightest steps to avoid exposure. Abby paid their toll onto the bus. Katherine gingerly stepped up, carefully holding her pleated skirt to her thighs. They sat near the back, Katherine crossing her legs and folding her hands over her lap

They rode, Katherine half in a daze. She couldn't believe how many people were around, how easy it would be to just open her legs and let them all see her! the thought taunted her. The fear and risk and strange arousal. It was all that was on her mind.

Just then she noticed something. The bus was on Franklin Avenue! She saw the hostel where she lived role by. She was just passing her home!

Instantly she shook free her thoughts. She was almost home! She leaped up to pull the cord to call for a stop. Suddenly Abby grabbed her forcefully by the arm

"What are you doing?" She harshly whispered.

"That's my house!" Katherine pointed up the street. "I'm going home!"

"No no no" Abby said, shaking her head and pulling on Katherine's arm. Katherine resisted as forcefully as she could. "You're coming home with ME!"

Katherine ignored this and just tried to slip away. She started walking, pulling her arm, figuring Abby would let go. Abby instead did the unexpected. She released Katherine's hand, grasped her skirt and pulled.

Katherine froze mid step as she felt her skirt shred and be pulled away. An all to familiar feeling crossed her as her lower half was exposed. Suddenly the arousal disappeared. There was a teasing, taunting fun to knowing you could be exposed. But, every time, once it happened it paralyzed her with shame. They could all see EVERYTHING! She saw the faces on the bus turn. Not just kids this time. Adults. Women and men. They all looked back at her exposed lower half as she stood there shaking.

"w..ww...why?" Katherine stammered, turning over her shoulder to look at Abby. she couldn't turn all the way around without risking showing her butt to the bus.

"Well, if you're going home I need my things." Abby explained. "this..." she shook the ripped skirt "...is mine!"

"and so is..." Katherine gasped as she felt Abby grasp the back of her blouse. "...THIS!" Abby yanked hard. Katherine gasped as the buttons exploded off. Her arms were pulled back, revealing everything as Abby yanked it over her shoulders and down off her body. Katherine now stood, wearing nothing but a thin strap around her chest. A thin strap which also restricted her chest. She looked down. Her whole body showing. Her chest flat as a board, her small girly belly protruding out from there. Then, the tan line from her panties, leading to her pubic region, white and bare. Her legs, tapering downwards. they led to her feet, in undersized Mary Janes. She knew she how awkward she looked. A curvy body with a completely flat chest. Her butt protruding mighty, her front totally flat. A body type that looked completely unnatural: totally imbalanced curves. she could feel the eyes on her. She was in such shock her arms hung at her sides, one leg forward in mid step.

"And..." Abby grasped the string which tied the girdle in place. "...this is mine too!"

Katherine closed her eyes. She felt the girdle fall away from her body. She breathed a sigh of relief. That pressure and restriction on her chest finally gone, she breathed deeply for the first time all day. She was also strangely glad to be fully nude. Maybe for the first time in her life she preferred to have her breasts bared then concealed. At least her normal size would show, and all these people wouldn't think she was as entirely flat as she had appeared with her chest restricted. She almost felt that tingle from the locker room again when she realized that any man present was probably getting hard, just like those boys in the showers. Standing naked with her eyes closed she exhaled again, feeling the onset of arousal.

Then she heard it. Giggling. People were laughing at her! She opened her eyes in confusion. She had assumed she be greeted by shocked faces on the women, horny leers on the men's faces. Instead, they all had one look: amusement. Some people were laughing, and more and more by the second. Some were pointing, some pulling out camera and phones to document.

Katherine looked down in confusion. She instantly noticed what they were all laughing at. Her chest from being restricted all flattened completely. Her boobs were normally a little bit more then a handful. Now they were smoothed to nothing, they looked like little more then pectoral muscles. Even worse her nipples, normal which pointed up and out like beacons were flattened. It was like her worse nightmare made flesh. She really was flat as a board now!

The arousal she had been feeling for a moment vanished instantly. She looked up from her body. The faces of the whole bus were jeering, laughing and mocking. She realized she was being filmed by a dozen cameras and phones now, at least. She threw her hands over her chest, forgetting her crotch. With both hands she rubbed her chest, frustrated, trying to make it return to normal. Her face was neon pink, her eyes moist with frustrated tears. She wanted to yell that they normally weren't so small, but knew that no one would believe her. Everyone had seen, they all thought that she was totally underdeveloped.

The laughter burned in Katherine's ears. She looked behind herself and saw that Abby was laughing hardest of all, her Camera inches from Katherine. The driver was shouting from the front of the bus.

"You! Naked Girl! Get off my bus!" He yelled with a slight accent. She had stopped and opened the door. Katherine, through a fog of humiliation, remembered that they had just passed her house. She realized that was her only possible refuge. She ran to the door, feeling as her butt flopped. She heard the laughter increase at the site of the naked girl running, covering only her chest. Her proportionate butt vibrating madly. She noticed how her chest, which normally would be flopping up and down if she were running topless was quite still. She flew from the bus onto the crowded city street. All activity focused on the naked girl running. Clad only in shoes she saw as even the most jaded city dwellers stop everything to stare at her. To point and laugh. To Katherine this was a living nightmare. Nothing erotic or fun just pure humiliation. Naked in front of hundreds. Little boys pointing and laughing, men in suits staring with their jaws dropping. Young women laughing and whispering about her appearance. She shoved by everyone, hurling herself towards the front door of her hostel. One hundred feet. Fifty. Ten. She was less then a yard away When someone grabbed her.

**Part 16**

Katherine tired to pull away from the hands that held her. She was so close! She strained and pulled but it was no use. Finally she was turned forcefully whipped around and greeted by the looming shadow of a police officer. He pulled Katherine's hands behind her back and held her by her wrists.

Katherine writhed in place. She couldn't hide anything! People were gathering, able to see every inch of her. She raised one knee to try to hide herself, but it was pointless. Everyone could see everything, including her chest which still hadn't gotten circulation back.

"Let me Go!" She screamed. The cop did not comply, of course. Instead he placed handcuffs over her wrists. Katherine winced as the metal cut into her wrists.

"Calm down!" He commanded. Katherine tried to comply, but could not stop writhing in place, trying to hide herself. She was fully naked, hands restrained behind her. Of course she wasn't calm!

Finally the officer forcefully flopped her onto
her bare backside on the curb. Katherine looked to the gathering crowd, then down to her flattened chest and bare crotch. Everyone was staring, laughing and pointing unabashedly. Cameras were flashing left and right, Capturing her face, the rolls on her stomach, her shaven crotch. Most shameful of all was the knowledge that her flat chest was being documented. She wanted to scream about how normally it wasn't so small, normally her nipples stood erect, too erect if anything. She wanted to cry out that she was not a little girl. Instead she just sat there, naked as the day she was born, being documented from every angle. the cold winter air bit at her body. Her butt shivered against the concrete. She arched her feet to try to keep them off the cold ground as goosebumps rose over her whole body. Everything a reminder that she was totally bare.

Meanwhile the cops partner exited the car and began doing crowd control. A young, stern looking woman, she ushered the crowd backwards. No one really listened, all too engrossed with the naked girl sitting in plain site. Katherine caught herself staring at the female officers chest. the woman was at least 34 D, if not more. Katherine withered in shame.

The officer who had restrained her was on his radio, speaking mostly in gargin she didn't understand. Some of his words were clear however.

"We've restrained the streaker. Between the ages of 10 and 13. Fully nude and resistant to aid." Katherine grimaced at the age remark. But then again who could blame him? Naked, reduced bust, clean shaven crotch. She could be five for all he knew!

For agonizing minutes this continued. One cop on his radio, his female partner trying to drive the eager crowd away. All the while Katherine sat on the ground, freezing and naked, staring down at her flat body in shock and shame. She felt so helpless, so exposed. SO tiny and insignificant. Like a baby, the child everyone thought she was.

Finally the male officer pulled her up by an elbow. She stood, legs pressed together, trying to hide her exposed lips. That was about all she could hide, and not even efficiently. Every other inch of her was fully revealed. She was led to the cop car, struggling to keep up and keep her legs locked together. The male officer opened the door and guided her in by her head. For Katherine this was the worst part because she was forced to bend over. She knew that from behind her lips, her crack, everything was showing. She heard the crowd roar with laughter at the sight as she leaned forward helplessly, struggling to get into the car. She was forced to spread her legs and step in one foot at a time. Finally, after an eternity of awkward exposure the door was closed behind her. She saw faces out the windows, laughing and filming, flashes doing off like she was a movie star on the red carpet. But she wasn't a celebrity (yet!). She was a naked little girl with no boobs on the street. Katherine's eyes welled up with tears of shame. She barely noticed as the police cruiser started and went down the road.

Katherine sat in the cruiser. Still handcuffed, she could hide nothing as they drove. She heard the two officers talking, but was barely able to hear them. She was too absorbed by her own nudity. She stared down at herself somewhat in shock. She couldn't believe that once again she had ended up fully nude in public. All she wore was shoes, which provided her no concealment or comfort. And her chest! So humiliating, everyone who had seen her thinking she was totally undeveloped.

