Kim and Jen

Chapter 1

Kim pulled her car into the mall parking lot 20 minutes ago and still did not have the nerve to get out and do her assignment. She knows she has to do this but she just can’t make herself get out of the car and walk into the mall. Strutting into the mall in this outfit will be hard enough. It will be nothing, though, compared to the embarrassment she will feel before this assignment is completed! It didn’t help that Jen picked the mall closest to campus. Many of her fellow students have part-time jobs in this mall.

“I’m never going to finish if I don’t start”, Kim thinks to herself. Blushing deeply, she gets out of the car. “This is so embarrassing!” she thinks. Of course, her assignment is supposed to be embarrassing. Jen outdid herself with this one! Kim is wearing a white tube top. It’s an 8-inch band of material hugging her breast. It’s a size too large and she is constantly adjusting it to keep it from falling down and showing most of her tits. Across the front of the tube top, in large red letters, is the word SLUT.

Her skirt is actually another tube top. This one, too, is white. It fit her well before, but she is stretching it out by wearing it as a skirt. By necessity, she has this tube top slung very low on her hips. This tube top is also 8 inches. Low on her hips, she has managed to barely cover herself in front, but there just isn’t enough material to cover her butt completely. She grimaces as she tugs the skirt down once again. Jen has already told her she is wearing this as a top to school tomorrow. Every bit of stretching she does this evening will be paid for in constant top adjustments tomorrow. Still, it can’t be helped. She can’t walk into the mall with her pussy hanging out, can she?

The rest of her outfit consists of black 6-inch spike heels, little white lace anklets, and some jewelry. Not elegant or flattering jewelry, though. She wears a small chain bracelet on each wrist and ankle. Each bracelet has 6 bells on it and every movement causes an annoying jingle. She also has large hoop earrings on. There are bells on her earrings, too. This jewelry is not designed to enhance her appearance; it’s designed to attract attention to her. As if the big red SLUT on her chest and the tiny skirt weren’t enough!

She puts her car key in the magnetic holder and sticks it to the underside of her fender. She has a small purse with her that holds her credit card, driver’s license, cell phone and a dozen condoms. The purse is new and she is using it for the first time on this assignment. It is made of clear plastic. This is just one more humiliating aspect of this assignment.

Ordinarily, Kim would be looking forward to a trip to the salon. Not this time, though. She is getting her long brown hair styled, make-up, and a manicure and pedicure. Her instructions are to be at the salon by 6:00. Jen has already made an appointment for her with a particular stylist. She has to keep this appointment before completing the rest of her assignment.

Taking a deep breath, she walks towards the main entrance of the mall.

Kim and Jen have been friends since high school. Now, they are both freshmen at the local State College. They share an apartment near campus with two other students. Since high school, the two have been making bets with each other. The bets always end up with an embarrassing pay-off. In the beginning these were silly things like wearing mismatched stockings, or wearing a plaid blouse with a plaid skirt. The objective was always to embarrass the loser. In their senior year of high school, they started buying clothes to be worn on the bet payoffs. Jen went to a thrift shop and bought some horribly outdated fashions. Kim bought terribly revealing clothes, sheer tops, very short skirts, etc. for the bet payoffs. Of course, it didn’t matter who bought the clothes; the loser could be made to wear anything.

Kim secretly enjoyed losing these bets. She had a need to feel the embarrassment and humiliation that came from doing the payoffs. She had been a troubled child. Years before she had seen a psychiatrist and been diagnosed with low self-esteem. The school had ordered the visit with the shrink and Kim’s parents didn’t put much stock in the diagnosis. In the end, she received no treatment for her problems. She was a normal girl in most ways, but had this need to feel abused and humiliated. Her games with Jen provided this outlet.

After a while, they decided that the stakes for a bet would be “anything time”. A typical bet would involve a day of anything time, or a weekend, or sometimes a whole week. Jen was slow to realize the types of payoffs Kim wanted. At first, Jen thought being made to wear parachute pants and blue eyeliner was the most humiliating thing you could do to a girl. That is, until Kim bought several very short skirts for the game and proposed that panties could never be worn during anything time. Jen tried on one of the skirts and it was just barely decent on her. Kim was at least 3 inches taller than Jen. Finally, Jen came to understand that Kim wanted to be forced into very revealing clothes. She then realized that Kim bet on the silliest things and lost most every bet.

During the girl’s senior year, Kim was in very revealing clothes more often than not. Very short skirts became a common outfit for her. Eventually, the short skirt became the standard for anything time. Kim’s parents would never let her out of the house in the anything time outfits. Jen’s parents both left for work early and Kim would go to her house before school to change into her payoff clothes. Jen enjoyed the game, especially since she had not lost a single bet all senior year. It wasn’t that she was smart, or a good gambler, it was due to Kim betting on the stupidest things, and trying to lose.

During the summer after graduation, Kim proposed a bet that changed the girl’s lives. She made a bet on the weather forecast. The Weather Channel was forecasting beautiful weather for the 4th of July. Kim announced that it would rain. The forecast called for bright sunshine but Kim was adamant. She proposed one full year of anything time against a single day of anything time from Jen. Jen agreed to the bet and there was not a drop of rain on the 4th. Kim was going to give Jen anything time from July 5, 2004 to July 4, 2005.

Chapter 2 – The Summer

Kim and Jen were together whenever possible. One day early in July Jen was at the community pool when she saw Kim walking over to her. Kim looked a little out of place in her bikini top and micro skirt. Jen smiled to herself as Kim walked over, knowing that there was nothing under that tiny skirt. Kim announced that she had gotten a summer job with a landscaping company. She would be working Monday through Thursday every week.

“Do they have a uniform at this landscaping company?” Jen asked.

“Yes, khaki shorts and a khaki shirt. Why?”

“Well, you better find out if a khaki skirt will be OK with them, because khaki shorts are not OK with me. Remember you’re on anything time!”

Kim blushed bright red. “You mean I have to wear skirts while I’m working? Can I at least wear longer skirts than this? And panties? Please!”

“No sweetie, you cannot. You’re going to be in little micro-minis for a year and I don’t care what you’re doing, there will be no exceptions. I may allow panties while you’re working but you’ll have to give up something. And allowing panties would be a huge concession so whatever you give up will also have to be huge. Any suggestions?” Jen smirked.

“Jen, I have to wear panties if I’m going to be working in a short skirt! I just have to!”

“Well, you go to the mall and get a couple khaki skirts and get them shortened to an appropriate length and we’ll talk about panties tonight, sweetie.” Jen said with a laugh.

“How short is appropriate?” asked a very nervous Kim. “I’ll be doing physical work?”

“Well, sweetie, if you want to wear panties under your work skirts they better be very short. Tell you what…you decide and tonight you can model them for me. If they’re short enough, we’ll talk about what you can do to earn the right to wear panties under them.” Jen said. “And think about what you’re willing to do for that right.”

Kim was unhappy with this discussion. She didn’t like the thought of making this decision. If she got skirts that were too long, she’d be naked under them. If she got skirts too short, she was sure Jen would make her wear them anyway. Either way she was going to look like a cheap slut.

“Run along now, sweetie. You have things to do!” Jen felt a huge rush from ordering her friend around like this. She wanted more from her and was determined to get it. She smiled as she watched Kim’s pussy come into clear view as she stood up in her little skirt. She was really looking forward to this!

Kim thought about what she needed to do as she drove to the mall. Obviously, there was little choice. She would get two khaki skirts and take them right to the tailor shop and have them shortened to the length of the little skirt she was wearing now. Her panties would be on display all the time at work. She just needed to make sure she earned the right to wear panties! She thought about what she would offer to Jen for the privilege. She was so horny!

Meanwhile, Jen left the pool and headed home. After a relaxing shower she got on the Internet. She searched Yahoo for the adult chat rooms, logged into a BDSM room and introduced herself. She described her friend Kim to the group and told everyone about her current predicament. She was overwhelmed with suggestions on how to proceed. Some suggestions were cruel, some were funny, but all would be embarrassing to Kim. “Well, hell, that’s what the bitch wants, anyway!” she thought. With the beginnings of a plan in her head, Jen began doing research. She was surprised at the amount of stuff she found on the Net about BDSM. In addition to all the fantasy stuff, there was a whole lot of valuable material. After several hours of reading and searching, Jen had a much better understanding of the subject, and of her friend Kim. She was also very horny!

Kim got two khaki skits at the mall. She spent most of the afternoon there. No store had skirts as short as she needed them, so she brought them to the tailor to be shortened. She had planned on 13 inches but at the last minute she decided that might be a bit long to please Jennifer and asked the tailor to hem them at 12 inches. She was too embarrassed to try the skirts on at the tailor shop and didn’t know how she was going to work in them, even with panties on. She did try them on at home. At dinner she had a big argument with her mother about the length. Kim’s mom called her a slut for wearing such short skirts and asked if she wanted everyone to see her underwear. Ironically, that’s exactly what Kim wanted, although tonight nobody was going to see her panties no matter how short her skirt was! She decided she would wear one of the new skirts over to Jen’s house since she needed Jen’s approval anyway.

Chapter 3 - Escalating

Kim called Jen on the way over and told her she was coming. She still didn’t know quite what to say about what she was willing to give up for the privilege of wearing panties to work. She decided she would tell Jen she would do anything and leave it at that. She hoped Jen would go easy on her but a part of her hoped that Jen would demand something outrageous. She had long fantasized about being completely controlled and totally degraded and humiliated. Of course, she had never told anyone this. Jen had some idea since her little ploy to get a full year of anything time was so transparent. She had no idea about what was going to happen tonight.

Jen answered the door with a big smile on her face. She looked Kim up and down; very pleased with the very short skirt Kim was wearing. “Wow girl! I guess you really need those panty privileges, don’t you?” she said with a smirk. Kim blushed and agreed. She really did need panty privileges.

“Sit down, Kim.” Instructed Jen. Kim sat knees together and Jen laughed openly at her. “I can see your pubic hair, girl! Now, when you’re landscaping there aren’t going to be chairs around, so why don’t you sit on the floor?” Kim did as she was told. Jen laughed again. “When you sit on the floor you really put on a good show! And I’ll bet getting up is going to show even more!” Jen was correct, of course. The little skirt was far too short for sitting on the floor or ground, or doing anything like landscaping!

“I have a surprise for you!” Jen announced. She went into the kitchen and came back with a bottle of tequila, a salt shaker, some limes, and a Diet Coke. “The Diet Coke is for me, sweetie, the tequila is for you. If you want to negotiate for panties you’re going to have to drink! In fact, you’re going to get very drunk, so pour yourself a big shot and give me your car keys.” This was one of the suggestions from the chat room this afternoon. The idea was to get Kim totally smashed and see what kind of stuff she’d agree to. Jen was pretty ruthless about this and Kim drank 6 shots in a half-hour!

“Ok, sweetie here’s the plan. You have enough liquor in you to loosen your tongue a bit. And you’re going to keep drinking. You’ll be as drunk as you’ve ever been. Just to make sure you don’t pass out, you’ll be chasing your tequila with Red Bull. See the clock on the wall? You make sure that every half-hour you drink another shot and a can of Red Bull. If you miss once, you won’t be wearing panties to work. Got it?” Kim nodded her understanding. She was already feeling quite drunk and hadn’t even begun to feel the effects of most of what she already drank. Jen made small talk with her for about 20 minutes and could see Kim getting visibly drunk.

“Now sweetie, if you want to negotiate for panties while you’re at work, you’ll need to do everything I say, OK? Refuse me anything and the no-panty rule will be enforced.” For emphasis, Jen gazed at Kim’s exposed crotch. Kim, now feeling very drunk, agreed.

“OK, sweetie, you won’t mind if I video tape our little negotiation, will you?” Jen said with a laugh.

“Video? Why?” Kim asked.

“Oh, just to preserve the memory is all. Now, are we taping or are you going to work without panties?”

Kim agreed to the taping. She was getting quite wet from the very thought of this and hoped that Jen wouldn’t notice. Jen set up a stool for Kim to sit on and a VHS camera and a web cam connected to her laptop. She had Kim sit and wait while she checked the view and the sound. Everything looked good. Now it was time to escalate.

“OK, sweetie, we’re almost ready to go. Here’s how it will work. You sit there and I’ll ask you questions and you just answer honestly and completely. When we’re done, I’ll give you my answer on the panties, OK?” Kim nodded and got up to sit on the stool. She was really drunk at this point and stumbled a little getting there. She giggled. Time to escalate a bit further.

“Oh, I forgot one thing, sweetie. Get your clothes off!”

“You want me naked?” Kim asked “Why?”

“Look, Kimmy, the camera is going to see your bush whether you’re naked or not with that little skirt on. I want you to take your clothes off. Either I get you on camera naked or all your coworkers can spend the summer looking at your pussy and ass. Strip!”

Kim was trapped. She desperately needed the privilege of wearing panties. A big part of her wanted this kind of treatment. She certainly wanted her year of anything time with Jen. This was going a bit fast for her, but she wasn’t willing to forget the whole thing. She stripped.

“There, that’s not so bad, is it? Jen said in a condescending tone. “Now spread your legs nice and wide. Imagine the biggest slut in the world and sit like her.” Jen giggled. Kim complied. She was very self-conscious sitting naked with her legs spread in front of the video equipment and her fully clothed friend. She was also visibly excited. Her pubic hair was glistening and her nipples were like little bullets. Her face was flushed, but that may have been from the tequila and Red Bull.

Jen started the questioning with some basic information like name, address, and phone number. All pretty basic information, but not what most people would want on a tape of themselves in the nude. Jen went on questioning Kim about the bets, her year of anything time, and her desire to wear panties under her skirt while she was at work. Jen pounded her on this point, making Kim admit that it was her idea that panties are never permitted during anything time. She made Kim admit that she bought very short skirts specifically for the anything time bets. She made Kim admit that she wanted to be dressed like a slut all the time. She even made the drunken girl admit she lost the bet for a year’s anything time intentionally.

“So, even though you made these rules, and intentionally put yourself in this position, you now want to change them?” Jen asked. “And what are you willing to give up in return?”

“Anything.” Kim answered meekly.

“That’s exactly what I want, slut, but let’s be more specific, shall we? You’ll follow all of my instructions, no matter how embarrassing?”

“Yes”

“Even knowing I’m going to be trying my best to totally embarrass you every chance I get?”

“Yes”

“And you agree that I now run your life? I can tell you when to eat when to sleep, when you can have sex? Anything I want?”

“I have to ask you before I have sex?” Kim asked in her meekest voice. She was aware that her crotch was just gushing and she had never been more embarrassed in her entire life.

“More than that sweetie. You will have sex when I say, with whom I say, and only when I say. It’s either that or you’re going to work without panties all summer.” Jen pressed.

“OK, I agree. Is there anything else?”

“Why yes, there is. I will set rules for you and, of course, I will punish you if you don’t follow them. Are we agreed?”

Having little choice, Kim agreed.

“Now my little slut, I will allow you to wear panties under your skirt provided you behave. I’m going to let you buy a thong. You will be allowed one and it must be a very bright color. Red goes well with khaki so make it a red one. You will put it on in the car on the way to work and take it off in the car on the way home. It is the only underwear you will wear. Is that clear?”

This was way more than Kim expected, but not beyond the fantasies she had been masturbating to for the last few years. She was very nervous about it and had never seen this side of her friend Jen before. Given her state of intoxication, she was focused on her arousal and was not considering the reality of her situation. In fact, she was happy about this.

“Now, I’m going to pause this tape while you go shave your pubic hair off. You’re to remain completely bald on the pussy at all times. I never want to see stubble. Is that clear? When you’re done you can come back here and we’ll finish this tape with you fingering yourself and summarizing our new arrangement for the camera. Not another word from you till that hair is gone. Go!”

Kim went to the shower and shaved off her pubic hair. It took a while. Jen supervised the girl and snapped some pictures. She finally had all the hair off and her crotch was red and irritated. She went back to the living room, hopped up on the stool and masturbated for the camera. She gave a fairly accurate summary of the new arrangement and had a huge orgasm on camera.

The video equipment was all put away and everything in the house looked normal except for the fact that Kim was naked when Jen’s parents came home. When the girls heard Jen’s parent’s car pull in, Kim wanted to run and get dressed. Jen wouldn’t allow it, though, and her parents walked into the living room to see Kim stark naked.

“What’s going on here!?!?” Jen’s mom asked.

“Kim is thinking about visiting a nudist camp but she’s never been around anyone naked. She asked me if she could go naked tonight to get used to it and I said she could. I asked her to get dressed when we heard you pull in, but she’s a little drunk and didn’t want to.” Jen responded.

“Well, that’s a silly idea but if you insist, you’re welcome to spend your time here nude. Kids today!” Jen’s mom said as she shook her head and walked away. Kim was mortified and Jen was laughing hysterically.

“Get used to it, girl, lots of people are going to see you naked from now on. And they’re all going to think you want them to!” Jen was still laughing when they went up to bed.

Chapter 4 – Reality sets in

Kim woke up the next morning with a nasty headache and a terrible thirst. She was disoriented and somewhat surprised to discover that she was naked. In a few seconds the memories of last night’s activity came rushing to her conscious mind. She looked around the room. Jen was still asleep. She was relieved to see Jen was wearing pajamas. At least she didn’t think they had sex last night! She looked around the room but did not see her clothes anywhere. She desperately needed some aspirin and a big glass of water. She didn’t want to walk around the house naked, and she didn’t want to wake Jen. She lay back in the bed as more memories flooded into her brain.
She recalled the new rules Jen had set for her. She groaned when she remembered the video that she made last night. She was hoping that it was all a bad dream. She looked under the covers and saw her bald pubic mound and knew it was all too real. Worse yet, she remembered Jen’s parents coming in and finding her stark naked! She was so embarrassed she wanted to cry. What was the story Jen had told her mother? Something about wanting to visit a nudist camp? Oh God! She was buck-naked while her friend’s parents were told she was going to visit a nudist camp!
Kim decided she would borrow some of Jen’s things and get some water and aspirin. She was looking for a robe in Jen’s closet when Jen woke up. “Morning, sexy! How are you feeling?” Jen asked. “Hung over and mortified! I can’t believe what you did to me last night!”
“I didn’t do anything to you! I simply gave you the opportunity to modify the rules of your anything time, which you seemed quite willing to take.” Jen snickered.
Kim found a robe and told Jen she was going to the bathroom. “Not like that, you aren’t!” Last night you told my Mom you were practicing for a visit to a nudist camp. Nudists don’t wear robes!”
“You can’t possibly expect me to wander around your house naked!” Kim said, knowing that Jen could, in fact, expect her to do just that.

“I like the nudist story sweetie, and we’re sticking to it. You’re not only going to go to the bathroom nude; you’re going to go get us coffee nude. I’m going to start watching your little porno movie that you made last night. If I don’t have my coffee soon, I just might start e-mailing it to people. If I were you I’d get moving!”
So, Kim went down the hall to the bathroom and got some water and aspirin. She could hear people moving in the kitchen. She didn’t want to walk in there naked but she sure couldn’t let Jen mail her video to anyone. She was starting to fully understand the power she had given Jen over her life. It was scary and exciting. She took a deep breath and stepped into the kitchen. Jen’s mom was just getting ready to head out the door for work.
“Well, I see you’re still running around naked, Kim.” Jen’s mom said. Kim was so embarrassed she couldn’t speak. She could only hope that Jen’s mom didn’t notice how aroused she was. She could smell her own arousal. “Looks like you have a bit of razor burn there, Kim. Are you planning to keep it shaved? You should put some aloe on that.” Kim blushed even more.
She poured the coffee and mumbled incoherently as she walked by Jen’s mom. “It’s probably a good idea that she practice if she’s really going to a nudist camp. She looks terribly embarrassed” she heard Jen’s dad say. Mercifully, she didn’t see Jen’s dad but since she heard his comment it was obvious that he had seen her. Back in the bedroom she saw her video playing on Jen’s computer.

“Can we turn that off?” Kim asked. Jen just laughed and said no.
Kim handed Jen her coffee and went to sit on the bed. Jen told her to sit on the floor instead. One of the folks in the chat room strongly suggested she not let her sit on furniture. In the chat room they told her you want to make the girl understand she’s
different. When everyone is sitting in chairs and she’s on the floor, she’ll really feel it. Jen warmed to the idea. She also liked the fact that Kim’s outfits were not going to be well suited for maintaining modesty while getting on the floor or back up. The girl wasn’t going to have that modesty forever, but Jen wanted to take it from her in slow, agonizing, humiliating pieces.
The whole time they were drinking coffee Jen had last night’s video running. She kept up a running critique of the performance, adding more to Kim’s embarrassment. “Oh well, if you’re good only a few people that know you will ever see it”, she said with a laugh.
After they had their coffee Jen sent Kim into the shower to get cleaned up. “We need to get you a nice sexy red thong for work today, girl”, Jen said.
“I thought I’d just pick one up at the mall on the way home, today.”
“Oh, you’ll pick one up at the mall today, sweetie, but I’m coming with you. It’s going to be so much fun! It maybe a little embarrassing for you, but you like that shit, don’t you?” Jen asked.
Kim would never admit it to Jen and could barely admit it to herself, but she really did like it. At least some part of her liked it. Still, she hated the unknown and went into the shower dreading the upcoming trip to the mall. Kim felt very self-conscious after finishing her shower and walking back into Jen’s room naked. Jen was enjoying a second cup of coffee. “Sit down sweetie.”
Jen smiled as she watched Kim sit on the floor. She was going to love watching her do that out in public with a micro skirt on.
“Spread your legs, sweetie. Wide.” Kim complied with a blush.
“Pinch your nipples hard.” Kim complied. “Stand up, put your right thumb in your mouth, your left thumb in your pussy and hop on one leg.” Kim complied.
Jen burst out laughing. “Now, switch thumbs.” Kim kept hopping while she moved her left thumb to her mouth and her right thumb to her pussy. “Just keep hopping, sweetie, and switch thumbs while I tell you what’s going on.” Jen said as she pointed her computer’s web cam at Kim and adjusted the focus. She started recording and sat down to drink her coffee while her friend thoroughly humiliated herself. Every couple minutes she would yell “Switch” and watch her friend struggle to keep hopping while swapping her thumbs. After about 10 minutes Kim was flushed and sweating but she kept going.
“I’ve figured out that you really want to be humiliated and degraded. You’ve been asking for it for as long as I’ve known you. Well, now you’re going to get it. You’ll get all you want and then some. You’re not on anything time any more. I own you now. You made a very embarrassing video last night. Remember how you started that video? All naked, your slut legs spread wide, telling the camera your name, address, phone number?” Jen
laughed at her as she reminded her about last night’s video.
“This is going to change your life, you know? Right now, I’m testing you. You look ridiculous. Switch! You know you’re making a video, right? Speaking of that, take that thumb out of your mouth, look into the camera, and tell us your name, address, and phone number.” Kim did as she was instructed and then put the thumb back in her mouth.
“As I said, I’m testing you. No matter what I tell you to do, you just do it. It doesn’t seem to matter how degrading my instructions are, you don’t object, you just obey.” Jen said. “You’ve passed the test! I’m going to give you the humiliation you crave. It’s all going to be very public, too. You’re going to get quite a reputation, you know. I am going to make you dress like a slut all the time. I’m going to make you act like a slut all the time. And I’m going to make you entertain me…everywhere I want to. Your old life is over and your new life starts today.”
Kim felt ridiculous hopping on one foot during this speech. This was what she had fantasized about forever. She was so horny thinking about the position she had put herself in. She was terrified by what was happening to her. She wanted to jump for joy and cry at the same time. Jen had finally understood all her fantasies. She was so torn. She was also exhausted from hopping. Finally she fell to the floor. She lay there crying, still with a thumb in her mouth and in her pussy.

“I’d like to tell you everything is OK, sweetie, and that there’s nothing to cry about, but I’d be lying. I’m afraid you’re going to have lots to cry about in the future. We both know you need this. Some of the things you’ll have to do are going to be very unpleasant, but you need them. Go ahead and cry, sweetie. I’m going to shower. When I’m done you can do your hair and makeup and then we’ll go get that underwear I promised you.” Jen said. Kim was still crying as Jen walked away.

Chapter 5 – Getting a Thong

When Jen got out of the shower she saw Kim obediently sitting on the floor. She had stopped crying.

“Ok, sweetie, the bathroom is yours. I left some makeup out for you. Put it on heavy. I want you to look like a hooker today.” Jen said with a grin. “Oh yeah, put your hair in pigtails. Let’s go for the little-girl hooker look. I’ll get your clothes laid out for you while you get ready.”

“Jen, you know I don’t like to wear a lot of makeup. I’m OK with the pigtails but can we not do the heavy makeup? Please?” Kim asked.

Jen laughed. “Kimmie, Kimmie, Kimmie. Is there something here you don’t understand? Your appearance is no longer your responsibility. It’s mine. You get your ass into the bathroom and don’t come out until you look like a 14-year-old-trailer-park-hooker. Otherwise, I’ll just have to start e-mailing your videos around. And, I think from now on you can call me Miss Jennifer. OK Kimmie?”

“What? You want me to call you Miss Jennifer? All the time? Even if other people are around?” Kim asked.

“Yes, I do. And, you’ll be punished every time you forget. Now, get into the bathroom and get ready.”

“Yes Miss Jennifer” Kim said and went off to the bathroom. She did not see Jen grinning from ear to ear.

Jennifer put on a pair of jean shorts, a T-shirt, and sneakers. Of course, she was wearing comfortable underwear. Since it was a Friday morning, she opted to go without makeup. She figured this would be a nice contrast to her friend’s appearance. She went through the clothes she and Kim had acquired during the last year of their bets and selected a white halter-top and the pink 5-inch stiletto heels that Kim had bought but never worn. The halter-top was pretty outrageous. It looked like a handkerchief with a string attached to each corner. Even if this top was tied tightly it left the wearer very exposed from the sides. She remembered when Kim bought this top. It was so revealing they couldn’t figure out where she could wear it. It was far too revealing for school! She hoped it wouldn’t get them thrown out of the mall.

Jen looked at the little khaki skirt Kim had bought for work. She still couldn’t believe this girl would willingly wear a 12-inch skirt! It was as short as anything she had available for Kim, so she decided this skirt would complete her outfit.

About 30 minutes had passed when Kim came out of the bathroom. She had her hair in pigtails and had put her makeup on quite heavily. With the blue eyeliner and bright red lipstick, the girl did look like a whore. Jen got the eyeliner and applied a little more to accent the effect. For a moment she felt bad for her friend, who was going to walk into a mall wearing this makeup. The feeling passed quickly as she reminded herself that Kim wanted and needed this.

“OK, Kimmie, time to get dressed!” Jen handed her the white halter-top. Kim blushed all over when she saw it. When she originally bought it she had hoped Jen would make her wear it at a party or something. She cringed at the thought of wearing this top to the mall in broad daylight. She put the top on and tied it very tightly. She turned sideways and looked in the mirror. As she feared, you could see almost all of her titties. She would have to keep her arms at her sides at all times to block the view.

Jen walked over to Kim and told her to put her hands on her head. She then untied the knot holding the top around Kim’s neck, let some slack into the strings and re-tied it. When she re-tied the knot she tied it tightly so it would not be easy to untie. This caused the halter-top to droop a little in front, showing a little bit of cleavage. The view from the side had improved considerably, though. At least from Jen’s perspective. Kim certainly didn’t see this as an improvement. With her hands on her head, her entire tit was visible from the side! Jen untied the bottom knot and repeated the process. Now the top barely hung on Kim’s chest. She was going to be adjusting the top constantly.

Jen handed her the khaki skirt. Kim put it on, tugging it as low on her hips as it would go. Her butt was barely covered. Jen stood behind Kim and tugged the waistband of the skirt up. Worn high on her waist, this skirt left her charms exposed. Jen found a big safety pin and attached it to the waistband of the skirt. She tugged the skirt back down and told Kim, “You can wear the skirt like this, but if you misbehave today, all I have to do is tug it up like this.” Jen tugged the skirt up, exposing Kim again. “And use this safety pin to tighten the waistband so it will stay there. Or, if you really piss me off, I can pin the hem to the waistband.” Jen grabbed the hem of the skirt and held it up, complete exposing Kim’s pussy. With her other hand she grabbed the halter-top and bunched it up in the middle of her chest, causing both of her tits to pop free. “You’re very, very close to being naked, sweetie. If you start to get embarrassed today, remember how easily I can totally expose you in this outfit!” For good measure Jen attached 2 more safety pins to the waistband of Kim’s skirt. There was no reason for this other than to scare Kim, which it did.

Jen handed Kim the shoes. Kim silently put the high-heels on. Her mind was screaming at her that she looked ridiculous and half-naked. She looked in the full-length mirror and the image she saw was of a shameless whore. She was so wet she knew she was going to start dripping down her leg. She went into the bathroom and wiped herself dry, which only helped for a moment.

“How do you like your outfit, sweetie?” Jen asked

“Miss Jennifer, I look like a whore! Do I really have to go out like this?”

“No, sweetie, you don’t. If you’d prefer, we can spend the afternoon e-mailing your video files to everyone you know. Would you rather strut your stuff at the mall or e-mail your videos to your Mom?” Jen laughed.

“Let’s go to the mall, Miss Jennifer.” Kim answered.

Kim felt very self-conscious walking to Jen’s car. She was looking around to see if anyone saw her in this outfit, knowing it was stupid to worry. Plenty of people were going to see her at the mall. She had that familiar feeling in the pit of her stomach, though. That rush of nerves that made her so horny. This was exactly what she had fantasized about for so long. She had real doubts about putting reality to her fantasy but it was too late now. It was everything she could do to keep her hands away from her pussy. She wanted to cum so badly.

They were almost at the mall. Kim was very nervous. “When you get to the mall, we’re going to Victoria’s Secret for your undies. I’m going in first so I can watch you. You come in a couple minutes after me. You need to get a clerk to assist you. Pay close attention to this. I want you to do this right! You tell the clerk you never wear panties. As you tell the clerk this, you will lift your skirt to show her. It can be a quick flash, but I had better see all of your pussy when you do it. Then you will tell her one of your customers has a thing for red panties and you want to get the smallest red thong they sell. Then you can pay for the undies and meet me outside the store. Do not get a bag for the undies, just carry them. Oh yeah, you’ll need this.” Jen said as she handed Kim three pieces of gum. “Chew with your mouth open sweetie.” Jen said with a laugh.

“Miss Jennifer! The clerk is going to think I’m a hooker!” Kim said.

“I know, sweetie, I know. Humiliating, isn’t it?” Jen smirked. “Of course, everyone that sees you will think that you’re a hooker, sweetie. Didn’t you look in the mirror?”

Chapter 5b

Jen parked the car. “Show time, Kimmie!” she said as she got out.

Kim got out of the car and smoothed her skirt down. She took a deep breath and closed the door. She didn’t see the wet spot on the back of her skirt. She was blushing deeply as she entered the mall. Of course, it was hard to see with all the makeup she had on. The walk to Victoria’s Secret seemed to both take forever and be over too quickly.

Jen went into the lingerie store before Kim and was pretending to look at clothing while watching the door to see Kim’s entrance. She felt a rush of power when the scantily clad, heavily made-up girl walked in. The heavy make-up and pigtails were awesome, but the outfit was spectacular. The halter-top moved with every step the girl took. Kim’s nipples were prominent. And the skirt was just barely covering what it had to cover. As Kim walked by, Jen wondered if maybe she had gone to far. With the halter-top tied so loosely, you could see the poor girl’s nipples from the side! Best of all, she was chewing the big wad of gum with her mouth open just as instructed.

Kim hesitated a minute before approaching a clerk. She was very nervous. She was also very horny and, in addition to being so cheaply made-up and showing so much flesh, she was worried that people would smell her arousal. She couldn’t help passing a hand between her thighs to wipe away some of the moisture coming from her pussy. She really, really, really, didn’t want to do this! She saw Jen smiling at her from the corner of her eye. Finally, she approached a young clerk.

The clerk eyed Kim with raised eyebrows. “Um, hi, um, I was hoping you could help me…” Kim hesitated. “You see, I, um, well, I um, never wear panties and…” Kim closed her eyes and briefly lifted her skirt, clearly showing that she was telling the truth. “Um, one of my, um, clients, um, wants to see me in red panties. Can you help me find a red thong, please. I, um, need the smallest one you have.” Kim blushed deeply but was relieved that she had said everything she was instructed to say. She was hoping the worst of her ordeal was now over.

“Excuse me, miss, but exactly what kind of store are you running here?” Kim was shocked to hear Jen addressing the clerk in a very loud voice. “It’s bad enough that you let whores wonder around in here half-naked, but could you at least tell the whore to keep her skirt down? I thought this was a respectable place!” Jen continued.

The clerk was a bit flustered and didn’t know how to respond. Kim, for her part, was just hoping the floor would open up and swallow her whole. Jen’s outburst was loud enough to attract the store manager, a middle-aged woman with a stern expression.

“What seems to be the problem here?” the store manager asked.

“This whore is walking around your store hiking her skirt up and you’re clerk isn’t doing anything about it. I find it offensive.” Jen said. Kim was totally humiliated.

“Perhaps you should shop elsewhere, young lady”, the store manager said. “And a word of advice for you; your choice of clothing says a lot about you. Perhaps you should leave a bit more to the imagination.”

Kim was speechless and on the verge of tears. She was barely dressed and had been treated like a common whore. The words of the store manager echoed in her head. Your choice of clothing says a lot about you. Well, in her case, Jen’s choice of clothing would be saying a lot about her. Mortified, she felt the moisture dripping down her thighs. She left the store and found Jen waiting for her.

“That was awesome!” Jen said, laughing.

“But those women think I’m a whore and I didn’t get my panties!” Kim said.

“Well, of course they think you’re a whore! Look how you’re dressed!” laughed Jen. “Let’s try Frederick’s of Hollywood next. Their clothes are trashier and more appropriate for you!”

“Ms Jennifer, I can’t go through that again! It was totally degrading. Please don’t make me lift my skirt and tell the clerk I need the thong for one of my customers! Please!” Kim begged.

“OK, sweetie, you just go in and get your underwear. Then I have one more thing for you to do before we go.”

Kim was still embarrassed by going into the lingerie store in her very revealing outfit. It was much easier than her visit to Victoria’s Secret, though. Jen came into the store with her and paid for the panties. Kim had not even thought about the fact that she had no purse with her. They left the store with Kim holding a tiny red thong in her hand. When Jen had told her she wasn’t allowed to get a bag for her panties she really hadn’t grasped the significance of it. Now, she was carrying them through the mall and it felt like she was carrying a red flag proclaiming her lack of underwear under her short skirt. She was very embarrassed and was attracting lots of attention. She walked with Jen until they reached the mall’s restrooms. Jen took her into the handicap stall in the ladies room.

Jen untied the string holding Kim’s halter-top around her neck. “Hands behind your head, sweetie!” Jen ordered. Kim complied and felt Jen tying a string around her left wrist and then another around her right wrist. The strings were, of course, Kim’s halter-top. Jen had tied them with plenty of slack. She walked Kim out of the stall where she looked in the mirror. The top was hanging low on her chest and her nipples were just poking out. Jen had Kim raise her hands a bit. With her hands a few inches over her head, she was decently covered. She clasped her hands on top of her head and the halter-top covered her with a lot of bare chest showing at the top. If she raised her hands too far, the top pulled tightly, clearly outlining her tits. In order to remain modestly covered, she would have to hold her arms just above her head. She also discovered that she needed to hold her hands back a bit from her head to prevent the top from giving a full view of her tits from the side. She experimented with various positions in the mirror while a smiling Jen looked on. The only position that kept her covered was a strenuous one, arms up around the middle of her head and well back. Any position that allowed her to rest her hands on her head or neck revealed her titties. And, of course, she was holding the red panties in her hand, calling attention to her plight. Her arms were already beginning to get tired but she was confident that she could make the walk to the car without embarrassing herself any more by showing her tits. It would be plenty embarrassing to have to walk all that way through the mall with her arms raised like this as it was!

The two girls were standing at the bathroom mirror, Kim holding her arms in the awkward, raised position required to keep her chest covered, and Jen standing directly behind her checking the view. Just then, three teenaged girls came in. Their conversation stopped when they saw Kim and Jen. One of the girls noticed the strings of Kim’s top tied to her wrists and burst out laughing. She pointed it out to the other girls and they all started laughing at her. Kim blushed, but there was nothing she could do about it. Jen, of course, was laughing right along with the other girls. She grabbed Kim’s skirt at the waistband and tugged upward, showing the three young girls what was missing from Kim’s wardrobe. Kim could only stand there and take it. She did not want to drop her arms and reveal her tits. Jen let her skirt go, but spent the next several minutes chatting with the girls, talking about Kim like she wasn’t there. She told them how Kim liked to dress like a slut and how she had flashed the clerk in the Victoria’s Secret store. Kim’s face was burning with shame. More importantly, her arms were burning with exertion. She was no longer sure she could make it to the car without having to put her arms down.

Chapter 6a – The Food Court

“So, what are you guys going to do next?” one of the girls asked.

“I think we might do a little shopping or maybe get something to eat at the food court, or maybe both,” Jen answered her.

Kim froze. She had been so concerned about being able to keep her arms up like this for the walk to the car that she hadn’t thought about anything else. She knew she would have to walk through the mall like this, but they weren’t far from the door. She had been counting on a short walk, hoping she could bear the humiliation. The food court was at the other end of the mall! She looked at herself in the mirror. She looked ridiculous with her arms up and behind her head. All this effort and her little tits were still very visible from the sides. And her arms were already burning from holding this position!

“Ms Jennifer?” The three girls burst out laughing at how Kim addressed Jen.

“Can we go now, please, Ms Jennifer?” Kim asked.

“Don’t be silly, kimmie, we have the whole day in front of us!” Jen said with a laugh. “Aren’t you hungry?”

“I don’t think I can eat with my hands up like this, Ms Jennifer,” Kim said. You could hear her voice cracking from nervousness. She just knew what was coming!

“Well, your hands aren’t tied there. You’re free to move them anytime you want to, sweetie,” Jen answered. In fact, try it right now. Put your hands on your hips.”

“But Ms Jennifer, my top!”

“You heard me, kimmie, hands at your sides! Now”.

Before Kim had a chance to move she saw a flash, and then another. Two of the teenage girls had camera phones and had just snapped her picture! Jen just laughed and told the girls to take all the pictures they wanted. As Kim lowered her arms the girls took pictures of her topless. She was mortified.

“Wow! She does everything you say? Cool!” one of the girls commented.

“You have to take her to the food court like this! You just have to!” another giggled.

“Ms Jennifer, do you have to allow people to take pictures of me?” Kim asked softly.

“You know, kimmie, I haven’t really thought about it. I mean, I’m going to keep having you make those nice naked videos for me, you know, the ones where you provide all your personal information to the camera, but I haven’t really thought about just plain old pictures.” Jen said with a smirk. “I think that people are going to want to take pictures of you a lot, don’t you? I mean, after all, you run around in public half-naked and all”, Jen laughed. “I just don’t see how we’re going to stop people from taking pictures of you. Humiliating, isn’t it?” she smirked.

The girls were listening intently to this exchange, laughing and taking more pictures. “We’ll see you at the Food Court!” one of them said. As they left, they were all calling friends to tell them to go to the Food Court for the entertainment.

“Well, cover up sweetie, it’s time to head out.” Kim raised her arms back into the awkward position required to cover up her chest. She really didn’t want to walk out into the mall like this, but Jen wasn’t giving her a choice.

The walk through the mall was horrible. Jen instructed her to stay exactly 10 feet away from her. Passers-by would think Kim was alone. With her arms raised and the red panties in her hand, she was attracting a lot of attention. Jen would stop every now and then and look at a store window display. Naturally, Kim stopped when she did. Many people pointed at her and several even came up to talk to her. She didn’t answer any of them. She looked at the floor silently until Jen moved and she moved with her. Kim did not know how she made it the length of the mall without crying. When they got to the Food Court she saw a group of 10 or 12 teenagers and the three girls she had met in the ladies room were in the center of it. All of the people in this group were staring openly at her. She didn’t notice it, but quite a few other people were staring openly at her as well.

“You’re doing great for your first day at this, sweetie!” Jen said.

“Thanks, Ms Jennifer. Are we almost done for the day?” Kim asked, knowing she probably had much more to endure.

“Well, kimmie, we can do a couple things from here. You can spend a lot longer here, just the way you are, or we can make things a little worse for you for a shorter time. Which do you prefer”?

“How are you going to make it worse for me?” Kim asked.

“Can’t tell you that, sweetie! You need to decide before I tell you. You’re arms must be getting tired, though. I think those little titties are going to be on display soon!” Jen said with a laugh.

“OK, Ms Jennifer, I’ll take things worse for a shorter time,” Kim said hoping she hadn’t just made a very foolish decision.

Jen walked over to the girls they met in the rest room. “I need you guys to save our table. We have to go make a wardrobe adjustment for kimmie. Anyone want to come with?” The two girls with the camera phones decided to come with Jen and Kim. Several others went to sit at their table to hold it. “C’mon, kimmie, time to hit the ladies room again!” Jen said.

Kim was very nervous about this but got up to follow Jen. She really couldn’t hold her arms up any longer. They went to the rest room near the food court, which was a very short walk from their table. As soon as they got inside, Kim dropped her aching arms, no longer caring that her tits were fully exposed. She glared at the two girls snapping pictures of her and waited to find out what Jen had planned for her next.

“OK, sweetie, this is going to be a little embarrassing, but you’re going to have to do everything I say or we’re going to stay in the mall till you do,” Jen said. Kim nodded her agreement. Jen untied the strings from Kim’s halter-top from Kim’s wrists. Kim’s arms ached so bad she didn’t even care about the fact that she was topless. Her halter-top hung down from the lower strings.

“Turn around, hands behind your back, sweetie, “ Jen ordered. She grabbed the two loose halter-top strings and pulled the top up and put the strings over Kim’s shoulders. She took Kim’s left arm and pushed her palm up between her shoulder blades. Standing behind her, she tied both strings to Kim’s left wrist. With Kim’s arm up high on her back like this, her chest was thrust out. Jen adjusted the top so the bottoms of Kim’s breasts were just showing and re-tied the top, taking all the slack out. If Kim lowered her arm any it would pull the halter-top up, revealing her breasts. This position was uncomfortable but not as painful as the arms over her head position. She stood there, looking in the mirror at her thrust out breasts. It was embarrassing, but she felt she could keep them covered.

Jen told the girls that Kim wasn’t going to like the next adjustment and that they should be ready to get a picture of her face when she learned what it would be. The two girls eagerly aimed their cameras for a nice close-up shot. Jen was still standing behind Kim. She paused to let the tension build. Everyone but Kim seemed to be enjoying the moment. She took Kim’s right hand and positioned it at the small of her back. With a laugh she unbuttoned Kim’s skirt and lowered the zipper. She let go of the skirt and it fell to the ground, leaving the girl bottomless while everyone laughed. The cameras flashed while Kim stood there bottomless. Jen pulled up the skirt and placed Kim’s right hand over the waistband.

Bottom of Form

Chapter 6b - The Food Court, continued

Kim looked in the mirror and wanted to cry. She looked ridiculous! One hand high on her back with her top obviously tied to her wrist, holding a pair of panties. The other hand at the small of her back holding the waistband of her unbuttoned unzipped skirt. Jen had maliciously tugged her skirt too high before putting the waistband into Kim’s hand. When she looked in the mirror she could see her pussy lips peeking out. She lowered her hand to move the skirt down and discovered that her bald pubic mound was coming into view. It was so hard to adjust the skirt properly here, looking in the mirror. How was she going to do it in the mall?

Kim wanted to scream at the two girls with the camera phones. They must have taken 20 pictures each! She desperately wanted to go home, but Jen had other ideas. There was definitely going to be some public humiliation in her immediate future. “Kimmie, when we leave I want you to count to 100 and then follow come back to our table in the Food Court. Got it?” Jen asked. Kim was speechless and only nodded her agreement.

The girls left the rest room and Kim started counting. “You guys with the cameras, lets get some pictures of the reaction of people that see her. You should have plenty of pictures of her by now. Once I get her seated, you can go back to taking pictures of her. OK?” Jen went back to the table and positioned the rest of the group so they would all be facing Kim when she sat down. Camera phones were flashing everywhere when a deeply embarrassed blushing Kim nervously walked to the table.

“You sit here, sweetie, “Jen directed. She put Kim at the end of the table, facing the center of the Food Court. She had pulled Kim’s chair away from the table so she was more next to the table than at it. Kim carefully sat down. Jen sat next to her and whispered some instructions in Kim’s ear. Kim blanched.

“Ms Jennifer, you can’t be serious!” It was more of a whine than a question. Kim knew Jen was serious. She just couldn’t do this!

“Sweetie, I am serious about this. And we’re going to stay here until you do this and do it correctly!” Jen answered. Jen leaned over and whispered to her again. “Remember, once I get my Coke, you get into the pose I want and hold it. Stay that way no matter what happens and ignore anything I say until I call you Kimberly. And remember to smile! I’m sure this is going to get those cameras flashing and you had better be smiling pretty for them or we’re doing this again. If you ... this up, I’m going to make it 10 times worse. Got it?”

Kim nodded her head. Jen felt that now familiar rush of power. Kim’s eyes started tearing up. The poor girl was so embarrassed. She couldn’t believe what she was about to do! In front of a large audience, many of who had camera phones. She had already had her picture taken about a hundred times, but she was really dreading this. Once again she wished the floor would open up and swallow her whole.

Jen waited for a few minutes to give Kim time to think about her predicament. She wondered if this was going too far. She would just die if she were in Kim’s position right now. The girl was obviously totally humiliated. She was on the verge of tears. Still, she was so aroused that you couldn’t help but smell it. And, she wasn’t really objecting to it. Jen concluded that she still had not reached a limit with Kim. Finally she got up and announced that she was going to get a Coke and would be right back.

Kim tensed up. She couldn’t do this! Yet she knew she had to do this! She hated the thought of doing it but the idea that she was being forced to do it was making her so hot! She knew she would do this. She had no choice. She saw the clerk hand Jen a Coke. ...! It was time! She took a deep breath.

Nobody in the group of teenagers was expecting what happened next. For a moment they were stunned. Then the camera phones started flashing and there was a bit of yelling and laughing and a couple “Oh my Gods” which only attracted more attention. The spectacle was more than Jen had expected.

As soon as Jen got her Coke, Kim forced a smile on her face and shifted to the front of the chair. She tugged up on the back of her skirt as she did this and her pussy came into clear view. While this was shocking enough for most, the show wasn’t over. Kim slowly started spreading her legs. There were dozens of people staring at her and not one of them noticed the tears flowing down her face, contradicting the fake smile she wore. Her legs kept moving apart. Kim cringed at the display she was becoming. She remembered Jen’s words: “as far apart as you can get them!” No way did she want to do this twice.

Jen chuckled to herself as she walked over. She concluded that Kim was willing to do just about anything. She also knew right then, watching Kim spread herself so wide in the Food Court with strangers taking her picture from all angles, that Kim was no longer her friend. She couldn’t think of her as anything but a play toy. She was becoming addicted to the power she had over Kim and knew she was going to have to get downright mean to keep giving her the intense humiliation she seemed to crave. Jen slowed her pace, wanting to prolong Kim’s agony and to get the last of the chuckles out of her system. She needed to get in character for this.

“Kim, what the ... are you doing? Where is your underwear? Why are you sitting like that? You’re practically naked for God’s sake! Close your legs! Can’t you see all these people watching and taking pictures? What is wrong with you?” Jen continued her tirade, attracting lots of attention and pounding Kim’s ego and self-esteem into dust. She started worrying that the mall security staff would soon arrive, so this would have to be the day’s grand finally. She changed the tone of her voice and started talking to Kim as if she were a small child. She was negotiating with Kim to close her legs. She found herself getting aroused at the totally obscene display she had engineered.

“Kimberly, close your legs this instant!” Jen shouted for everyone to hear. Of course, Kim slammed her legs shut immediately. “I told you if you couldn’t behave we were going home. Let’s go!”

Thankfully, the ordeal was finally over. Well, almost over. Jen made no move to help Kim with her clothes. Kim stood up and her skirt was up around her hips. She was still totally exposed below the waist. Jen left her to fumble with her clothes with one hand literally tied behind her back. Finally Kim regained her composure and dropped the hand holding her halter-top to help adjust her skirt. Her tits sprung out, of course, but she got the skirt in place and quickly sat down to free up a hand to adjust her top. She was finally decently covered and Jen led her out the closest exit before security arrived. Several folks that were watching her followed along with the two girls were still snapping pictures. Jen asked them all to leave them alone and they all thanked her for the show and returned to the mall.

The door they used to leave the mall let them out on the side of the parking lot, near the back. There were no cars parked here. They walked around the back. No people were around, but they were in view of the cars coming down the access road. “Let’s get your clothes adjusted, sweetie,” Jen said.

Jen untied the bottom string of the halter-top and gently moved Kim’s arm down to her waist. The top now hung off her left wrist. Jen untied the string from her wrist and threw the top over her shoulder. She gently pulled the waistband out of Kim’s right hand and the skirt fell to the ground. Kim was now outside of the mall wearing only shoes. She stood numbly while Jen gathered up the skirt, top, and the panties that Kim had been carrying around for the last hour. “Wait here, sweetie, and I’ll go get the car.”

Kim stood in the parking lot naked. She couldn’t help but think about how horribly humiliated she was, and how so many strangers had gotten pictures of it. She was so unsure of how life was going to be now that her fantasies have been made real. She felt so cheap but she couldn’t deny that she was very, very horny. In a few minutes, Jen pulled up in her little sports car. She didn’t even look for her clothes. She wouldn’t have found them, anyway. They were in the trunk.

“Almost done with the public stuff for today, sweetie, but you have one more choice to make. Do you want to finger yourself for the whole ride home, or would you rather I put the top down?”

“Ms Jennifer, you would have to tie me up to prevent me from masturbating the whole way home!” Kim was already moving her hands between her legs as she said this.

“I take it you want me to leave the top up, then?” Jen replied with a laugh as she watched Kim put her feet up on the dashboard.

Kim blushed crimson and her fingered herself furiously. “Actually, I would prefer the top down, Ms Jennifer.” Jen laughed and hit the button for the top while Kim continued to relieve her pent-up arousal.

Chapter 7 – How Do You Like It So Far?

Kim fingered herself the entire way home, having a number of satisfying orgasms. She was so horny that she didn’t pay any attention to the people that saw her masturbating in the car on the way home. In fact, she was so intent with her orgasms that she didn’t realize that the car had stopped. She suddenly realized she was masturbating in Jen’s driveway.

“OK, sweetie, that’s enough for now. Let’s go inside.” After the events of the day, Kim didn’t hesitate to walk up the driveway nude. They went in the house. “I’m going to take a nap. While I’m asleep I want you to go to the computer and write about the things that happened to you today. I don’t want a replay of what we did; I already know that. I want to know how you felt about it, what was hard, what was easy, what was good, what was bad, and if anything went too far, or not far enough. I want you to make this an intensely personal letter. Describe your true feelings. Open up to me.” Jen didn’t tell her that after kimmie did her little write-up it was going on the Internet.

“Dad’s on a business trip. Mom will be home around 6:00 and will probably be going out again around 8:00. Remember, we told her you were practicing to be a nudist, so no clothes for you,” Jen said with a laugh.

Jen took a nap while Kim went off to do her writing assignment. Jen woke up around 6:30 and went down to the kitchen to make some coffee. She couldn’t help but chuckle at the sight of Kim in the kitchen, nude, talking to her Mom. Kim, for her part, was somewhat embarrassed being in the room with the two clothed women. She found this little bit of domination in front of Jen’s mom to be particularly erotic. She remained standing while Jen and her mom sat at the table. Kim wanted to sit, but knowing Jen’s preference for having her sit on the floor, she decided against it. She wasn’t quite ready for that.

Jen’s mom had plans to visit her sister that night and would probably be out quite late, maybe even staying the night. Before she left Jen asked her about the apartment. Jen’s parents owned a few rental properties and Jen wanted to move into one of them near the State College across town where she and Kim would be students in the fall. Jen was hoping that her parents would allow them to move in immediately so they could really enjoy their first summer of adulthood. Both girls had recently turned 18 and were anxious to be on their own. Jen’s mom told her that she could have the apartment and the rent would, naturally, be taken care of. She and Kim could go look at the place tomorrow. Just before 8:00, Jen’s mom left for her sister’s house, leaving her daughter and her naked friend alone for the night.

“I’m dying to see what you wrote this afternoon, sweetie! Go get it!” Jen said. Kim returned with the letter, neatly folded, which she handed to Jen. “Kneel down here,” Jen said, pointing to the floor in front of her. Kim knelt at her feet as instructed.

“Before I read this letter, there are some things I want to say to you. After I’m through, I’ll read what you wrote and then we’ll have a little talk about the future. Let me start by saying that I had a great time today. I loved showing you off at the mall. I am really looking forward to you being my living Barbie doll. I’m going to love dressing you and ordering you around for a long time. No matter what this letter says, we’re going to continue this. I suspect that you really enjoy some of this, and I suppose that you hate some of it as well. Whether you love it or not, you’re going to continue to obey me. We’re not on “anything” time anymore. The little videos you made for me, and the ones you’re going to make for me, will be distributed to everyone I can think of if you decide to back out. This is your life now. You may have enjoyed some of the things you endured today. I can assure you, there will be things you will have to do that you will hate, but you’re going to do them anyway, or I’ll distribute your videos to your parents and anyone else I can think of that might be interested. Don’t think for a minute that I won’t. There is no time limit on this, either. You’re mine until I choose to release you,” Jen said. She looked at the naked girl at her feet for a reaction to her little speech. She was pleased to see the flushed face and rock-hard nipples Kim was sporting.

“Speaking of videos, you’re going to make one right now. While I read your letter I want you to go up to the computer in my room, start the web cam, and make a little movie. Begin with the standard personal information, name, and address, phone number. Next, a little summary of what we did today followed by an announcement that you’ve written up your feelings about the day and your owner is reading it right now. I want you to finger yourself the entire time the camera is running. When I call you, you will tell the camera that your owner has summoned you and stop the video. Make sure your face and pussy are focused in the camera at all times. I want you clearly identifiable in this video. Got it?”

“Yes Ms Jennifer,” Kim answered and got up and headed for Jen’s bedroom. Jen poured a glass of wine and opened the letter from Kim.

Dear Ms Jennifer,
It’s very hard to write this letter. So much has changed in the last few days! This will all be so hard to explain. For years, I have fantasized about being treated the way you treated me today. I have wanted this for so long and I can’t believe I finally have it. Don’t get me wrong, I hated most of what you put me through today. But, and this is a very big “but”, I absolutely loved being made to do it. I feel I have no choice but to obey you. I just couldn’t let anyone see the videos you have made of me! I feel so vulnerable knowing you have those videos, with me naked and saying my full name and address and phone number on them. Anyone that sees those videos could find me in an instant! And the thought of my parents ever seeing those videos terrifies me! Everything I do at your command is not my fault. I HAVE to do this stuff or I’ll be ruined. I love that the stuff you made me do was so embarrassing and degrading. The day made me so horny. Does this make sense? I guess what I mean is that I really hate doing this stuff while I’m doing it, but afterwards, it gives me all the feelings I’ve been craving forever.

Now, I know you wanted me to be specific about my feelings about the events of the day. I loved the way you made me carry the panties through the mall. That was so embarrassing! And making me flash that sales clerk was awesome. I wanted to die when I had to do it, but I can’t stop thinking about it. When you made your scene in the store, I reached a level of humiliation that I never thought possible! And you just kept making things worse (or better!).

I found the clothing tricks you did to be thrilling. I still can’t believe I walked through the mall with my halter-top tied to my wrists. And having to hold my skirt up with my hand was totally degrading. I was surprised at your creativity! It was awesome. I’ll be thinking about that while I masturbate for years!

I also loved it that you let those girls take pictures of me. I’m sure they’re on the Internet by now. Since I’m supposed to be totally honest, let me say I’m hoping they’re on the Internet by now! That was so embarrassing. What I really loved about it is that it is so permanent. It’s done and can’t be undone. I can’t decide I don’t want naked pictures of me floating around the ‘Net. It’s too late. For the rest of my life I’ll know there are pictures of me naked out there, outside of my control. Who knows how they will come back to humiliate me later on? The anticipation of that is great.

Finally, the scene at the Food Court! What can I say? I was so exposed to so many people. Each flash of the camera was like a little knife cut to me. I am SO embarrassed by that display. Knowing it’s on film and that I have no idea who the people are that have those pictures, is so arousing to me. Well, you saw what it did to me! I didn’t even notice how many people saw me masturbating on the way home. I just NEEDED to masturbate. I think I would have done that IN THE MALL if you had told me to.

What could have been better? A tough question. Let’s just say, I want more! I want more of everything! You have total control over my reputation. You can dress me anyway you want. You can undress me anywhere you want. I want to be a cheap slut and I want everyone to know I’m a cheap slut. I don’t have the nerve to do it on my own. Please, make me do this! Make me do things so outrageous that people won’t believe them! Ruin my reputation. Make me the slut I want to be, deep down inside. Make me that girl that EVERYONE has seen naked on the Internet. Make me that girl that everyone has ...ed. I want all this and more. I want you to push me hard. I may hate you along the way, but I NEED you to be cruel to me.

Ms Jennifer, please understand what I said earlier. I hate doing these things while you’re making me do them. Please be strong and make me do them anyway. I love knowing that you can make me do just about anything. I need you to make me do things I would never do on my own so I can have those feelings I’ve craved. I am yours to do with as you please!

I hope this letter meets with your approval.

Humbly yours,

Kimmie

Jen read the letter several times. She was delighted with it. She and Kim understood each other. She realized that she had a license to do anything with this girl. She had intended to post this letter on the Internet to humiliate Kim. After reading it she got a better idea. Kim was going to make yet another video tonight. She would stand before the camera naked and read this letter. And, the file was going to be posted all over the Internet. She could think of a dozen Newsgroups where this video could be posted.

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Chapter 8a – About the Future

Jen went up to her bedroom and saw Kim obediently masturbating for the camera. She told her to stop. Just for fun she had the naked girl go stand at the window. Jen’s parents lived on a quiet street and it was possible that nobody would notice her standing naked at the window. Of course, it was possible that people walking by would see her and stare at her. Jen smiled, thinking that it really didn’t matter if Kim was seen or not. She would stand there because she was told to stand there, no matter how many people saw her. Jen felt another rush of power. Jen reviewed the video file Kim had made and saw that Kim had done exactly as ordered. She wondered what Kim was thinking when she started these videos with all the necessary information for the viewer to identify her. Kim’s willingness to provide material for her own blackmailing was just one more confirmation that she wanted and needed what was happening to her.

“Sweetie, I really loved your letter! I’m so glad we understand each other. I was thinking I would post this on the Internet so everyone could know how you feel about this. But then, I got a better idea. A text posting is so anonymous and impersonal. So, let’s get the camera started again and you can read it on video. When you do this video, don’t start it with your name and address. This video is different than the others. This one is going to be posted all over the ‘Net. I want you to sit on the stool, make sure the camera clearly shows your face and your pussy. I want those legs spread wide. Just identify yourself as Kimmie; don’t use your last name. Tell the camera your city and state, but no street address. Give a brief introduction and read your letter. Simple enough?” Jen asked. “Oh yeah, when you’re done reading the letter, bring yourself off for the camera,” Jen said with a smirk.

Kim felt that familiar pang in her gut. Until today, she had never posed for naked pictures. It was one thing to have the pictures from the mall possibly showing up on the ‘Net. They were camera phone pictures. She would probably not be recognizable in those. Now, Jen was telling her to make a naked video for the explicit purpose of posting it on the Internet! And, every pervert from her town would start looking for her. And she was going to read a very personal letter while doing it! She thought about what she had written in the letter. She really didn’t want people knowing that much about her. She had to give her mistress (she realized that Jen was her mistress and had started thinking about her that way) credit for her humiliation skills! In the short time it took for Jen to explain the video to her, and the minute or two she had to think about it, her pussy became drenched. And that, too, would be seen in the video that was going on the Internet. She was mortified. Without a word, she moved from the window, took the letter from Jen, and positioned herself on the stool. After a few agonizing minutes spent adjusting the camera she began. “Hi, my name is Kimmie, and I’m from Salem, Massachusetts. I would like to read a letter that I wrote to the young woman who owns me completely,” Kim began. Her voice was unsteady and she fought back tears as she read the letter. This was a much more personal and public exposure than she wanted. The thought of all the people that would see this embarrassing video made her so hot that she desperately needed the orgasm that Jen ordered for the conclusion of the video. After the file was made, she realized that the masturbation scene would make everyone think she really loved this stuff. And, she thought, I do, don’t I? It was a very satisfying orgasm and for the first time in two days, she didn’t feel so horny that she was about to lose her mind.

“Ok, sweetie, we’ll post it later. Now, let’s go downstairs and have a drink and talk about the future,” Jen ordered. Minutes later, Jen and Kim were in the living room. Jen sat in the big leather reclining chair. Kim fetched two Diet Cokes and took a seat on the floor in front of Jen’s chair.

“We have an interesting dilemma here,” Jen began. “You can’t really tell me what you want, because it only works for you if it’s someone else’s idea. What we do know is that you seem to really want public humiliation in the worst way. I pushed you pretty hard at the mall today and you did everything asked of you without complaint. I asked for your feelings about the day and you told me you wanted more. Finally, you made a video file of yourself, naked with your slut legs spread wide, reading the letter you wrote to me and then masturbating, knowing all the time that the video was going on the Internet. You didn’t complain about any of this. And, it obviously made you horny!” Jen said.

“Also, you’ve been parading around this house naked, even in front of my parents. You’ve been naked for over 8 hours and haven’t said a word about your clothes, which are still in the trunk of my car. It’s obvious to me that you’re a slut and you want everyone to know it. You’ve been dropping hints for over a year now, and when I figured you out and got started, you complied with everything and you loved it. You’ve been wishing for this day to come. Your wish is about to come true, sweetie,” Jen said.

“I own you. From now on, I will expect you to be completely obedient. You know who will be getting all those videos of you if you don’t do as you’re told. You’re going to be my servant, my Barbie doll, my plaything, and my pet. And, as of now, I don’t care whether you like it or not. You’ve made your choice. You allowed all of this when you spread your legs for the camera, didn’t you?” Jen continued.

“That little 12-inch skirt you had on today is nice. That’s a good length for you. Short enough to attract lots of attention and short enough to make it hard to prevent showing what’s underneath when you sit or bend over. From now on, you’ll wear nothing longer. But, you will wear shorter skirts. When you get your first paycheck you will be spending a big chunk of it at the tailor. Any skirts you have that can be shortened to 12 inches, you will have shortened. Any that cannot be shortened to 12 inches will be tossed, along with all of your pants. You’re the short-skirt girl, now. And, I’m going to make you buy some new skirts which, some of which will be 11 inches, some 10 inches. I might even have you get a couple hemmed to 9 inches, maybe even 8 inches! I’m sure you’ll stop traffic in those,” Jen laughed.

“Obviously, panties will not be in your wardrobe. Except for the little red thong you worked so hard for today, you’re not even going to own any panties. Whatever life has in store for you, Kimmie, you’re going to face it in a micro-mini skirt with no panties. There will be no exceptions to this rule. While we’re on this subject, I’m sure you thought that it would be exciting to wear short little skirts without undies so you could have the thrill of potential exposure. You aren’t going to get that thrill, sweetie. Everyone is going to know that you don’t wear undies under your little skirts. Your lack of undies isn’t going to be our little secret, its going to be common knowledge. You’re going to be the short-skirt-no-undies girl,” Jen continued. At this point, Kim’s hand started to move to her crotch. Jen made a mental note that having everyone knowing she’s naked under her skirt excites her little whore.

“For now, you’ll continue to shave your pussy every day. I want you to do some research on laser hair removal. With the money that you earn from your summer job, you’re going to have that pubic hair problem taken care of permanently. For now, do not miss a day with the razor,” Jen said.

“When you’re in this house, you will always be naked. I may impose this rule in our apartment, too. I haven’t decided on that yet. I probably will, but at least for tomorrow, you won’t have to strip naked when we go look at our new apartment. On second thought, don’t count on that. Let’s just say you won’t have to strip before entering the apartment. I just might have you strip inside. That reminds me of another rule. You’ll take your clothes off whenever I tell you to, regardless of the circumstances. The decision to get you naked is mine, not yours. And, you should know that you will be tested on this particular rule. Sometime in the near future, you will be ordered to strip in a place that you are not going to want to strip at. Save yourself a lot of trouble and just take ‘em off, OK?” Kim was getting a little overwhelmed with all these rules and could do nothing but nod her head at the question. For the first time she was really thinking about the implications of her new situation.

“I shouldn’t have to mention this, but I will. Those little titties of yours have seen their last bra. And, you won’t be wearing pantyhose, slips, etc. All of your clothing will be visible. You aren’t ever going to wear clothes over clothes. So, you can’t wear a blouse with a sweater over it or a dress with a slip under it. You aren’t even going to wear a coat without permission. This will be another part of your reputation. Not only are you the short-skirt, no undies girl, you’re the dresses-like-its-summer-all-year-round girl. The last clothing rule is that you will always be in heels. We’re going to get you some really tall heels. ...-me pumps, I think they’re called. It’s all you’ll ever wear,” Jen continued.

“I will be punishing you for misbehavior. Your punishments aren’t going to be erotic, though. I may make you go a week without washing your hair, for example. Or, I may make you eat a dozen donuts. Or, I may whip you. I will be buying a paddle and a riding crop for you. I’m not into whipping and I won’t be doing it for your pleasure or mine. If I have to paddle you, it will be to hurt you for not being the perfect little toy. Understand?”

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Chapter 8b – About the Future

Kim was overwhelmed. This was all happening so fast. And it was going so far beyond what she had expected. When she made the silly bet she had expected that Jen would keep her in a short skirt and have a little fun at her expense. It was all supposed to be a way to bring a little life to her extreme fantasies. Now, she was going to live those extreme fantasies and more. And she had no choice. She found all of this so exciting but she was just beginning to realize there would be no break from this new lifestyle. Jen was laying down rules that she would have to follow constantly. It was one thing to dress like a slut at a party or a club, quite another to live life that way all day, every day. And it appeared that she was going to spend a lot of time nude. She was suddenly very apprehensive about all of this. For the first time in the last two days, she wanted desperately to get dressed. And by dressed she meant jeans and a sweat shirt with panties and a bra, not a tank top and a tiny 12-inch micro-skirt! She knew it wasn’t going to happen, though.

With the realization that she was totally trapped, she simply said, “Yes Ms Jennifer.” Jen was obviously into this in a big way. She couldn’t think of a way to back out now, or even ask for a break. She had thought that the videos she filmed were no more than a way to advance her fantasy. When she made them, she never really thought Jen would distribute them. Suddenly, she was sure Jen would do it. After all, there were probably nude pictures of her on the Internet right now from this afternoon’s adventure. And there would be a nude video of her posted soon. When she was in the right mood, this all thing was so hot for her. When she wasn’t in the mood, though, this was torture. What had she been thinking when she wrote that letter. After the day’s events, how could she ask for more? She knew the answer, of course. She was terribly horny when she wrote that letter. Now, she wasn’t so horny and everything seemed so different! She was screwed and she knew it. Worse, after all that had transpired, she found herself embarrassed by sitting on the floor naked with a fully clothed Jen.

“It’s getting late. Let’s get some dinner. Do you want pizza or burgers?” Jen asked.

Kim suddenly realized that she was very hungry. Pizza sounded great but she knew that Jen would make her answer to door naked for the delivery. Ordinarily, that would not be a big deal. She had done that a couple times herself when she was home alone. But, she was always horny when she did that. Now, she wasn’t horny, she was worried about what her future held. She didn’t want the pizza badly enough to have yet another person see her naked. She decided that there were enough people that had seen her naked today. She thought about burgers. That meant going out, of course. She decided that going out in a short skirt would be much better than answering the door nude for pizza. “Let’s get burgers, Ms Jennifer,” she said.

“OK, burgers are the choice. Let’s go!”

“Ms Jennifer, what should I wear?” Kim asked.

“Oh, you don’t need anything, sweetie. Its dark out and we’re probably just going to go through the drive-through. If you feel you need something, go put on you shoes.” Jen answered.

Kim’s heart sank as she realized her plan backfired. She knew exactly where Jen would take her for burgers. Downtown where there was so much foot traffic and McDonalds was right on a busy corner. She sighed, realizing that she had no choice. There was so much traffic downtown with sidewalks full of people and lots of traffic lights. This was the last place she wanted to go for a naked car ride. She imagined her Mom watching the videos she had made today and yesterday and decided the naked car ride was not the worst choice.