"Can I... Can I have something to wear?" She asked the officers. The female riding shotgun turned back to face her.

"Do we look like the salvation army? We don't keep any extra clothes in here."

"Well, what about a blanket or something?" Katherine asked desperately.

"Only emergency vehicles carry those, sorry. Guess you're having second thoughts on your streaking adventure now?"

"I wasn't streaking!"

"Right, right. Look kid..." Katherine hated the way she said kid. "We hear excuses every day, all day. I doubt you magically ended up naked running down the street. It's our responsibility to remove you from public. You should be thanking us: who knows what might have happened to you, running around the city naked? There's a lot of perverts out there who might want to hurt a naked little girl"

The woman turned forward again.

"We'll be taking you to the station. You'll be transferred to Juvenile hall from there."

Katherine sat, defeated. She felt the uncomfortable seat on her bare butt and writhed in discomfort.

They arrived at the police station. Katherine was forcefully pulled from the car by an elbow. She was lead up the stairs, bright daylight shining on her pale flesh. Once inside the officers stopped to talk to the secretary who sat behind a bullet proof glass panel. Katherine, arms still locked behind her, was forced to stand with nothing hidden. She hung her head as her story was told to the secretary.

"What do we have hear?" The secretary asked, gazing at Katherine with an amused smirk.

"Streaker. We've got to put her into holding until someone from juvie can pick her up."

"Streaker?" The secretary asked, looking Katherine up and down. "Honey, you should've waited until you had something to show off before you started trying to show off!"

The three adults laughed as Katherine turned a brighter shade of red. Katherine was led away, the secretary giggling at her jiggling backside as she left.

She was pulled through a hallway, then brought into another room. There her shoes, her single last items of clothing, were confiscated. She stood there, soles of her feet on the cold ground as the handcuffs were undone. She threw her hands over herself instantly.

"Hands on the back of your head." the female officer said as she put on a pair of rubber gloves. Katherine, with visible reluctance raised her arms, once more showing everything. The female officer proceeded to thoroughly search her. She ran her hands through Katherine's hair, then patted down her sides. Katherine suppressed a giggle, being exceptionally ticklish, especially when she was nervous. Then the officer grabbed each side of her upper thigh and ran her hands down each leg. Then came the part Katherine was dreading. The officer lowered Katherine's head, forcing her to bend over. Katherine felt her sizable cheeks spread as the woman inspected her for contraband. She actually felt as though she would faint from humiliation, bent over and being inspected like a piece of meat. The feeling only got worse as the woman pulled aside the lips of her vagina and peered inside.

Finally she was done. Katherine threw her hands over herself as soon as she was able. Not that it mattered. This woman had seen her more thoroughly then any other human. Katherine felt completely debased, and more exposed then ever before.

The woman silently led her out into general holding. Katherine gasped as she saw the rows of cells, full of women. Some obviously whores, some drunk, some seemingly normal. They turned to stare at Katherine, naked, cupping herself, barely covering her genitals.

Instantly the room erupted. Everyone locked up started yelling jokes, insults and catcalls at Katherine.

"I thought i was in jail, not daycare! what's that little kid doing here?"

"What you covering for white girl? you've got nothing to hide!"

"damn, look at the butt on her!"

"Pasty little thing! How much do you think she'd go for on the street?"

"You kidding? only a perv would go for some underage girl like that!"

"You gonna give us a show? Shake that fat ass and those little tits for us!"

Katherine turned to the officer leading her.

"Please, you've got to give me something to wear!"

"No can do" The female officer said, leading her along. "You only get an inmate uniform if charges are pressed. In holding you wear what you came in. Unless you want to be tried as adult, just keep your mouth shut and deal with the consequences of your actions." Katherine was pulled and dragged on her bare feet past the rows of cells. She was led to a thankful empty one. The officer pushed her forward and slammed the bars behind her.

Katherine stood in the empty cell. There was nothing to hide herself with or behind. Just a concrete bench. She sat down, her bare butt shivering as it made contact with the concrete. The cell was visible to the entire row of cells across from her. Katherine tried to avoid eye contact with the women inmates who were staring blatantly at her.

She had her hands crossed over her chest, her knees locked tightly to keep her crotch hidden. She peeked under her hands. Circulation still had not returned: her chest completely flattened. She bit back tears at frustration. Her body was betraying her!She used her hands which were cupped over her to begin massaging them, trying to get the blood flow to return to her tits and force them to assume their normal shape.

She heard a laugh and looked up. Across from her she was visible from several cells. The inmates were all watching her rub herself with amusement.

"Hey kid, I don't think rubbing them is going to make them grow!" An older woman said with a laugh.

"Yeah, it's not a magic lamp, it's just some tiny mosquito bites! You won't get any wishes from that!"

Katherine yelp. She had just been caught fondling herself by a group of strangers! They all laughed as she flushed, clutching herself tighter. She wished she could be anywhere, wearing anything. Instead she was stuck in prison, fully naked, visible to all.

**Part 17**

Finally, after what seemed like hours but very well could have
been minutes, A woman showed up to transfer her to Juvenile hall. Katherine was sitting on her cold concrete bench in the holding cell shivering, her entire body shaking when the woman was let in by another officer. Katherine looked up at the woman. She was probably in her early twenties, a few years older then Katherine. She had long black hair and was very tan. She wore a white blouse and tight black pants. Her massive breasts heaved under her shirt.

"Ohh you poor dear!" She said as she saw Katherine, her voice oozing with pity. "Look at you, sitting in this cold cell with no clothes!" Katherine felt a great wave of annoyance, being pitied so heavily by someone she could've gone to school with. She brighted though as the woman produced a thick wool blanket. She draped it over Katherine's shoulders as Katherine quickly pulled it tight over herself. She was grateful both for the concealment and the warmth.

Katherine was lead from her cell. The catcalls and callous remarks continued to follow her, but she brightened. She was concealed from her neck to her bare calves, and she was leaving thank god!

Katherine was lead back through the same series of hallways she had entered from. At the front her shoes were returned to her. She had an awkward time slipping them on while keeping the blanket wrapped tight around her. At the entrance The dark haired woman stopped to fill out paperwork. Katherine stood alone for a moment. Then the two officers who had arrested her approached.

"Hey kid" The male said "Sorry we were so harsh with you. I understand you might be scared or confused, but we couldn't leave you on the streets naked."

"That's right" the female officer chimed in. "You might not understand this yet but there's a lot of bad people out there who would want to hurt a cute little girl."

Katherine averted her gaze. Did these people think she was three or something?

The dark haired woman returned and placed a hand on Katherine's shoulder, leading her to the front door. They passed the secretary from before, who was chatting with a young male officer.

"That's her!" She said in a loud whisper to the cop. "She the one i was talking about! Smallest little chest you've ever seen, caught running around bare as a baby!"

Katherine's ears burned as their laughter followed her out the door. She was glad to be out. That jail was the most humiliating experience yet in her short but embarrassing life.

The dark haired woman lead Katherine to her car.

"Normally We'd require a police escort, but because of the non-violent nature of your offense I was allowed to bring you in my car." She explained. Katherine honestly could care less. She wanted to get dressed and finally go home, that was all she cared about.

They drove a few miles to the Juvenile hall. Katherine was lead in, once more being processed through a series of hallways and rooms. Finally they entered a room with a woman behind a low counter, walls of clothes lining the wall behind her.

"Take off your shoes." The dark haired woman commanded. Katherine slipped them off. To her surprise the woman grasped the blanket and pulled it away leaving Katherine once again fully nude! She looked down in shock. The circulation had started to return to her chest, but in an unfortunate way. Her left nipple was now erect, standing out like a spike. Her right was still squished flat for some reason. She stared down in horror. She was reminded of a very awkward stage of puberty, right when her chest had started to blossom. Her right breast had swelled up first, leaving her awkward and uneven just like now!

She threw her hands over chest quickly. The dark haired woman had noticed her uneven chest and felt the need to comment as she grabbed clothes in Katherine's size.

"That's nothing to be ashamed of. It might seem odd but it's normal for girls to develop unevenly sometimes." She pulled Katherine's feet up one at a time and put them into cotton panties. She rolled them up Katherine's legs and snapped them over her hips. Next she grabbed a white plain tee.

"Arms up" She politely commanded. Katherine, face a mess of emotion slowly raised her hands. Her strange, humiliating chest problem now plainly visible. The woman put Katherine's arms and heads through the shirt then pulled it down. Katherine breathed a sigh of relief. For the first time in what felt like days she was fully covered. She put the pants on herself.

She was lead down to a payphone. Now the part she had both been waiting for and dreading. Her phone call. It was obvious who she'd call: Sarah was the only person she who would save her from this. But how would she explain?

She picked up and dialed.

"Hello?"

"Sarah?"

"Katherine! Where have you been!"

"It's a long story.."

"Well where are you? I've been so worried! I went to your work and they said you'd been fired!"