“You know, kimmie, this is even more fun when you obviously don’t want to play the game,” Jen laughed. “Watching you hike your skirt up and spread your legs in the mall was hot, but you were so into it. You wanted it. Now, you don’t seem to want to go out naked. But, you’re going to do it anyway. And you’re going to do it because I said so. That makes me hot!” Jen explained.

So, at about 9:00 PM Kim and Jen got into the car and headed for the drive-through. Kim was grateful that Jen decided to put the top up. She was so exposed in the little car as it was. With the top down, she might as well be walking the street naked. The drive was torturous. Traffic was bad; people saw her and were making suggestive comments. Girls yelled at her to put some clothes on and called her a slut. She wanted to disappear. It seemed to be hours before they made it to the McDonalds parking lot.

“Hey look, there’s Lisa’s car,” Jen said. “I think I’ll go inside and talk to her for a bit. You can wait in the car. I’ll probably eat in there so tell me what you want and I’ll bring it out to you.” Jen parked the car in full view of the windows of the restaurant. Kim groaned inwardly. This was just getting started and was never going to end! She told Jen what she wanted and tried to sink down in the seat.

“Sit up straight and proud, slut! If I look out that window and see you slumping I’ll make you get out of the car and walk home!” Jen threatened her. Jen went into the restaurant. Kim watched her go over to a table with four girls. It was Lisa and her friends. She saw Jen point to the window and all four heads turned her way. She was mortified as all the girls burst out laughing and started pointing at her. They waved to her. She was totally humiliated as she waved back.

While they were eating, Jen and the girls kept an amused eye on Kim. They pointed her out to a couple of other groups of people in the restaurant. Her humiliation continued. Eventually, all of them got up and came out to the car. Jen slid in the car, leaned over to her and whispered in her ear. “When I tap your leg, you start fingering yourself and don’t stop until you come, no matter what. If you embarrass me you’ll regret it for a long time! It’s a long walk home.” Kim blushed. With four classmates standing around the car, it was hard to imagine how this could get any worse.

Jen hit the button and the windows on the car came down. Another button and the top started lowering. Suddenly, Kim was sitting naked in a crowd of people in a very public place. She also still had an audience inside the restaurant.

“I didn’t know she was such a slut! We were at my house hanging out and she insisted on getting naked. When we decided to get something to eat, she suggested the drive-through so she wouldn’t have to get dressed,” Jen laughed and so did her four friends. “She really gets off on showing her self off, don’t you, kimmie”? Jen leaned over and discreetly tapped Kim’s leg. Kim froze, unable to do what Jen demanded of her. Jen squeezed her leg hard as a warning to her. Afraid of what Jen would do to punish her if she disobeyed; she slowly spread her legs and moved a hand to her crotch. Totally degraded now, she began fingering herself. Of course the girls erupted in laughter at this.

Jen and the girls laughed at her and talked about her while she masturbated. Just as she was about to climax Jen started the car. “Well, I better get her out of here before she totally loses control,” Jen laughed. Just then, Kim reached her climax, arching her back and nearly lifting right out of her seat. This brought a new round of laughter and the girls started clapping for her. “Oh my! I guess I might be too late!” Jen laughed. “Was it good for you, sweetie?” Jen asked in a very condescending tone. She put the car in gear and pulled away with the girl’s laughter still echoing in Kim’s ears.
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Chapter 9 – More Talk About the Future
Kim as miserable on the way home. Those weren’t strangers that saw her naked and masturbating in a parking lot; those were girls from her high school class. They all knew her name and where she lived. For the second time in one day, she was riding naked in a little convertible with the top down and the exposure wasn’t her biggest problem!

“Ms Jennifer, can we talk about this, please?” Kim asked as they neared Jen’s house.

“Sure thing, sweetie; why don’t we wait until we get home and you can tell me what’s on your mind. By the way, that was some show you put on back there. I didn’t think you were going to do it at first. You must be totally humiliated by now!” Jen said with a laugh.

“That’s what I want to talk to you about! That was horrible, Ms Jennifer!” Kim was devastated and her eyes were tearing up. She was deep in thought and didn’t even realize that Jen had pulled into the driveway.

“Ok, sweetie, let’s go inside and talk all about it,” Jen said as she got out of the car. Once again, Kim made the walk from the car to the house naked. Once inside, Jen kicked her shoes off and plopped down in the big leather reclining chair. “Pull up a piece of the floor and tell me what’s on your mind, sweetie,” she said in a pleasant voice as if she had no idea what Kim wanted to talk about.

“Jen…I mean Ms Jennifer,” Kim began hesitantly. “Um, do we have to be so, um, public about all of this? I was OK with what you did to me at the mall today. It was hard, but in a way, it was kind of fun. But tonight was horrible. First of all, I could have been arrested sitting naked in McDonald’s parking lot. And then to bring Lisa’s friends out to watch me masturbate! These weren’t strangers at the mall, Ms Jennifer, I know these people! They know me; they know where I live! They’ll be talking about this and everyone I know is going to hear about it eventually!”

“Ok, sweetie, I get your point,” Jen answered in a very condescending voice. “First of all, you are right, you could have been arrested. But you weren’t, were you? Some day, you will be. It’s inevitable. If you spend a lot of time in public naked, you WILL get arrested for it. It might take a while, but it will happen. I imagine when it does; it will be terribly humiliating, won’t it? A first offense, and even a second offense, for indecent exposure is a pretty small crime. You’ll get a small fine. We’ll be more careful about it after you’ve been caught a couple times, don’t worry. And besides, you’ll get your picture posted on that sex offender’s web site and every time you move someplace all your new neighbors will get notified. There’s some good humiliation for you!” Jen said all this as if she were talking about the most trivial thing in the world. Kim couldn’t believe what she was hearing. She remained silent as Jen continued.

“And I know you knew the girls you just entertained. Of course they’ll be talking about it. Didn’t you notice they all had their cell phones out as we were leaving? I’m surprised nobody took pictures. Oh well, maybe next time!” she said with a laugh.

“Look, sweetie, you asked for humiliation and degradation. How much more degrading can it get than doing this stuff in front of people that know you? Last summer, when we had our family vacation in Mexico, I took my top off on the beach. It was embarrassing, but there was nobody there I knew or would ever see again. I would never do that here. I couldn’t bear the embarrassment of having someone I know see me topless on a beach. So, I know how much more effective this stuff is when you know the audience. In the end, it doesn’t matter. From now on, all you’re ever going to wear are very revealing clothes. Everyone is going to see you in them. For now, I’m going to give you a little break if you are around your parents, but not much of a break. They’re not going to approve of what you’re going to be wearing when you see them over the next week, trust me! And, eventually, they’ll see you in full slut-wear like everyone else,” Jen explained. “We’re not picking and choosing who gets to see you embarrassed and humiliated and who doesn’t. And we’re not worried about what anyone thinks of you!”

“This is the humiliating part, though. Imagine that tomorrow you run into the girls from tonight. It won’t matter what you’re wearing or what you’re doing; they’re going to be laughing at you. Or, imagine if you run into a friend who wasn’t there and he or she starts laughing at you. You’ll be wondering if Lisa called them and told them about your little show, won’t you? That’s the great part of making you perform in front of people you know, people you’ll see from time to time. You asked me to ruin your reputation, didn’t you? I’m just doing what you wanted me to do,” Jen’s tone of voice as she finished her little speech was so demeaning. You would have thought she had just done Kim a favor, not thoroughly humiliated her in front of her high school classmates.

Kim realized that Jen was having a blast at her expense. She never considered that Jen would be so enthusiastic about humiliating her. In her fantasies, she always controlled what she had to do and who saw her. They were her fantasies, after all. She found the lack of control to be very erotic but she was just now grasping the implications of that lack of control. She hated herself for her stupidity. It was a little late to be realizing that Jen took all her words literally. She had, in fact, asked for this treatment. She had been thinking about it like it was another of her erotic fantasies, not a literal reality. And, she couldn’t deny that it was making her horny. It was way beyond what she ever anticipated and the things she had done were horribly humiliating, but along with the horror was a fire between her legs that always seemed to be lit.

“Well, Ms Jennifer, can we at least slow down a little bit? This is really only my first day under your control and you’ve done so much already!” Kim asked. She was resigned to the fact that she had created a monster and was going to suffer for it. Now, all she could hope for was to slow things down a bit.

“Kimmie, you’re like a new toy. No, you ARE a new toy! With any new toy, I always play with it a lot when I first get it. It will slow down eventually, don’t worry. One of the reasons I set up your rules was so we could keep this all going when I wasn’t actively playing with you. In August I’ll be going away with my family for three weeks. We’ll be living in the apartment then. Except for having to follow your rules, you’ll have some time off. Enjoy it because I’m already thinking about school starting!” Jen said with a laugh.

“Oh! I just realized I never got your food at McDonalds! I’m so sorry! Do you want to go back to McDonalds and get something to eat?” Jen asked. “You must be starving!”

Going back to McDonalds was literally the last thing Kim wanted to do! She politely told Jen she didn’t care for that idea.

“No matter, you can just order a pizza,” Jen said.

Kim couldn’t help but smile at the irony. She went through the public nudity and masturbation in front of people that knew her because she was trying to avoid answering the door naked for the pizza delivery. And, after all that, she was going to get a pizza delivery naked anyway. She also realized that it just didn’t seem so bad anymore. She was reminded of a lesson from her science classes in high school about a frog being put in boiling water jumping right out, but a frog put in room temperature water that was heated gradually would stay there until he was completely cooked. More irony, she thought as she realized that she was completely cooked. She was hungry so she ordered the pizza. She didn’t even need to be told that she was required to answer the door. When it came, she just flung the door open wide and let the guy look like it was no big deal. After the day she had, it really wasn’t a big deal. Just as she turned away from the door she saw the camera flash. The picture showed her full frontal nudity, with a pizza box in hand, and the wide-eyed pizza delivery man staring at her.

“This could be the cover picture for your web site, sweetie!” Jen laughed.

Chapter 10
After Kim had her pizza the girls went to Jen’s room. “You’ve had a big day, sweetie, are you sleepy?” Jen asked.

“Yes, Ms Jennifer,” Kim answered, relieved that her day was finally over. “Before I go to bed, can we get my clothes out of your car?” Kim had been totally naked since early in the afternoon when she came home from the mall. She knew there were a couple outfits at Jen’s house from the dares they did during the school year, but no real clothes for her.

“We’ll get them tomorrow. You won’t need clothes for a while,” Jen answered. Jen thought about just keeping the slut naked while they went to look at the apartment tomorrow. She really didn’t give a shit about the girl getting arrested for public nudity but decided it was way too early in the game for that. She wasn’t going to wear the clothes in the house, anyway, so there was no real need to get them now.

The girls went to bed. Jen dropped right off to sleep. Poor Kim was a mess of mixed emotions. In reviewing the day in her mind she became so horny that she masturbated furiously, bringing herself off three times before she stopped. It wasn’t the things that Jen made her do that had her so horny, it was the attitude Jen had. She lectured Kim about how life was going to be. Kim knew Jen could absolutely ruin her. In fact, she knew Jen would probably ruin her. Under Jen’s rule, life was going to be one humiliation after another. And the fact that Jen could do it was indisputable. What was so terribly exciting to her was that Jen wanted to do it and seemed to enjoy it so much. She knew for sure that Jen could be cruel. She had seen that more than once already. She also knew that Jen was very creative. What was so arousing to her was the careless way Jen humiliated her without a thought for the long-term consequences. Kim knew that if she weren’t already addicted to this treatment, she would be soon. A week ago she fantasized about seeing a picture of herself naked on the Internet knowing she would never actually post one there. Now, with little or no thought of the consequences, Jen had managed to get nude pictures posted and would be posting a nude video very soon. This who-gives-a-shit attitude sent her into a sexual frenzy. The problem was that she was going to have to live with the effects of all this.
And that realization caused her to cry herself to sleep. She didn’t blame Jen for any of this. It was her own brain that was to blame. It wasn’t Jen’s fault that this stuff made Kim horny beyond belief. Jen was just the mechanism to exploit her. She now knew she would always have someone to exploit her. She needed it.

Jen was awake around 8:00 AM. She let Kim sleep. She had heard Kim masturbating as she dropped off to sleep but had no idea the girl cried herself to sleep. It wouldn’t have mattered to her anyway. The girl had not pushed back one bit on anything she was told to do. Jen knew this need for humiliation was going to haunt Kim forever. She also knew Kim was going to get her fix of humiliation from somewhere -- if not Jen, than from someone else. Jen rationalized all this and concluded there was no need to feel guilty no matter what the consequences where for poor Kim. She resolved to never think again about what she was doing to Kim’s life and to focus on the day’s entertainment.
Jen’s mom had spent the night with her sister and left a message on the machine telling Jen the address of the firm that managed their rental apartments. The folks there already knew she was to be given an apartment and were expecting the girls today to see the place and get the keys. They were also making sure the utilities were turned on and the place was ready for the girls to move in. The start of school was still a couple months away, but Jen’s parents were letting the girls move in immediately. Jen was thrilled.

Jen made coffee and surfed the Internet while Kim slept. She would wake her up eventually. They needed to go to Kim’s house to get some of her clothes and to tell her mom that they had the apartment and would be moving almost immediately. Jen decided that Kim would stay with her at her parent’s house until they had some furniture delivered. So, this would be the last trip to Kim’s parent’s house for a while. Jen knew she would have to make some concessions regarding Kim’s clothes for this visit. Still, once this was out of the way, the girl could wear her slut-wear all the time. Jen picked out one of her mini-skirts for Kim to wear home. It was the shortest Jen owned at about 14 inches. Jen smiled to herself. The skirt was not going to be long enough to satisfy Kim’s conservative parents. She knew this was going to cause an argument between Kim and her parents, and the idea was pretty funny. She also knew Kim was going to have to be extremely careful to make sure her parents didn’t notice she had no panties under it. The choice for a top for Kim was more difficult. In the end she decided on a white T-shirt. It wasn’t very revealing but it would be obvious that Kim wasn’t wearing a bra. Oh well, it will make the visit shorter. If Jen had her way, they would grab some of Kim’s clothes and be out of there quickly, anyway.

When she was done selecting Kim’s outfit she went into an on-line chat room with a humiliation theme. She told the folks there a bit about her adventures with Kim the previous day and even picked up some more ideas for the future. Finally, at 10:00, she woke Kim up.

“Ok, sleepy-head, time to get up. We have a big day,” Jen said. Kim got up, had coffee and a shower. She had been completely nude for almost 24 consecutive hours at this point. For her part, Kim was relieved that she and Jen were home alone. She could handle walking around naked in front of Kim’s mom, but she couldn’t say she liked doing it. Jen told her they were getting the apartment today and they were stopping at her parent’s house to get some of her clothes. Jen showed her what she would wear to her parent’s house, which was their first stop.

“Ms Jennifer, could I have something a little more conservative, please? You know how my mom is!” Kim asked. She was worried that the outfit would cause an argument.

“Sweetie, this IS conservative,” Jen laughed. “You’re 18 and can choose your own clothes, now!” Jen giggled. “Well, you can’t actually choose your own clothes, but you know what I mean,” Jen said. Kim dressed, grateful for any clothing. She had been naked for the last several walks up and down the driveway. The ride to her parent’s house only took a few minutes.

Kim’s dad was not at home. Kim’s mom greeted the girls. She mentioned that she thought Kim’s skirt was a bit short. “You should get some fashion advice from Jennifer, she knows how to dress without looking cheap," Kim’s mom said. Both girls giggled at this comment. Jen was happy to see her friend laugh. Surprisingly, Kim’s mom did not make a scene about the way she was dressed. Jen made a mental note to push this a little bit more for the next time. They told her mom all about the apartment. After a few minutes of conversation the girls went up to Kim’s room to pack some clothes.

“Just skirts, dresses, blouses, stockings and heels. No sense bringing anything you’re not allowed to wear,” Jen said. Kim packed a suitcase full of the clothes that most closely matched her new dress code. All of the stuff she owned would need to be modified. She had exactly two 12-inch khaki skirts (for work) and one ridiculously revealing white halter-top that were approved by Jen. Everything else was going to have to go to the tailor.

They left Kim’s parent’s house and headed to the real estate office to get their apartment. On the way Jen stopped at Starbucks. “I’ll go get us some lattes and you can change your skirt. Your khaki skirt is still in the trunk.” Jen hit the trunk release button as she got out. Kim got her skirt and ran over to the side of the building. Standing next to a Dumpster, out of sight of the parking lot, she quickly changed skirts. She came back to the car and put the skirt she borrowed from Jen in the trunk. She saw the little white halter-top and blushed. She was ready and waiting when Jen returned. Jen handed her the coffees and got in the car. Before starting the car she looked Kim over and frowned. She dug through her purse and found a felt-tipped pen. “Get out of the car, please,” she said. Kim got out and Jen walked around to wear she was standing.

“Pull that T-shirt down tight, please,” she said politely. With Kim holding the hem of the T-shirt and pulling down tightly, she drew a line on the shirt with the pen, starting just under Kim’s tits and around the back. As the line went around the back it went up, almost to the neckline. Jen looked at her thoughtfully for a moment and then drew another line, starting at her shoulder, near the neckline, under her arm, traveling down about three inches, and then back up to her shoulder. She repeated the same line on her other arm. Kim didn’t like where this was going. Another thoughtful glance from Jen and she drew a final line, straight between Kim’s tits. She looked the girl over and said, “Ok, let’s go get an apartment!”

In the car Jen dug in her purse and pulled out a small pair of scissors. Handing the scissors to Kim she said, “Take the T-shirt off and cut those lines out.” Kim could feel the wetness in her crotch as she removed the T-shirt and started cutting with the scissors. She knew the T-shirt would be very revealing when she finished cutting it. She had fantasized about this very thing so many times. This would be embarrassing but enjoyable. This is the type of humiliation she craved. It was humiliating for sure, but not severe like masturbating in a parking lot or lifting her skirt and spreading her legs in the Food Court. She was actually enjoying the moment.

“You look happy,” Jen observed.

“Yes, Ms Jennifer, I am happy. This is what I was hoping for when I intentionally lost that silly bet. This is my fantasy!” Kim responded.

“Well, I’m going to take it easy on you for the next few hours. I am too excited about the apartment to think too much about fulfilling your dirty slutty needs.” Kim put the cut-up T-shirt on and it was very revealing. “Shows you off a little more than you expected, doesn’t it,” Jen laughed. “The trick was having you tug it down while I marked it. I can see all of your little titties from the side.”
They were sitting at a stoplight and Kim saw how much of her chest was showing. When the car started moving, the wind from the open top made her virtually topless. She looked like a cheap slut with the T-shirt and the micro-skirt. “Those sneakers just don’t go with that outfit. We need to get you some shoes. I have Daddy’s credit card and I don’t think he’ll mind. We’ll do that later,” Jen announced. Kim was not thrilled by the prospect of trying on shoes in her outfit. She suddenly realized that Jen might just want to dress her like this all the time. She discreetly took a piece of the discarded T-shirt material and put it on the seat under her butt. She was sure Jen would get angry if she stained the seat with her arousal. Jen pulled the car into the real estate office.

Chapter 11

“You know, you’re topless with that T-shirt on, sweetie. It may just work to keep you from being arrested for indecent exposure, but it doesn’t work to hide your little titties,” Jen said with a laugh.

“I know. It’s OK, though. It’s embarrassing, but I can deal with it. I much prefer this kind of exposure to having to masturbate in front of an audience. Can we not do that again?” Kim answered.

“Don’t be silly, sweetie! You’re going to be masturbating a lot and we’ll find some really embarrassing places for you to do it. It’s got to be extremely humiliating for you! And, that’s what we’re all about, isn’t it?” Jen responded.

“Ms Jennifer, it is humiliating for sure, but I don’t like doing it. If you’re making me do it because you think I want to, please don’t,” Kim replied, wondering if she was going to get anywhere with this request. It wouldn’t take long to get an answer.

“Kimmie, I know how your brain works. You have to tell me how much you hate these things so that it won’t be your fault when you have to do them. No amount of discussion is going to change my mind on this! You love being humiliated. Masturbating on command is humiliating, so you’re going to do it. Masturbating on command in public, with an audience is even more humiliating, and you’re going to do that even more. See how it works? Look, this is near perfect humiliation. You’re naked and you have your slut legs spread wide. You’re doing an activity that virtually everyone considers private right out in the open. And, you get to have orgasms in public! That’s the champagne of humiliation! Think about it. Everyone that sees you masturbating is going to have an opinion about you and no matter what else you do, that’s what they’ll remember about you. You’ll be doing it a lot! Not to mention how much fun it is for me to make you do it!” Jen said. “I’m tempted to make you do it right now!” Jen said with a laugh.

“You know, sweetie, as long as we’re talking here,” Jen paused. “You’re not just going to look like a big slut, you’re going to BE a big slut,” Jen said. “Does that come as a surprise to you, sweetie?”

Kim shook her head. She remained silent, dreading where this conversation was going. She knew this part of her fantasy was pretty self-destructive and figured Jen was going to push this way beyond her fantasy just like she was doing with the revealing clothes and the public nudity.

“Our challenge is to have you running around nearly naked, sometimes fully naked, and not have people think you’re a tease. We can’t have that! It’s much too dignified. We want you to have a reputation for being easy. So far, your new life hasn’t involved giving that pussy up for the guys, but it will, starting very soon. In fact, I think you’re going to screw someone tonight!” Jen said. Kim went totally white. Jen laughed at her. “Is tonight too soon, sweetie? It’s Saturday night and with a slut like you, someone has to get laid. Don’t worry, I’ll pick him out for you,” Jen laughed.

Kim’s crotch was soaked. She didn’t want this but couldn’t deny the thought of it made her so horny. She was truly trapped now. Jen thought she wanted this to happen and there was no way she could convince her otherwise. She hoped Jen wasn’t serious about picking out a sex partner for her tonight, but she suspected she was. And she knew she would screw anyone Jen told her to screw. It was far better than having people see the private videos she made.

They pulled into the parking lot of a strip mall. The real estate company that managed her father’s apartments was at the end of the group of stores. “Let’s go see our apartment!” Jen said and jumped out of the car. Kim followed, suddenly very aware of her tits being visible in the shredded T-shirt and her tiny skirt. Her clothes seemed smaller and more revealing when she got out of the car. She noticed that everyone that saw her stared. Would she ever get used to this?

Kim followed Jen down the sidewalk to the real estate office. Her heart skipped a beat as she recognized the receptionist. It was a girl from her class. She couldn’t recall her name, but she wasn’t happy to be seen in this trashy outfit by someone that she knew, even casually. Then it hit her. This was going to be her life from now on. Everyone she saw was going to see her in trashy outfits.

“Kim? Kim Landry? Is that you?” Damn! The receptionist knew her name.

“Yes, hi, it’s me,” Kim said, suddenly very self-conscious about her exposed chest. She was sure she was blushing.

“Nice outfit! I wouldn’t dare wear anything like that! Aren’t you worried about what people will think?” the girl asked. Worried wasn’t exactly the word for it. “Just have a seat and I’ll be right with you.” The receptionist left the room and returned a moment later with a set of keys. “Your dad took care of all the paperwork. The utilities will be turned on Monday. You just need to call these numbers and give them the billing information,” the receptionist said.

“Can we sit here for a minute while I make some calls?” Jen asked. The receptionist nodded. Jen took out her phone and typed a text message to Kim. Kim’s phone buzzed and she looked at the message that popped up. ‘Spread your legs!’ Kim blushed even more and looked at Jen. Jen frowned at her and entered more text into her phone. ‘Show her your pussy now!’ Kim reluctantly spread her legs a few inches. Her phone buzzed again. She was not surprised to see ‘More!’ on her phone. She swore to herself and spread her legs wider, feeling like a cheap whore. Her phone buzzed again. This message said, ‘Perfect! Don’t move till I say’.

“Excuse me miss, would you mind taking our picture?” Jen asked the receptionist, handing her phone over to her. She looked up and saw Kim with her legs spread and her pussy in clear view. She was speechless for a minute and started giggling.

“Are you sure you don’t want to, um, adjust a little, Kim? This might not be the most flattering picture of you,” the receptionist said. Kim didn’t have any idea how to respond to this and Jen let the awkward moment hang in the air. When Kim didn’t answer or close her legs, she shrugged and took the picture. Jen thanked her and took the keys and paperwork and her phone from the girl. She looked at the picture on the phone.

“God, Kim! What is it about a camera that makes you spread your legs? You’re such a slut! If you’re going to sit like that, at least think about wearing underwear, will you?” Jen said with a laugh. The receptionist laughed too. Kim sat silently pleading with Jen for permission to close her legs. Jen left the poor girl sitting there, open and exposed, while she savored the moment. Finally, after what seemed like an hour, she said, “Let’s go.” Kim followed her out, numb from the blatant, humiliating display she had just put on for her classmate.

“Listen up, slut! When I tell you to spread your legs, I mean spread them! I don’t want a discreet peak up your skirt; I want your pussy on display. I want your legs spread so far that your twat is the only thing people notice about you! Understand?” Jen screamed at her. Kim nodded her head meekly. “I don’t think you understand me at all! So, for the rest of the day, we’re going to practice. Every time you sit, and I mean every time, no matter where you are or who is watching, you spread those legs like you’re supposed to. If I have to correct you even once, you can kiss those panties goodbye and you’ll work naked under your skirt. Now, do you understand me?” Kim was more shocked by the tone of Jen’s voice than she was by what Jen had said. She was sure Jen would make good on her threat and she just couldn’t start her landscaping job in this tiny skirt and no underwear. She wasn’t sure she could make herself go to work WITH the underwear on. This was going to be an embarrassing day for her!

“I’m going to go into this second-hand store. I want you to go sit at the bus stop and wait for me. I’ll bring the car around when I’m ready. Remember if you want to spend the whole summer with a bunch of horny landscaping co-workers looking at your ass, just close those legs. Don’t say a word, just get out there and show that street your pussy!” Jen ordered. Kim was so nervous she thought she was going to faint. She didn’t dare cross Jen and went to the bus stop without a word, as ordered. The bus stop was no more than a bench, right on the side of the road. Every car passing by would see all of her. She was mortified.

Jen browsed the second-hand store. She stumbled on a hot pink maternity dress. Obviously designed for the final trimester, the dress was ankle length with an elastic high waist, right under the breast line. There was enough material there to make a tent. She smiled at the thought of this dress with most of that material cut off. The dress was marked $5.00. She bought it and put it in the trunk of her car.

She drove out of the parking lot and pulled up to the light. She couldn’t help laughing as she saw Kim at the bus stop. The poor girl was sitting as instructed with her legs spread as wide as she could get them. Probably some of the people driving by noticed there was a girl attached to the pussy being so openly displayed, but she was sure many did not. She whipped out her phone and snapped a picture of Kim. She suddenly got an idea! Poor Kim was going to spend some more time on that very bench before the summer was over. She motioned Kim into the car. While most people would have been angry at being forced into that kind of exposure, Kim was just grateful it was over. Jen noticed Kim sat on the scraps of her T-shirt. Showing herself off had made her very wet.

They drove to the apartment they would be moving into for school. It was a great apartment, less than a half mile from the campus. They had a first floor end apartment. There were three bedrooms. There was also a stone fenced deck going around the side and back of the place. This deck was accessible from the master bedroom and the living room. It surpassed the girls’ expectations. While it was an old building, the apartment had been renovated and it had plenty of electrical outlets and closet space. They would begin moving in the next day.

After checking out the apartment they went for lunch at McDonalds. Kim obediently spread her legs when she sat down. They were in a booth, so she wasn’t terribly exposed, though. Jen smiled at Kim’s obedience. She had obviously scared the girl with the threat of taking her panties. She had planned on taking the girl’s panties away from her but decided that the threat of it was so powerful that she should wait. She figured she could get the girl to do just about anything by threatening her with loss of those panties.

“Let’s stop at the cleaners. You can drop your skirts off for hemming. I counted 6 skirts in your bag. Ask the tailor to make two of them 12 inches, two of them 11 inches, and two of them 10 inches, waist to hem. I’ll pay for them when they’re ready and you can pay me back.” Jen instructed.

“Ms Jennifer, the 12 inch skirts are so short already. Can’t I get them all cut to 12 inches? Please?” Kim pleaded.

“Sorry, sweetie, but, no,” Jen replied. “And, if you don’t accept my decision happily, I’ll subtract an inch off each one!”

“Yes, Ms Jennifer,” Kim replied. Kim had mixed emotions about this order. The very short skirt had been a centerpiece of her erotic fantasies forever. She liked the idea of being forced to wear impossibly short skirts. Twelve inches was about three-quarters of the length most girls considered a mini skirt. The 12-inch skirt she had on now was a problem for her, but she could handle more. Or less, in this case. She figured 11 inches would cover her with no material to spare. 10 inches would surely not cover her ass. She resolved to wait and see how Ms Jennifer decided to make her wear the skirts. She was anxious to see where Ms Jennifer would make her wear a 10-inch skirt. She was torn between wanting her skirts much longer and fantasizing about being in public with a 10-inch skirt. One of those thoughts was making her very wet! Kim even thought briefly about intentionally aggravating her tormenter/friend to force the issue. She decided this would be a very bad idea, though. These weren’t fantasy skirts, they were her only skirts.

Kim was quiet as Jen pulled the car into another strip mall, right in front of the cleaners. She considered the skirts and finally decided her she would have her favorite two cut to 12 inches and her least favorite cut to 10 inches. She heard a whistle from the parking lot and was suddenly reminded of her tattered T-shirt. She had a full, deep blush going as she stepped into the cleaners. She had hoped this would be quick and painless, but it wasn’t to be. Her first problem was the four customers who came in behind her. She laid out the skirts and described the length she wanted each one hemmed at while a group of people listened in. She could only imagine what they thought of her with her tits hanging out, asking for her skirts to be cut ridiculously short.

Worse, the tailor started to argue with her that the skirts would be ruined if he cut them too short. “They won’t cover your underwear, miss,” he said. She couldn’t help notice the irony in the tailor’s comment. She politely but firmly insisted on the lengths she had asked for. The tailor relented and told her she could pick the skirts up Tuesday. On her way out, one of the customers waiting behind her said, “Bye, bye slut.”

Chapter 12 Naked on the Internet

“See, that wasn’t so bad, was it? And in a couple of days, you’ll be able to put some variety in your wardrobe. When will your skirts be ready?” Jen asked.

“No, Ms Jennifer, it wasn’t so bad,” Kim answered. Not nearly as bad as some of the things her friend had made her do over the last couple days. “The skirts will be ready Tuesday, Ms Jennifer.”

“OK, you won’t have to see your parents for a couple days, so consider your dress code to be fully in force. As of now, you have the two skirts you bought for work, the T-shirt you’re wearing now, and the white halter-top. You’ll have to make do with those until Tuesday. I think there is a tube top or two that you bought for our anything time that you can wear, too. We’ll have to do something about your tops.” Jen rattled on as she drove the car towards home.

Aside from the fact that Kim’s clothes were very revealing, she was enjoying the few minutes of being normal that Jen was permitting her. For the first time in the last two days, she wasn’t doing anything outrageous or anticipating something outrageous. Jen pulled the car into her parent’s driveway and the girls got out. Kim felt a little strange walking from the car fully dressed. It seemed like she was always naked for this walk after the last couple days. As they stepped into the house Jen stopped Kim. Kim looked at her and sighed, knowing just what she wanted. She peeled of the tattered top and stepped out of her skirt, naked once again.

“I’m going to take a little nap. You can too, if you want to, but first, I have an assignment for you. You need to get on Yahoo and set yourself up a new account. You can choose any user name you want as long as it’s very suggestive. Your public profile has to have your full first and last name. Leave the street address blank for now, but put in the correct city, state and zip. You can fill in the rest of the stuff anyway you want, I’ll probably change it later, anyway. You’ll need a picture, of course. I have a folder of your nudes on my computer. Use one of them for your profile picture. And, your password is to be cheap\_slut. When you’re done, send me an e-mail from your new account,” Jen explained.

“Don’t forget to set yourself up with Instant Messenger. You’ll need a picture for that, too. After that, set up a Yahoo Group called Kim\_Landry\_Undressed. Once you have it set up, post the rest of the pictures from your folder into the group photo section and files section. Put a naked picture of yourself on the group cover page, make a nice description for the group that includes your name, city, state, and zip, and make sure it’s set up for open membership. After you do all that, you can nap. When I wake up, I’ll check everything out. If everything is done correctly, I won’t send the links to your dad!” Jen said laughing.

“Ms Jennifer…” Kim started to speak but Jen cut her off.

“I said I was taking a nap and I gave you some instructions. Now, you go do what you’ve been told to do and you can say whatever you want to say to me when I’ve finished napping. Understand?”

Kim reluctantly nodded and went to the computer. She had wanted to tell Jen she really didn’t want to have her naked pictures and real name in her Yahoo profile and a Yahoo group. She knew it didn’t matter to Jen, though, and she knew she would much rather obey Jen than explain her videos to her parents. She also wanted to masturbate. The thought of exposing herself on Yahoo made her very horny. She resolved to complete her assignment before masturbating.

Before Kim began posting her information and pictures to Yahoo, she decided to look at the pictures that Ms Jennifer had placed in the folder for her to post. She had hoped that Ms Jennifer had gone easy on her. Seeing the pictures, she realized that nothing was further from the truth. There were 20 pictures. Her face was clearly visible in each one. Of course, she was completely nude in each picture, as well. Every single picture also showed her with her legs spread wide. If you wanted to prove someone was a slut, this was the way to do it. She realized that one of these pictures would be in her profile, along with her full name, her real name. Of course, she was also going to set up a group that was also going to have her real name, and every one of these pictures posted there.

Kim did not want to do this! She understood the implications of this task far too well. She was putting her nude pictures on the Internet and providing all the information anyone needed to find her. She would literally be a call to 411 away from every pervert in the world. Worse, all of this was definitely going to be seen by people she knew. All it would take is one person that knew her and the news would spread. She would be so humiliated. And, there was the rub. Ms Jennifer did not care at all about the consequences of anything. If it was humiliating, she considered it fair play. There would be plenty of long-term consequences of following these instructions. Once you put naked pictures of yourself on the Internet, you can never take them back. And, even the bimbos that liked having their pictures on the ‘Net were smart enough to use a fake name.