"I'm.. I'm at Juvie."

"WHAT!? What are you doing there?"

"Sarah, I only have three minutes. Just come down here and pick me up!"

"Okay, I'll be there as soon as I can"

I line went dead. Katherine hung up and was lead to a large room. unlike jail this was a pleasant white room with tables set up. There were about a dozen high school age girls sitting around, talking in groups, some reading. They were all dressed in the same clothes as Katherine.

"You'll be held here until an adult comes to arrange your release" The woman ushered Katherine forward. Katherine nervously went and sat in an empty chair. These girls might have been young, but they were here for a reason. She had no idea how dangerous any of them could be. The dark haired woman closed the door.

Katherine sat, keeping to herself. She saw the others glancing curiously at her. She kept her head down, just sitting silently. She saw a amused glare from one girl. Obviously the alpha, the girl was tall and strong looking. Katherine was surprised how developed the girl was, her large chest bulging out against her shirt. Katherine looked down. Her right nipple showed through the fabric due to the absence of a bra. Her left was still flat. That's what the girl was so amused by! She crossed her arms over her chest. Even with clothes she was still showing more then she wanted.

**Part 18**

Finally the door swung open. The dark haired woman walked in, followed shortly by Sarah. Katherine's heart jumped at the sight of Sarah. Finally, salvation!

Sarah and the woman were talking. Sarah was wearing a pants suit Katherine had never seen before. She had her hair pulled in a bun and looked very official.

"Katherine, you're older sister is here." Katherine rose, confused by the sister remark but happy to get out.

She followed behind them as they entered the changing room.

"Since no one's pressing charges and her offense was entirely non violent we've decided to drop the charges." The older woman said.

"Oh, thank you so much!" Sarah said. Katherine felt strange, watching her girlfriend and another woman talk about her like she wasn't in the room. Many people had been treating her like a child but it was odder coming from someone who knew her real age.

"And don't worry, I will see that nothing like this ever happens again." Sarah said.

"Then there's just one more issue. The uniform Katherine's wearing must either be returned or be purchased."

"that won't be necessary. We don't need it." Sarah said. "Katherine, undress."

"W..what?" Katherine balked at the command.

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Sarah snapped. she turned to Katherine and pulled her shirt over her head in a swift, forceful pull. Katherine bit back a shriek as her chest was revealed. Sarah raised an eyebrow at the sight of her reduced stature. Then she grabbed the waistline of Katherine's loose fitting pants and yanked them to the floor. Katherine stood helplessly as her lover removed her pants and shoes one foot at a time. She grabbed the hem of Katherine's panties.

"that won't be necessary." the woman said. "we do not reuse those."

Sarah released them, to Katherine's relief. She grabbed the pile of clothes and handed them off to the woman.

"But, she can't leave her naked." the woman said, gesturing at Katherine. "It's the reason she was arrested, after all.

"That's fine." Sarah said calmly, shrugging off her suit coat and putting it over Katherine's shoulders. Katherine pulled it tight together in the middle. It stopped right past her waist, generous amounts of underwear showing, to say nothing of her bare legs.

Her shoes were returned. Now, clad only in panties, a coat and shoes, Sarah ushered her to the door. Before they left the older dark haired woman shook Sarah's hand.

"Now, I'm sure there will be punishment for this, but try to make sure you're parents go easy on her." The woman said. "She's young and probably just wanted to have fun."

"Well, I'll see what I can do, but it might be a harsh punishment." Sarah said as they left. The mention of punishment confused and frightened Katherine.

**Part 19**

Katherine rushed to the car, trying to avoid having her legs and panties being seen by anyone. She waited by the door as Sarah got in. When her door was unlocked she leaped in.

"who's car is this?" She asked.

"I borrowed it from one of the neighbors." Sarah said as she pulled out of the parking lot."but I'm gonna ask the questions. What the hell have you been doing?!" She said, suddenly yelling. Katherine flinched in shock. She assumed Sarah would be happy to see her.

"First you get fired! I went into your work to surprise you and it turns out you've been fired! Don't you know we have rent due soon?!"

"I.." Katherine started, but Sarah angrily cut her off.

"You're lucky I found a job, or else we'd be on the streets!" Sarah continued. "Next, you don't come home! I was worried senseless! I thought you could've been killed!"

"Sorry..."

"And now I get a call from you in Juvie! Don't you know we're runaways who stole a car! If I hadn't lied and said you were my little sister we could be in jail, or back at your mom's house! Is that what you want?!"

"No, you don't understand! This wasn't my fault!"
"right, right. You flash the mall your crotch, not you're fault. You run around town naked, embarrassing us both, not you're fault. You just keep magically ending up naked, is that what you want me to believe!?"

"No!" Katherine said. She was frightened by this side of Sarah. She had never seen her like this.

"What, do you like it? Do you like having people see you naked?! Risking our livelihood to run around like a child?" Sarah slammed on the breaks. THe car screeched to a stop.

"What are you doing?" Katherine was now terrified.

"If you like it so much, why not show off right now?" Sarah said. She grabbed the blazer. Katherine gripped it tightly, but Sarah eventually pulled it off her. Katherine threw her arms over her chest.

"Look, now everyone can see you! Isn't that great!" Sarah raved. She got out and walked around the door. She pulled Katherine's door open. She unbuckled Katherine's seat belt as she helplessly covered herself.

Sarah grabbed her arm. Katherine struggled, frantic and terrified.But she was pulled out, held up by her elbow. They were right downtown in front of a Coffee shop. All activity had stopped. Everyone starred. Katherine pulled, trying to get back in the car. But Sarah was much stronger. She writhed, covering her chest, panties plainly visible.

Sarah turned her around. Katherine was pushed face first against the hood of the car. She couldn't see but felt a hand grab a fistful of her panties.

"SARAH NO!" but she felt them whisk down to her ankles. She felt the air on her bare cheeks, bent forward. She knew her lips were probably visible, clean shaven.

"You heard the woman at juvie! It's time for your punishment!" Sarah yelled. Katherine was surprised by a blow to her butt. She felt the impact, heard the clap. Why wasn't anyone helping her?! No, they were all just staring, staring at her, naked and bent, fully exposed.

The spanks kept coming. Katherine screamed and whined. It really hurt! Soon shame and humiliation were forgotten. She had been spanked before, but not like this. This went on and on, her ass on fire! She was crying, crying like a baby. Her butt rocked and jiggled, now mostly red. She felt completely ruined.

Finally it stopped. Katherine still bawled. Sarah pulled her up. Katherine wanted to cover herself, but had to rub her butt. It did nothing to soothe her. She was fully exposed, flattened chest, sore and red butt, bare crotch. Everyone starred. No one said anything. It seemed like the only sound was her crying. Sarah opened the door and pushed Katherine in. Katherine stumbled out of her panties, which pulled off her shoes. The door slammed shut before she could get them. Katherine felt a red hot flare of pain as she hit the seat.

Sarah got in and started driving. For minutes she did not speak. Finally she spoke over Katherine's moaning.

"This might seem harsh, but you obviously have a real problem." Sarah said. "You are risking our freedom to flaunt yourself out of some deep seeded perversion. I think the only way to break you of it is to give you what you want."

Katherine just sobbed, wishing she was dead. Each word Sarah said filled her with more dread.

"Thing's are going to change Katherine. It's for your own good"

**Part 20**

They reached the hostile. Sarah pulled Katherine, fully nude, was lead in by Sarah pulling her hand. She used the other to cover her chest. Everything else was bare. Luckily they didn't see anyone in the lobby or hall. They entered the room, Sarah practically throwing Katherine in before throwing the door shut with a loud slam.

Katherine walked towards the closet. She had to get her clothes! She opened the closet door but Sarah walked up and slammed it shut.

"No clothes! we're giving you what you want! You want to run around naked then you're going to always be naked!"

"Sarah, no!" Katherine whined. "I don't want to be naked, stop it!"

"You're actions say otherwise. This problem is deep seeded. I read about something like this once. Aversion therapy." Great, Katherine thought. Now her life was an amateur therapy experiment. She felt so exposed, even though Sarah had seen her naked many times. But now she was naked while Sarah was smartly dressed in a suit. Her chest was finally getting back to normal, but it hardly mattered at this point.

She couldn't face Sarah anymore. Not after the spanking she had received. Not naked. She turned away and laid in the bed. She laid face down, her butt too sore to lay on. She thought she would never sleep, so many emotions and memories haunting her. But the last few days had been exhausting and she almost instantly passed out.

She awoke in the morning. She felt good, groggy and rested. She went to the bathroom. Maybe it had been a dream. She was naked, but that didn't prove anything. She slept naked on rare occasions. But then she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror on the wall. Her chest looked normal, no sign of the flatness caused by the girdle. Then she caught a glimpse of her backside. Her butt was bright red. It stood out like a beacon. She saw that and instantly realized it was no dream. The events of the last two days had been real, too real. She had been stripped, arrested, searched, and spanked. There was no denying it.

She suddenly felt exposed. She was naked! She rushed back into her room and ran to the closet. The door did not open. She pulled the knob in shock. THere was a padlock on her closet!