Kim knew that if she was going to stand up to Ms Jennifer, this was the time. If she put this information and pictures on the Internet, she was going to regret it forever. Maybe she should call her bluff. The worst Jen could do is sending the files to her parents. She could get over that! It would freak her parents out, but it wouldn’t haunt her for the rest of her life like this was going to. If she did that, she would have a hell of a fight with her parents but this would be all over. Jen would have no more power over her. She thought about that and realized that she didn’t want that. Jen was more cruel and ruthless than she could have ever imagined. Jen put her into the most horrible situations and just laughed at her. She took everything too far. But, Kim did not want to go back to being her equal. She couldn’t help thinking about her skirts at the cleaners; skirts that were soon going to be just the right length for a whore. She thought about the little white halter-top. She would never have the nerve to wear a 10-inch skirt and that scrap of a top out in public. She knew Jen would make her do it, though. She couldn’t stop thinking about Jen selecting some random guy for her to screw tonight. She needed this stuff. She wished Jen wasn’t quite so severe, but she realized that she couldn’t just let it all go. Could she take all that Jen dished out? Was that preferable to having none of this? In an instant she realized that she was addicted to humiliation. She suddenly knew she was going to let Jen do whatever she wanted with her. And, not because of the threat of sending her videos to her parents; she was going to allow this because she didn’t want it to stop! She had always fantasized about having no choices at all. She realized that that fantasy was now a reality.

Kim set to work setting up the Yahoo account, creating the group, posting the pictures, and finally e-mailing the user name and password to Ms Jennifer. She was so incredibly horny. She had passed the point of no return. She desperately needed to masturbate. She started fingering herself at the computer and didn’t stop until she had several tremendous orgasms. Then she lay down and cried herself to sleep.

Kim was still sleeping when Jen woke up. Jen made some coffee and started to review Kim’s Yahoo profile and her group. She logged on and made some edits. Using Kim’s login information, she edited the profile to include a link to the Kim\_Landry\_Undressed group and added a few embarrassing comments. Then she logged into the group and, again using Kim’s login, posted a few messages. She changed the text on the cover of the group to include Kim’s e-mail address. She giggled to herself as she added a line encouraging anyone that would like to have sex with her to send her an e-mail. She also added a promise to do her very best to have sex with anyone that e-mailed her. She was sure Kim would have a fit when she saw that! “Well, bitch,” she thought to herself, “you wanted your reputation ruined. This ought to help!” After a while, she started roaming through the chat rooms, flirting with people and acting as slutty as she knew how. She announced in each room that they could find naked pictures of her in her group and posted the link. In just under an hour there were over 100 members signed up for the group and Kim’s e-mail box had about 100 messages in it.

When Kim woke, Jen turned off the computer. She figured she’d allow more time for the damage to Kim’s reputation to grow before she showed it to her. It was about 7:00 PM and time to get the bitch ready to go out. Kim needed to look her best since she was going to get laid tonight. Jen figured a little time spent out in public with her legs spread would set the mood. Then Jen would pick out some random creep and leave Kim to seduce him. That ought to take a few chips out of the girl’s self esteem. While Kim was screwing the stranger, Jen could get on the ‘Net and post some pictures and videos in Kim’s group.

Chapter 13 Back to the Mall
“OK, slut, time to wake up!” Jen announced loudly. Kim opened her eyes and looked at the clock; surprised to find it was 7:00 PM already.

“Ms Jennifer, I need coffee. Can I make you some?” Kim asked, still feeling very sleepy.

“Yes, slut, some coffee would be good. Hurry along, you need to get ready for tonight!” Jen answered. Moments later the two girls sat in the kitchen sipping coffee. It was pretty much a normal scene except Kim was naked and sitting on the floor. She had not forgotten Jen’s warning from earlier in the day and had her legs spread very wide. She felt like an idiot sitting like this, but it couldn’t be helped.

“Tonight, you’re going to wear your little khaki skirt with black thigh-highs and heels. After you shower, put on make-up and do your hair, you can get dressed. I want your hair in a ponytail. I want you to go extra heavy on the eye make-up, some nice trailer-park-blue eye shadow and lots of mascara. And I want the bright red lipstick. When you’re done, you can put on the stockings, heels, and skirt. Don’t put on a top just yet. I’ll take care of that for you. Now, hurry!” Jen ordered. She heard Kim’s mumbled “Yes, Ms Jennifer” as she watched Kim’s naked butt head out the door. She wondered how Kim was going to like tonight’s assignment. Not very much, she chuckled to herself.

About 45 minutes later a topless Kim appeared in the bedroom, hair in a ponytail and made up as requested. She had struggled to get the stockings high enough on her legs to look right, but the lace at the top was clearly visible. “Nice try, sweetie, but that looks like hell. Let’s try this,” Jen said as she tugged the stockings down. When she was done adjusting Kim’s stockings there was a neat 6 inches of bare thigh between the stocking top and the skirt hem on each leg. Kim was mortified! She couldn’t imagine walking out in public like this!

Jen got the white halter-top that she had so much fun with at the mall yesterday and showed it to Kim. “This is a really interesting top. You saw some of the creative ways it can be worn yesterday. I have another idea. Come here!” Jen ordered. Kim did as instructed and Jen placed the halter-top over her chest. She tied the top strings very tightly, bringing the top up high around Kim’s neck. This left the top not quite covering the bottom of Kim’s small breasts. Next she tied the lower string as loosely as possible with the knot right at the end of the strings. The lower string hung down to the top of Kim’s butt. The effect was to have the top hanging from the top string. The lower string wouldn’t do much of anything to help keep the poor girl’s chest covered. The view of her little tits from the side was almost unobstructed. It she leaned forward, the top dropped away from her titties, putting her entire chest on show. Kim felt herself getting wet.

“Now, we’re going to the mall. You’re going to sit in the food court and look pretty. I’ll be sitting a few tables away from you, watching your performance. When someone comes up to talk to you, you’ll want to be very nice to him. You will be screwing one of these people that come up to you so remember to be very nice. You wouldn’t want to have to go seduce someone you just pissed off.

Kim was stunned! Ms Jennifer had talked about this but she didn’t think she’d really go through with it! Well, she figured, at least, that it would be some time down the road. Of course, in her fantasy, screwing some random guy was always present. She never said ‘No’ in her fantasy. She wasn’t quite ready to be the girl who never said ‘No.’ No; she wasn’t ready at all.

“Look, you’re never going to get laid if all you do is pout. Who would want to screw you with that ugly expression on your face? You aren’t the prettiest girl in the world, you know. And, you’re dressed like a trailer-park hooker. You need to try to act a bit more attractive or you’re gonna have a real problem getting laid. And trust me on this, you’re gonna have a real problem if you don’t get laid tonight!” Jen explained.

“Oh, I know just the thing to help let people know how happy you are to be doing this. Hike that skirt up and hold it,” Jen ordered. She went to her room and returned with a red felt-tip marker. She drew a large happy-face just over Kim’s pussy. “There, now everyone will know you’re happy!” Jen said with a giggle. Kim suddenly realized that she was going to have to sit while she was at the mall and that meant spreading her legs! Oh no! She thought. I’m going to look so stupid! Jen seemed to be reading her mind and pulled her over to a chair in front of a mirror. “Sit,” she commanded.

Kim sat in front of the mirror and spread her legs. Her worst fears were confirmed and then some. The reflection in the mirror was some silly bimbo, not Kim Landry! And the damn happy-face drawing looked so silly. She wondered how she would explain that! Of course, there was no good explanation for it, and that was the point. Ms Jennifer was a bitch! That was the only explanation. It wasn’t the first time she asked herself why she had picked Ms Jennifer as the person to have so much power over her. Like everything else with her, this was over the top. And, Ms Jennifer expected to have sex with one of the guys that came over to talk to her after seeing her like this! Worst of all, she was getting extremely horny!

“Ready, sweetie?” Jen said in a very condescending tone of voice. Kim knew she was going, ready or not!

The two girls got in the car and drove away. As they were driving Jen handed a safety pin to Kim. “Don’t let me forget this! When we get to the mall I need to finish your outfit.” Kim grimaced. She had plenty to worry about already. She didn’t know what the safety pin was for, but she was sure she would be better off without it. Jen picked the mall closest to their house so Kim didn’t have long to wait for her answer. They parked the car and got out. Jen had Kim stand in front of the car and told her to put her hands on her head. As Kim complied, Jen tugged up on the waistband of the skirt. Kim had let the skirt ride down on her hips. While this showed a bit more of her lower belly than normal, it made the skirt much more modest. Of course, that was about to change. Jen pulled the skirt around Kim’s waist and put the safety pin in the waistband, effectively preventing the skirt from dropping down on her hips. While she was showing much less belly, the skirt was now extremely short.

“You’re going in first. Go to the Food Court and find a seat where you’ll be the most exposed. If I have to make you change seats, you’ll be giving up that red thong before you even start your job. I’d suggest you take the exposure tonight rather than for the next six or seven weeks of work. Try to make a big entrance and attract some attention. Swing those hips like the slut you are. When you sit, I want your ass on the seat, not the skirt. And I want you to pull the skirt up before you sit. Do not sit on the skirt and then pull it out from under you. Once you’re seated with your ass on the chair, keep your legs closed and smile. Oh yeah! Once you’re seated, don’t touch the skirt again. Remember to be nice to everyone. Make eye contact with as many people as you can. When you see me come in you are to slowly spread your legs. When I say spread, that’s exactly what I mean. I want you giving the Food Court the same view you give the gynecologist! Keep smiling as you do this. Look friendly and approachable. The more people that come talk to you, the more potential sex partners you’ll have. Maybe you won’t get a geek,” Jen said, laughing at the last part of her comment.

“One final instruction. If I come over to you, act like you don’t know me,” Jen said. This last instruction sent a chill up Kim’s spine.

“Oh, you know what? This is a momentous occasion for you! We should get some pictures! Stay right there!” Jen said as she walked back to the car to get her camera. They were in the open parking lot, in plain view of anyone coming by. It was still light out and she was dressed like a hooker. With the safety pin in her skirt it was very short. Kim felt very self-conscious and hoped her skirt covered everything it needed to cover, but she wasn’t sure. She knew it would be close! And the damn stockings were horrible. With the expanse of bare thigh over the stocking top there was an illusion that this skirt was even shorter than it really was. And this skirt didn’t need the illusion of being shorter. She stood here feeling sorry for herself while Jen hunted for her camera.

Kim was miserable. She would have traded everything she had for some jeans, a sweatshirt, and some tennis shoes. She really didn’t want to be out here in this hooker outfit. And she didn’t want to be sitting in the Food Court with her legs open like some cheap hooker. And she didn’t want to have sex with anyone, much less some random stranger that Jen picked out. She really wanted to go home! Jen came back to the front of the car holding her camera.

“Smile, sweetie!” Jen instructed. Kim smiled weakly. She was worried that someone would see this bizarre photo shoot. “C’mon, sweetie, show me your happy-face,” Jen instructed. Kim tried to make her smile more sincere.

“Kimmy, you can’t be this stupid! I said; show me your happy-face!” Jen yelled at her. Suddenly she understood that Jen was referring to the happy-face drawn on her pubic area!

“Ms Jennifer, you can’t expect me to lift my skirt right out here in the parking lot! Someone will see!” Kim pleaded.

“Of course I expect you to lift the skirt here. Why would I tell you to do something if I didn’t expect you to do it? And, don’t worry about being seen. Now, get that skirt up around your waist so I can get a picture of your happy-face.” Reluctantly, Kim lifted her skirt up to her waist. It seemed to take an hour for Ms Jennifer to take the damn picture when it was really only a few seconds. Kim saw the flash go off and quickly smoothed her skirt down.

“Did I tell you to lower your skirt?” Jen asked. Kim shook her head. “Get it back up around your waist and keep it up there until I tell you to lower it,” Jen instructed. Again, Kim reluctantly complied. She stood there with her skirt up for several minutes, feeling vulnerable, exposed, and stupid. What kind of a girl stands in the middle of a mall parking lot holding her skirt up around her waist?

“Ms Jennifer, please! Some one will see me like this! Can I please lower my skirt? Can we go in the mall?” Kim pleaded. She knew, of course, that she was going to be exposing herself in the mall, but somehow that seemed better than standing out here in the open. Jen noticed her discomfort with standing in the parking lot with her skirt up. It was interesting to her that this would be more uncomfortable for Kim than sitting in the Food Court with her legs spread. She was more decent standing here than she would be sitting spread inside. This was useful information.

“Of course someone is going to see you, Kimmy. That’s what we’re waiting for. I wouldn’t waste any time worrying about being seen if I were you. You’re going to stand right there holding your skirt up until you are seen. If you want something to worry about, worry about NOT being seen. If I get bored before someone comes by and sees you posing like this, I just might make you walk into the mall like that,” Jen laughed at her. She was thoroughly enjoying the power she had over Kim. Not only was Kim exposed, she looked ridiculous. And she knew how ridiculous she looked yet she kept standing there like that and would continue until she was told to stop. Jen was thoroughly enjoying herself!

Kim was almost relieved when a young couple came by and saw her. She was mortified when they walked right up and asked what the two girls were doing. Jen decided to let Kim field the question. Poor Kim didn’t know what to say. After a few very awkward moments she finally blurted out, “Ms Jennifer has ordered me to stand here like this and I am obeying her.” She was blushing deeply. The young couple laughed at her.

“Be careful out here like that. You could get arrested!” the young woman said. Jen explained that they were about to go inside and suggested that the young couple might want to stop by the Food Court before leaving the mall.

“Kimmy here is going to show her stuff at the Food Court and one lucky guy is going to get to bump bellies with her tonight,” Jen explained.

“Oh you poor, poor girl!” the woman said. “Well, you look like consenting adults and you must like this stuff to ever have agreed to it in the first place, so have fun tonight!” she said. Turning to her partner she said, “And you, put your eyes back in your head! You’re not going to be doing anything with this girl so don’t even think about it!”

Just as the young couple began walking away, the woman stopped and turned. “By the way, the happy-face is a nice touch! Normally, if I saw a girl holding her skirt up in public I’d think she was a whore, but the little happy-face just screams, “I’m a bimbo!” She laughed and said, “Bye-bye bimbo” and they left.

“Ok, slut, that was fun. Drop the skirt and let’s get you set up at the Food Court!”

Chapter 14 Picking a Partner
The girls walked from the car towards the mall entrance. Kim was just now realizing that they had parked a considerable distance from the door. She was glad for this because she really didn’t want to go through with this. Her stomach was in knots and she thought she might puke. While she was not happy about walking around the mall parking lot in her outfit, it was far preferable to sitting in the Food Court in this outfit, though. As bad as this was, it was sure to get worse.

“Swing those hips, girl. You’re walking like a boy and I want to see you walking like a whore!” Jen snapped at her. Kim wanted to die but complied, putting a little more hip movement in her stride.

“Hello? Can’t you hear me? I said swing those hips!” Kim was on the verge of tears but she tried to comply and swing her hips more. Not only did she feel ridiculous walking like this, she was sure her skirt was flipping up with each step revealing her butt. After a few steps she was back to a slightly exaggerated hip swing. Her failure was plainly irritating Ms Jennifer.

“Ms Jennifer, I can’t walk like this! My skirt keeps flipping up and everyone will see my butt! Please, please don’t make me do this!” Kim was begging her.

“So, you’re worried that someone might see your butt? That’s your problem? Well, we can fix that easily enough. Stand up straight,” Jen ordered her. Kim was relieved that Ms Jennifer understood her problem. She expected her to remove the safety pin and allow the skirt to cover her more. Unfortunately for her, that wasn’t exactly what Jen had in mind.

“Stand straight, feet shoulder width apart and let’s see what we have here,” Jen said. Kim did as she was told. “Now, point your feet in so your toes face inward.” She waited for Kim to reply. “Now, bend over and touch your toes. Keep your knees straight,” Jen ordered.

“Ms Jennifer!” Kim started to complain but was cut off with a very menacing look from Jen. Very reluctantly she did what she was told. Just when she was thinking things couldn’t get worse, Jen lifted up her skirt and draped it over her back. The loosely tied halter-top was hanging straight down, and except for her skirt bunched up on her back, every inch of her flesh was exposed.

“Now your ass is in plain view. No need to worry about whether it can be seen any more,” Jen snickered. “You just stay in that position and count to 100, nice and slowly. Like this: One, Ms Jennifer, and two, Ms Jennifer, all the way to 100. I’ll be leaving you now but I won’t be far away. Once you’ve finished counting I want you to straighten out your clothing and walk to the Food Court. And be warned, slut, that I had better see those hips swinging the whole way. If they stop swinging, you’re going to repeat this exercise wherever you happen to be. I don’t care where it is or who is watching, and next time you’ll count to 1,000. You may begin,” Jen ordered. Jen saw that Kim had started crying softly. She realized that this had to be mortifying for the poor girl but she was drunk on the power she had over Kim and she really didn’t care how Kim felt. “You had better not let those tears ruin your makeup, slut! And don’t stand up until you stop crying. If you start again, I swear I’ll take you in the ladies room and make you watch while I burn those clothes and I’ll leave you here naked.”

Kim was bent over while she counted to 100 as ordered. She did not straighten up right away, though, because she needed a little more time to stop her tears. This was so awful! And this was only the beginning! She was having all this trouble just getting to the spot for her upcoming humiliation! She finally pulled herself together when she heard footsteps and saw through her slightly spread legs that a large group of teenagers were walking in her direction. She wanted to die. Jen was about 30 feet away watching this with a huge grin on her face. She wondered if Kim’s pussy was as wet as hers was. When Kim finally resumed walking towards the mall door Jen burst out laughing. Kim was rolling her hips as best she could and really making a spectacle of herself. She wished she were videotaping this. Kim looked like a clown in a whore outfit. God! This was fun!

Kim did her best to ignore the comments and laughter coming from the group behind her. She knew her ass was showing. She heard several of the people behind her say so. She also knew she looked ridiculous walking as she was. What could she do? If Ms Jennifer stopped her and made her bend over and count to 1000 in front of this group she would die! Walking like this was very humiliating, but she realized that she was going to have to do this anyway. Stopping now wouldn’t get her out of it; it would just add a bent over counting session. She didn’t know how she was going to make it all the way to the Food Court. Suddenly, the walk that had seemed too short a while ago now seemed so long. Worst of all, her pussy was drenched. Anyone that looked at her crotch would think she was having the time of her life. And very soon, there were going to be a lot of people looking at her crotch.

By the time she got close to the Food Court she had a dozen people following her. She was afraid she would start crying again. She was still walking with the exaggerated hip movements Jen insisted on and she cringed at how it must be making her look. In her mind, it wasn’t sexy; it was a parody of sexy. It made her look like she was trying very hard to look sexy and not quite getting it. It was exactly the look Jen wanted. The Food Court had a bunch of people in it. There were far more people than Kim expected. It seemed like hundreds but, in reality, it was closer to 25. It was far more people than Kim would have chosen to see this display! She sat down at a table right in the middle of the room. God, she felt so exposed!

She watched Jen walk into the room. The smirk on Jen’s face was annoying. She suddenly hated Jen with all her heart, mostly for the fact that Jen was wearing jeans and a sweatshirt with tennis shoes and she was dressed like a slut. The other reason she hated Jen at that moment was that her arrival signaled the time for her to begin her journey to total degradation. She made eye contact with Jen and saw no sympathy there. Slowly she began to open her legs. She could feel everyone’s eyes upon her. The contingent that had followed her in sat close by, staring at her as if she was on a stage. She overheard the group debating whether she was a slut or a whore. She bit her lip as she heard one girl suggest that if she was a whore, she was a cheap one. She wanted to disappear, or at least close her eyes. She somehow found the strength to keep them open. Two young women and a young man from the group that was following her through the mall were the first to approach her.

“Nice view, slut!” was the first comment. “Oh look, a happy-face!” was the next cutting comment. The two women seemed fascinated by the damn happy-face Ms Jennifer had drawn on her. “Hey, you know why that little face is so happy? ‘Cause he doesn’t have a nose! If he did, he’d be frowning! Girl, you should wash that thing after every dozen of so customers…it stinks!” Kim wanted to die. She could smell her own arousal and she was sure the people near her could, too. “This bitch is getting off on this! Look at her twat! What a sicko!” The comments kept coming and the waves of humiliation kept crashing over Kim.

Jen realized that with all the attention Kim was drawing it wouldn’t be long before security came to break this party up. As soon as the three young people that were ridiculing Kim moved on, Jen came over and sat beside her. “How ya doing, sweetie? Having fun?” Jen asked. As she spoke she put her hand on Kim’s leg and pushed her skirt higher.

Kim sat numbly as Jen did this. She rationalized that she was already fully exposed and having the skirt up a little more really didn’t matter. Her damn navel was the only part of her still decently covered.

“Change of plans, sweetie. You won’t be able to sit here like this for long. You’re going to have to get up and mingle. See the guys sitting over by the trashcan there? The one with the Star Wars shirt on is our lucky winner. I’m heading out. I will be outside and I better see you leave with him or you’re in big trouble. Once I see you with him I’m heading home. You stay with him till he’s had sex with you and then come on home. Don’t let that creep know where I live. You have him drop you off at least a mile from the house and walk home. Now, sit here till I leave and then go start hitting on him.” As Jen got up she maliciously kicked her spread legs a bit wider apart. She smiled at her and said, “Have fun bimbo!” and walked away.

Kim watched her tormentor go. She suddenly realized she couldn’t do this! She needed some time to think. She closed her legs and sat there not knowing what to do. After a few minutes she got up and ran to the Ladies room. She was crying as she removed the safety pin from the waistband of her skirt. She smoothed the skirt down so it would cover her more. She re-tied the halter-top, making it as decent as she could. She knew she was going to be in trouble but she felt she could take her punishment easier than sleeping with some random stranger. Still, she needed time.

She realized that she would be in trouble immediately if Ms Jennifer didn’t see her leave with the selected guy. She walked back to the Food Court with as much dignity as she could muster, hoping the guy was still there. Fortunately, he was. She approached the young man, boy really, that Ms Jennifer picked out for her to sleep with. “Excuse me, but I have a really huge favor to ask of you,” Kim asked meekly. The boy turned to her and looked her up and down.

“That was some show you put on over there! You were as good as naked!”

“I know. Now, will you help me? It won’t take long, I promise,” she pleaded with him. He asked her what she needed. “Just walk me out to the parking lot, please!” she asked.

“What’s in it for me?”

“Look, if you do this I’ll kiss you and remember you forever. Please!” The boy hesitated, but finally agreed. He had never been this close to a woman with so few clothes on and he was grateful for the opportunity. Kim was grateful, too. She clutched his arm and led him towards the door she had entered in earlier. On the way she realized that Ms Jennifer might notice her clothing was different. Her top would probably go unnoticed, but her skirt was much longer without that safety pin. She resolved this by tugging the skirt up just before she reached the door. With all the exposure she had been through in the last couple days, this was the first time she exposed herself without being ordered to.

She saw Ms Jennifer’s car pull out of the parking space and drive away. Tugging her skirt back down she told the boy she thought she would be OK now. “I owe you a kiss.” The boy leaned into her and gave her a sloppy kiss. It was probably the first real kiss he ever had. Now, all that remained was to find a way home and face the wrath of Ms Jennifer. She thought about lying to her and saying she slept with the boy, but she knew she would get caught eventually. No, any punishment that doesn’t involve sleeping with a random guy would be worth getting out of this.

Chapter 15
Kim started to make her way home. She didn’t have her purse or any money with her. She had always fantasized about taking a cab ride and blowing the driver for the fare. She loved this idea as a fantasy but didn’t think much of it at all in reality. She was about 4 miles from home. It would not be a fun walk in her outfit, but not an impossible one either. She could use the time to think about how she would deal with Ms Jennifer. She knew she was going to get a punishment and she was sure it was going to be awful. She decided that she would deal with anything short of having her videos distributed. She had seen the look of power lust in her eyes and figured she would want the current situation to continue. Ironically, Kim wanted it to continue, too. She would like the intensity reduced a whole lot, but she wanted the whole blackmail thing to continue.

As she walked, she thought about that. She could handle the short skirts. She wanted to be made to wear them to a lot of places. In fact, the very idea of being made to wear them everywhere was very hot! She remembered that she had removed the safety pin Ms Jennifer had put in the skirt to make it sit higher on her hips. She stopped right there on the sidewalk, tugged the skirt up high around her waist and pinned it. It was higher on her waist than when Ms Jennifer pinned it at the mall. She was sure the skirt was no longer covering her ass. She felt better that she wasn’t totally wimping out on this assignment. Next she adjusted the halter-top. She loosened the top string and re-tied it with top hanging low, revealing her tits almost down to the nipple. She untied the lower string and started to re-tie it loosely as Ms Jennifer had done and then thought better of it. She simply left it untied and let the top blow in the breeze. She was very exposed with her outfit like this and she wanted it that way. It was her way of atoning for not sleeping with that boy as ordered. She wasn’t ready to be a slut but she was willing to look like one. She hoped Ms Jennifer noticed.

It took her several hours to walk home. She was offered rides by several passing cars. Dressed as she was, she knew better than to accept a ride from a carload of boys. The police came by several times, too. They undoubtedly thought she was a hooker, judging by her outfit. She figured correctly that as long as she kept moving she would be OK with the cops. Of course, this meant no resting and the high heels were killing her feet. Eventually she came to the McDonalds near Jen’s parent’s house. This was the very same McDonalds she masturbated at. Ordinarily, it was the last place she would go, but her feet hurt badly and she needed a break. She went in and asked the clerk for a cup of water. The good thing about the outfit she had on was that the male clerks there would have given her anything she asked for. She asked if she might sit down for a few minutes. It was close to 11:00 and the counter guy told her she was welcome to stay until the locked up at 11:00. She sat down. Remembering her earlier punishment she spread her legs. The people behind the counter all got a good look at her pussy. After the night she had already, she was beyond caring who saw her pussy. It was more important to her not to break any more of her rules.

At 11:00 she left and was home in just under a half-hour. She walked in the door, hoping that Ms Jennifer would be in the living room. She wanted her to see that she was a good girl and had her outfit arranged for maximum exposure. Unfortunately for her, Jen was upstairs on the Internet. Kim sighed and removed her clothes. Naked, with folded clothes in her hand, she went upstairs to face the music.

“Hey slut! Did you make that boy’s night?” Jen asked in a condescending tone.

“No, Ms Jennifer, I just couldn’t do it. I left him in the parking lot of the mall and walked home. I’m sorry,” Kim answered meekly, with her head bowed.

“So you didn’t screw him after I told you to?” Jen said angrily.

“Wait, Ms Jennifer, please, let me explain! I wanted to obey you but I just couldn’t. I’ve only had sex twice in my entire life. I just couldn’t meet some stranger I don’t like or even know and sleep with him. I know you’re angry with me and I’ll take any punishment you want but please, don’t make me sleep with strangers, please!” Kim was talking rapidly and the tears started flowing. The poor girl was miserable.

“Hmmm, maybe we took that a little too fast, but you should have told me this before-hand rather than disobeying me. You’re going to have to be punished and I’m afraid it’s going to have to be a nasty one so you never, ever disobey me again.” Jen told her. Kim fell to her knees in front of Jen thanking her. She had been so worried that Jen was just going to send her videos out. Her response was more than Kim dared hope for.

“Not so fast, sweetie! I don’t know what I’m going to do to you for punishment yet, but you are absolutely going to hate me before it’s over. For now, you’re going to get a good spanking. That’s not the main event of your punishment, though. Wait here.” Jen instructed. Jen sent Kim down to the den to retrieve her dad’s old fraternity paddle. Kim had never been paddled before and didn’t realize that she should be very frightened. She returned to Jen’s room and handed Jen the paddle.

Jen knew from her reading on the Internet that most people into BDSM did not condone using pain as punishment. The purists considered beatings to be “play” with the key concept being mutual satisfaction. Of course, the few people that she had encountered that did believe in corporal punishment had all given her the same advice. If you’re going to paddle someone as a punishment, make it hurt. And that’s exactly what Jen did. She lit the poor girl’s ass up like a firecracker. 25 hard swats with the paddle left Kim’s ass a bluish, purple color, covered in bruises. Kim started crying after the first stroke and was bawling like a baby before the 10th one landed. It was a brutal paddling that would have a lasting effect on Kim’s psyche. Jen intended it that way. She wanted the girl afraid to disobey her. Kim would always hate the paddle and almost anything she could think of was preferable to another session with it.

When she had stopped crying Jen announced that the main portion of her punishment would take place tomorrow. Kim couldn’t imagine any punishment where the beating she just received was not the main part. She cried to herself for hours before falling asleep, both from the pain in her very sore bottom and the dread of tomorrow and the rest of her punishment.

Chapter 16 Sunday’s Punishment
Jen was up before Kim on Sunday morning. She made coffee and thought about the punishment she had to give Kim. She could see the bruises on Kim’s ass as she slept. She really worked her over last night. Well, she thought, the girl is going to have to learn to obey and hating punishments is a big part of her obedience training. She realized that she had pushed the girl too fast towards becoming a total slut. There were no time constraints on her. She could own Kim for as long as she wanted. There seemed to be very little risk that the girl would suddenly decide it was OK for her parents to see the shocking videos of her. She was also aware that Kim liked a lot of what she was doing to her. Of course, she was going to make sure she was always just a little ahead of what Kim wanted her to do. Kim was a toy to fulfill her desires, not a person to be catered to. Thinking along those lines, she began to devise her punishment. She smiled to herself knowing that Kim was going to hate it. She tried imagining that she, herself, were required to do what she planned on making Kim do and decided she would rather run away and join a convent. She started looking through her dresser for the things she’d need.

Jen let Kim sleep until around 10:00. She was aware that Kim was up late. She had fallen asleep listening to the sounds of Kim’s crying. By then she had found what she needed for Kim’s punishment. Last year, a boyfriend that thought he would be sleeping with Jen bought her a very skimpy lingerie set. It was hot pink and consisted of a tiny thong, a ridiculously small bra that was no more than a thin strip of sheer material covering the nipples and a pair of matching thigh-high stockings with bows at the top. She never even tried this shit on, much less wore it for the boy who bought it for her. It was trashy, very revealing, and cheap. Just the thing for her bimbo to wear, though!

“OK, sleepyhead, it’s time to get up. Have some coffee and then you can get showered. You have a little punishment to do today,” Jen said in her sweetest voice. Kim woke slowly and immediately thought about her bruised butt. She got up and looked in the mirror. She saw a mass of bruises and knew she wasn’t going to be sitting comfortably for a couple days. Still, the pain was much less than last night. She got her coffee and got in the shower. About 15 minutes later she stood naked before Jen waiting for her instructions regarding hair, makeup, and clothes. “Just dry your hair and put it in a pony tail. A little blue eyeliner is all the makeup you’ll need. When you’re done, I’ll give you your outfit and instructions.”

While Kim was doing her hair and makeup, Jen found the last two items needed for Jen’s punishment. A whistle and a baton she had from her Junior High School days as a majorette. She couldn’t help smiling at how Kim would react to her punishment. While she wouldn’t be showing her pussy off to strangers, this was going to be extremely humiliating for her. Sexy and stupid were the words of the day. When Kim was ready, Jen showed her the outfit she was to wear. Kim cringed when she saw herself in the mirror after getting dressed. Once again, she looked like a whore. Worse, the thong panties did not cover a bit of her bruised behind. Anyone that saw her was going to see that she had just received a wicked spanking. She could only hope that wouldn’t be many people. It was about 11:30 AM when Jen told her to go wait at the car.

Kim was embarrassed to have to walk to the car in broad daylight in her lingerie and heels. She hoped Ms Jennifer didn’t keep her standing in the driveway long. The bruises on her butt were adding immeasurably to her humiliation. This outfit not only showed off her body, it showed off a very embarrassing part of her life that she desperately wanted to keep secret. After a few minutes, Jen came out and unlocked the car. Before letting Kim get in she put a chain around Kim’s neck that had the whistle on it. She handed her the baton and told her to get in. Kim had no idea what the baton and whistle were for, but she knew it wasn’t going to be good. As they drove away, Jen explained exactly what Kim would be required to do.

“Sweetie, this is really going to be horrible for you, but you need to be punished. We need to make your punishment a memorable experience so you remember to never disobey me again. That’s only reasonable, right?” Kim knew she was supposed to agree with Jen and she nodded, even though she felt the paddling she got was more than enough punishment. After all, all she did was refuse to sleep with some geek from the mall. Wouldn’t any girl have done that? Jen drove to the new apartment that the girls would be moving into. Kim was very uneasy walking into the apartment building she was going to be living in while wearing this outrageous outfit. Jen let them in with her key and then slipped the key under the doormat. She took Kim’s purse and cell phone from her and put them in a corner of the unfurnished apartment.

“Ever seen a majorette do her thing, sweetie?” Jen asked. Kim had and nodded. “Good! Let me see you try it, then,” Jen said. She watched with amusement as Kim marched back and forth in the empty apartment, swinging the baton under her right arm. “Very good, sweetie. You’ve got it. It’s marching really, not walking. Now, remember the whistle. Here’s how you do it. You always start with your left foot. As your left foot touches the ground, you blow the whistle loudly. As your marching, you blow the whistle every other time your left foot touches the ground. Whistle, step, step, step, whistle, step, step, and step. Try it,” Jen instructed. Kim was becoming increasingly concerned by this whole discussion. She did as she was told and, although she felt incredibly stupid, she demonstrated that she understood Ms Jennifer’s explanation.

“Good! You have it down perfect. Now, let’s go outside.” Jen’s tone of voice was very condescending. She was about to drop her bombshell on Kim and she was savoring every moment of it. The left the apartment and were standing on the curb of Lafayette Street.

Lafayette Street is one of the major thoroughfares in Salem. It is mostly residential and carries a lot of traffic, both cars and pedestrians. The apartment was almost at the end of the road, right near the college. If you looked to the right, you could see the college about a quarter-mile away. To the left, about 2 miles down, the road met up with several other major roads in a huge traffic circle.

“Ok, sweetie, here is your punishment. You’re going to march up to the college, cross the street, march down to the traffic circle, around the traffic circle, back to the college. Then, you’re going to cross the street and do it all over again, going in the other direction. On your first trip, you will march on this side of the street, on your second trip; you will march on the other side of the street. Remember, whistle, step, step, step, whistle, and so on.” Jen was laughing as she finished her instructions. “And don’t forget to keep that baton moving!” she finished.

Kim was white as a ghost. She could not believe what Jen had just told her to do! This was where she was going to be living and going to school! And it was noontime on a Sunday. She was speechless.