She looked around the house. There was usually some laundry laying around. To her surprise there was none. Sarah had locked away every article of clothing! Katherine couldn't even find a hand towel in the kitchen.

The bed! She turned to it, hopeful. To her surprise, it was completely bare. pillows, blankets and sheets. Sarah had removed them all, probably this morning while Katherine was still asleep.

Katherine stood, naked in her house. She had no idea what to do. How was she supposed to get through her day naked?

Suddenly the door swung open. Katherine threw her hands over herself as Mandy and Veronica walked in. They were the lesbian couple from down the hall. Katherine never liked them. Sarah spent too much time with them and she was suspicious. Also they talked down to Katherine. They loved to spout feminist ideas, and tended to exclude her from any conversation.

They both stared. Katherine cupped herself with her little hands.

"Hi Kathy!" Veronica said.

"Wow, Sarah really did it." Mandy said. They both stared blatantly. Katherine could feel their eyes on her bare body. She had no privacy, no dignity. Anyone could oogle her and she could do nothing about it.

"why are you here?" Katherine asked in a weak voice, barely over a whisper.

"Well, you see, the Aversion therapy was my idea." Mandy said. "We were with Sarah when she got your call. She told us about your.. nudity... issues, and I suggested this. We just stopped by to see if she actually went through with it."

Katherine felt rage. This was their idea?! They were the cause of her current exposure.

"Why was Sarah with you when I called?" Katherine asked, accusation in her voice.

"Oh, we got Sarah her new job" Veronica chimed in. "She works with us."

Great. So they were running Sarah's life while at the same time ruining hers.

"Wow, I gotta say I wasn't expecting this." Mandy said. "I thought you were a lot more... full figured."

"No, remember, Sarah told us she was stuffing her shirt!" Veronica responded.

"Oh, that's right." Mandy faced Katherine, who was now red as a beat. "Sister, this is another example of your troubles. You must learn to accept your body, whatever flaws it has. This will help you realize that even though you're flat, even though you're kind of flabby, you're still a woman and a carrier of the beauty of the great godess!"

"Look" Katherine was on the verge of either crying or beating this girl up. "Can you just get out of here?"

"Of course. We have work to do anyways. Just remember. This might feel humiliating now but it's part of healing you. You'll learn that just because you feel unattractive you don't have to prove yourself by stripping for strangers."

They turned to leave. Katherine watched them, her face red with rage and shame. They both gave her a parting stare. She couldn't tell if it was lustful or mocking. Probably a little of both. She knew how absurd she looked, cupping herself naked in the kitchen. As soon as they left she ran to lock the door. To her surprise the chain was gone. she could see the screw holes where it had been. THat meant that she had no way to lock the door. Anyone could walk in at any time. How far was Sarah going to take this?!

Katherine laid on the blank mattress. She listened for steps, prepared to cover herself if anyone came. What little good that would do. She was jumpy, nothing to take her minds off her dilemmas. She rolled on the mattress, switching to her stomach. Her butt still burned madly.

It wasn't long before Katherine realized another problem. She had to use the restroom. Unfortunately, this hostel had a shared bathroom for every floor. It was down the hall. To get to it she'd have to pass every single door. Anyone could see her!

For hours she held it in. She rolled in bed, leg's clenched together. She paced back and forth. The anxiety she felt only made it worse.

Finally she couldn't wait anymore. She felt like she was about to burst. She hopped from foot to foot biting her lower lip. She had to go! She tip toed to the door. Opening it slightly she stuck her head out. The hallway looked deserted. Never before had it seemed so long. Katherine cupped her chest and put a hand over her crotch. It was now or never. She darted out, running on her tip toes, trying to be as fast and as quiet as she could. She ran past doors on both sides, well aware that any of them could swing open at any time. Breathless she rushed into the bathroom. SHe had made it! No one was there. She rushed into a stall. she barely made it in time.

After probably the longest pee of her life she rose, wiped and flushed. She peaked through the crack by the stall door. Perfect. No one was in the bathroom. She left the stall and went to the door. She intended to open the door slightly, checking to see if anyone was in the hall. But, as she reached for the knob it pulled away, the door swinging open. She stood in shock, hand extended as Two men entered. She vaguely knew them, they lived down the hall. They both had towels over their shoulders and toiletry bags. THey were talking but cut off instantly when they saw her. Katherine realized she was so stunned she wasn't covering. She threw her hands over herself, far too late. They had already seen everything.

"Wow. Hi." The taller blonde one said. Katherine didn't respond, expect by turning pinker as the blood rushed to her cheeks.

"...Uh, it's Katherine right? You live in room 6?" The older man with a shaved head said.

"Looks like you forgot your towel." The blonde said, trying to justify her nudity. They both were trying to make eye contact with her, but kept looking down at her barely concealed breast, tan lines and the fingers which cradled her crotch.

"Hey, no worries!" the older man said. "This is a liberal place. I sure don't mind a little openness."

"yeah, me either." the blonde grinned. Katherine couldn't take just standing there being stared at. She pushed past them, running down the hall.

"wow, has someone been spanking her?" She heard one of them said. She had forgotten how red her butt was! She threw both hands over it, her breast now free to shake back and forth.

"Wish it had been me." The other responded, watching the nude, bright red ass clench and jiggle until she darted into her room.

**Part 21**

Katherine laid around all day. She didn't like to be on the couch or sit on the chairs. The leather clung to her stickily, reminding her of her nudity. So she laid on a bare mattress face down, bare butt to the wind. It was still to sensitive to lay on.

Eventually she drifted off to sleep. She woke up to the door opening. She jumped into sitting position, pulling her knees to her chest. Sarah entered, in her suit, setting down her purse. Katherine looked how proper and elegant Sarah looked in her suit. Then she looked down. Proper and Elegant didn't really describe a naked girl hugging herself.

"Hi Katherine. I brought you dinner." Sarah said casually.

"Sarah, please!" Katherine instantly began to beg. "I need clothes, this is too much."

"Katherine, I'll hear none of this. You need this. I'm helping you, I won't let you're psychological problems continue. They were a threat to our relationship and happiness."

When had Sarah started talking like this? How did she think she knew what was best for Katherine? Mandy and Veronica. Sarah was speaking in the same pseudo intellectual manner as them. Katherine remembered their smirking faces and hated them all the more.

"At least put the lock back, people can just walk in!" Katherine said.

"Don't worry about that. I checked with everyone on the floor. Nobody said they minded." Great. So everyone knew she was naked at all times.

"You need to relax. I'm going out to dinner with Mandy and Veronica to talk about some things from work. You're lucky, getting to stay home all day while I'm out supporting us." Katherine disagreed. She was a prisoner, even the right to clothing and dignity taken from her. Jail would almost be better!

But she didn't say anything. Sarah wasn't allowing any argument, and Katherine was helpless. She probably had a warrant out for stealing her mother's car, She had no money or clothes. She couldn't leave, She had to stay trapped in this room. A prisoner, totally helpless.

Sarah opened the padlock on the closet with a key from her pocket. Katherine felt excitement for the first time all day. Maybe she had changed her mind! But, instead of pulling out clothing she removed the blankets and sheets and relocked the door. She threw them next to Katherine.

"Make the bed, I've got to go. I'm not sure when I'll be getting back, you might already be asleep." She walked to the door. "I hope you appreciate all I'm doing for you. This won't be easy, but we will get through it." She left, leaving Katherine alone.

**Part 22**

Katherine slept restlessly. She thought about her own nudity. She thought about the faces of everyone so far who had seen her naked. She thought about Sarah, out with Mandy and Veronica. She tossed and turned unhappily. Finally she fell asleep.

She awoke to a hand gently prodding her backside. She was still sleeping on her stomach, her butt too sore to lay on. The covers were pulled away, exposing every inch of her.

"Wake up." It was Sarah. "Get off the bed."

Katherine rose, covering herself. This was her lover, she should be happy to be naked in front of her. But she wasn't. She was ashamed. Sarah pulled the blankets and sheets off the bed and put them in the closet, locking it behind her.

"I picked up some food for you, it's in the mini fridge. I'm working all day." Sarah said. Suddenly the door opened. Mandy and Veronica came in. Katherine cringed, once again being seen naked by the women who were quickly becoming her enemies.

"Hey Kathy!" Mandy said, waving with a giggle.

"Sarah, we have to go, we're going to be late." Veronica said.

"I'm coming." She kissed Katherine on the cheek. Katherine didn't respond, just kept trying to cover herself. The three left, chatting as the walked out. They didn't even close the door, forcing Katherine to run over and shut it before anyone else walked by.

This became the routine. Sarah woke Katherine in the morning and took the blanket and sheets. Then left for work. On her days off she'd go out all Day with Veronica and Mandy. She didn't even sleep at home, just brought Katherine dinner and gave her blankets.