“Now, come on, Kimmy, I told you this was going to be horrible, didn’t I? And you know why it has to be horrible, don’t you?” Kim just stood there without answering. She still couldn’t believe this assignment. Didn’t Jen realize how visible she was going to be out here? And how much attention that whistle was going to attract? And the course she laid out had to be over 5 miles! This was going to take hours! Hours of humiliation that were beyond her imagination.

“When you’re done you can come into the apartment and call me on the cell phone. I’ll leave the key under the mat since you don’t have any pockets in your outfit. I’m going to stand here and watch you for a bit and then I’ll take off. I’ll pick you up when you’re done. Now get going, sweetie,” Jen said as if she had asked her to perform some routine errand.

Kim was totally mortified as she blew the whistle and started marching off the street. Jen was laughing hysterically at the sight. She snapped a couple pictures as Kim marched off toward the college. Cars were blowing their horns at the girl and some slowed down and people in them made rude comments to her. A car full of young people was taunting her as she neared the college. A police cruiser came by and slowed to a crawl near her but did not stop. This was embarrassing but not illegal. There wouldn’t be any trouble from the cops. As she crossed the street Jen ran to the car and got her video camera. She crossed the street and filmed Kim’s march down the sidewalk. Kim was beet red and crying as she marched into the view of the camera. Jen got her on film as well as the reaction of the people on the street and in the houses she marched past. She couldn’t stop laughing at the girl.

Kim could not believe the feelings of degradation and total humiliation she was experiencing. She couldn’t stop crying. In fact, she couldn’t imagine ever being able to stop crying. She had only just started what was going to be a very long afternoon and she already had an experience she would never forget. Years of therapy would not help her come to grips with this memory. She had only just started her punishment and was already wishing she could travel back in time to yesterday. She’d have screwed the guy if she knew this would be the consequence of not screwing him! Hell, she’d have screwed all his friends, too, to get out of this mess.

Jen got Kim on film going by and zoomed in on her bruised ass. When Kim was a 100 yards away, Jen turned off the camera and headed for her car, congratulating herself on a very creative and effective punishment for her little slut. She figured she’d have this film on the Net before Kim finished her first loop.

Chapter 17
Kim tried her best to ignore the comments and blaring horns that her bizarre spectacle was causing. She never knew this level of humiliation existed. Her heart was pounding and her adrenaline was rushing. She was attracting lots of attention. She was still crying and her nose was running from all the crying. She would almost stop and then she’d hear comments from a passing car that slowed down to look at her. She heard people call her a whore, she heard people yell out things about her outfit, her ass, and her mental condition. Worse, this whole situation was making her very horny. She couldn’t understand why because she was truly miserable but she was so wet between the legs she thought she could hear a squishing sound with each step. She didn’t have the nerve to look down to see if there was a wet spot on her panties. It’s just as well for her, because seeing the dark wet spot that almost covered the tiny panty would have only made things worse for her. It took her an hour and a half to get to the traffic circle. With all the walking she had done last night in her high heels, her feet were in agony. There was no way she was going to stop dressed in this outfit no matter how much her feet hurt!

The traffic circle was a nightmare for her. Four major roads converged into a big circle. There was a large parking lot in the center of the circle and shops, restaurants, and professional buildings lined the sidewalk. Many of the restaurants had outdoor seating. Just her like she would earn this punishment on a beautiful Sunday afternoon. Even though it was well past the lunch hour, there were many people seated at these outdoor seats. She marched along, blowing the hated whistle, coming as close as two feet from some of these people. She looked anywhere she could except at the faces of the people watching her. Although she was stupid enough to get herself into this predicament, she was not so stupid to think that she would get through this afternoon without being seen by people that knew her. With the route that Ms Jennifer picked out for her, anyone moving around downtown Salem would see her. And hear her. Her only reasonable hope was that her parents, their friends, or neighbors would see her. The chances of that seemed pretty slim to her, too.

On her march she reflected on the last few days. She had begged Ms Jennifer to ruin her reputation. She had asked to be made into a slut. When Ms Jennifer did what she asked her to do, she refused her and defied her. She had nobody to blame for this but herself. She was a horrible person and she deserved all of this and more. Just as quickly she considered that she was not to blame and that Ms Jennifer was a horrible person. She only really wanted some one else to take responsibility for her desire to wear too-short skirts without underwear. She wanted to have sex with guys and not take responsibility for it. In her fantasy, it was always cute guys that were nice to her, great lovers, etc. She imagined being “forced” to sleep with 3 or 4 guys. Enough to make her a slut, but a guilt-free slut. After all, she was being “forced” so it wasn’t her fault. None of this was her fault. Ms Jennifer took advantage of her and got those videos and was blackmailing her.

Her thoughts went back and forth like this for hours. She was a good girl, she was a slut. She was to blame, Ms Jennifer was to blame. She would temporarily lose herself in these thoughts until a car horn or a shouted comment would jar her back to reality. Each time this happened, she was a little shocked to find herself marching on a public street in skimpy underwear, waving a baton and blowing a whistle. She even wondered if a very humiliating experience could drive a person crazy. She wondered if she was crazy. How would she know? She was sure that a lot of people driving through Salem today thought she was crazy.

As she began her second loop her thoughts became more focused. She was able to shut out a lot of the reality of what she was doing. The human mind has a way of protecting itself from a stress overload. Her thoughts focused on her relationship with Ms Jennifer. She resolved to obey her completely, no matter what she was required to do. She was not going to anger her again. If Ms Jennifer told her to go down to the waterfront and whore for nickels, she would do it. Every horrible thing she could imagine Ms Jennifer asking her to do seemed OK. As she marched near her apartment she got an idea. She was so thoroughly degraded that another two or three hours of this torture wouldn’t change anything. She would go into the apartment and call Ms Jennifer and ask to be allowed to come home. She would explain that she learned her lesson and she would always be good from now on. She would do anything. A week ago, Ms Jennifer was just her friend Jen. Surely she would let her off the hook. She convinced herself Ms Jennifer would forgive her and marched to her apartment.

After letting herself into the apartment she called Jen on the phone. She gave her a report on her afternoon and pleaded with her to be allowed to come home. She told her over and over that she had learned her lesson and would be very obedient and never give her anymore trouble. Jen was amused at the way Kim rambled on. She was a broken girl at this point. Jen feigned concern for her on the phone, struggling not to laugh at her.

“Well, I suppose you’ve had enough punishment but how will you get home? I’m in the middle of something right now and can’t come get you. I can come in about an hour, though. You could march for another hour, couldn’t you sweetie?’ Jen asked her.

“Yes, Ms Jennifer, I could if you want me to, but I really, really want to come home and I’ve learned my lesson, I promise I have! Please!” Kim rambled on.

“Well, I’d tell you to take a cab home but I have your purse here so I know you don’t have any money. I think you’re just going to have to march down Lafayette Street for another hour or so. I can come for you then.” Jen repeated.

“Ms Jennifer, couldn’t we pay the cab driver when he brings me home. I have the money in my purse and if he drives me to the house I can just run in and get the money and give it to him. Please?”

“No, sweetie, I don’t think that would be a very good idea. This is my parent’s house and you look like a cheap hooker. A cab outside of the house waiting to get paid would attract a lot of attention and we really don’t need the neighbors seeing you coming and going the way you’re dressed. I don’t think you can pay him when he gets you home. Sorry.” Jen had real difficulty holding back the laughter as she told this whopper. Kim had been naked about 15 times in her parent’s driveway over the last few days.

“Are you sure, Ms Jennifer? I really, really, really want to come home. There must be a way? Can I wait in the apartment for you?” Kim saw a chance to get out of the next couple hours of being a marching fool and wouldn’t let it go.

“No, sweetie, I don’t want you to wait in the apartment. There aren’t any curtains up and what would the neighbors think if they saw you dressed like you are now? That’s a bad idea, too, sweetie,” Jen answered. Of course, she wanted the neighbors to see Kim and they would see plenty of her starting next week when they moved in. She had a plan, though, and she figured Kim was going to suggest it herself once she exhausted her options. She didn’t have long to wait.

“Ms Jennifer, I could take a cab and I could give the driver a b-b-bl-blow job for the fare. Would that be all right? Please, Ms Jennifer?” Kim asked. She had fantasized about having to do this for so long and now she really needed that cab ride. She was sure she could do this if the alternative was another hour out on Lafayette Street.

“Oh, I suppose that would be OK, but I still don’t want you wearing that slutty outfit when you get out of the cab. I’m sure you’ve made a mess of those panties and the bra is useless without the panties. So, you can cab home, but the bra and panties don’t get out of the cab with you. Understand?” Jen was having a very difficult time not laughing hysterically at this whole conversation.

“Yes, Ms Jennifer, I understand. Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!” Kim gushed.

“Wait a minute sweetie, before you go. Do you have a condom with you? It’s pretty risky giving a blow job to a stranger without one, you know.” The girl sitting with Jen lost her composure when she heard this question and burst out laughing. Jen quickly motioned for her to be quiet. She didn’t know if Kim had heard it or not.

“No, Ms Jennifer, I don’t have a condom but I’m willing to risk it. May I, please?” Kim couldn’t believe that she was begging Jen to let her blow a stranger without a condom for a ride home. Once she saw a chance to avoid having to go back out onto that damn street blowing that damn whistle, though, she was willing to do almost anything, including this.

“All right, sweetie, this is against my better judgment but if it’s really what you want to do, you have my permission. Remember, leave the undies in the cab. Just wear the stockings and heels into the house. And don’t leave my baton and whistle in that cab! In fact, call me when you get close to home so I can remind you,” Jen said, stifling a laugh.

The girl with Jen could not stifle her laugh and ended up putting a pillow to her face to keep the noise down. They didn’t want Kim to know she was there until she walked in. Leslie, the girl with Jen had only heard Jen’s part of the conversation and had no idea what her friend Kim had been doing this afternoon. She had seen Kim’s Yahoo group and the videos Kim had made, though. She was ready to explode with curiosity.

“Thank you Ms Jennifer, I really, really appreciate this. I’m going to find a cab now and I’ll be home as soon as I can.”

“What the hell was that all about?” Leslie asked.

“I’ll let her tell you all about it when she gets here. For now, I’ll just tell you that she’s downtown with no money and she’s going to try and get a cab ride home in exchange for a blow job. If she gets a cabbie to go for it, she’s going to leave her underwear in the cab. That’s all I’m saying for now. I’m sure I can convince her to tell you all about her day when she gets home.” Jen answered with a smirk.

Chapter 18
“I can’t believe any of this! Kim and I have been friends forever! She slept at my house last weekend! She’s never mentioned any of this stuff to me!” Leslie said.

“These are recent developments and I’m sure she is hoping that nobody finds out about them. Of course, I think that deep down she really wants everyone to know. You saw her video, so you had to see the part where she asked me to make her a slut and ruin her reputation. Did you happen to notice that she was fingering herself as she said that?” She’s a strange girl but she has been so much fun to play with! It’s like having a living Barbie doll. And her light complexion makes her blushing so obvious. You should see her when she’s embarrassed. Her face and chest get so red. It’s awesome.” Jen explained.

“I had no idea. I know she liked to wear her skirts real short and there was a rumor that she sometimes wore her minis without panties, but I figured that was just some boy’s wishful thinking. This is truly amazing! I can’t believe she created that Yahoo Group for herself. I would never let anyone take nude pictures of me and, if I did, they certainly wouldn’t go on the Internet. I think Kim has gone crazy!”

Jen was having a great time enlightening Leslie about her friend Kim. She figured Leslie was the last person Kim would want knowing about her new lifestyle. The two had been friends for years. Even through the last couple of years with the bets that had Kim wearing really short skirts to school, Kim had never confided in her. She couldn’t wait to see Leslie’s face when she watched Kim step out of that cab wearing nothing but stockings and heels! She also couldn’t wait to see Kim’s face when she realized that Leslie would be there to hear all about her sucking a cab driver’s cock for a ride home. This was going to be so much fun. Leslie already knew that Kim was planning to blow a cabbie but Jen was going to make her tell the story anyway. And, Leslie knew that Kim was going to leave her underwear in the cab. She didn’t know, however, that Kim was not wearing anything but the underwear and stockings. She couldn’t wait to see each girl’s reaction as Kim got out of the cab naked. As a final insult, she decided she’d have Kim do her majorette march up the driveway, whistle and all, when she got out of the cab. When Kim called her to tell her she was close, Jen would give her this instruction and make sure Leslie didn’t hear it. Wouldn’t want to ruin the surprise. And just imagine how this was going to affect Kim! She had a very humiliating day and just when she thought it was over, she was going to march, literally, naked, waving a baton and blowing a whistle from the cab, up the driveway, through the door, and right up to her oldest friend. Jen excused herself and went into the bathroom to put on dry panties. She had soaked the ones she was wearing.

While they waited for Kim’s big arrival, the girls went over her Yahoo group. They posted a message about some new pictures and video that would be posted soon and urged all the members to check the group frequently. The Yahoo group fascinated Leslie. She got into the spirit of humiliating Kim and created two folders in the files section. One was for people that knew Kim to post their thoughts about her and the other was for posting accounts of sighting Kim. She posted messages announcing the two sections and encouraged people that saw Kim out in her revealing outfits to take pictures and post them to the group.

“She knows all about this group, right? I mean, that is her e-mail address on those postings, right?” Leslie asked.

“Well, yes and no. She made the group and posted the pictures. She hasn’t been allowed to get on the Net since, though. I added a link to her profile and, signed on as her, I went into a lot of adult chat rooms and did some promotion for the group,” Jen said with a smirk. “She hasn’t seen the cover page yet, and all of those messages from her are actually things I posted while logged onto her account. She’s going to be very embarrassed when she sees it. After she tells us about her day, I think I’ll set her up on web cam and have her start answering all those e-mails,” Jen said.

“Cool! Can I help pick out her clothes for going on web cam? I think she should look sexy on camera to help embarrass her!” Leslie asked.

Jen laughed at this comment. “Clothes? No, I don’t think she needs an outfit at all.”

“You’re going to make her go on camera naked? Wow! You’re pretty tough on her! Do you think she’ll actually do it?” Leslie still didn’t fully understand the nature of things with Kim. She didn’t know, for example, that Kim was forbidden any clothing in the house.

“I’m sure it won’t be a problem. In fact, I bet the subject never comes up,” Jen answered confidently.

“I’ll take that bet! I’ve known Kim for years and I know she is not going to get on a web cam naked without a discussion about it! Based on what I see here, I’m willing to believe that she will do it, but she is not going to just take her clothes off and expose herself on the Internet live without a discussion!” Leslie reached into her pocket and pulled out a $10 bill. “Ten bucks says you’re wrong.”

Jen laughed. “You know, betting with me is what got Kim to where she is today. I’ll take your bet. Would you like to raise the stakes? Say, if she gets on camera naked without a discussion you get on camera naked with her?” Jen asked with obvious amusement in her voice.

“No way, I’m not a slut like she is. Ten bucks is the bet,” Leslie answered. Jen agreed and smiled to herself. Kim didn't sleep with that boy last night, or anyone else. She’s had sex a grand total of two times in her life and her best and oldest friend is calling her a slut! Perfect, she thought.

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Kim stepped back out onto Lafayette Street. She was mortified to be back out here in her revealing outfit, but she was relieved at least that she wasn’t marching and blowing a whistle to attract attention. She waited for a cab to come by. It seemed to take hours but was really only about 10 minutes. She saw a cab and waved him over. The cabbie was a very old, very fat man from some unidentifiable foreign country. Kim was going to have enough trouble blowing a cab driver that looked like Brad Pitt. She just couldn’t imagine doing it with this guy. “You know what? I just realized I don’t have my wallet and have to run into the house. Go on and I’ll catch the next cab. Sorry.” She told him. The cabbie was disappointed. He was hoping to give the scantily clad girl a ride. She sure was easy on the eyes, he thought. Reluctantly he pulled away. As he pulled out he thought it would have been worth it to give the girl a free ride. It wasn’t often that teenage girls in underwear flagged him down. He looked in the mirror and the girl was gone, so he drove off.

Kim was having second thoughts about this. She had no doubt that she would offer up and provide the blowjob to get home. In the apartment she had actually thought it wouldn’t be so bad. Now, out in the street, she realized that it would be bad. She would do it, but she was sure she wouldn’t enjoy it like she did in her fantasies. She waited for a few minutes and waved at the next cab.

The cab pulled in. The driver was a twenty-something redneck American. It was rare to see an American cab driver in Salem. She knew this would be her best shot. She still wasn’t anxious to blow this guy for a ride, though. She saw the cabbie leering at her and suddenly got an idea. “Hi, I need a ride over to the other side of town but I don’t have any money. Can I interest you in a deal?” she asked. The cabbie was enjoying watching Kim and asked her what kind of a deal she had in mind. “Well, I can’t pay you for the ride in money but, if you’ll take me across town, I’ll ride naked and you can keep my underwear so when you tell your friends you’ll have proof.” She waited anxiously for his response and was very relieved when he told her to get in.

“You ride up front and I get the underwear before we start moving and you have a deal, young lady.” Kim got into the front of the cab and had the bra and panties off in a flash. She was embarrassed at how wet the panties were. She handed them over to him and said, “Let’s get going. And seeing me naked is all you’re going to get. I don’t even want to talk, OK?”

The cabbie shrugged his agreement and pulled out. Kim gave him the address and was congratulating herself on her success. So the guy sees her naked for the whole ride. How many people have seen me naked recently? 100? More? At least I’m not blowing him. And, I had to take the underwear off at some point anyway. This was a great deal, she thought. She called Ms Jennifer and told her she was in a cab and would be home shortly. Jen didn’t press her for details since she wanted Leslie to hear them, too. She did manage to give Kim the instructions to do her majorette march up the driveway without Leslie hearing her. Jen also told her to make sure the cabbie tooted his horn a couple times before he left. Kim wasn’t happy about those instructions but she was feeling like this horrible afternoon was coming to an end and would do whatever was needed to get in the house.

The ride was scary as the cabbie kept watching her instead of the road. They had several near collisions but finally got to Jen’s parent’s house. “Thanks, I really appreciate this,” she said and got out of the car. Leaning in to the window she asked, “Would you mind blowing the horn a couple times so they know I’m here?” The cabbie hit the horn and Kim was afraid everyone in the neighborhood would look out their windows. She stood at the end of the driveway for a minute waiting for the cabbie to pull away. She didn’t need him seeing the embarrassing way she was required to march up to the house. After a long minute or two it was obvious that the cabbie wasn’t going to leave while she was still in sight. Blushing, she put the whistle in her mouth, blew it loudly and started her humiliating march up the driveway.

Jen and Leslie were ready for Kim’s big arrival. Jen was upstairs, videotaping the whole event from a window overlooking the driveway. Leslie was watching from a window in the living room. The plan was that Leslie would stand just inside the front door so that Kim would see her instantly as she walked in. Jen flew to the stairs to make sure she could catch the expression on Kim’s face on video. Leslie, though, was frozen in shock at the spectacle that she was witnessing. She was stunned as she watched her oldest friend get out of that cab naked. And she was marching up the driveway naked, blowing a whistle and waving a baton like she was leading a parade! If it weren’t for Jen yelling at her, she would have been frozen at that window instead of at the door. She did make it to her spot just inside the door just in time. Kim opened the door and immediately froze.

Chapter 19

“Hi Kim, what’s new?” Leslie asked. Immediately after finishing her question she burst into hysterical laughter. Jen began laughing, too.

“Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!” Kim yelled. The wave of humiliation that came over her felt like a physical kick in the stomach. For several long minutes she stood there like a statue, unable to speak or even fully comprehend why she was suddenly standing in front of her friend Leslie. All she could think about was whether Leslie had seen her humiliating march up the driveway. She correctly assumed she had and there were really no words appropriate for this situation. She knew she was blushing deeply and she was suddenly very conscious of just how aroused she was. She realized she wouldn’t be able to hide this fact from either girl. If they couldn’t see it from looking at her, surely they would smell it. She wanted to die right there in the doorway. If one could die from embarrassment and humiliation she would have got her wish.

Jen let the awkward moment hang there, savoring every second of it and capturing it all with her video camera. She couldn’t wait to get this video on the ‘Net! She realized that poor Kim was not just totally humiliated but also extremely horny. She needed to wring just a little more embarrassment from the poor girl to make this perfect.

“Leslie, do you smell something?” Jen said with a smirk.

“Yes, I do! Smells like sex in here. I don’t know what’s going on but it’s hard to miss the fact that little Kimmy really gets off on taking naked cab rides. Look at her pussy! All puffy and her clit looks like it’s an inch long!” She laughed. Jen focused the camera on Kim’s pussy while Leslie was describing this and thought to her self what a hit this video was going to be on the ‘Net!

“Kim, be a dear and squat down and spread your legs. We need to get a good shot of this,” Jen asked as if it was a normal request. Kim did not want to do this but the memory of her punishment was so fresh in her mind that she obeyed immediately. She was focused on not earning another punishment, one that Leslie would witness. She wanted desperately to limit what Leslie found out about her. It was so embarrassing to have been caught in this position by her but there were other things that she just couldn’t know. Of course, Leslie already knew plenty more and was going to learn even more before the day was out. Kim was in for a lengthy session of mental torture and it was just beginning. Jen left her squatting with her legs spread and aimed at the camera while the two girls talked about her.

“This is really hard to believe! First, I see her get out of that cab completely naked…no, worse than completely naked in her hooker stockings and heels…then she struts up here like she’s leading a parade…she’s as horny as a dog in heat…and she just squats and spreads her legs for the camera without a word…just because you told her so! You must really have something good on her!” Leslie said. Kim was mortified to hear Leslie summarize the last few minutes of her life. She was desperately hoping Ms Jennifer would not tell her what she was doing all afternoon!

“So, sweetie, how was your afternoon?” Jen inquired in her best condescending, innocent voice, as if she didn’t know.

Kim knew immediately that Jen wasn’t going to tell Leslie about her humiliating march up and down Lafayette Street. She was going to make Kim tell the story herself. “I’m glad it’s over, Ms Jennifer,” Kim answered, hoping against hope that Jen would drop the subject.

“That’s all you want to say about it? We could always have you do it again to see it that would make you more talkative. I’m sure Leslie is very curious and it’s quite rude of you to keep her wondering. You don’t mean to be rude to Leslie, do you sweetie?” Kim really hated it when Jen talked to her like a child. She hated what Jen was saying to her and the way she was saying it. And she knew she was going to end up telling Leslie all about her horrible humiliation.

“She probably wants to wash the cum out of her mouth before she tells me what’s going on, Jen,” Leslie volunteered. Kim blushed deeply. So Leslie knew she was planning to trade a blowjob for a cab ride. Could this day get any worse? Of course it could. She started to speak but Jen told her to be quiet.

Jen could tell by the look on Kim’s face she was anxious to tell her friend that she had not blown the cabbie for a ride. It was obviously important to her that Leslie know this, so naturally, she decided to make her wait a bit to tell her. “Why don’t you go up and shower. You stink! When you’re all cleaned up do your hair and makeup and meet us in the bedroom. Make sure you look nice.” Jen ordered.

Kim got up and walked away. She was determined to obey Ms Jennifer and frustrated that Leslie thought she had prostituted herself for a cab ride. Even though she would have given the blowjob if she needed to, she didn’t, and wanted that known. She walked past a mirror in the hallway and saw just how slutty she looked in nothing but the thigh-high stockings and heels and cringed. No matter what she said, she would never have a good explanation for getting out of a cab dressed like this. She resigned herself to the fact that Leslie was going to know all about the perverted things she had been doing. As she reached the bathroom she heard Jen yell, “No masturbating, Kim!”

While Kim was showering Leslie and Jen went up to the bedroom and got the web cam all set up. “Do me a favor and sit on that stool so I can get this thing aimed right, will ya?” Jen asked Leslie. Leslie sat on the stool and Jen fiddled with the camera, finally getting the aim right so Kim’s face would be clearly visible and her pussy would also be in the picture.

“You’re really going to make her go on camera naked? Damn! That’s going to be hard for her. I can’t imagine how she’s going to feel!” Leslie observed.

“Do you want to see what its like?” Jen asked with a smirk.

“I am curious, but I’m not going on the Internet for one second to find out!”

“You don’t have to go on the Internet. Look. See this little box here? It says paused. That means that nothing is broadcasting. When I click here, the box says broadcasting. Now it’s going over the Internet. So, you can get an idea of what it will be like if you want.” Jen explained.

“OK, I get the picture,” Leslie answered.

“Kim will be busy for a half hour with her shower, hair and makeup. If you really want to know what she’s going to be feeling, you need to sit there like she’s going to be. I promise I won’t put you on the Internet.”

“You mean you want me to take my clothes off to see what it’s like?” Leslie asked.

“Well, you’ll need to do that and a little more to really know what she’s feeling. She’s not just going to be naked, she’s going to be rather spread out,” Jen said, spreading her legs obscenely wide to show Leslie what she meant. “And, she’s going to be fingering herself,” Jen continued, rubbing her hand along the crotch of her jeans to illustrate. She was trying to stifle a laugh as she saw an interesting look come across Leslie’s face.

“OK, I want to know what this feels like. Do you promise you won’t start that thing broadcasting?” Leslie said. She was blushing deeply.

“I promise! We have plenty of time. You can strip and spread your legs and see what you look like in the monitor and you’ll really know how it will feel to Kim,” Jen coaxed. “I did it myself last night,” Jen lied. “It’s important to know how this stuff feels if you have other people do it.” She couldn’t believe her luck as Leslie was clearly thinking about doing it.

“OK, but I don’t want Kim to know I did this. She’s the one that gets all horny when she’s embarrassed, not me! Promise you won’t tell her!” Leslie said, as she blushed an even deeper shade of red. Jen promised.

“I promise I won’t tell her. If you want to do this, you have to hurry though. She’ll be done in 15 or 20 minutes.”

“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” Leslie said as she began disrobing. Jen couldn’t believe it either. What was it with these girls?

Soon Leslie was sitting on the stool in front of the camera, totally naked. “You should spread your legs very wide to get the full effect. It really makes a difference,” Jen said innocently. Leslie complied as Jen fiddled with the camera. “Just a couple adjustments,” she said. She wasn’t adjusting the camera at all, though, she was repeatedly hitting the little button on the side that triggered individual pictures. “See what a difference that makes?” Jen asked, as if this was just some simple experiment.

“Oh my God! I almost feel sorry for her! I’ve never felt so exposed in my life. Is she really going to do this?” Leslie asked. You could hear the excitement in her voice.

Jen discreetly hit the second button on the camera to start the video capture. “Yes, she’s going to do that and more. She’ll be masturbating for the camera, too. If you want to try that, I’ll give you some privacy. I know you don’t have the same interest in embarrassment and humiliation as she does,” Jen offered.

“Well, all of this has made me really horny! How much time before she comes in here?” Leslie asked.

“At least another 15 minutes. I’ll tell you what, I’m going down to the kitchen for a soda. I’ll lock the door behind me. Get a good feel for what Kim will be doing and just leave the door locked until you’re dressed again.” Jen said.

“OK, thanks! I still can’t believe I’m doing this. I couldn’t imagine if this was visible on the Internet.” Leslie gushed. Her hand was in her crotch as Jen slipped out the door. Jen managed to get all the way down the stairs before she burst into laughter. She had one slut busy doing her hair and makeup for her Internet debut and another slut unknowingly recording a fully nude masturbation video, all at the same time. She didn’t know if she would blackmail Leslie or not, but it couldn’t hurt to have the blackmail material on hand.

About 10 minutes later Leslie was all dressed and unlocked the door. Jen came in and switched off the camera without attracting Leslie’s attention. She got a fresh pair of black thigh-high stockings from her drawer. “I’ll go check on our budding starlet. Remember, if she goes on camera naked without a discussion, you owe me $10.” Laughing, she added, “These don’t count as clothes, either,” as she waved the thigh-highs at Leslie. Leslie no longer cared about the $10. She was more anxious than ever to see her friend expose herself.

“Hurry up, sweetie,” Jen said. “And put these on and your heels. Do not speak unless I ask you a direct question. And for the rest of the day, whenever you sit, you spread your legs as wide as you can get them. The next hour or so might be a bit embarrassing for you. I promise you, if you don’t cooperate fully, the punishment will be much, much worse than what you’re about to do. Understand?” Jen said sternly.

“Yes, Ms Jennifer,” Kim answered meekly. She was worried about what was coming but she already knew Jen could inflict horrible punishments. She had decided back out on Lafayette Street that no order could be as bad as the punishment for disobeying it. She was going to do whatever was asked of her. She was glad that Jen had prohibited her from masturbating. Undergoing humiliation was easier when she was horny and she couldn’t remember being more horny in her life.

“You have 5 minutes to finish up and get your ass into the bedroom!” Jen said as she walked out of the bathroom.

Chapter 20 Naked on the Internet
Jen went to the bedroom and pulled up Kim’s Yahoo Group. She posted a message that Kim would be doing a live nude cam session, beginning in just a few minutes. She posted Kim’s ID to the group and started Messenger. She edited the preferences to make sure everyone who requested access to the cam go it automatically and she was set. Right now, the Messenger screen was showing the empty chair. Within minutes, there were several viewers.

Kim walked into the room wearing nothing but the stockings and heels. She had done her hair and makeup just like a trailer-park-whore. Leslie was surprised to see the girl naked. She had expected a lot of negotiating from Kim on this. She still didn’t know Kim was forbidden to wear anything in the house.

“Sit right there on the stool, sweetie,” Jen said. Kim sat down and immediately spread her legs wide. Leslie gaped at her in shock. At that moment she realized that there was a lot more going on here than she knew about.

“Kimmy, you see this camera here?” Kim nodded. “Well, this isn’t like the other videos that we’ve done. We’re not recording this to show people if you misbehave. In fact, we’re not just recording this, your video feed is going out live to the Internet,” Jen said with a smirk.

Kim thought her heart was going to stop! People were watching her right now on the Internet! Another long-held fantasy made real. Of course, in her fantasy, being nude on the ‘Net was just exciting. While she couldn’t deny that this was making her horny, the overwhelming feelings were embarrassment and humiliation. Instead of thinking about how hot this was, she was thinking about what people would think of her sitting with her legs spread like this. And her oldest friend was sitting there watching her obey one humiliating order after another. What must Leslie think of her?

“OK, sweetie, here’s the deal. Since you didn’t want to bump bellies with the geek at the mall, you’ve been punished. Well, here is the last part of your punishment. Until you’re ready to become a living X-rated amusement park, you will only be allowed to masturbate when you have an audience. Now I know that won’t be a hardship for an exhibitionist slut like you, so I’m adding a little twist. Every orgasm you have must be witnessed by someone who has never watched you bring yourself off. Even a twit like you should be embarrassed by public orgasms. Well, they’re all going to be public ... until you decide that your cute little pussy belongs to the world. Understand?” Jen explained. Kim nodded that she did.

“I think Leslie is a bit confused by all that she’s seen today. Let’s recap, shall we?” Jen continued. Kim really hated the condescending tone of voice that Jen used when she was playing with her. Why does she have to treat me like a child? She didn’t consider that her obedience to every command inspired this behavior. She would, in time, learn that every one of her friends and acquaintances would stop treating her like an equal just as soon as they saw her humiliate herself at Jen’s command.

“Leslie here has seen your little Yahoo group. She’s seen you get out of a cab wearing nothing but your thigh highs and heels. She’s seen you squat and spread to let the camera see how erect your clit was after your cab ride. She’s seen your new hair and makeup style. And finally, she’s seen you plop your slutty ass down in front of a camera naked and all spread out, knowing it’s a live feed to the Internet. I’m sure she’s wondering why you haven’t uttered a word of protest about this. I think you have some explaining to do, don’t you? Before you answer, I’ll just tell you that you will be explaining all of this to her and to your small, but growing base of fans on the Internet.” Jen told her.

Jen got up and got the small microphone that was attached to the computer. She ran the thin cable behind the naked girl and clipped the microphone to her hair. “Before we begin our show, we need to get the voice level correct. In a normal speaking voice I want you to tell us your name, where you’re from, and what you’re wearing. Once the audio is OK, we’ll start your show.” Kim hoped there weren’t many people watching. She was extremely uncomfortable about using her real name for any of these videos and really didn’t want this information going out on the Internet. If it weren’t for the thoroughly humiliating march on Lafayette Street, she might well have refused to do this. Instead, though, she obediently complied. Leslie’s laughter at this cut her like a knife.

Once Jen had the levels set she stopped the video feed and typed a message to the group, letting them know that she was going to restart the camera and that Kim would be on for 1 hour. She also checked the number of people watching. In the few minutes it took to get everything set up, the viewer count had gone up to 11 people. “OK, bimbo, I’m going to turn this back on in a few seconds. When I do, introduce yourself and tell us what your assignment was at the mall, how you failed to do it, and how you were punished for it. When you get to the spanking part you can stand up and show everyone the bruises on your ass. For all other parts, you are to remain facing the camera and keep your legs spread wide. Remember this may be your only chance to have an orgasm for quite some time, so don’t be bashful. You’re on for an hour. When you run out of things to say you’re going to masturbate continuously until your time is up. Any questions?” Jen walked to the computer to turn the video on and saw that there were now 17 viewers. She smiled at the attendance and figured these 17 people would be e-mailing their friends to let them know what was happening. Hopefully, one of these 17 people knew Kim, she thought.

Jen hit the button to start the show and Kim began her embarrassing tale. She was mortified to tell Leslie and who knows whom on the Internet about agreeing to let Jen choose her sex partners, her trip to the mall in her slut clothes, spreading her legs in the Food Court, etc. She was thoroughly humiliated and extremely aroused. Leslie’s reactions ranged from shock to laughter and she was hanging on every word Kim spoke.
Kim recounted failing to follow her orders, her walk home, and her spanking. She showed her bruised ass to the camera as instructed. When she sat back down and spread her legs her right hand drifted down to her pussy. She started rubbing herself. This was very embarrassing for her but she needed release. Her left hand started tugging at her erect nipples.

She explained about the march on Lafayette Street in her underwear and stockings. Jen held up a note to Kim telling her a video of her march would be posted to her Yahoo group. Kim informed the viewers. By now, she was rubbing herself furiously. She explained her plan to blow the cab driver for a ride home. At this point she had to stop talking as she experienced a crushing orgasm. Jen was pleased that her first orgasm came at that point. This made it look like the idea of prostituting herself was the most exciting thing for Kim in her entire ordeal.

Kim explained that she was able to get a cab ride in exchange for her bra and panties. She had another orgasm. She explained how she entered the house nude only to see her oldest friend waiting for her. Jen held another note up and Kim announced that video of her exposure to her friend would also be posted on her Yahoo Group. She had another orgasm. Jen saw that there were now 31 viewers watching live. She wrote this down and held it up for Kim to see. Kim had another orgasm.