Trips to the bathroom were excruciating. The first time she went out the two neighbors who had caught her the day before were sitting in chairs in the hall in front of their door. Katherine peaked out and saw them, but eventually could no longer hold it and was forced to walk past them. She walked out, little hands over her little A cups. She wasn't sure which would be more embarrassing: to run or to walk. Running would make her humiliation quicker but she knew how much her butt tended to jiggle. She chose to walk. On the tips of her toes she walked by, arms barely covering her most sensitive areas.

The two men were talking, but stopped as she appeared. With huge grins they blatantly stared. How could they? Katherine thought. Don't they understand how humiliating this is? She passed directly in front of them. For a second they caught eyes with them, but had to look away from the wicked amusement in their faces. She passed by, throwing her hands now over her butt, fingers spread over the cheeks, not really hiding anything.

After relieving herself she was once more forced to pass them. She stared down at her flattened chest and bare body. When she got back into her room she burst into tears. How was this her fate?

The day dragged on. Katherine was forced to go to the bathroom four times. Anxiety always made her have to more. Every time they were there. Twice she encountered other people on the way. The people weren't even startled. One woman laughed blatantly at her. Her forth trip by one of them men snapped a photo of her. There was nothing she could do besides cover her nipples and crotch.

Sarah arrived at home, gave Katherine food and the blankets then left without explanation. Katherine, alone and miserable found herself rubbing her body. Her body that shamed her so much. She caressed her own small breasts, then found herself drifting farther down. She ended up masturbating all night. She was so frustrated and alone, It was all she could do to find release. Afterwards she felt even more shamed, naked in a pool of her own sweat.

This became the routine. Sarah would stop by in the morning to take the blankets, leaving Katherine naked and alone. The next day more people were in the hallway. The two men had invited friends to sit out, waiting for Katherine. She had no choice but to be exposed again and again. As word spread more and more people began spending their free time in the hallway, waiting for a glimpse of the naked girl.

"why does she do it?" A woman said to her boyfriend, knowing Katherine could overhear

"I don't know, she must enjoy it."

"Well I sure don't mind!"

The girl hit her boyfriend in the shoulder.

“Oh come on babe. Don't be jealous. I like a woman with real curves!”

Then word got around that the door was unlocked. At first only Sarah, Veronica and Mandy would come in. Sarah would bring her meals and lock away the bedding. Mandy and Veronica would stop by to "get a book" or "pick up a shirt.". But they're visits mainly focused around berating and mocking Katherine.

"Why are you covering yourself? It's not cold, and everyone's seen it all anyways" Veronica would say.

"Besides, what do you have to hide? So you're flat chested and a little chubby. No one's judging." Mandy would add.

Then more and more people started entering. They had similar excuses, pick up something from Sarah, get a cup of sugar. But every time they would watch Katherine. Almost everyone on the floor stopped through. The worst was the creepy old man from the corner room. He just stared and smiled, standing in the doorway. Katherine eventually hid behind the counter until he left.

Normally she spent all day laying in bed. With her body bare and nothing else to do she had become a chronic masturbater. It was the only thing that brought her comfort. She would play with herself her hours, having orgasm after orgasm. She was caught by Veronica and Mandy, one hand fondling a nipple, one caressing her chest. They both stared. Katherine didn't even hear them open the door, she just opened her eyes when she was done and they were standing there. Flustered, breathing heavy she closed her legs, which had been spread wide.

"Wow" Veronica said. It might have been the first time Katherine had seen her speechless. Katherine slammed her legs shut and instantly stopped pleasuring herself, even though her body screamed for her to continue. The two women stood, jaws agape as Katherine wished she could disappear. Finally they left, forgetting to close the door. On shaky legs Katherine had to waddle over and slam it shut.

How could she have allowed them to see that! She imagined how she looked, legs spread wide, playing with herself! Oh god they saw her come! For some reason that was the worst part. She moaned and held her face. She decided that, with the door not working she would have to not masturbate at all anymore.

And yet, four hours later she could not resist the urge.

It seemed like Sarah was making decent money at work because after a week she bought a small laptop. She'd leave it when she was at work, only increasing Katherine's masturbation habit. She browsed porn sights, watching lesbian videos. She had never watched porn before. She felt so naughty, but that only made her want to more. It was her only emotional release and it seemed that Sarah was never going to spend the night. She needed it.

This routine continued for a week. She never felt comfortable for a moment. Every second of the day she was fully aware of her nudity. She felt her bare butt when she sat, her bare feet on the ground, the wind over her nipples. Whenever she looked down she was greeted by her erect nipples off her bare chest.

As Katherine obsessively studied her nude form she grew to hate it more and more. She hated her little tits, her bubble butt. She hated every freckle on her pale body. She hated her small paunch of a stomach. She hated her stubby legs. She hated as her pubic hair grew in. She knew that everyone who saw her noticed as day by day it grew in. It was prickly and itch. Veronica and Mandy walked in one day and caught her scratching her crotch madly.

"ooh, little Kathy's playing with herself again?" Veronica said with a laugh as Katherine frantically covered herself.

"I think she's a little itchy because her big girl hair is coming in." Mandy said, giggling madly. Katherine cringed, slamming her knees tighter together.

"Oh really?" Veronica said. She approached Katherine. Katherine, confused, backed up until her bare butt squished against the wall. Veronica walked up and grabbed the wrist of Katherine's hand that was pressed between her thighs. Katherine resisted, but the hand was pulled away. Katherine kept her thighs slammed together, but her pubic stubble still showed.

"Wow" Veronica commented. "Hitting puberty in your early 20s?"

"I used to shave." Katherine said, throwing the hand that was over her chest over her crotch.

"right right" Veronica still held her arm up. "well how do you explain these?" She reached out and cupped Katherine's right breast. Katherine gasped both from shock and the stimulus.

"Maybe this is a sign. Maybe you're finally on your way to becoming a fully developed woman" Veronica said.

"let go of me!" Katherine pulled away. Veronica released her breast but kept her grip on Katherine's arm.

"Hey Mandy" Veronica called. "doesn't it look like her butts getting even bigger?" Katherine realized that in her struggles she had revealed her backside. Mandy walked up and inspected closer.

"Wow, you're right!" Mandy exclaimed. "geeze, Kathy's probably got the fattest ass I've ever seen!" Katherine finally freed her arm, covering herself and pressing against the wall.

"Leave me alone!" Katherine wailed.

"Katherine please listen. This is a part of you're healing process. You need to be broken down to be built back up into a fully functional woman. You need to come to grasp with you're body, your many flaws."

Katherine doubted their altruism. She could see the mockery and laughter in their eyes. They were just tormenting her. She knew she had a big butt, why'd they have to point it out?

"Just think about it Katherine" Veronica said as they began to walk away. "Sarah's a special girl, you need to clear out your problems to be worthy of her." Katherine watched as they left. She stood, still covering herself. She was right by the mirror. Almost against her will she stuck out her backside and looked at it in her reflection. It was bigger! Over the last few days it had bulged out a noticeable amount.

She realized that she had been doing nothing but sleep, masturbate and eat for the last four days. No wonder she was packing on weight. She turned herself, looking at her profile in the mirror. Her stomach was also swelling up. Not as noticeably as her butt, but the little roll at the bottom of her belly which she had carried since adolescence was bigger then it had ever been.

Katherine flushed. She was at her most out of shape at the same time everyone was seeing her naked! This only increased her shame. She was a chubby little naked baby! She despaired, covering her face in shame.

**Part 23**

The day did not get better. She went online. She checked her email out of habit. No one mailed her, she had left everyone she knew behind. But, today there was one in her inbox. To her surprise it was from Britney. Britney, the blonde bimbo who had gotten her into this mess. Who took her underwear at work. Who got her fired. She took pictures of her in the bath, then sent her off to school with her demented little sister. All of this could be traced back to Britney!

She remembered that all the employees emails had been on a list in the office. But why was Britney contacting her now? The tag of the email simply said "guess who's famous?" Katherine sat looking at the computer. She knew she was going to check the email. What else could she do? But for some reason she didn't want to. She had a terrible feeling, something about the title, and her memories of Britney. There was no way that bully would have anything positive to share.

Finally, almost against her will she clicked on the email. There was no message, just a link. After even more hesitation she clicked the link. She wast taken to a blog. Katherine's eyes went wide as she was greeted by a photo of herself, naked in the bathtub with the words "Tiny Tits Jumbo Ass" above it.

The blog was of her! Katherine almost screamed. She threw both hands over her mouth. She had never seen a naked photo of herself. The picture had been taken by surprise, she hadn't yet reacted in it. She sat both hands at her side, legs spread. Her small breasts curved upwards, nipples poking above the clear water. She was looking up, eyes wide. Her bottom lip was dropping, cheecks flushed red. Water dripped down her hair and bare shoulders. The overhead angle made her head look larger and her body smaller, making her look younger then ever. Between her legs under the water you could clearly see her vagina, lips slightly spread, completely bare.

Katherine stared at the picture. She didn't want to look at it, but was to horrified to look away. How many people had seen this? She scrolled down. There was two tabs. One said "305 comments". The other listed the view count. Over 100,000 people had seen this! Katherine almost fainted. That was more then she could imagine, her mind couldn't register. She sat naked, staring at a photo of herself naked. She had no dignity, nothing but humiliation burning inside of her.

Eventually she scrolled down. She had to see the rest, no matter how much she resisted. The next photo was the first Britney had taken. It was her from behind, wearing panties and an undershirt. She was bending over, her large backside stretching the panties to the max. She was looking past her shoulder, again with the same stupid, surprised look on her face. This was the photo that Katherine had surrendered her panties to ensure it would never end up online. Due to that she had lost her job, eventually all her clothes and now sat naked. All that sacrifice and Britney had still posted the picture!

Below was a close up of between Katherine's thighs from the same photo. Her panties were tugged between the lips of her vagina, a blatant camel toe visible. Katherine stared at the photo. She could not believe she was staring at her own crotch showing through her panties. This was online for anyone to see!

She kept scrolling down. The next was a shot of her on the small santa's knee, in her stupid elf outfit. He had just pulled her off balance, her legs were wide, providing a practically gynecological view of her crotch. She was in mid scream in the photo. She was beginning to hate how stupid and helpless her face looked in every photo. The same look of shock, with those wide eyes and blotchy red cheeks.

Next was her being held by a security guard face against a wall. This was after her skirt had been ripped off in the revolving door, so her butt was hanging out. In the photo you could see people gathered, other people taking photos. Everyone was laughing and grinning. Katherine had never seen her butt from this angle. It was so big! She stared at it in shock. Pear shaped with dimples, the tan lines from her panties, all visible. It trailed off into her full thighs, then her dainty calves and small feet, still in those stupid elf shoes.

Katherine continued to scroll through the pictures. She would look down, stare at herself, then compare it to the photos. She felt like she was about to burst. Then, almost without realizing it her hand was between her legs. What was she doing? She couldn't explain. She was just so humiliated, so exposed, and so horny all at once. She began to rub, making circles around her clit.

The next photo was of her holding a towel to her breasts. It draped over her crotch but generous amounts of her pale hips showed to each side. Katherine began rubbing her finger up and down, going from her clit to the entrance of her vagina.

She scrolled down farther. The next photo was one she had been dreading. It was her in Abby's room wearing panties and the girdle bra. She didn't remember Abby taking this one, but wasn't suprised it exisited. She hadn't seen herself from an outside angle like this. As she feared the bra completely smashed down her chest. She looked totally flat! Adding to this the panties pushed up her stomach, her small bulge protruding twice as far as her squished chest. She looked like a little girl, there was no denying it.

Katherine was becoming more horrified and more aroused by the second. She put one foot on the desk. spreading her legs wide. She slid two fingers into herself, letting out a deep moan. This was insane, she was masturbating to her own humiliations! But Katherine was lost in the moment. Biting her lip she scrolled down.

The next was a shot of her in the Gym of Abby's school. She was running, mid step. Her pants had slid off, her panties lost long before. Her panties were being thrown off her left foot which was raised behind her. Mid step her butt was in mid jiggle, left cheek clenched, right with a ripple visible in her fatty mound. The one below was her looking down, wearing only a white top and sneakers, staring at her own vagina in shock. In the mega pixel detail you could see every detail of her hairless mound.. Then one of her pulling her shirt down while near a hundred pre teens pointed and laughed.

The next post was a video. Katherine was nearing climax. Her hand was shaking uncontrollably as she moved the mouse to hit play, her moans barely suppressible. The video was from the bus. It was from behind. It started with her already in her "bra". Besides that, nothing else. Her The low angle of the shot made her butt look huge. She wasn't even covering. Katherine saw the dozens of faces looking at her exposed crotch. She looked down at her crotch now. She had two fingers buried to the knuckle in it, her juices soaking the speckling of hair that surrounded it.

"oh no, no, not my tits." Katherine said, not even meaning to. But, in the video Abby's hand shot up, grabbing the girdle and ripping it away. Katherine saw herself look down in horror, hand still limp at her sides. She saw her chest, smashed flat. She hadn't seen what it had looked like from another angle. She was horrified. She looked like a little girl! Her boobs completely flat, even her nipples completely squished. She watched As Abby moved the camera to get a profile shot, showing how totally flat she was. Also this angle showed Katherine's bare crotch, clean shaven and fully visible.

Katherine continued to thrust her fingers in and out as she watched the video. She saw the faces of everyone on the bus laughing at her naked body. Katherine threw her head back and moaned. That's when she noticed Sarah, Mandy and Veronica standing behind her.

**Part 24**

"AAAHHH!" Katherine screamed loudly. She looked from the three staring girls to her own body. Her legs were spread wide, both feet on the desk. Her fingers were still in her naked crotch and every inch of her was covered in sweat.

Katherine threw her free hand over her chest and pulled her legs together.

"So Katherine" Veronica said behind her. Katherine refused to look. "Sarah tells us you claim that you do not sexually enjoy being exposed in public?" Her voice poured sarcasm.

"Don't stop on our account!" Mandy said with a laugh. Katherine couldn't believe it. Not only had she been caught masturbating, she had been caught masturbating to a nude video of herself!

"and to think: I was considering ending your aversion therapy" Sarah said.
"but it's obvious you still have a perverse obsession with being exposed." Katherine couldn't look up. They were right, of course. Though she hated her body, nothing had been as arousing as seeing these photos, nothing in her whole life had been this big of a turn on. She couldn't believe she had been caught masturbating, but at the same time desperately wanted to finish. She looked down: Her nipples were sticking out like arrows, her small breasts shiny with sweat. Her hand was wedged between her thighs. She realized that in her shock she had not removed her fingers, they were still in her. With reluctance she pulled them out. They were sticky and shiny with fluids. This made her shame grow even greater.

But still she wished they would leave so she could finish herself off. But they didn't. The girls leaned over her bare shoulders, ignoring her and looking at the website. They all started laughing.

"This is amazing! Look at her, naked in the tub like a little girl!" Veronica laughed.

"I like the one, her dressed like an elf with her ghetto booty hanging out!" Mandy giggled.

"My, she looks like quite the convincing little girl in this." Sarah said. Katherine couldn't believe it! Her lover (though not lately) was joining it, making fun of her right in front of her. She was forced to sit there, naked as the day she was born while they went through every humiliating photo. They commented on her imperfections, laughed wickedly at her humiliations.

"I'm going to show these to everyone!" Mandy said excitedly.

"Please don't!!" Katherine suddenly pleaded. The three looked at her like they had forgotten she was in the room.

"Katherine, go take a shower." Sarah said, looking at her hand that was on her crotch. Katherine looked. It still shined with her own fluids. Abashed, Katherine rushed out the room. She had to jog naked, bare butt flowing to the shower. An old man passed her, first looking startled then throwing her a wink. Disgusted she ran by, face bright red. In the shower she finally got to bring herself to orgasm. She finished and leaned on the wall, letting the water pour over her.

**Part 25**

The days kept dragging by. She put on another five pounds the next week. Now her thighs rubbed together when she walked. She was annoyed by the chaffing it caused. She also knew everyone could see it. Her belly now hung out farther then her chest. Her butt now hung low, rather then it's normal perky state. She felt horrible, watching her nude body fatten up day by day. Even worse, every single person got to see her bare body get fatter, and most weren't afraid to comment on it.

"Wow, packing on the pounds Kathy!" laughed the old man down the hall.

"Man, I like a girl with a little meat on her, but that little honey's getting plain pudgy!" the man two doors down whispered to his friend as Katherine walked by.

"ooh, look at her butt jiggle! Girl's got an ass like pudding!" his friend responded as they both laughed. Katherine, tears in her eyes ran back to her room.

The worst came from Jennifer, Veronica and Sarah. They would come into her room just to berate her.

"Jesus Kathy" Veronica laughed the first time she saw Katherine's heavier state. "You've got no self control, do you? Running around naked and you still won't even bother to keep in shape!

She walked around Katherine in a circle. Katherine simply held her head down and covered her crotch and nipples. Whenever the pair would come to insult her she stood in that pose and waited for them to leave. Vanessa broke her silence by forcefully gripping her stomach paunch and causing her to whine loudly.

"Jenn, looks at these roles!" She laughed, tugging on Katherine's embarrassing bulge. Katherine pulled away, turning her body to the wall. Jennifer laughed and ran up to cup her exposed butt.

"Look at this!" She pulled up on the skin of Katherine's backside, then let if fall back in place. The pair laughed as it warbled and shook before settling. Katherine stood, shaking in place. Her face was flushed as she nervously twiddled with her now thick mound of pubic hair. A strange nervous tick she had developed from always being naked and having to hold a hand over her crotch. Katherine had shaved her crotch since she'd started getting pubic hair:: her thick mound of dark black hair was another thing that everyone could see and shamed her. She preferred being completely bare to having everyone see her natural, thick mound of hair.

This poking and prodding she was receiving was nothing new. These two found time almost every day to feel her up while they verbally harassed her. They poked at her like a slab of meat and all she could do about it was cover what everyone had already seen.