Kim had spoken for 35 minutes. During this brief time she had told an incredibly humiliating tale and had 4 orgasms while doing it. Leslie and Jen had laughed so loud at some parts of her tale that their laughter was audible to the viewers. Kim spent the next 25 minutes masturbating and had seven more orgasms. The last 5 minutes of the tape were especially humiliating, as she was limp from all the orgasms she had and could barely keep herself on the chair. Her pussy was swollen and both her nipples were red, sore, and erect. At the end of her time she read the sign Jen was holding up and said, “I’m Kim Landry and I hope you enjoyed my story. Please share it with your friends!”

Jen stopped the feed. There were 49 viewers watching as Kim concluded with her request for people to share her video with their friends. With that many viewers it was probably pretty likely that someone would stop her on the street and mention that she saw it. She laughed at the thought of this. The bimbo wanted to have her reputation ruined. A few more of these videos should help!

Kim slipped off the chair and collapsed on the floor. She was a mess. Jen busied herself with the computer, moving the file Kim had just made to a different directory. The file was over 200 megabytes, way more than could be stored on the Yahoo group. She logged on as Kim and sent posted a message to the group asking if anyone had a place where she could post this file so people could download it. She implied in the message that there would be a blowjob for anyone that could provide storage.

Poor Kim looked like she had been gang raped. She had masturbated to 11 orgasms in under an hour. She never noticed the girls taking pictures of her with a digital camera. Leslie snapped a couple of the girl laying on the floor in exhaustion. All in all, there were about 25 still images of Kim’s ordeal, which the girls promptly posted on the group.

“We’ll let her recover for an hour and then she can spend some time answering all the messages and e-mails coming in. She needs to be in bed early. She starts her new job tomorrow as Salem’s sexiest landscaper,” Jen told Leslie.

They woke Kim up after an hour. She sat down at the computer to see that there were over 50 e-mails or messages to the group. She was told she could go to bed after replying to each one. Most of the messages were comments and she was able to reply with a simple, “Thanks. I’m glad you enjoyed it,” response.
There were 5 e-mails that deeply disturbed her. She didn’t recognize any of the addresses but each of these 5 claimed to know her from school. She suddenly realized that people that knew her had seen her performance and that she was undoubtedly being talked about right now.

“Yeah, Kimmy, I’m sure some people we know saw your show and will come up to you and tell you how much they liked it. And just think about how you’ll be dressed when they do. Your skirts will be ready Tuesday. That khaki number you’ve been running around in will be just for work starting then. Outside of work, you’ll be wearing some seriously short skirts. It’s really a good thing that you’re into being humiliated because you’ve got a lot of humiliation coming your way. And the best part is that you’re going to do one of these little shows every time you want to cum. On the bright side, you did manage to keep your dignity and not screw the boy from the mall.” Jen said with a laugh. “Now, go to bed. You have to work in the morning!”

Kim went to bed and cried herself to sleep. Leslie and Jen stayed up talking and planning. Jen had a wonderful weekend humiliating Kim. She realized she couldn’t keep going at this pace, though. They were plotting ways to keep her humiliation going without having to expend so much effort. Leslie had become an enthusiastic conspirator and had some ideas of her own for Kim. The girls talked late into the night.

Chapter 21
Leslie stayed the night. She and Jen had talked to almost 2 AM and she wanted to see Kim leave for work in the morning. Jen had filled her in on the entire situation with Kim and told Leslie she was welcome to help. Leslie was very excited about the prospects. At 6:30 or so, Leslie woke and heard movement. She went to the kitchen and saw Kim making coffee. She didn’t seem bothered by her nudity. Jen had accomplished a lot in 4 days. Kim’s ass was still pretty bruised from her paddling. Leslie figured that those bruises told a lot about the girl and decided she would suggest to Jen that Kim always have some marks on her. What 18-year-old wouldn’t be embarrassed by showing the world that she got spanked? The two girls had coffee and Jen came down before they were finished with their first cup. Jen and Leslie discussed Kim like she wasn’t there. They decided that Kim didn’t need to wear makeup to work and that she would wear her hair in a simple ponytail. Kim groaned softly to herself as she realized she was getting wet listening to the girls talk about her. The conversation reminded Kim that she was not in control of her appearance. She was dreading showing up for work in a short skirt. She was hoping against hope that Ms Jennifer wasn’t going to use a safety pin on the waistband today.

“Get dressed, sweetie. I’ll get your panty for you. You earned it,” Jen said with a laugh. Kim started to go but Leslie stopped her.

“Jen, may I?” Leslie asked. Jen nodded.

“If you’re giving her permission to wear her thong at work, shouldn’t she have to put it on at work? You told me that you wanted everyone to know that she doesn’t wear panties. So, wouldn’t it be better to have her put the thong on after she’s arrived at work? So what if someone sees her? They’ll just know she drove to work without underwear. I think she should put the thong on after she gets out of her car at work and take it off before she gets in her car to come home.” Leslie suggested. Kim glared at her friend. She had not expected this from her.

“I think that’s a great idea! Leslie, you should always speak up when you have an idea.” Jen answered. Kim was a bit annoyed by this. She already knew that Jen’s intention was to have her lack of underwear be well known. She was, however, starting a new job. Making a spectacle of herself the minute she got there wasn’t going to make this any easier. She accepted it without protest, though. She knew that the girls could easily take the panties away from her all together and she didn’t want that. It didn’t take her long to get dressed in her khaki blouse and skirt, socks and tennis shoes.

“Kimmy, you have a nice day at work and when you’re done for the day, just drive over to the apartment. I have some friends that will be helping move our stuff in this morning and we’ll be done before you get off work,” Jen said. She handed the red thong to Kim and sent her on her way.

“So, tell me about these skirts Kim has at the cleaners. I meant to ask you about it last night and forgot,” Leslie asked.

“Well, I took her six favorite skirts and had her bring them to the cleaners for alterations. She had two shortened to 12 inches, two shortened to 11 inches, and the other two shortened to 10 inches. They’ll be ready tomorrow.”

“Hmmm, with today’s low-rise fashion, those aren’t really outrageously short skirts. If she wears a 12-inch skirt low on her hips, its actually fairly modest. She has one here, right? Her other work skirt? Get it and I’ll show you,” Leslie said. Jen got Kim’s khaki skirt and handed it to Leslie. Leslie took her robe off and put the skirt on. She wore it low on her hips and showed Jen how the skirt hung down nearly 5 inches below her crotch. “This isn’t exactly daring, is it? I thought we were going to put her in super short skirts!”

“Good point. I suppose the 10-inch skirts are OK, but I see what you mean about the longer ones. They are too long. Well, she’ll have the two 10-inch ones, anyway.” Jen answered.

“I have a great idea about how to solve this problem!” Leslie said with a grin. “Denim cutoff skirts are all the style today. They don’t need to be hemmed; we can cut them ourselves. There is a place at the mall that has cheap denim skirts on sale for ten bucks. Why don’t we get her a couple?”

“Good idea! Speaking of ten bucks, don’t forget you owe me!” Jen laughed.

“So, about Kimmy’s skirts…It’s not against the law for her to walk around with her ass hanging out. If her skirt doesn’t cover her ass it will be embarrassing as hell, but legal. So, we get her some low-rise skirts. I think we go a size larger than what actually fits her. We want the skirt to be able to fit over the widest part of her hips. I have some low-rise jeans that are too big and they fit over the widest part of my hips. It drives me crazy. They work their way past the widest part and they slip fast from there. Once they’re down low enough they feel like they’re gonna fall right off. I don’t wear them anymore because I’ve accidentally shown my panties too many times. That won’t be a problem for Kimmy, though,” she laughed. “Anyway, we put the skirt on her, tug it down so its low enough to continually slip down. Up top, she’ll be showing the world that she’s a shaver. Once we have them situated as low as they can go on her hips, and I mean really low, so that she needs to pay constant attention to her skirt to keep if from falling to her ankles, we just trim the bottom with scissors. We can cut the bottom so its just even with her pussy. She doesn’t need any extra material down there. In fact, we can trim them so they don’t even fully cover her pussy. If her pussy peeks out a little, most people won’t see it because of the angle from eye-level. She’ll be legal and no more. We just cut the front to the minimum and then make it an even cut all the way around. Most of her naked ass will be on display, but who cares? It’s legal and embarrassing. I think it’s perfect!” Leslie explained.

Jen laughed at this. It was pretty obvious to her that Leslie had given this some thought. She was sure Kim was going to hate this idea, which made it even better. “I like it! You’re about her size and the skirt she bought for herself fits you pretty well. Let’s get a few denim skirts and we can make one with you as the model,” Jen said. The girls decided that they would go to the mall as soon as they got the boys started on moving the furniture into the apartment.

Leslie finished her coffee. “Listen, I’m going to go home to shower and change. I’ll meet you back here in about an hour. We can hit the mall and get some skirts Kim will really hate!”

Kim headed off to work. She decided that she just could not get out of her car at her new job and put on panties in full view of everyone. She didn’t think there was any way she could get caught with this act of disobedience. She rationalized that she was only trying to minimize the first-day-on-the-job difficulty and that she would put the panties on as instructed tomorrow. She was nervous enough showing up for work in her short skirt.

Her outfit did raise the eyebrow of the foreman. He asked her if she understood that she was working on the crew and not in the office. “You realize that you will be on hands and knees a lot, weeding flower beds and such?” She felt like such a fool telling the guy she knew what the job entailed and that she still felt a skirt was appropriate attire. “Well, if you want to show the world your underpants, that’s your business, girly,” he said. So, the day started off badly but not as badly as it could have been. She was assigned to a crew consisting of 3 college aged boys. Their first assignment was a house in the wealthy part of town. She was given a bucket and some gloves and assigned the task of hand-weeding the flowerbeds along the front of the house. The flowerbeds were huge and she realized that she would be spending most, if not all, of the day on her hands and knees. Within the first 10 minutes of work everyone on the crew had seen her ass. Nobody said anything to her about it until the 10:00 break. As soon as she heard the first question she realized how stupid she had been for not anticipating it.

“So Kim, it looks like you’ve had a serious spanking recently. What did you do to earn it?” one of the boys asked her. She couldn’t come right out and tell them and really didn’t have a clue what to say. She hesitated a bit and finally mentioned that it was a long story. Naturally, this didn’t resolve the question.

“I bet she’s into kinky sex and she likes being spanked. I bet she’s one of those slave girls. A friend of mine has a slave girlfriend and he makes her wear short skirts and dresses all the time, too. I can’t think of another reason why any chick would do this job in a skirt. She knows we’re all checking her ass out and she doesn’t seem to care,” one of the crew said after the break.

“Well, we’ll get her out for beers after work and learn her story. In the meantime, we have tons of work to do so how about more mowing and less peeking at the broad, ok?” the other guy said.

“Will do, boss, but it’s hard not to look. She has a fine ass and I’m dying to know why it’s all bruised up like that. Tits are kinda small, though,” the first guy replied.

“Whatever, dude. Even if she dressed like that cause she wants to bang us all, it won’t happen while we still have work to do. Get mowing, will ya?”

Kim noticed the guys checking her out every chance they got. She was very happy that she had the panties on. She could imagine what they thought of her as it was. What would they think if they were looking at her bare pussy? She had no intention of screwing anyone she worked with but she was smart enough to realize they would hit on her. After all, why wouldn’t they think she was a slut in this outfit? She was embarrassed at the thought. Her pussy was moist. This was the kind of erotic embarrassment that she loved. Of all the things Ms Jennifer had made her do, she liked this the best. There was everything she wanted: anticipation, dread, humiliation, and exposure. Those guys had every right to think of her as a slut. Why wouldn’t they? She realized that she was happier at this moment than she had been in the last several days. This was her fantasy. She was even trying to figure out how to make sure they saw her remove her panties at the end of the day. She was embarrassed but felt safe. As long as Ms Jennifer didn’t take away her panties this job might even be a little fun.

Leslie showered and changed and made it back to Jen’s parent’s house. She was very excited about the prospect of playing with her friend Kim. She imagined herself in Kim’s place and the thought made her hot. She would never go to the extreme that Kim was going to, but the idea of being forced to wear revealing clothes was exciting. She had dressed in a baby-t and a short skirt. She even thought briefly about not wearing panties. She ended up wearing panties, though. Her skirt was short enough that she would constantly have to think about it to make sure nobody got a peek. Even with constant attention, someone might get a glimpse. She didn’t want that someone to be Jen. Jen played rough and she didn’t want to be naked in cabs, on the Internet, or any place else in public. She’d just have to get her kicks playing with Kim. She thought about the skirts that they were going to make for Kim and smiled. Kim was really going to attract a lot of attention!

Chapter 22

Jen let Leslie into the house. Leslie’s outfit caught Jen’s eye immediately and she smiled to herself. She knew she had to find a way to get Leslie into the game. For now, she would just watch things to see how Leslie worked on Kim. She figured she would learn a lot about Leslie’s fantasies by watching the things she put Kim through. She had already shown herself to be ruthless with her ideas about just how short Kim’s skirts would be. Somehow, Jen would get her into the same short skirts.

“The boys will be here in a few minutes to start moving us. My parents are giving us some furniture but there isn’t much to move. We’ll be done and on the way to the mall by noon. Nice outfit, by the way,” Jen observed.

“Thanks,” Leslie answered. She poured coffee and sat down. Her white panties were visible as she sat in the denim skirt.

“Nice whites,” Jen chuckled.

“Thanks. I love denim skirts because it’s so easy to flash panties in them. That’s why we need to get some for Kimmy. If you want to stay covered you have to cross your legs. There’s just no other way. I was hoping we could make a rule for Kimmy that she can never cross her legs. Can we?” Leslie asked.

“Sure,” Jen laughed. “We can do anything we want with that little whore. I own her. She’s terrified that I’m going to send her videos to her parents. Plus, she loves half the stuff I do to her anyway. It was her idea to have to wear short skirts in the first place. She picked out that little khaki one she’s been running around in all weekend herself. I didn’t make her do that.”

“Well, she ain’t gonna love the ones I pick out for her! The skirts we get her today are just to keep her from getting arrested, not to cover her up. They aren’t going to come close to covering her ass and she isn’t ever going to want to sit down in one,” Leslie laughed.

The boys showed up right on schedule. Jen showed them what needed to be moved. While they were loading their pick-up trucks Jen packed some clothes and smaller items into her car. She couldn’t help notice that Leslie was flirting with the boys. At one point Leslie sat on the stairs giving the boys a spectacular view of her panties under her short skirt. Jen smiled. Who knew there were so many bimbos around that liked showing their pussies?

In short order they were on their way to the new apartment. It didn’t take long to load the beds, sofa, chairs, coffee table, etc. into the apartment. Jen thanked them all and told them she’d have a party once the apartment was set up and they’d all get a special thank you then. They left and the girls headed to the mall to get Kim some clothes.

“My dad gave me some money to buy stuff for the apartment. We can spend about $100 for Kim’s clothes and she can pay me back when she gets her paycheck. She needs some skirts and tops.” Jen said.

“Oh, we can get her a bunch of outfits for less than that. I’m thinking two or three denim skirts, a slip and a bunch of men’s white T-shirts will make a great wardrobe for her,” Leslie answered.

“We won’t need the slip. Kimmy isn’t allowed to wear slips,” Jen laughed.

“Well, I know she’s not allowed to wear slips under her dress…but how about a slip without a dress? I mean, make her wear the slip as a dress. It will be killer. Sheer, short, and obviously made to be underwear. Just picture her with a slip, some thigh-highs and heels in a very public place. I can’t wait to see the look on her face when she’s in that outfit and we go out. She’ll be sitting there waiting for us to give her a dress to wear. It will be hysterical and attract tons of attention!” Leslie was very excited about this.

Jen burst into laughter. “You are truly evil!” The girls bought her a cheap, white slip, three cheap denim skirts, and six packages of men’s T-shirts: three in size small and three extra large. Leslie explained that the T-shirts are throwaway items. They would be cutting them, writing on them, and maybe tossing them out of the car window. Also, the large sized T-shirts could be complete outfits. It wasn’t the first time Jen realized that Leslie had given this clothing thing a lot of thought. They finished shopping and went back to the apartment.

Kim was getting very horny. She continued to get lots of attention from the boys on the crew. She was a little surprised that they never got tired of looking up her skirt. On the afternoon break one of the guys asked her why she didn’t wear pants for this work.

“Well, pants are so hot and this is a great opportunity to work on my tan,” she replied.

“Well, we like it. Are you going to wear a skirt tomorrow, too?” another asked her.

“I’ll be wearing skirts every day. I almost never wear pants,” she told them. This was a bit of a lie. She had worn pants very often in the past. She just wasn’t going to be wearing them in the future.

“You do know that we can’t help but see your underwear, don’t you?” one of the boys asked.

“Yeah, I know. It’s no different than wearing a bikini at the beach. I don’t mind you looking.” Kim couldn’t believe she said that last part. This was the danger of being too horny. She had a habit of letting her mouth get her in trouble.

“Well, you could take the skirt right off,” a boy suggested.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea. Someone will get mad and I’ll get in trouble. I’m sure you’ve all gotten a look at my butt with the skirt on. There’s nothing else to see that you haven’t already seen,” she replied.

They finished work at 4:00 and were all in the truck headed back to the office. The boys told her they were going to a bar and invited her along. She told them she would have to decline as her roommate was moving stuff into their new apartment and she had to get home to help. She did tell them that she would love to go another time. She was starting to like these boys and was really enjoying all the attention she was getting from them.

They got back in the office and punched their time cards. Kim headed for her car. She was nervous about taking her panties off before getting in. A part of her wanted her crewmates to see and a part of her didn’t. She decided she would peel them off as soon as she got to the car no matter who was watching. She unlocked her door, reached under her skirt and slipped the panties off. She was a little disappointed to see that nobody observed her doing this. Oh, well, she thought. It’s not like I won’t be doing it again tomorrow. She drove to the apartment. She was getting excited about being out on her own for the first time. She didn’t think about the fact that Jen controlled her now more than her parents ever did. She constantly fought with her parents about the conservative clothing they made her wear. She didn’t know exactly how Jen was going to make her dress but she was sure it would not be conservatively!

While driving she realized how horny she was. She even thought she might be horny enough to masturbate even though that meant going on the web cam to do it. She hoped Leslie wouldn’t be there when she got to the apartment. She would be far too embarrassed to suggest another web cam session if her oldest friend was around. She was already extremely embarrassed about what Leslie had already seen. She hoped Jen wasn’t telling her too much about their arrangement. As it was, she knew it would be a long time before she could look at Leslie without blushing.

Leslie took her skirt off and put on one of the new skirts they bought for Kim. The skirt had a button waistband. There were three buttons on the band to allow for some adjustments. With the buttons Leslie would be able to make this skirt dangerously loose and low on Kim’s hips and high and tight. She was handy with a needle and thread and would move the buttons after seeing how the skirt fit Kim.

She wore the skirt low on her hips and made a mark where she would make the first cut. She slipped the skirt off and cut a lot of material off the bottom. She put the skirt back on and looked in the mirror. Her panties were showing in the rear, but she wasn’t happy with the length. She removed the skirt and took another inch or so off it. Trying the skirt on again, she was happy with the results. The skirt covered her pussy with an inch or less to spare. The lower quarter of her butt was visible. She sat down in a chair and was thrilled at the way the skirt rode up her thighs to completely reveal her crotch area. She knew that Kim’s would have to keep her legs tightly closed to keep from showing everything. They wouldn’t have to worry about Kim sitting on this skirt. It just wasn’t long enough for that.

Leslie walked down to the kitchen to show Jen the skirt. Jen laughed as she saw Leslie come into the room. The skirt was very, very short and commanded attention. Leslie twirled, showing her butt and white panties to Jen.

“Holy shit! That is a short skirt! Kim is going to freak when she sees that!” Jen laughed.

“This came out a lot better than I thought it would. We need to get some more of these skirts! They’re perfect for cutting like this,” Leslie said. She pointed out the adjustable waistband and the lack of pockets. “Most denim skirts have pockets which would be a problem if you cut them this short. This skirt has no pockets, so we don’t have to worry about cutting a pocket in half,” Leslie said.

“Kim is going to go crazy when she sees that!” Jen couldn’t stop laughing. It looks ridiculous with those panties hanging out,” she pointed out.

“Actually, she can wear shorter skirts than this if you want her to. This one could be an inch or so too long, depending on how it looks on her. If we were making this one for me, it could be shortened about another inch before it was too short. And watch this,” Leslie said. She grasped the hem on each side and tugged gently and the skirt slipped right to her ankles. “I can move the buttons after she’s tried it on and make sure it is loose enough to be able to slip right off of her. And I’ll move the other button so we can make her wear the skirt high up on the waist,” Leslie said as she tugged the skirt up onto her waist. With the skirt on her waist, her entire pussy would be exposed and most of her ass would be on display.

“And you haven’t seen the best part yet,” Leslie giggled. She sat in a chair and showed Jen how the skirt rode up. Leslie’s crotch was clearly displayed. She crossed her legs and from the side she looked completely bottomless. “If she is sitting at all, people will see that if she’s wearing any underwear at all, it’s a tiny thong. If she doesn’t cross her legs, everyone will see that she has no underwear. All they’ll see is the skin that used to be covered with her pubic hair. We are going to tell her she can’t cross her legs, right?”

Jen agreed that Kim would never want to sit down wearing this skirt. “Let me see you wearing that skirt without panties. I think it looks ridiculous with panties hanging out but is going to look so slut-sexy without them,” Jen said. To her surprise, Leslie slipped her panties off without a word. She twirled in the skirt and sat down. Jen smiled at how easily she got the girl’s panties off. She also noticed that Leslie was shaved bare in the crotch, too.

“Oh! That is adorable! Now show me how it looks up on the waist,” Jen suggested. Leslie unbuttoned the waistband and tugged the skirt up. The hem of the skirt rested about an inch from the top of her pussy, completely revealing her pussy. In the back, most of her ass was on display. Jen was imagining Kim’s reaction to wearing skirts of this length. She couldn’t help thinking about the possibility of having Leslie in a matching skirt, too.

Chapter 23

Kim arrived at the apartment around 4:30. Jen and Leslie were drinking beer and putting things away in the kitchen. They had already got the TV and stereo connected and the furniture arranged. Leslie had completed her work on Kim’s new skirt and it was sitting on the kitchen table. Kim walked in the apartment fully dressed. Ms Jennifer had still not decided whether she was going to be permitted to wear clothing in the apartment. She wasn’t sure how she wanted Ms Jennifer to decide. On some level she hated having to be naked in Jen’s parent’s home but she couldn’t deny the feelings of embarrassment and humiliation being the only one naked in a room gave her.

“Hi sweetie! You can take a minute to look the place over but I want you to hurry into the shower and get all cleaned up. We’ll take the grand tour after your shower. Don’t bother dressing after your shower, either. I still haven’t decided whether you can wear clothes in here, but you won’t need any right now,” Jen told her. Kim felt a jolt of humiliation at the way Ms Jennifer made it plain that she would have no input into the decision. She was frustrated that being treated this way made her wet and aroused. She had already decided that she wasn’t going to ask for permission to masturbate if Leslie was there. She grew more concerned about Leslie’s involvement with Jen. She looked into each room of the apartment and got into the shower. About 30 minutes later she was back in the kitchen, naked, with Leslie and Jen. She was deeply embarrassed to be naked in front of Leslie.

“Here, try this on,” Jen said, tossing the denim skirt to Kim. Kim held the skirt up and looked at it in disbelief.

“It’s a bit short, isn’t it, Ms Jennifer?” Kim said, still not making any move to put it on. She didn’t understand why, but wearing this ridiculously short skirt was going to be more embarrassing than standing here naked.

“Actually, I think it might be a bit long but once you get it on I’ll make the final adjustments,” Leslie answered. She was laughing and holding the scissors up for Kim to see. Kim blushed deeply as she put the skirt on. Leslie got up to position the skirt on Kim. She reached out and pinched one of Kim’s erect nipples. “I see you like it,” she laughed. Leslie tugged the skirt low on Kim’s hips and buttoned the appropriate button. She positioned it so low on her hips that Kim’s pubic hair would be visible over the waistband if she had any. She took a marker and put a small line on Kim’s hip even with the waistband of the skirt. “Walk to the front door and back. Don’t touch the skirt. In fact, put your hands on your head. Walk normally and come right back here,” Leslie instructed as Jen looked on in amusement. Jen was fascinated at how Leslie was taking control of Kim’s skirt length. She also found it terribly funny that Kim, while obviously totally embarrassed, wasn’t protesting. Kim walked to the door and back as instructed and stood in front of Leslie. Standing there, topless and in what seemed to her the world’s smallest skirt, in front of her friend made for a very awkward moment.

Leslie checked and saw that the skirt hadn’t dropped at all. The little mark she made on Kim’s hip was still right at the waistband of the skirt. “We’ll need to move that button a little,” Leslie noted. She took a ruler and put it horizontally between Kim’s legs. The ruler caused the skirt to bunch up a little in the front as the hem was a little lower than crotch level. Leslie marked the front of the skirt. Next, she hiked the skirt up on to Kim’s waist and fastened the inner button. She spun Kim around and verified that she was completely exposed in front. She tugged downward on the skirt and it didn’t budge. “The inner button is fine. OK, sweetie, take it off. I’ll make some adjustments and it will be ready to wear,” Leslie said.

“Ms Jennifer, this skirt is too short! I will not be able to wear this out of the house! It barely covers me in front and I can feel my ass hanging out. And when it’s low on my hips it feels like it’s going to fall right off!” Kim was throwing out all the reasons why she hated the skirt, hoping to make an overwhelming case for getting rid of it right now. Jen just chuckled and told her that Leslie was making the skirt and any changes were up to her. She also made it clear to Kim that she would wear whatever she was told to wear.

“Kimmy, let me explain a few things to you,” Leslie began. “First, the skirt covers you plenty. In fact, it covers you too much. I’m going to fix that right now, though. Next, while the skirt may have felt like it was falling off your hips, it wasn’t. I’m also going to fix that. When I’m done, your skirt is going to be just as short as can be and it’s going to need constant adjustment. Won’t that be fun? Just think of all the attention you’ll attract. And yes, your butt sticks out. That’s perfectly legal, though, so you’ll just have to deal with it. Now, give me the skirt!” Leslie said.

Kim removed the skirt and stood naked while she watched Leslie take the scissors and cut nearly an inch off the bottom. Next, she removed the button and started sewing it in a new position. This process took a long 10 minutes. Nobody spoke during this period. Leslie was intent on her work and Kim was busy thinking about how horrible it was going to be wearing this dreadfully short skirt. She wondered where they would make her go in it. She wanted to cry. The fact that her arousal was obvious only added to her embarrassment.

“Here, put it back on,” Leslie ordered, handing the skirt back to Kim. Once Kim had the skirt on Leslie adjusted it so the waistband was even with the little dot she had put on Kim’s hip. She placed the ruler between Kim’s legs and the skirt hung straight. It was now just long enough to cover her pussy without a bit of length to spare. “OK, hands on your head and walk to the door and back,” Leslie ordered.

Kim did as instructed and felt the skirt slipping immediately. She made it to the door and turned around. When she looked down she could see the very top of her pussy peeking out of the top of the skirt! She kept walking towards Leslie. She was a few steps away from her when the skirt plunged to her ankles. She stood there feeling like an idiot with the skirt at her ankles and her hands on her head. The girls were laughing at her.

“It’s perfect!” exclaimed Leslie. “It’s super short and sure to attract a lot of attention. It’s going to need constant adjustment and it’s going to be hard to adjust it without showing her pussy. And, if she ignores it, it will only take about 10 steps to fall right off! If she misbehaves, all we have to do is use the inner button and it won’t cover anything. If we need her to carry something, we can use the middle button. That one will keep let her walk without constantly adjusting the skirt.” Leslie was beaming at her creation. Kim already hated the skirt with a passion and hated the smug looks on both of the women’s faces as she stood there in it.

“Now, here’s the best part, sweetie! Sit down in that chair,” Leslie ordered. Kim did and saw that the skirt revealed everything when she was seated. There was just no way she could sit in this skirt. The only concealment she had was keeping her legs tightly closed. Her pubic area was completely uncovered.

“Can I tell her?” Leslie asked Jen. Jen smiled and nodded. She was enjoying watching this and wanted Leslie to have her fun. She also realized that this entire situation was so much more humiliating for Kim coming from her oldest friend.

“Tell me what?” Kim asked, sure she wasn’t going to like it.

“Well, the only way to sit with any modesty at all in this skirt is to cross your legs and put your hands in your crotch. But, you aren’t going to be allowed to do either. When you sit, we want everyone to know that you’re not wearing panties. So, no crossing your legs, ever. Your lack of pubic hair is an added bonus. Everyone will know you’re a shaver!” Leslie said. She was laughing cruelly at her friend. Kim was stunned. She only hoped they wouldn’t make her wear this skirt out much.

Finally, curiosity got the better of Kim and she asked where the girls where planning to make her wear this skirt. She was dreading the answer but she had to know just exactly where they were planning on taking her. She was so exposed in this skirt!

“Hmmm, you really don’t understand, do you? Well, you have your little khaki skirts for work. You have some skirts at the cleaners. And you have this skirt. I’ve convinced Jen that the skirts at the cleaners are too long for you. We’ll see what they look like when you get them back, but they’re probably all going to have to be shortened. We bought three of these denim skirts and I’ll cut the other two just like this one. We’re also going to get some more for you. Basically, this is what you’re going to be wearing whenever you’re not at work,” Leslie said

Kim was speechless. They couldn’t be serious about having her wear this tiny skirt everywhere! They just couldn’t. Leslie told her to pull up her skirt. She got one of the small T-shirts out and tossed it to Kim. “Can’t have you going out topless now can we?” Leslie giggled.

“Out? I can’t go out like this! Please!” Kim whined.

“Kimmy, do you remember the video tapes we made? You don’t want me to send them to your mom, do you? You said you wanted to be forced into short skirts. Well, you got your wish. I don’t understand why you keep thinking we’re not taking you out like this. This is your new look!” Jen told her.

Kim put the T-shirt on. Leslie grabbed her scissors and started cutting the T-shirt up the side. She was laughing as she snipped away and when she was done, the little T-shirt almost, but not quite, covered the bottom of Kim’s tits. With the cut-off T-shirt and the tiny skirt, she felt naked. Her outfit would embarrass a street hooker. The girls made her put on anklets and 4-inch heels.

“Let’s go!” Jen said and the girls got up. Kim followed them reluctantly.

“Where are we going?” Kim asked again. She was terrified that the girls were actually going to take her somewhere dressed like this. She would just die if someone saw her dressed like this.

“To the mall, silly. Now get in the car,” Jen said. They put Kim in the back seat. Leslie turned around and laughed at her.

“You know, you look way to comfortable for someone who has to do everything I tell her to do,” she laughed. “Sit right in the middle of that seat. Put a leg on each side of the car and show us that pussy,” she ordered. Kim did as she was told.

“Are you really going to make me go in the mall dressed like this, Ms Jennifer?” Kim asked.

“Actually, sweetie, I am not. Leslie and I are going to do a little shopping but you’re not coming in with us,” Jen answered.

Kim was relieved. She hated the thought of waiting in the car dressed like this but it was better than having to walk around the mall this way. She figured they’d make her keep her legs spread, but it was still better than walking around the mall dressed like a whore. Jen pulled into the parking garage of the mall and found a spot right on the main level, about 10 spaces from the entrance.

“I can’t believe our luck! This parking space is perfect!” Jen exclaimed. She grinned at Leslie and then turned back to Kim. “OK, we’re going to shopping. I don’t know how long we’ll be…maybe 15 minutes, maybe a couple hours. While we’re gone, you’re going to play a game. Do you remember playing hide-and-seek as a kid?” Kim did not like where this conversation was going!

“You’ll need to get out of the car when we do. You can hide here in the garage. It will be fun for you to watch for people and duck behind cars so they don’t see you. You’ll have to stay close to the car, though, because when we come out, we’re leaving. Watch for us. If you’re not here when were ready to go, I’m leaving you here!” Jen said. Both Leslie and Jen burst out laughing,

“You’re going to make me hide in this garage in this outfit till you come back? Oh Ms Jennifer, please don’t!” Kim pleaded.

“No, silly, you’re not going to be hiding out in that outfit,” Jen said with a laugh. “Now get that skirt and T-shirt off and get out of the car!”

“Ms Jennifer, I can’t. Please don’t make me do this! I’ll be seen!”

“Kimmy, you’re going to do this one way or the other. If you want, I can paddle you till you beg me to make you do this, or you can just get out of the car now and make it easier on yourself,” Jen said.

Leslie got out of the car and opened the rear door. “Come on, sweetie, you have a game to play.” She tugged the T-shirt over Kim’s head and unbuttoned her skirt. The skirt dropped almost immediately and Kim found herself in the parking garage of the mall in just her shoes. Leslie gathered up the clothes and tossed them in the car trunk.

“Have fun! Watch for us!” The girls were laughing and looking over their shoulder as they walked away. Kim ducked down behind the car, narrowly avoiding being caught by two teenage boys.

As they approached the mall entrance Leslie asked, “Think they have security cameras in the garage?”

“I guess we’ll know when we come out,” Jen laughed.

Chapter 24
Kim’s heart was racing. She was totally naked in a parking garage for a very busy mall. It was early evening and the garage was quite busy. She had no idea how long the girls were going to leave her here like this. She didn’t dare get too far from the car. She had no idea what she would do if they left her here naked. They had parked very close to the entrance and there were people coming and going constantly. She stayed along the wall, ducking down between cars as people came. She couldn’t just stay hidden. She had to keep a watch for the girls. Surely they would only leave her here a few minutes.

She was so aroused by this. She had fantasized for years about being naked in a very public place. The reality was terrifying but she couldn’t deny her arousal. She just could not get caught here like this.
In her fantasies she never considered how much work was involved in trying to hide naked in such a busy place. She was stressed out and came very close to being caught almost immediately. She had fantasized about being caught naked in public before but she had no plans to live that particular fantasy out this evening.

“So, what do you think about Kim hiding in the parking garage. Is that hot or what?” Jen asked.

“It’s awesome. I bet she’s freaked out right about now! How long are we going to leave her out there?” Leslie asked.

“Let’s go in here,” Jen said, stepping into a Friday’s restaurant in the mall. They sat at a table and ordered Diet Cokes. Neither girl had her fake ID with her.

“Oh, I don’t know. She really loves this kind of stuff so I don’t want to spoil her fun too early. We’ll give her a while longer,” Jen smiled.

“Yeah, I can see that she loves it. I bet she’s going wild right not. Such a public place to be naked in! I wonder if she’ll get caught,” Leslie answered.

“She might. Being seen naked excites her, though, so is it really all that bad if she’s caught? If I thought her whole world would end if she’s caught in the parking garage I wouldn’t have her out there. If she’s caught she’ll deal with it,” Jen answered calmly. “It’s not like she hasn’t been seen naked or nearly naked by a few people over the last few days,” Jen laughed.

“Speaking of being nearly naked, I don’t think she likes the skirt I made for her,” Leslie laughed.

“Don’t worry, she loves it. I bet she’s wishing she had it on right now!” Both girls laughed.

“So, how about you, Leslie? Do you ever fantasize about showing off like Kim is doing?”

“Yes, I fantasize about it. I don’t know if I would enjoy actually doing it, but I think about it a lot when I masturbate,” Leslie answered, blushing brightly. “I like wearing short skirts and flashing my panties. Sometimes I go out in a short skirt and no panties, but I haven’t had the nerve to flash bare kitty at anyone.” Leslie was surprised at how comfortable she felt talking about this to Jen. She had never told anyone about her fantasies. Of course, making that tiny skirt for Kim and stripping her naked in the parking garage and leaving her there had made her quite horny and that definitely helped her talk about her feelings.

“Well, maybe you’re just like Kim and need a little push. Kim and I started this with little bets. When she would lose the bet she would have to wear a short skirt without panties. Of course, that was before she saw a really short skirt like the one you made for her,” Jen laughed. She watched Leslie’s reaction closely.

“Yeah, I would need a push. I guess I would be willing to make a bet with the payoff being a short skirt without panties,” Leslie said. Her blush intensified. Jen smiled, trying to conceal her glee. She knew it! She figured Leslie had all these ideas to torment Kim from all her fantasies about how she wanted to be treated. Jen had a mental picture of Kim and Leslie, side by side, in matching skirts that were way too short.

Jen decided that she would need to start slowly with Leslie. Leslie wasn’t as bold as Kim and didn’t want the total degradation Kim sought. She did want to be forced into revealing clothes, though, and seemed to get excited by the idea of appearing completely naked in public. Jen decided to plunge right in.

“Want to try a bet right now?” she asked with a smile.

Leslie hesitated. “I might. What do you have in mind?” Leslie asked nervously.

“Oh, a simple one. I bet that I can get Kim to stroll into this bar in her new skirt and T-shirt. Not only will she walk in here in that outfit; she won’t say a word about the way she’s dressed. She’ll just act like she always dresses this way,” Jen proposed.

“Well, obviously you can get her to walk into the bar in her slut outfit. You have tapes of her naked and she’s naked right now. I seriously doubt you can get her to do it without complaining. There’s no way she’s coming in here dressed like that and not talking about it. She’ll complain about having to do it, or mention how embarrassing it is, or something. No way she just ignores it.” Leslie answered confidently.

“So, would you like to wager on that? I bet she will do just as I say and if she does, you agree to remove your panties in here and when we get back to the car you pose for a picture standing next to Kim with the both of you completely naked. Deal?” Jen asked.

“And if she doesn’t do what you say she will, what do I get?” Leslie answered. She was foolish to think she could win this bet. Did she secretly want to lose?

“If you win the bet I’ll make Kim strip completely naked and walk to the car naked.” Jen offered.

“Wow! That would be hot. Let me think about this for a minute,” Leslie answered. She should have been thinking about the bet, but she couldn’t focus on anything but the payoff. Imagine Kim stripping naked in this bar and walking out of the mall totally naked! She would love to see that!

“So, I want to be sure I understand this. If I win, Kim strips here and walks back to the car. You’ll just make her go straight to the ladies room, drop clothes, and walk out?” Leslie asked, wanting to make sure there were no loopholes.

“Well, I was thinking I’d just have her strip right here at the table. I don’t see the point in sending her to the ladies room. Tell you what: If I lose the bet I’ll not only make her strip at the table, I’ll make her stand on the table and strip. Are you game?” Jen said. Jen was absolutely sure she would convince Kim not to say a word about her outfit. She couldn’t lose this bet.

“Ok, it’s a bet!” Leslie answered. She was confident she would win. She knew Kim would create a stir when she walked into the bar in her slut outfit. Nobody could just ignore that attention. She would have to say something about it.

“Ok, wait here. I’ll go find her and give her clothes back. I’ll come back here so we can watch her entrance together,” Jen smiled. She grabbed her keys and headed for the parking garage. She was very happy with this arrangement. Soon, she was going to have a picture of Leslie naked in a public place. She wanted to get this done before Leslie thought too much about the consequences of letting her have that picture.

Meanwhile, Kim was just about ready to lose her mind. She was really struggling to hide from the foot traffic. She had to keep moving and the stress was getting to her. Her feet and legs were starting to hurt from scrambling around in the heels and the constant squatting behind cars. She had no idea how long she had been out here but it felt like forever to her. It had been about 20 minutes. She spotted Jen walking out but it took her a full 5 minutes to make her way back to the car. There were so many people coming and going!

“Oh thank God! I am so ready to put clothes on, Ms Jennifer!” Kim said. She was sweating. Her nipples were rock hard and you could see moisture on her inner thigh that definitely was not sweat. Jen stood at the front of her car, near the wall of the garage. Kim ran up and squatted at her feet, still nervously looking around for people that might see her.

“Having a good time, sweetie?” Jen laughed. “I’m going to let you get dressed now, but you have to do everything I say. Once you get dressed, you’re going to walk into the mall and head for Friday’s. Come in just like you’re dressed normally and don’t say a word about your outfit under any circumstances. I cannot emphasize this enough! If you so much as mention your clothing you will be punished severely. You’ll lose panty privileges at work and you’ll strip that outfit off right in the bar. Got it?” Jen said sternly.

Kim would have agreed to anything to get her clothes back at this point. This seemed like an easy order. Half an hour ago she would have balked at going into the bar in that tiny skirt. Compared to hiding out here naked, that skirt and T-shirt seemed like a dream come true!

“Yes, Ms Jennifer. I’ll do everything you say. And I won’t say a word about my clothes! I promise. Can I please get dressed now?” Kim pleaded.

Chapter 25
Jen took her keys out and hit the button popping the trunk open. “I’m going back to Friday’s to watch your entrance. Don’t be long!” Jen walked away. Kim had to wait a few minutes for people to go by before she could dash to the trunk and get her skirt and T-shirt. She got the clothes and dashed back to the front of the car to get dressed. She was annoyed to find that Leslie had tied her T-shit in a knot. She felt so vulnerable trying to untie the knot so she could put the top on. Paying attention to the knot in the shirt meant she wasn’t watching for people coming by. She was very nearly caught by a group of teenage girls, spotting them just in time to dash to the side of the car and out of their view. Finally she got the top untied and put it on. The top was now hopelessly wrinkled, which would add slightly to her humiliation. Next she put on the skirt.

How she hated this skirt! As she pulled the skirt up and struggled to adjust it to cover her she was imagining doing all kinds of terrible things to her friend Leslie. That bitch (yes, she was now thinking of her friend as that bitch!) had really made this skirt a pain. The main problem was, of course, the length. If she pulled it up high enough on her hips where it felt secure it didn’t cover her pussy. If she pulled it low enough to cover her pussy, it felt as if it would slide right off. She didn’t know how she was going to adjust this skirt while she walked. She would have to be very careful tugging it up her hips. She didn’t want to face the fact that exposing herself in this skirt was inevitable. She was so focused on making sure her pussy didn’t show she forgot all about her ass hanging out in the back. She decided she was as covered as she could get in this outfit and took a deep breath and headed for the garage exit.

She had only walked about 10 feet when she saw a group of young people coming towards her. She ducked in between a car and a van for cover. The van had mirrored windows and she saw her reflection clearly in the windows. Her heart sank. Up until now, she had considered herself to be a relatively normal girl wearing somewhat revealing clothes. The image she saw reflected at her was of an aggressive exhibitionist slut. The T-shirt left the lower part of her tits exposed but that was a minor problem. The skirt hung obscenely low on her hips. The amount of pubic area showing above the skirt was shocking. Surely the skirt must have slipped down to far! She checked the hem and discovered that it was not quite even with her pussy. Shaking her head in disbelief, she tugged the skirt a bit lower to cover herself below. She felt that her entire pubic area was now visible above the skirt! How did she end up in public with this on? This skirt had to be illegal. She turned sideways and saw that nearly half her ass was on display.

She adjusted the skirt yet again while looking at her reflection. She discovered that she could position the skirt a little higher in the back and lower in the front and keep herself covered. The skirt felt a bit more secure this way. Of course, it exposed even more of her butt, but if it would keep the skirt from falling off her, she’d deal with it. She decided that she had to keep moving or she would never get through this. She took another deep breath and headed for the mall, vowing to herself to keep moving no matter what. After a few steps she heard laughter.

“Nice ass, slut!” she heard. She heard more laughter and some comments she couldn’t make out. She didn’t need to hear them to understand they weren’t flattering. Suddenly she was in the midst of a group of seven teenagers, four girls and three boys. They were all laughing at her and commenting on her appearance. Naturally, the girls were far more vicious than the boys were. While the boys were enjoying the view, the girls had nothing but contempt for her. She was called a slut, a whore, a skank, weirdo, and some another names. “Smile, whore, you’re going on the Internet,” one of the girls said with a sneer. She saw several of them pointing camera phones at her.

She did her best to ignore the group of people. She kept walking. The only thing that could make this walk any more embarrassing would be for the wetness in her pussy to start dripping down her leg. She blushed at the thought. She was mortified but couldn’t deny that this was arousing her greatly. She thought about the time she spent in therapy. All that money for that shrink wasted. She kept walking and soon she was approaching the large glass doors to the mall. She saw her reflection in the doors and the humiliation hit her in the gut like a hammer. She tugged the skirt up and, seeing the results in the reflected image, immediately tugged it back down again. She realized that she was more uncomfortable dressed like this than she was when she was completely naked in the parking garage. She thought she might cry and was sure she was blushing as much as physically possible. She kept walking.

Fortunately, the Friday’s was fairly close to the mall entrance. At least she would be spared a long walk through the mall. She considered Ms Jennifer’s warning not to talk about her outfit. She was so embarrassed she didn’t think she could speak at all. Right at the entrance to the restaurant was a hostess stand with two teenage girls working there. One of the girls saw her and her jaw dropped. She didn’t say anything at first. She did nudge the other girl, who was busy writing on a seating chart. The second girl looked up.

“Whoa!” she said and started giggling. “Nice outfit. I guess it pays to advertise, huh? Table for one?” The girl tried to be professional but couldn’t quite manage it. She started laughing. The other girl was still speechless, and just stared at Kim. Kim, of course, wanted nothing more than to have the floor open up and swallow her.

“You seem to have a fan club. Are those people with you?” the hostess asked. Kim turned around to see a dozen or so people standing in the mall hallway, just outside the restaurant, looking at her naked ass.

“No…I, um, I’m, um, I’m, supposed to meet someone here,” Kim stuttered in response. She looked around and saw Leslie and Jen sitting at the bar. They were watching the scene intensely, both of them laughing at her, of course. Kim walked to the bar without another word to the hostesses. She was burning with shame! She couldn’t help notice that every eye in the place followed her progress. She sat in the empty bar stool between the girls. For the first time in the last hour or so, she felt somewhat covered. At least she had her back to the restaurant. The bartender would get a good look at her tits, but that couldn’t be helped.

“So, nice outfit, Kimmy! How’d you like the walk in from the car?” Leslie laughed.

“No fair, Leslie! You can’t ask her direct questions about her outfit,” Jen said.

“Well, can I? You made a grand entrance, miss. I’d certainly love to know why a young girl is out dressed like you are!” It was the bartender speaking. He had an ear to ear grin.

“Yeah, do tell!” said the other bartender, a woman in her twenties.

Kim was glad she wasn’t allowed to talk about her outfit. She definitely didn’t want to be answering these questions! “May I have a Diet Coke, please?” was all she said in response.

“You did great, sweetie!” Jen said. Jen put a hand on Kim’s thigh and gently opened her legs a bit. Even though she was facing the bar and nobody could see, she still felt the control Jen was exerting. “I know it’s going to be hard for you the first few times you are out dressed like this, but you’ll get used to it.”

First few times? Get used to it? Kim didn’t want there to be a next time. She didn’t want to get used to it! This outfit was obscene and everyone who saw her in it must think she’s a whore. Remembering Jen’s instructions not to speak about her outfit, she nodded numbly. Later, she and Ms Jennifer were going to have to talk about this.

“I think after about 10 minutes or so, we can declare you the loser of the bet, don’t you think, Leslie?” Jen asked.

“We’re not quite done yet, Jennifer!” Leslie answered. She reached over to Kim’s skirt and fingered the button on the waistband. “Kimmy, you have a little um, moisture, on your thighs. You’ll need to go to the Ladies room and wipe it up. It’s over there…in the back corner.” Leslie pointed to the far corner of the bar. Kim would need to walk by just about everyone in the place to get there. She remained silent.

“When you’re in there, I want you to unbutton this.” Leslie unbuttoned the button. “And, button it here,” Leslie pointed at the innermost button. “That’s how I want that skirt when you walk back from the Ladies room,” Leslie said. She left Kim sitting there with the tiny skirt unbuttoned.

Kim looked at Jen, pleading with her eyes. She desperately wanted to ask her to stop this. She couldn’t do this! With the inner button fastened the skirt would be high enough on her hips that her entire pussy would be on display!

“Kimmy, Leslie and I have a little bet going and I’m afraid you have to do what she says. If you don’t, I’ll cut the other two buttons off that skirt and you will spend the next couple hours walking around the mall. Go!” Jen ordered. Kim, resigned to her fate, hopped off the stool and headed to the Ladies room. She couldn’t help but notice all eyes following her. She didn’t know how she was going to walk back completely exposed.

“If she comes back here with that button in the right place and her twat completely visible, the bet is over and you lose. Agreed”? Leslie was getting nervous about losing the bet. Still she was pretty confident that Kim was not going to walk through the restaurant virtually naked from the waist down.

“Agreed,” she answered.

Kim was grateful that there was nobody else in the Ladies room. She tried not to think about what she was doing and wiped her thighs and refastened the skirt. She covered her eyes as she walked past the mirror. She knew if she saw what she looked like she would never do this! She walked as fast as she could back to the bar. As she walked past tables, all conversation stopped. There were no catcalls or insults. People were so shocked at what they were seeing she was able to get back to the bar without hearing a single comment. She sat at the bar and put her head in her hands. She was totally humiliated.

“Everyone in this place is staring at you. You must be proud!” Jen laughed.

The woman bartender came over. “That was quite a show, girl, but don’t do it again. We could lose our liquor license for that shit. You have a nice pussy. Save the view for the paying customers, will ya?”

Kim was speechless. The bartender thought she was a hooker!

Chapter 26
Jen looked at the two girls with her. Both were blushing. Kim was tomato red, with good reason. She had just walked the length of the restaurant with her pussy completely exposed under an obscenely short skirt. Her ass had been totally exposed as well as a good bit of her titties. She was as close to being naked as you could get with clothes on. Even now, sitting in the bar, her pussy was completely visible thanks to the tiny skirt riding up when she sat. She wasn’t facing the restaurant but the back view left no doubt about her attire. The skirt hem didn’t come all the way down to the chair and everyone that looked her way saw a bit of her ass.

Leslie was also blushing. She had come to the bar in a nice short skirt. Nothing nearly as short as Kim’s, of course, but one that most girls would consider very short. And she had wagered her panties and lost!

“I’ll be needing your panties now, sweetie,” Jen said to her. Leslie cringed at the condescending tone in Jen’s voice. It was amusing to watch her talk to Kim that way. It was quite another thing to have Jen address her in that manner. She hated being called “sweetie.” It was a demeaning name. Sweetie was what you called bimbos! Of course, she recognized that Jen’s attitude was justified. She was going to be taking her panties off very shortly and handing them to Jen right here in a bar at the mall. A little superiority was justified under the circumstances.

“Now?” Leslie asked nervously.

“Now,” Jen replied with a smile.

“I’ll go to the Ladies room and take them off, then. Should I just leave them there?”

“Well, I’d prefer you take them off here in the bar, but if you really want to walk the gauntlet Kim just walked without panties, you may. Don’t leave the panties in the Ladies room, though. I want you to carry them back here and hand them to me,” Jen answered.

“I’ll do it in the Ladies room. You don’t have any incriminating videos of me naked to blackmail me with so I don’t have to do everything you decide like little Kimmy does!” Leslie answered. Jen considered telling her about the video of her naked and masturbating at the computer that she surreptitiously taped but decided this wasn’t the time. Leslie’s expression changed. Jen could see Leslie suddenly comprehending that she was also going to be posing for a photograph later on. The implications of Jen having a picture of her nude in a public place were swirling through Leslie’s mind. Appropriately, her attitude changed. Leslie decided she would not be confrontational about this.

“I suppose I could take my panties off here it that’s what you really want. If it’s all the same to you, though, I’d rather do it in the Ladies room,” Leslie said.

“The Ladies room is fine.” No sense in pushing her too hard right away. Leslie got up and walked to the Ladies room. On the way she noticed that all the patrons in the restaurant were watching her. Everyone could see she was sitting with Kim and the show Kim had put on was spectacular. It was understandable that people would watch her to see if she was going to be doing the same thing. She had no intention of satisfying all these voyeurs, though. She would be embarrassed to walk out of the Ladies room without panties, but she would look the same to all these people.

Leslie entered the Ladies room, planning to go directly to a stall. Unfortunately for her, there was a young woman washing her hands at the sink. The young woman immediately started a conversation with Leslie.

“Hey, you’re with that whore in the bar, aren’t you? What is her story? My friends and I were trying to figure out why she would be in here dressed like that! Is she a prostitute? Or did she lose a bet or something? Or is she just a cheap slut looking to get laid?” the woman asked.

“Actually, she’s being blackmailed. She had this fantasy of being blackmailed and being “forced” into wearing revealing clothes. She let one of her friends, the chick wearing the jeans that we’re sitting with, videotape her naked. Kim, the chick strutting around showing her ass, has to do everything Jen, the other chick, tells her to or the videos get sent to Kim’s parents. Jen is pushing the whole thing way beyond her fantasies, though. I’m helping out. We had that bitch completely naked in the parking garage for about 45 minutes earlier,” Leslie explained.

“Wow! You know, I overheard somebody at a table near me talking about a naked chick in the parking garage. Some guy claimed he saw a naked chick and his friends think he’s imagining it,” the girl said, laughing.

Leslie laughed. “It was her, no doubt. I can’t believe there were any other naked chicks out there tonight!”

“That’s so cool! Listen, I’ll wait for you to finish up in here and I’ll walk back with you. I have to meet this girl. She’s either incredibly brave or incredibly stupid. No wait, she has to be incredibly stupid. I still have to meet her, though,” the young woman said.

Leslie blushed. She didn’t have her purse with her and she had no pockets. She knew she couldn’t go back to the bar with panties on. She got an idea. “OK, just give me a minute,” she said. She went into a stall, removed her panties and peed. She tucked the panties discreetly in the waistband of her skirt and came out. While she was washing her hands the woman struck up the conversation again.

“Did you leave your panties in the stall?” she asked.

Leslie froze. “Um, no…why do you ask?” Leslie asked, feeling her face get redder.

“Well, I saw you take them off…at least I saw them come over your ankles and off your feet and I don’t see you holding them so I just figured you left them in there. I know you’re not wearing them!” she laughed.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Leslie answered weakly.

“Well, I’m not going to lift your skirt to check. We both know you took your panties off. If you didn’t, you would lift that skirt up right now and show them to me. You can’t possibly be embarrassed by another woman seeing your panties in the Ladies room. I know what I saw and I know you’re not going to lift that skirt and if you did, I know I wouldn’t be seeing panties. It’s OK, don’t worry. I think this stuff is fun. Now, introduce me to your friends, OK?” she said.

A blushing Leslie led her new friend back to the table in the bar where Kim and Jen were sitting. She noticed that Jen had rearranged the seating a little bit while she was gone. Jen was sitting with her back to the customers. Kim had her back to the wall. She had her legs tightly closed, but most of the bar and restaurant customers could see up her skirt to her pubic area. Leslie’s drink was moved to the other chair that was facing the restaurant customers. Blushing, she sat in the chair as carefully as she could. She put a hand between her legs to block the view and crossed her legs, hoping she was covered up.

“Jen, Kim, I want you to meet…I just realized, you didn’t tell me your name,” Leslie said. She was very nervous and was almost stuttering.

“I’m Carrie. Nice to meet you both, I met your friend in the Ladies room. I didn’t get your name, either,” Carrie said, looking at Leslie.

“Oh, sorry, I’m Leslie,” she answered. Leslie noticed Jen looking at her with an amused expression. She tried to ignore it.

“Sweetie, don’t you want to give me something?” Jen asked in that irritating, condescending tone of voice.

Reluctantly, Leslie fished the panties out of her waistband and handed them, all balled up, to Jen. Jen took the panties, smoothed them out and laid them on the table.

“I knew it! I saw her pull those over her feet when she was in the stall and she denied it,” Carrie said, laughing hysterically. “I just have to hear this story!” she said.

“So, Carrie, what do you do?” Jen asked.

“I teach Freshman Biology at State College. Last year was my first year. For now, I’m enjoying the summer. I don’t have the money for a vacation and I don’t have a summer job, so I’m just chilling,” she answered.

Oh! How exciting,” Jen answered. “Kim and I are attending State College in the fall. We’ll be freshman. Maybe you’ll be our teacher,” she said.

“Actually, it’s not very exciting. Freshmen are required to take Biology and pass it to get a degree. I get a lot of students that hate the class but have to take it. And, if you’re freshman, it’s a 50-50 chance I’ll be your teacher. There’s only two of us that teach that class,” Carrie answered.

“Now, I have to know how all about you. I know Kim is being blackmailed into wearing that very hot outfit. I’m just dying to find out why Leslie’s panties are being displayed on the table,” Carrie said with a huge grin. “Give me the details, girls!”

“Well, as you know, this bimbo is Kim,” Jen began. “She’s not really being blackmailed. She has a thing for humiliation. She craves it and asked me to provide it for her. She willingly allowed me to make some videos of her that would be extremely embarrassing to her if anyone saw them. She knows that these videos would just break her parent’s hearts if they saw them. She asked me to take control of her life and wants me to send the videos to her parents if she misbehaves. So, you can see that she entered into this willingly. She’s having a little trouble dealing with reality and I think this is all turning out a little different than she hoped for, but it’s too late to worry about that,” Jen patted Kim on the thigh and smiled at her. “For better or worse, she’s my little toy.”

“And you’ve met this bimbo,” Jen said, giving Leslie a pat on the thigh. “Leslie is one of Kim’s oldest and best friends. She happened to stumble on poor Kim getting out of a cab naked at my parent’s house. Well, one thing led to another and I ended up showing Kim’s videos to her. She’s been playing with Kim for a couple days. In fact, she made the skirt Kim’s wearing right now. As it turns out, Leslie has some of the same fantasies. We had a little bet that she lost and that’s why her panties are on the table instead of on her butt. I have a feeling Leslie is going to be providing some entertainment of her own in the near future,” Jen explained.

“That’s so cool! So, who’s turn is it to go to the Ladies room and take something off. We all loved watching Kim walk back and forth. Everyone in the restaurant loved it!” Carrie said. “Can we send her back to lose some clothes?”

“Well, I’m afraid neither one of these bimbos has any more clothes to take off…at least here in the restaurant. Both are wearing nothing but skirts and blouses. Kimmy might need a wipe, though,” Jen said with a grin. She turned to Kim. “Sweetie, open up and let Carrie see if you need a wipe.”

Kim was so humiliated at hearing Ms Jennifer talk about her like this she didn’t realize she had been given a command. Jen stared at her, no longer smiling. “Did you hear me, sweetie? I said let Carrie see if you need a wipe!”

Suddenly Kim understood what Jen wanted her to do. She froze. She felt like every eye in the place was on her. In fact, many of the people in the restaurant were intently watching her. She slowly spread her legs. Carrie was laughing as she peered between the embarrassed girl’s spread legs. “Yep, I’d say she needs a wipe!” Carrie announced.

Kim wanted to die right there at the table. Jen asked Leslie to adjust the button on Kim’s skirt to give her a little more modesty. When Leslie had done this, Jen smiled at her and said, “Go!” Reluctantly she got up and walked through the restaurant to the Ladies room.

Chapter 27
“Does she have any idea how revealing her outfit is?” Carrie asked. “She is showing just about everything. That skirt is so short that it took me a while to even notice her titties were hanging out, too! And do you think she realizes that everyone in this place is watching her every move?” Carrie had lots of questions.

“I don’t know, and frankly, I don’t care,” Jen replied. “When we started this, it was all about her. I had no idea how much I would enjoy the power rush of making her do stuff like this. A week ago we were friends and now I own her. And I mean that I literally own her. I choose her outfits. I can even make her go to bed when I want to! We just got a new apartment and I haven’t decided whether I’m going to allow her to wear anything in it. Can you imagine that? It’s her home now and she’s nervously waiting for my decision about whether she has to stay naked all the time. It’s quite a feeling!” Jen explained.

“Well, that skirt is just amazing! I can’t believe she’s wearing that at the mall. It’s the shortest skirt I’ve ever seen! Where else are you going to make her wear that?” Carrie asked.

Jen laughed. “She keeps asking me that, too. It’s brand new. We just bought it today and Leslie modified it. We have a couple more that we’ll cut just like it tomorrow. As to where she’s going to wear it…it would be easier to tell you where she isn’t going to wear it. She doesn’t believe me but that is her new look. She’s going to be wearing it everywhere. I may give her some skirts that are slightly less revealing, but aside from work, she’s never going to have a skirt that fully covers her ass, Never.”

“When she started this game, she asked me to make her wear revealing clothes and to ruin her reputation. That’s exactly what I intend to do. She’s not going to get a break from this. She also asked me to choose her sex partners and to make her into the biggest slut there is. She’s not quite ready for that yet, and I’m in no hurry to force it, but eventually, she’s going to be spreading her legs for anyone and everyone that wants her.”

“Did I tell you we have pictures and videos of her naked on the Internet? I’m going to do lots more of that. She actually asked me to make her the “girl everyone has seen naked! Can you believe that?” Jen said. She noticed that Leslie was squirming in her seat. She could see that this was turning both girls on and she laughed to herself. She wrote down the name of Kim’s Yahoo group and handed the paper to Carrie.

Kim was on her way back to the table and she was blushing deeply. It was so much fun to watch all the eyes in the room follow her progress. She sat down without saying a word.

“Feel better, sweetie? Open up and let us see if you’re all nice and dry down there,” Jen ordered. Once again Kim found herself spreading her legs for a large audience. “Hmmm…you’re still leaking down there. You must really be having a great time!” Jen said and all three girls laughed at her comment.

“You’re awful quiet, sweetie. Everything OK?” Jen asked. Her tone of voice was more mocking than sincere.

“I’m very embarrassed, Ms Jennifer! I feel naked and everyone in this place is staring at me,” Kim answered.

“Well, you’re just going to have to get used to being stared at. With the way you dress, you have to expect people to look. Everyone can see that you wouldn’t be out in public in that outfit if you didn’t want people to see you this way. I think you look great, by the way. It’s easy to look like a slut but you look like you’re proud to be a slut. That’s hot!”

“Speaking of being naked…we need to get going soon. These two bimbos are going to pose for a naked picture out in the parking garage. Carrie, would you like to come along?” Jen asked. Leslie blushed knowing that the time to finish paying her bet was coming up. Kim didn’t have much reaction to this, though. After all, she had already spent plenty of time naked in the parking garage. If anything, she was happy about this. She was more than ready to leave the bar!

“I’d love to, but I can’t. I’m with some friends and I’m sort of on a blind date. I don’t think they’d understand if I told them I was going to run out to the parking garage to pose for a nude picture,” she laughed.

Jen’s eyebrow raised at this comment. She had invited Carrie to come watch her two bimbos get naked in public and pose for a picture. Carrie apparently thought she was invited to pose naked along with the girls! And, she was only declining because she couldn’t explain it to her blind date! Interesting.

“I’d love to see the picture, though! How do I get back in touch with you folks?” she asked.

“Well, you’ll see the picture if you go on the ‘Net and look at Kim’s Yahoo group. One of these bimbos will be posting it as soon as we get home. There’s e-mail there. Just drop us an e-mail and we’ll keep you posted about what we’re doing. There’s lots of great stuff posted in the group!” Jen answered.

“Kimmy, are you planning on doing another masturbation show tonight?” Jen asked. Carrie nearly spit out her drink when she heard this. Kim blushed deeply and meekly nodded her head. She was so horny she needed to masturbate camera or no camera.

“Masturbation show? Do tell, girl!” Carrie said with obvious excitement.

“Well, Kimmy here is only allowed to have orgasms by masturbation. And, she has to do it on camera for her Yahoo group. She had a bunch of people watching her the other night. Didn’t you, sweetie?” Jen was piling on the humiliation now and having a great time doing it.

“Yes, Ms Jennifer, there were a lot of people watching me,” Kim answered. She was lost in her humiliation now and her voice was very low. Jen recognized the look on Kim’s face. She was ready for anything at this point.

“Well, Kimmy gets all horny when she embarrasses herself in public. I figure if the public gets to see her get horny, then the public should get to see her take care of the problem,” Jen said with a grin. “It’s not her favorite thing, but it’s just so funny to watch her voluntarily humiliate herself. I know of at least six people in her Yahoo group who know her personally. So, six of her friends have seen the video of her masturbating the other day. I’m sure they’ve called their friends to let them know. I bet there are a bunch of her friends and classmates that have seen that video. It’s so much fun watching her sitting at the camera fingering her pussy knowing that everyone that knows her is eventually going to see it. I can have her e-mail you a copy of tonight’s show if you want. Just leave her a message at her site and she’ll send it out to you,” Jen said. Kim was mortified by this discussion. She was so horny, though, that she knew she would be masturbating tonight, no matter what the consequences.

“That’s just awesome!” Carrie said.

“OK, we really need to get going now. Kimmy, you made a grand entrance so we’re going to need a grand departure, too,” Jen said. Jen winked at the two girls and smiled at Kim. “Scoot your but to the front of the chair. I want you sitting right on the edge of your seat,” Jen ordered. Kim did as she was told. Jen stood up and stepped in front of Kim. She picked up a cloth napkin from the table and opened it up. With a hand on each of Kim’s knees she spread Kim’s legs wide apart and put the napkin in her crotch.

“Put your arms around my neck, sweetie,” Jen ordered in a very soft voice that couldn’t be overheard by people at the other tables. She reached around Kim’s back and tucked the hem of her skirt into the waistband. She moved her hands to the sides and tucked the sides of Kim’s skirt into her waistband. Finally she repeated the process with the front of Kim’s skirt so it covered absolutely nothing on the poor girl. She leaned in and pinched both of Kim’s already erect nipples several times to make sure they were really standing out. She lifted the girl’s shirt up and rested it on her rock hard nipples.

“Nothing attracts attention like two young girls kissing’, Jen said with a grin. “I’m not a lesbian, but I think I just might be bi. You better act like you’re really enjoying this.” She kissed Kim full on the lips and started swirling her tongue in Kim’s mouth. She was surprised when Kim returned her passion in the kiss. Kim hugged Jen and kissed her like she had been waiting all her life for the chance. Jen broke the kiss off.

“Close your eyes sweetie. Just imagine we’re all alone and it’s just the two of us. Nobody is around.” She kissed the girl again and once again Kim returned her kiss passionately. Jen reached down and removed the napkin covering Kim’s crotch. She leaned into her and blew into her ear gently. “Nice, isn’t it, sweetie?” she cooed. “Now, back to reality. We’ll see you at the car.” With that, Jen stepped away from Kim, leaving her sitting with her legs spread and her skirt tucked into her waist band all the way around and her T-shirt raised to expose her nipples. The long kiss worked as planned and everyone in the place was watching her. Kim was reeling from the emotions of her first girl-girl kiss and suddenly found herself totally exposed to a lot of people. She hurriedly tugged her skirt out of its waistband and pulled her T-shirt down. She saw Jen and Leslie laughing with the two hostesses and heading out the door. The walk through the mall was a blur to her.

Leslie was not too thrilled with her walk through the mall to the parking garage. Jen had made her carry her panties in her hand. That was a little embarrassing. She was more concerned about having to strip naked in the parking garage for the picture. When they pulled in the parking garage she thought the parking space was a great one. Now that she was going to be naked in that parking space, she thought it was very, very close to the entrance! She had asked Jen if they could do the picture in a more private location. Jen just laughed at her. She pointed out that there wasn’t going to be anything private about the picture. She hoped that Jen was just teasing her about putting the picture on the Internet.

Jen opened the car and got her camera out. She stood at the back of the car grinning at the two embarrassed young women in front of her. “OK, sluts, here’s how this is going to go. You’re both going to strip everything but your shoes and you’re going to pose standing here at the back of the car. I want you hands at your sides and your legs about shoulder width apart. Most importantly, I want you both smiling. I’m not taking the picture until I see big smiles. And we’re going to do three of these, just in case one or two don’t come out. Everybody got it?” Jen asked.

“Jen, there are a lot of people coming through here! There’s been somebody coming or going all the time since we got back to the car! Can’t we move the car someplace else to do this? Someone is going to see!” Leslie asked. She was not thrilled with having Jen take a picture of her naked. She realized that a bet is a bet and she could deal with it but she certainly didn’t want an audience for it!

“You’re right, Leslie, there are a lot of people coming through here. If we try to wait until nobody can see, we’ll be here all night. So, we’re just going to ignore the people and take the pictures.” Jen answered. She hit the button on her key ring and the trunk popped open. “Get the clothes off, girls. Kim, yours can go right into the trunk, you won’t need them again tonight. Leslie, you can throw yours on the front seat,” Jen said with a laugh.

“Jen! There are people right there! And more waking towards us!” Leslie exclaimed.

“And I said that we’re ignoring the people! Now GET NAKED!” Jen yelled. Naturally this attracted a lot of attention and several people had stopped to watch what the girls were doing. Kim recognized the tone of Jen’s voice and immediately started stripping. She was completely naked and Leslie was fully dressed and still hesitating.