Sarah, her supposed girlfriend was no better. She harassed Katherine to the same degree.

"God, do you have any self respect?" She asked Katherine. "You're naked in front of everyone and you just keep putting on weight? You know how undignified you look, waddling around like this?"

"Please Sarah, just give me clothes! I'll be good i swear!" Katherine pleaded for the hundredth time.

"I can't. Not until I know you're fully over your obsession with exhibitionism." Sarah responded. "And, the only way to do that is to keep up this aversion therapy until you accept your nudity as a private and natural thing." Katherine knew this would be the response. It always was. Then Sarah would leave, spend the night down the hall with Jennifer and Vanessa. Sarah didn't even bother to hide it. She treated Katherine like a burden and a pest, not her partner. This lowered Katherine's self esteem even more.

**Part 26**

Even worse, the hostel started a chore list. Katherine had a suspicion it was to get her out of her room more often. Sarah declared that because she worked, Katherine had to do the chores. So, almost every day she was forced to do tasks around the building while fully nude. On her naked elbows and knees, bare butt bent over, small breasts hanging down she scrubbed the tiles of the bathroom while it was in use. People would walk in and out, laughing at the naked girl wearing rubber gloves, speckled with soapy water. Katherine could do nothing to cover herself while completely these chores. All she could do was try to finish as quickly as possible while everyone could gawk at her spread over ass to their own amusement.

The next week she had to water the plants in the lobby. The house manager gave her a watering bucket and brought her down the stairs. Katherine hadn't been on the ground floor naked yet. She was lead down the stairs with great reluctance, holding the large watering can in front of herself. The lobby was deserted, thankfully for Katherine. Besides the house manager who sat behind the front desk burning holes in her bare ass with his eyes no one was around. She stepped into the room on the soles of her bare feet. She almost screamed when she saw that the whole front of the building was floor to ceiling windows facing out to the busy street!

She stood, covering her crotch with the heavy watering bucket. It took both her hands to hold it but it was too short to cover her chest and her crotch. She had been faced with this before and tended to cover her lower half, even though she was equally ashamed of her small breasts.

Katherine stood in the corner of the room, partially concealed by shadow. Outside, dozens of people of every age and gender walked by. She stared out at them, evening their clothing. No one seemed to know how lucky they were to get to hide their shame. Then again Katherine knew none of them had been forced to spend so long naked against their will. When she left the safety of the shadows she would be visible to all. Anyone who happened to glance in would see her, fully naked. She nervously chewed on her lip, rubbing her toes together. She darted a glance at the house manager. He seemed indifferent, expect for an excited, wicked smile on his lips. Katherine knew by his face she had no say in the matter.

So she stepped forward. She tried to put a forearm over her chest, but it caused her to loose her grip on the water jug and splash cold liquid down her front. She gasped at the shock. Looking down she saw her nipples jet out like beacons.

Now shivering slightly she began to water the plants. She tried to hurry but it seemed the house manager had other plans.

"Those orchids need more water." He said slyly. "You can't drown them either: you've got to pour slowly for about a minute." Grimacing she returned to the flowers she had just watered and started again. While she watered she had no way of hiding herself. She stood bare to the world. She could see people out the window start to notice her. After all how would they not? she was bare naked in a public place preforming mindless chores. Of course she stood out. People started to hover outside, pointing in at her as she was forced to lean over potted plants fully nude.

This was the most public place Katherine had been naked since the spanking Sarah had given her on the street. Once again she felt that terrible tingle in her stomach of pure humiliation as the nightmare went on and on. She tried to look at the flowers and ignore the people. She tried not to look down and see her upward curving nipples, round stomach and dark tangle of pubic hair. But, she kept catching glimpses of both. She saw a young, laughing teenage boy with his camera phone pressed to the window. Suddenly everyone seemed to catch the same idea. She saw bright flashes as photos were being snapped, her nude figure permanently documented. And, like a helpless child there was nothing she could do.

She saw someone enter. She glanced up to see a business man, suit and tie, with his fur coat clad wife at his arm. The house manager came up from around the counter to speak to them.

"Yes? Do you need a room?" He asked.

"No, that's not it." the man replied. "I was merely wondering about the girl."

"The girl?" The house manager asked innocently.

"Yes, the naked little hussy watering your plants!" The man's wife replied, dismissively flicking a hand in Katherine's direction.

"Ah, Katherine? Yes? What about her?" The house manager asked.

"Well, ah..." The business man nervously stammered, trying hard not to stare at Katherine. "You see... we live on this street. And, as concerned property owners we were wondering why she's not wearing clothing?"

"Oh, that." the house manager said with a laugh. "Well, here's a little known fact: In this county, nudity in a private building is fully legal, as long as it's not for sexual enjoyment." Katherine was surprised. Could that possibly be true? She'd half been expecting the police to show up again.

"Well sure, but you can see her... bits from the window" The woman said with disgust.

"That may be, but it's all perfectly legal. As I understand it this is part of a therapy she's going through." He replied.

"Really? A therapy?" The man replied, intrigued.

"Yes. As I understand it she's an uncontrollable exhibitionist. She constantly exposes herself in public. Her current nudity is to encourage her to realize that public nudity can be a humiliating disturbance for the masses. Or something like that." He ended with a chuckle and a shrug. Katherine wanted to correct him, to say that she had never been deliberately naked in public, but she bit her tongue and hung her head.

"Really? Well, that changes everything." The man said. His wife seemed unconvinced.

"I don't know... I feel we should call the police" She said, tugging her husbands sleeve. "I don't like seeing chubby, naked little girls in public, it's inappropriate." Katherine grimaced, looking down at her belly in shame.

"Well, it's not like she's a stirpper or anything." her husband defended. He for one was looking forward to seeing this on his way to work whenever he could. "She's just a naked girl. It's much more innocent. After all, she's not an item of lust, she's just a naughty child being taught a lesson."

"I suppose you're right." His wife agreed. "I almost wish we could do the same with our daughter. Imagine young Jessica forced to do her chores naked! That would put some respect into her."

"I think not!" The husband said, disgusted at the idea of this being done to his own daughter, even while he secretly reveled in seeing it happen to Katherine. The two continued to bicker as they walked out the door. The house manager threw Katherine a wink and went back behind the counter. Katherine, feeling like a exposed, out of shape ball of shame chocked back tears and continued to water the plants, all the while being photographed and filmed by excited men on the street.

**Part 27**

Katherine went back to her room on the verge of tears. The house manager had kept finding chores, keeping Katherine exposed in that lobby for hours. She felt good to be in her room, even if she was still naked. She opened Sarah's computer. Sarah had set her background to that terrible photo of Katherine, naked on the public bus. The one that made it look like her chest wasn't even developed in the slightest. So, Katherine had to see that whenever she used the internet. She wondered once more how Sarah had grown so cold and mean spirited. Then, she logged on to the internet. She had nothing to look at, it was just the only distraction from her nudity. But, inevitably she found herself at the same website she always ended up at. The blog Britney had made of humiliating photos of her. She couldn't help but look at it, even though it was torture. She was reading the comments. There were hundreds, from the the millions who had visited. She had been reading through them for days out of some masochistic urge. She read all the horrible things written about her.
Wow! These can't be legal! That girl's gotta be like 10!
I think it's Photoshop. No way could a girl be shaped like that and have such tiny boobs!
Howard Stern has a Smallest Tit's contest. Someone should enter this girl!
Man, Look how huge her ass is!
Check those tan lines! have to wear sunglasses to look at this girl's cootch!
Hey, I'd still do her. All you need is a mouthful!
I don't think she even has that!
Check out that hairless pussy!

Katherine noticed another from this "Anton\_77" character. He was some guy who claimed to have a magazine. Probably just another pervert trying to find out where she lived. He claimed that the magazine was focused on girl's with figures like Katherine's and wanted to pay her to be a model. Katherine was, of course, skeptical. She had no way of knowing what this guy was about. She doubted there was any magazine oriented around naked, chubby, small breasted girls who were always mistaken for little girls. No magazine she wanted to have anything to do with.

This time Anton\_77 had posted a link to his website. Out of boredom and a desperate desire to stop reading depraved insults about her form Katherine clicked on it. She was surprised to find that yes, the model shown did look somewhat like her. Short, pale with some lady like curves but not overly endowed. The photo was tasteful, her nude on a bed with a sheet over herself. Katherine had been worried it would be some sort of fetish around girls in school girl dresses or diapers, both of which she had been forced to wear and never intended to again.

She went on to find the magazine's mission statement. "This magazine to a celebration of the natural beauty of womanhood often ignored in photography. A celebration of real women with real figures. Not Photoshopped or physically altered to fit some idea of perfection but an acceptance of the natural perfection of the female form." Katherine was surprised and strangely, a little moved. She looked at the mirror across the room. She did not look perfect. While sitting her rolls of fat showed even more dramatically, and her butt went over the edges of the chair. But, for the first time she could remember Katherine saw her nude body as an object of beauty, if only for a fleeting second before her insecurities kicked back in.

Maybe this was worth a shot. Katherine knew that is she did nothing she'd probably live like this forever. A naked pet, practically a slave. Being ogled by everyone in this building, no one helping her while her supposed lover spend every night with other women. But, if this modeling gig payed decently she'd have the means to regain her freedom. It was worth a shot.

So, she emailed a response. After looking in the mirror she decided she'd need some time to work off all this weight she'd put on. Anton said he understood, that the offer was open whenever she wanted to take him up on it.

Katherine began exercising daily. This was, of course, a new attraction for the people who lived on her floor. After the first time someone walked into her room and caught Katherine doing jumping jacks the visits became more and more frequent. Someone walked in while she was doing situps, getting a full view between her legs. Jennifer and Vanessa walked in while she was jumping rope, getting a shot of her whole body mid jiggle. A man caught her doing pushups, allowing her to be filmed for a full minute before she looked up and noticed his camera catching her bare nipples scraping on the floor. Every time she was caught Katherine would instantly stop, cover herself vainly while her face turned red.

Then, something began to happen. Katherine began to loose weight. Within a week she was back to her normal state. And, slowly she stopped caring when people walked in. What was the difference anyway? Everyone in the whole building had seen her naked in every imaginable position. So what if she was doing squats when they walked in. Let THEM be embarrassed. She'd just ignore them.

And her knew confidence did make people nervous. When she didn't blush and shriek and cover herself it was less thrilling to walk in on her. Her ignoring them felt creepy and took away the humor. Sure, everyone was impressed by her improved figure, but slowly the visits to her room dwindled off. When Katherine walked down the hall to the communal bathroom she didn't cover herself. She strut, arms at her sides now.

After another week she had lost even more weight. She looked in the mirror. She still was very womanly, but firmed up quite a bit. Her stomach was flat. Her butt was still a great deal on the large side, but it didn't sag downwards anymore, and the unpleasant lumpy shape and restored to a perfect heart shape. Katherine was ready.

But, still a great deal nervous. She'd never modeled, much less for a sexual magazine. And, no matter how much this Anton had convinced her of his sincerity over emails, she still had not met him in person. She'd explained as much as she could over emails. She told him to bring her clothes and to come when Sarah was at work.

All day she waited impatiently, walking on bare feet back and forth across her small apartment. Finally there came a knock on the door. It'd been so long since anyone had knocked it startled her.

"Hello?" the male voice came from through the door.

"Hey!" Katherine yelled. "C...could you slide the clothes in then shut the door please?" Katherine stammered. Anton knew she was naked, but she was scared to let him see it yet. She was terrified he would laugh, call her tiny tits or lard ass. She saw a plastic bag slid in, then the door quickly close again. She practically ran over. Clothes! the first clothes she had worn in well over a month! She quickly threw on the sweat pants and over sized tee shirt. No underwear, but at least they weren't falling off her.

Another small knock sounded at the door.

"Oh, yes, come in" Katherine said, now clothed. The door slid open. A tall, skinny man, about twenty five entered. He had glasses and sort of a goth look to him. Strangely he was exactly what Katherine had expected.

"Katherine, right?" He asked, shaking her hand. "Is there anything else? Or are you ready to come to the studio?

"Sure, let's go quickly, before anyone sees us?" Anton looked at her with confusion.

"Oh, I told you about my psycho roommate. You know, the one who won't let me where clothes? Well, I don't want anyone letting her know that I'm leaving the house." The answer seemed good enough for Anton. He peaked out the door frame, then motioned for her to follow. They slipped down the hall and stairs. The House Manager was busy reading a magazine and didn't notice them leave the lobby.

Outside they got into Anton's car. Katherine was as excited as a school girl. She hadn't been out of the house in so long! the world felt so big and exciting. She stared excitedly out the window the whole drive.

They parked in an alley. Taking a service elevator to the top floor they emerged into a wide studio, which took up the entire floor. Scattered everywhere was photo equipment, backdrops, sets and lights. Katherine struggled to take it all in as she passed from one set to another. Anton watched happily as she scurried around the studio in amazement.

"Right now I pretty much run the whole magazine." He explained. "I have a few friends who help out, but circulation is really low, pretty much independent. I'm hoping you'll help me change that."

"Me?" Katherine asked, a bit shocked. "How can I help?"

"I want you to be the face of "Modern Goddess". I knew from the moment that I saw your photos on that blog that you were exactly what I wanted to show people." Katherine blushed. And, for the first time in many months, not from shame, but from flattery.

"Oh, I don't know about all that..."

"No need to be coy Katherine. I don't want to pry but it's obvious people have convinced you of some pretty unflattering things. Well I just want to let you know known of them are true. You have all the beauty it takes to be a model, a great one. And I want to help you achieve that." He gestured at a fake brick wall. "We'll use this backdrop. I got the idea from you're public photos: It'll look like it's on the street. You'll get 500 down payment, then a chunk of all the profits of the magazine. That room's fully stocked with makeup and clothing. Put on whatever you like, take you're time. When you're ready we'll get started.

Katherine spent well over an hour trying on different outfits while Anton waited patiently outside. She was so excited to get to be a woman, wearing makeup and dresses, trying to find the right outfit. It felt like she hadn't done so in a lifetime. Finally she decided on a red pleated skirt and a black top. She wore a large amount of makeup and combed her hair straight. A bit nervously she walked out and stood before him.

"Great! You look perfect!" He said excitedly, leading her to the set. "Normally i have a girl help out with makeup and clothes, but I figured that, with your history you'd want this to be private."

"Thank you." Katherine said, standing awkwardly before the camera Anton had. "...Well? What do I do?"

"Just pose, whatever feels natural. I'll set the lights to you."

So the first photo session began. Katherine slowly began to open up. At first she just stood. Then she began trying different things. She tried different thing's she'd seen from magazines, just trying to act like a model. Blowing kisses, knocking her knees together while looking at the camera over her shoulder. She opened up more and more, feeling sexy for one of the first times in her life.

"Alright, just a few more." Anton said, checking his watch. "We gotta get you back soon." Katherine took a deep breath. She'd been wanting to do something the whole time, trying to build herself up to it. It was now or never. She turned away from the camera. Facing the wall she grabbed the hem of her shirt. Slowly, with reluctance and for effect she pulled it up, over her stomach, then bare chest, then over her shoulder. She turned back, pulling down her lower lip with one finger, shirt in one hand. Anton took a dozen photos.

"Wow, that was really great there at the end!" He said excitedly as Katherine put her shirt back on.

"Well, I looked at the magazine online, I know your models normally show more skin."

"That's true. But, I'm using you for the cover this month. The cover has to be PG-13 to get on shelves. So, that last shot will be perfect. You can't see anything but you know what's there, if you follow."

Katherine switched back to the sweats and tee that Anton had given her. He paid her the five hundred he'd promised, then drove her home. Katherine returned to her room and stripped. She hid the money and the clothes in a box under the bed. When Sarah arrived from work Katherine was there, naked on the couch as though nothing had happened.

Sarah noticed though, that Katherine was in a very good mood. She'd begun to worry since Katherine started loosing all her weight. Now, seeing her acting perky and completely natural while fully naked made her very worried indeed. Sarah loved what she had going. She had Katherine under her complete control. Deprived of clothing, Katherine was forced to do whatever Sarah wanted. But, as her confidence grew Sarah's control felt like it was starting to slip. She knew she had to keep Katherine down somehow.

"Kathy, the house manager told me that you can no longer walk naked down the halls." Sarah lied. "So I'm afraid the bathroom's off limits."

"What? How will I go then?" Katherine asked.

Sarah grinned, and reached into a grocery bag. She pulled out a package of adult diapers.

"With these!" She said wickedly. Katherine looked at the diapers in disgust.

"No, I don't think so." She said calmly.

"What? What did you say?!" Sarah yelled.

"I said no. You're being absurd. Either give me back my clothes or let me go to the bathroom. I won't wear those."

Sarah grabbed Katherine by the arm and pulled her up.

"You don't get to say no!" She yelled, dragging Katherine to the table. Katherine didn't resist at all as she was bent over the table, breasts on cold wood, bare ass fully exposed. Sarah raised her hand back and spanked Katherine as hard as she could. She waited for Katherine to begin yelling and crying, begging her to stop. Instead Katherine didn't do anything. Her expression didn't even change. Sarah, confused, spanked her again. And again. She started slapping at full force as fast as she could. Katherine felt the fire on her skin, but bit her lip and didn't make a sound. Eventually Sarah got tired and released her. Katherine's ass was bright red with welts, but she looked completely calm. Sarah stared at her in shock.

"Alright, fine!" She yelled. "You don't have to wear the diapers! But, you're still going to be naked! Naked as a baby all the time!"

"Fine." Katherine said, laying on her stomach on the bed. "Whatever you say."

Sarah glared at Katherine, breathing heavy. Finally, in annoyance and confusion she stormed out again.

Katherine stared at the wall. She wasn't going to put up with this any more. She had decided then and there. Sarah had gone nuts and was being abusive. Katherine began to make her plans....

**Part 28**