Jen walked up to her and said, “Unless you want me to yell again and attract even more attention, you had best get out of those clothes right now.” Leslie reluctantly took her blouse and skirt off and joined Kim at the back of the car. There were now eight people standing around watching with amusement as the two naked girls stood awkwardly waiting for Jen to take the picture. They were facing the audience that had gathered behind Jen. Jen was loving it and dragging it out as long as she could.

“Kimmy, close the trunk. The open lid is going to ruin the shot. Leslie, move a little bit to your left. I don’t want my license plate number visible in the picture,” Jen directed. The girls could hear the people watching talk about them. Suddenly a woman’s voice was raised.

“I don’t care if those two sluts shaved their pubic hair. It makes them look like little girls and I’m not doing it!” the woman said to the man next to her. This only made the two naked girls feel even more naked. After a few minutes the girls had managed to smile for the camera and Jen had taken the three pictures. With a word from Jen the girls scrambled away from the back of the car. Leslie was hurriedly dressing. Kim climbed into the back seat naked since her clothes were now locked in the trunk.

Before leaving Jen turned around to the group of people that were watching her photograph the naked girls. “You can download the picture at a Yahoo group called Kim\_Landry\_Undressed. The naked bimbo in the back seat is Kim Landry. There’s tons of pictures of her there and some video, too. Check it out and tell your friends!” This comment caused some reaction in the car. Leslie was unhappy to learn that Jen was serious about posting her naked picture on the ‘Net. Kim was just unhappy to hear Ms Jennifer hawking her Yahoo group. The group had her real first and last name in its title. Every time she thought about that group she realized that this wasn’t a game anymore. She had a horrible thought that finding pictures of her naked was as easy as doing a Google search on her name. Kim was horrified by this just like most girls would be. She was even more horrified by how much the thought of that turned her on.

Chapter 28
The ride home was uneventful. Each of the girls was lost in their own thought. Kim contemplated the self-destructive nature of her need for humiliation. She imagined the people that would have seen her Yahoo group by now. Of course, Jen was right. Anyone that knew her from school that had stumbled on it would be calling friends, telling them to check it out, too. She knew her acquaintances and former classmates were downloading her pictures and her video files and sending them to other friends. She realized that this was really a permanent record of the things she had been doing. A thoroughly humiliating record at that! She also realized that the thought of that turned her on. Being seen naked at the mall was humiliating but the real damage to her reputation was being done on the Internet. She knew this yet she was anxious to get home and get her fingers in her pussy, adding to the already substantial amount of material on the ‘Net.

Leslie was thinking about the exposure in the mall and the picture that was about to be posted on the ‘Net. She wanted to masturbate desperately, too. She wasn’t sure she wanted Jen to know about it, though. She envied Kim. Kim had come to terms with the humiliation and she received tons of Jen’s attention. Leslie was still ‘in the closet’ with her true desires. Did she have the nerve to give herself over to Jen so completely? Could she do what Kim had done? She was shocked to realize that part of her wanted to. She found herself fantasizing about being made to go back to the same bar tomorrow night, dressed as Kim had been. Her thoughts went to how the night had started, leaving Kim naked and hiding in the parking garage. She had her hand between her thighs without even realizing it. Suddenly aware of what she was doing, she looked over at Jen to see if she had been caught. She had, and Jen was smiling at her.

Jen was horny, too. Like the other girls, she was also planning to masturbate tonight. Unlike the two bimbos, hers would be a private affair. The evening had been a fantastic success. Kim was further indoctrinated into her new role. She had expected some trouble from Kim about the obscenely short skirt they made for her. Kim was clearly not pleased about the idea of having to wear her skirts quite that short all the time. She figured there would be a few arguments and discussions about it but thought she’d have all that behind them by the weekend. She was also pleased with how easy it had become to get Kim to spread her legs in public places. Anyone who ever wore a skirt knew how humiliating it could be to get caught with open legs. Kimmy’s legs would be open a lot from here on out. She was also very happy that the bimbo was ready to go on camera and masturbate again. She thought it might take weeks of sexual frustration to convince her to do this again. After just one day she was not only willing to finger herself on camera, she was anxious to do it! She was happy with the progress she had made at chipping away Kim’s self-esteem and dignity.

She thought about Leslie. She had no doubt that Leslie was in the game. She had the material to blackmail her at any time. She knew that Leslie had needs similar to Kim. Hell, the girl posed naked for a picture, in front of an audience, in a public place. Honor required her to pay off the bet. What was interesting was that instead of arguing about how putting the picture on the ‘Net was not part of the bet, the bimbo was fingering herself on the ride home. Jen enjoyed a good challenge and decided she wanted to get Leslie to willingly provide more blackmail material. She thought the chances were good she’d get Leslie to make the same incriminating videos that Kim had made and would never know about the video of her masturbating that she already had. She decided to work on this. She would test her theory tonight by seeing if she could get Leslie to get naked and masturbate while she watched. How funny, she thought. One bimbo masturbating on the Internet and one bimbo masturbating openly for me. Jen was very glad that she didn’t have the same compulsion to humiliate herself for sexual gratification. It was far better to exploit these bimbos than to be one of them. The thought made her laugh out loud.

She thought about Carrie. She saw great possibilities there. Carrie was so obviously excited about what she saw in the bar. When the invitation to watch the girls get their picture taken was offered it was obvious that Carrie was relating to Kim and Leslie more than Jen. That girl definitely liked the idea of humiliation. Jen was sure that Carrie wanted to be a victim! She was obviously aroused by what she saw. Jen was pretty confident that Carrie would contact them through Kim’s Yahoo group.

She was also thinking about the kiss. Boy was that a surprise! She did it on an impulse and her objective was just to attract attention to Kim. All she had thought about was getting Kim’s skirt up and legs spread with everyone watching. She was not prepared for how much she enjoyed the kiss. Nor was she prepared for how Kim responded to it. She knew how to handle these bimbos. She was very unsure what to do about the newly discovered possibility that she was bi-sexual. She would need to think about this some more. One thing was sure, she had a willing partner if she decided to explore it. Not only was Kim willing to do anything to keep her videos away from her parents, she had really seemed to enjoy the kiss. Eventually, Kim would be having sex with anyone who wanted her. Maybe for now, she should keep her for herself. This definitely required some more thought!

Jen pulled the car into the apartment house parking lot. “Should we get the clothing sorted out here before we go in?” Leslie asked.

“What do you mean by that? There’s nothing to sort out,” Jen answered.

“Well, I’d like to put my panties back on and Kimmy is naked back there. Shouldn’t we all be dressed to walk into the building?” Leslie was trying to be logical.

“First of all, you don’t have any panties. If you’re referring to these,” Jen held up the panties Leslie wore to the mall. “These are mine. You lost them in a bet, remember?” Jen hung the panties over the rear view mirror like a trophy. “As far as Kimmy being naked,” Jen looked back to see Kim sitting in the back seat, naked but not seeming to be bothered by it. “I already told her she wouldn’t need clothes again tonight. Kimmy has known since she got in the car that she would be getting out naked and walking to the apartment naked. Haven’t you, sweetie?”

“Yes, Ms Jennifer,” Kim answered. She figured that Jen had no problems having her enter and exit her parent’s house naked so she probably wouldn’t suddenly worry about the neighbors at the apartment. Truth be told, she fully expected to be making this trip from the apartment to the car naked more often than not. Jen really seemed to like having her naked in the car. She wondered why Jen hadn’t just made it a rule that she always ride in the car naked. It was a fairly safe way to get the humiliation she craved. She felt a twinge in her crotch and realized she actually hoped for just such a rule.

“So, I guess the clothes are all sorted out already,” Jen said. “Let’s go.” Anyone standing nearby would have gotten a great view of Leslie’s crotch as she got out of the car in her short skirt without panties. And of course, the view of Kim was always good. The apartment was on the first floor, on the end. So, into the door and down a hallway passing 8 other apartments they went. There was nobody in the hallway, unfortunately, to witness the nudity.

“Kimmy, I know you’re anxious to masturbate but you can’t just jump in. You can use the computer in the bedroom but first, bring your laptop in here. Leslie and I will give you some privacy. We’re going to watch you on the Internet like everyone else. I want you to get on camera as soon as you log on. Post a message announcing your masturbation session and then go through your e-mail. Answer anything that seems urgent and then you can have a half-hour to masturbate. Watch the clock closely, though. I want 30 minutes, no more, no less. And make sure you have the camera set to record. As soon as Carrie sends us an e-mail, you’re going to send her the file. Now, hop to it!” Jen loved being able to direct Kim right down to the specifics. This interaction seemed normal to the girls. If anyone just meeting these three heard this conversation they would have thought it highly unusual!

Kim went off to get the laptop and get everything ready for her session on line. She was dreading going through the e-mail. She was certain she would see more people that knew her in the group than she did yesterday. It couldn’t be helped, though. She knew that she was never going to get to sleep if she didn’t have a good, hard cum.

“Kimmy, I almost forgot something! Get your fat ass in here!” Jen was amused to see Kim literally run into the room. She was so obedient when she was horny. “Run out to the car and get the camera. You’re not going to touch that pussy until the picture I took is posted to the group. If they all came out good, post them all.” Kim set off to the parking lot to retrieve the camera without even asking if she could get dressed. She was becoming very well trained. Jen couldn’t wait for the school year to start. The apartment building was fairly empty in the summer. Once school started Kim would never make it into or out of the apartment naked without being seen.

Chapter 29

“Now what about you, Leslie? I noticed you were diddling yourself in the car on the way home. You seemed to be a little jealous of all the attention Kimmy was getting in the bar. And, you lost those panties and agreed to a public naked photograph on a stupid bet. You don’t seem to be stupid enough to think I couldn’t get Kimmy to come into the bar and keep her mouth shut. I think you wanted to lose the panties and you wanted to pose for that naked picture,” Jen said

“Um…” Leslie started to answer but Jen cut her off.

“Don’t talk, sweetie. Listen to what I have to say and then you can talk, Ok?” Jen asked. Leslie nodded.

“I think you’re a lot like Kim. I think that you’ve been fantasizing about the skirt you made for Kim for a long time. You knew exactly what to do to that skirt because you’ve been thinking about being made to wear one just like it when you masturbate. Look at the skirt you chose to wear today. As short as you could get away with, isn’t it? You could have worn jeans today. Who helps someone move in a skirt that short? Someone who wants to flash her panties does. You just need someone to “make” you do it. I can see that plainly. I know it’s embarrassing but if you want it to happen, don’t deny it. You’re busted! I doubt you want the total degradation that little slut Kimmy wants, but you do want to be forced to wear revealing little trashy outfits and to strip for strangers and to strip in public places, don’t you? That’s what you think about when you masturbate, isn’t it? And you masturbate a lot, don’t you?” Jen could tell by the look on her face that she was scoring a direct hit with her questions. Leslie was clearly paying close attention to her.

“You see Kim running around here naked. She’s so horny she’s gonna finger herself on camera knowing that tons of people are going to see it. Not only tons of people, but people she knows and sees on a regular basis. She must be really horny to be willing to do that, don’t you think? You’re pretty horny right now yourself. You’d like to be out-of-your-mind-willing-to-do-anything horny just like Kimmy, wouldn’t you? Did you see her come running when I called her? You’d like to be controlled just like her, wouldn’t you? Did you imagine it was you running, naked, just because I called? If could be, you know.”

“You’ll have to trust me. I can sense you don’t want everything Kim has. You are the same, just not to the same degree, but you are the same. She has the need to “have” to do what I tell her. I have some shocking videos that she doesn’t want her parents to see. And she “has” to obey me or I’m sending them to her parents. I’m sure you would not want your parents to see shocking videos of yourself, would you? Well, the only thing between what you fantasize so much about and reality is this: there is no shocking video of you that you don’t want your parents to see. Just think if there were such a video and I had it!”

Jen pointed to the screen of the laptop. “Look, your friend is naked, hard at work answering e-mails from people that have seen her naked pictures and videos of her masturbating. She’s on camera so anyone in her group can see her. That looks quite humiliating. She’s so horny she can’t wait to get through those e-mails so she can masturbate and add even more humiliating material for everyone to see. As soon as she’s done with the camera, we can start making your shocking, horribly embarrassing video and your fantasies can come to life.”

“If you don’t want to act on your fantasies, just tell me and I’ll never bring this subject up again. If you do want to act on your fantasies, then as soon as Kimmy is done humiliating herself on camera, we’ll make the video you will work so hard to keep your family from seeing. I’ll give you a few minutes to decide. Don’t say a word or ask any questions. Just think about it. It’s 9:20. Take 10 minutes to decide. At 9:30 I want you right here in front of me. If you’re dressed and standing up, you can continue tormenting Kimmy with me. If you’re naked and kneeling, we’ll make a video of you and I’ll start tormenting you right along side of Kimmy.”

“Jen, can I just ask a few questions, please?” Leslie asked.

“No, sweetie, you can’t. I’ve given you all the information you’re going to get. You have till 9:30 to decide if you’re going to take this risk,” Jen answered.

“I don’t need until 9:30 to decide, Ms Jennifer,” Leslie said. She had her skirt and blouse off immediately. “I’m so horny I need to cum right away!”

“Sorry, sweetie, but you can’t cum until we make your video. Look, Kimmy is getting started. Let’s just watch her for the next half-hour and then you can do your video. You can use the same script she used. You just read what it says and then you can masturbate until your heart is content,” Jen answered. “Now, let’s watch Kimmy’s show.”

The two girls turned their attention to the PC screen. Kim was masturbating with abandon.

“Oh my goodness! Look at her go! She is going to be pretty embarrassed when she sees this video. She seems to have completely forgotten that she’s on camera and people that know her are going to be seeing this. This is too funny!” Jen was really enjoying Kim’s masturbation. Not only was it erotic, but it was downright humiliating. “Look what I’ve reduced her to,” Jen thought to herself. She thought about Kim being stopped on the street by friends that had seen this video. How deliciously humiliating that would be!

“Get your hands off your twat, slut!” Jen said to Leslie. “I told you that you would be allowed to masturbate while you’re making your video. No touching yourself until then!” Jen smiled as Leslie pulled her hands away from her crotch. Seeing her obedience was both arousing and amusing. She decided to press the issue with her.

“Spread your legs, sweetie,” Jen told her. “Wider than that. I want the same view your gynecologist gets. Since there will be two sluts around here, I’m going to need to set some rules. For now, all you need to know is to keep those legs wide open. Once Kimmy is done embarrassing herself on camera you will have your turn, then I’m going to lay out some rules for you two bitches.”

Leslie was so aroused she was sure she could cum almost instantly. “You mean I have to sit with my legs open whenever you tell me to?” Leslie was sure she knew the answer but she knew it would be arousing to hear Jen say it.

“No, sweetie, you won’t need to be told. Whenever you’re in this apartment you will be completely naked and you will always keep your legs spread wide. When people see you, we want them to get an accurate impression of you, don’t we? You’re a bimbo that lets herself be led around by her pussy. If you’re going to be controlled by your pussy, don’t you think you should show it off? Don’t worry, you won’t be alone. Little miss stink-finger here,” Jen pointed to the PC where Kim was still furiously masturbating, “is going to be showing herself off the same way.”

Leslie thought she might cum just from Jen telling her all this. She couldn’t imagine the way she would feel if someone came in the room and caught her sitting this way. It made her so horny! She was still a virgin but she had fantasized about being taken and being a sex slave. So far, she was enjoying the little bit of reality Jen was providing. She knew Jen could see this. She couldn’t help thinking that Jen was going to learn everything about what turned her on if she was constantly going to be sitting spread like this. Jen was thinking the same thing.

“Tomorrow, we’re going to buy a big dildo. As embarrassed as Kim is going to be when she sees what she looks like right now, just imagine if she had an enormous dildo and was using both hands to pound it into her pussy. She’d never live that down!” Jen laughed. “Hell, she’s never going to live this little performance down, but we’ll add a dildo into the play, anyway.” Once again Jen thought how much better it was to control these bimbos than to be one of them. If she ever did need to send Kim’s videos to her family, this one would be the first to get delivered.

Leslie was lost in thought. She was watching Kim totally degrade herself on the Internet. Part of her felt so sorry for the girl. It was obvious that she had nothing but her orgasms on her mind. She imagined her high school classmates talking about this video with each other and laughing. How could you possibly react to people you knew that had seen this? And, what about the cheerleaders? They always made fun of Kim, anyway. They called her a slut because sometimes she wore short skirts. What if they saw her in the skirt she had on last night? What if one of the cheerleaders sees this video? She got a huge adrenaline rush when she realized that there was no chance that people wouldn’t see this! People were going to talk about this and Kim was ruined. Leslie was imagining herself doing the very same thing and she couldn’t help squirming. She desperately wanted to finger herself. She knew all about making questionable decisions while being extremely horny. In fact, she just made one herself.

Jen was on a roll. Now she had two bimbos to play with and she felt pretty confident Carrie would be her third bimbo. She was so horny she excused her self and went to the bathroom for quick cum. She thought about all the things she was going to do now that she had two girls stupid enough to willingly give her blackmail material. This was going to be so much fun!

Chapter 30
The girls watched Kim reluctantly stop playing with herself. Jen looked at her watch and realized that 30 minutes had gone by. If Kim were going to put on such spectacularly humiliating shows, she would have to consider increasing the time. She would try making the next show an hour. It would be Kim’s debut with a dildo and maybe an hour would be long enough to get past the point where she was enjoying it so much. What could be more humiliating than a lengthy session of hammering yourself with a dildo when you wanted to be doing anything else? Well, that question would require some research.

“Come on, sweetie,” Jen said to Leslie. “Time to get you on camera and to let Kimmy know she has a slut sister. I suspect that after what you pulled on her with that skirt, she’s going to enjoy your performance immensely.”

“Ms Jennifer, may I ask a favor?” Leslie asked timidly. She was trembling with the thought of what she was about to do. She thought about what she was planning and was scared. She knew she would regret this later, but her arousal was preventing her from thinking clearly.

“What is it, sweetie?” Jen asked with amusement in her voice.

“Well, the purpose of this video is so you’ll have something horribly embarrassing to send to my parents if I don’t obey you, so I was hoping I could personalize it rather than using the script that Kimmy used. I promise I’ll make it more embarrassing than the script. I know what would just kill my parents and I’ll say it all,” Leslie answered.

Jen laughed. “Well, well, aren’t you the good little blackmail victim. I’ll let you do your own thing but I warn you, if I don’t like it, you’ll do the standard video, too.” Jen was amused by Leslie’s desire to dig herself in so deep.

“One other question, Ms Jennifer, please?” Jen nodded. “I know I’m not supposed to masturbate until I’ve given you all the blackmail material, but I’d like permission to touch myself during the early portions of the video. It will make it much more important to me that my mom never see this video. I promise I won’t cum until you have everything you need.”

“OK, sweetie, I don’t see the harm in that. Don’t start fingering yourself right away, though. We want the camera to get a nice long look at you all naked and spread,” Jen said with a smirk.

“Oh yes, Ms Jennifer, I am!” Leslie answered. Jen couldn’t help but laugh in the poor girl’s face at this comment. She was about to video tape a personal message to her parents totally nude and fingering herself. What is it with these bimbos?

Kim was lying on the bed, exhausted. Her pussy was an angry red and was swollen. The girl had really been abusing herself. Her face was crimson. Jen wondered if it was from the exertion from her strenuous half-hour masturbation or from the humiliation of knowing how that many of her former classmates saw the whole thing. She was surprised to see Leslie come in the room naked. She was even more surprised to see Leslie sit on the stool in front of the camera and spread her legs. She looked at Jen for an explanation but Jen just motioned for her to be quiet.

Jen adjusted the camera making sure that Leslie’s face and pussy were centered in the camera frame. She pinned the microphone to Leslie’s necklace and draped the cord behind her. “We need to get the audio levels correct. Say ‘I am a cheap slut’ a few times while I adjust this. Leslie repeated the phrase over and over. Jen had the levels adjusted after the 3rd time she said it. She had her say it about 25 times just because she thought it was funny. She finally told her the level was fine, started recording and told her to begin.

“My name is Leslie Harrison. I live on Lafayette Street in Salem, Massachusetts. Hi Mom. Hi Dad. I guess you already know my name. Sorry, but it’s a rule around here that all videos have to start that way. Please pay close attention and watch this video all the way to the end. I know you’re probably a little shocked to see your little girl naked like this and I am very embarrassed about you seeing me like this. I am sitting like this so you’ll understand how other people see me. I have given my self over to a young woman. She has complete control over how I dress, when I dress, who I have sex with, and almost every other thing you can think of. I did this of my own free will because it excites me. I have asked her to let me tape this message to you. If I ever disobey her and she cannot correct my behavior through normal punishment, I have asked her to send this video to you. I hope you never have to watch it and I will do my very best to do whatever she tells me to do so you don’t have to.” Leslie began. Jen nodded her head in approval.

“I mentioned that this excites me, and it does.” She continued. At this point she reached between her legs and started rubbing her clit. She inserted a finger in her pussy. Staring into the camera she inserted a second finger. It felt so good to be able to touch herself at last.

“OK, so where was I? Oh yeah. I’ve given myself to a girl that was in my graduating class in High School. Her name isn’t important. She has agreed to run my life and make sure I get the right amount of humility and discipline. I’m sure I’ll need a good paddling from time to time. If you’ve received this video, you’ll be getting others and some of them will show me being beaten. Perhaps if you had given me a good spanking as a child I wouldn’t need to seek one out as an adult.”

“Mom, you always yelled at me for wearing my skirts so short. You should see the one I was wearing tonight. Don’t worry, though, nobody could see my panties, though. They were in my owner’s purse. You also told me that masturbation was wrong. Because of you, I grew up feeling ashamed of myself every time I masturbated. So, it’s only fitting that I masturbate while I confess this to you, isn’t it?” Leslie actually laughed a bit here. She was really getting into unloading all this emotional baggage. She had to know how much it would hurt to see this video.

“My owner is free to choose my sexual partners. I am still a virgin, thanks to you never letting me go anywhere alone. I will be making up for lost time. Some day soon, I’ll be the biggest slut in Salem. Well, maybe the second biggest slut, but a big slut anyway. You told me how important it was to be in love with your first sex partner. Now, I don’t even know if I’ll know the guy’s name. I hope not.”

“I will be living my life in little outfits that would embarrass hookers. I’ll be showing my ass to the world. I’ll be making more videos like this and posting them on the Internet. And I have you to thank for it.”

Leslie took a deep breath and prepared to deliver the clincher. “Well, I’m going to finish my business here,” she looked down between her legs, “since this will be the last time I ever orgasm without the permission of my owner. I just thought you’d like to see how great your child-raising skills were. Are you proud of me?” Leslie brought herself to several orgasms for the camera before Jen switched it off.

Kim ran over and hugged her. “Leslie, what have you done? Why did you do that? God, you’re parents will be so hurt if they ever see that!” Kim asked. “I made a tape that was so embarrassing that I would die if my parents saw it. It’s bad enough that you’ll be embarrassed, but that tape will devastate your parents! How could you?”

Jen sat by quietly as this exchange took place. She had already learned a lot about Jen’s desires from the spiteful message she recorded to her parents. She was interested in knowing what other surprises would come from this girl’s mouth.

“Kimmy, Ms Jennifer has been so easy on you. I don’t want her to have to be so easy on me. I know how hurt my parents would be if they saw that tape. I would rather die than allow that to happen. Now, Ms Jennifer can do anything she wants to me, anything at all, and it would be preferable to letting my parents view that tape,” Leslie explained. Turning to Jen, “Ms Jennifer, I am all yours.”

“Bravo!” Jen said with a smirk. She now had two blackmailed bimbos. Leslie had delivered a powerful presentation. Her video was so hurtful to her parents in addition to being embarrassing. This seemed like an extremely powerful motivator. She decided she would have Kimmy re-do her blackmail video soon. Her original one would get posted to her Yahoo group.

“OK, sluts, get downstairs and kneel in front of the couch. We need to set a few ground rules and then get Kimmy to bed. She has to work in the morning,” Jen announced.

Chapter 31
The girls went downstairs and knelt as instructed, facing the sofa. Jen went to the kitchen and poured herself a Diet Coke with ice and walked back to the living room. She loved seeing the two obedient naked girls kneeling waiting for her. They both looked a little nervous. Well, they should be nervous. After all, their lives were no longer in their control.

“OK, sluts, listen up. First, the easy stuff. Neither one of you is to wear clothing in this house under any circumstances unless I give you permission first. Is that clear?” Both girls nodded. “I know this sounds simple, but there is more. You are not allowed to ask me for permission to wear clothing. For example, suppose your Mom is coming over to see your new apartment. If you can’t get to me first, you either cancel her visit or you let her see that you live naked in here. Do not assume that I will allow clothes under any circumstances. I cannot stress the importance of this rule enough. If you violate this rule I’ll be sending out your videos.”

“Next, some comportment rules. You two are not allowed on the furniture without permission. You both look very cute on the floor and that’s where you’ll stay most of the time. When I want your attention, you’ll kneel with your knees spread wide apart. Both of you need to get those knees open more.” Both girls were a bit embarrassed by this but spread their knees wider apart. “When you’re not kneeling you will sit on the floor and you will keep your legs spread wide. Those pussies are to be kept free of hair at all times. No stubble, ever. Understand?” The girls nodded.

“Last thing for now. We need to do something about your hair. Kimmy, you have such a lovely head of brunette hair. I think you will be a blonde for a while. In the next couple days you are to go to the drug store and get some coloring. I want you to look cheap. If I’m unhappy with the way it comes out, we’ll keep repeating it till it looks sufficiently artificial, or until your hair falls out.” Kim wanted to cry. She loved her hair and knew that home dye jobs always looked lousy. She was aware that Jen wanted her to look like a home dyed blonde and she did not like it. She knew better than to argue, though.

“Leslie, you have pretty blond hair. I don’t know quite what to do to it, yet. So, you’ll get to keep your hair as is for now.” Leslie breathed a sigh of relief. She was proud of her long blond hair and didn’t want to cut it or color it. She felt a little sorry for Kim, though.

“This brings up another point I want to make. I am not necessarily going to treat you the same. I have no intention of being fair to either one of you. You will sometimes be dressed alike, sometimes very different. Sometimes one of you will be decent and the other virtually naked. I do not want to hear the word ‘fair’ out of either of you, ever.”

Jen could see that both girls were getting aroused again. She was going to have so much fun with Leslie. Poor Leslie would just gush when she was aroused. That would certainly help humiliate her. She marveled at how these girls got excited about being ordered around. She was just making up arbitrary rules off the top of her head with very little thought. These bitches were going to work very hard following these arbitrary rules, regardless of the humiliation it caused them. They were already becoming more like toys and less like people in her mind.

She was really having an effect on their minds. Both girls were dreading and anticipating the time when they would be turned into total sluts. Both had made sure that Jen knew they ultimately wanted that. She knew how powerful the anticipation could be. She didn’t have a time line for this but she was in no hurry. For now, she was content to make these girls look like the biggest sluts in the world. She would ease them into actually being sluts. She was delighted that Leslie was a virgin. She wanted to dream up something spectacularly humiliating to go with taking her virginity from her. Kim had only had sex twice, so she was going to be so much fun to turn into a slut, too. She thought both girls wanted to get this milestone event over with but she wasn’t going to let them off the hook that easily. Kim was going to have lots of plastic cock stuffed up her pussy, but both of these girls would have a long, long wait before they had any flesh up there. Of course, she would continue to make them think they could be selling themselves for nickels any day. Their imaginations would be their worst enemies.

She didn’t know if either of them had given a blowjob before. Kimmy was ready to blow the cab driver but she managed to get a ride from him without it. She was pretty confident that Kimmy was ready for this. She wasn’t sure about Leslie, but she was now thinking Leslie wanted more degradation than Kim did, not less. She decided that she would buy two dildos and the girls could practice on them every day. That would be degrading for them and would keep their minds focused on the idea that they could soon be ordered to give blow jobs to anyone Jen decided should get one. Jen thought she might make this happen sooner rather than later. Jen had only given one blowjob in her life and she hated it. When she was 16 her boyfriend had made her kneel in front of her and suck him. She hated the submissive position and she couldn’t get much of his cock into her mouth without gagging. He got her a porno and showed her that some girls could take a cock all the way into their throat. He suggested lots of practice. She dumped him instead. She thought this would be a good experience for her girls, though.

Jen realized that she had let her mind wander and had been in her own little world for about 5 minutes. Jen and Leslie kept obediently kneeling in front of her, not saying a word. She was thrilled. She felt so powerful.

“Kim, did you tell me the boys at work were hitting on you?” Jen asked.

“Yes, Ms Jennifer. They invited me out to a bar but I told them I couldn’t go because it was the first night in the new apartment.” Kim answered.

“Well, you will go the next time they ask. Do you think they’ll ask you tomorrow?”

“Yes, Ms Jennifer, I do. They already asked me if I could go tomorrow. I’d like to, they’re kind of nice. May I go tomorrow?” Kim asked.

“Yes, sweetie, I want you to go tomorrow after work. I want you to come home and change first, though,” Jen said.

“Ms Jennifer, do I really have to change first? I work with these people and they already think I’m easy because of the way I dress for work. If I show up in the bar in a skirt like I had on last night they’re going to expect sex!” Kim said. She was very afraid that Jen was going to order her to have sex with her coworkers. She didn’t see how she’d be able to go back to work after sleeping with any of them and she was afraid Ms Jennifer would make her sleep with all of them!

Jen smiled. She knew exactly what Kim was thinking and it was exactly what she wanted the girl thinking. “Yes, sweetie, you really do have to change first, but you don’t have to put out for your coworkers. It’s only your second day on the job. What kind of slut are you, anyway?” Jen said with an amused smile.

“Thank you, Ms Jennifer. Can I wear one of the skirts that’s being shortened? They’re supposed to be ready tomorrow,” Kim said. She really didn’t want to let her coworkers see her in the denim skirt she wore last night!

“I’ll decide what you wear. Just hurry home and shower and I’ll make all the clothing decisions for you. Leslie and I will pick up your skirts from the cleaners. Get me the ticket,” Jen said. Kim scrambled up and ran to her room to get the ticket for the skirts. She ran back to the living room and handed the ticket to Jen. Jen loved to see her run like that! She knew Kim ran like that when she was very horny and feeling very submissive. She couldn’t wait to show this obedience off to people. Eventually, she would require both girls to run to obey her but for now she figured she could learn about what really turned Kim on by it.

“Whatever skirt you wear, Kimmy, the boys are going to know you don’t have anything underneath it. You’re going to satisfy their curiosity early in the evening,” Jen smirked. “We need to get you an ID so you can drink, but there’s no way we can get you one by tonight. Just as well, we don’t want the boys thinking you were drunk. Here’s what I want you to do. As soon as you catch one of the boys trying to look up your skirt, or if any of them mention being able to see your butt, you are going to stand, face them, and tell them you want to get this over with. Then you’ll hike the skirt up and do a little pirouette for them. You’re not to cross your legs or completely close them during the entire evening. You don’t have to spread your legs like you were doing earlier this evening unless they ask you to.”

Kim blushed. She couldn’t believe she was going to lift her skirt for her coworkers. “Yes, Ms Jennifer,” she answered. This was going to be embarrassing but it could have been a lot worse. She hated this kind of blatant, intentional exposure. She didn’t think she would ever get used to it.

“Now, it’s late so you should go to bed. I want to see you off in the morning so make sure I’m up. In fact, bring me coffee as soon as it’s ready in the morning. Now, go to bed. And, no touching yourself!” Jen dismissed Kim and she ran off to bed.
“OK, sweetie, now what are we going to do with you?” Jen said to Leslie.

Chapter 32
Leslie didn’t know how to respond. She was so horny even after masturbating. She thought about all the horrible things that she wanted Jen to do to her. She was so turned on by the careless attitude that Jen had towards dominating Kim and she wanted to be the target of it, too. She was already having second thoughts about the video she made and knew she should keep her mouth shut right now. She was smart enough to know that kneeling here in the apartment, as horny as she was, she could easily suggest things she would hate herself for later.

“Cat got your tongue, sweetie?” Jen said with a smirk. “Well, that’s OK. I’m going to give you a writing assignment. I learned a lot about Kimmy when she had to do this for me and I’m sure I’ll learn a lot about you from it, too. When I wake up tomorrow you are to hand me a document that details 10 specific things I can make you do that a ‘normal’ girl would never do. Give it some thought and make them good suggestions. Keep in mind that anything you write could be turned into a requirement for you. If you suggest something that you’re not willing to do, then mom and dad are going to see that hateful video you made. I expect a lot from you. I don’t know what you were thinking when you made that tape, but you’re stuck now. You can’t undo it now!”

“If you do a good job on this suggestions document you can have a happy visit with your mom tomorrow and let her know you’re moving in here. If you do a lousy job on this, you’ll get to watch me e-mail your video to mom and cut your skirt and blouse to shreds before I kick you out onto the street,” Jen laughed. She could see the concern in Leslie’s face. She sensed that Jen needed a bit of meanness to get her going.
“Now, before you start your writing assignment, I want you to take my car keys and run out to the car and lock your clothes in my trunk. Hurry back with the key. Then, jot mommy’s e-mail address down for me in case I decide your suggestions suck and then you can begin writing your own doom,” Jen laughed as she said this.

Leslie couldn’t help but glance at the clock as she went to gather up her clothes. It was a few minutes before 11:00 and she figured she could get out to the car and back without being seen. Suddenly, she realized that she would be making this trip back and forth from the car naked a lot, just like Kim. Kim had been Jen’s plaything for less than a week and she expected to make this trip nude without being told. She wondered if she was ever going to dry up between her legs! Leslie decided to try and be bold about her public nudity. She opened the apartment door and stepped out into the hall as if walking through the hall nude was the most natural thing to do. She heard a door open just as she was heading out the door to the parking lot. She didn’t turn around but figured someone got a look at her naked ass. She just hoped whoever had come out had gone back in by the time she came back from the car. She put the clothes in the trunk and walked back to the apartment. She was relieved, but also a bit disappointed that she didn’t encounter anyone. She hated that Kim was able to do this public nudity thing so easily and she was a nervous wreck. She figured that after getting caught a few times, she’d get used to it.

“Anyone see you, sweetie?” Jen asked.

“No, Ms Jennifer, I don’t think so. A bit of a let down, really,” Leslie answered.

“Oh really? Well, I can always have you dance naked in the hallway till someone comes. Would you like that, sweetie?” Jen said sarcastically.

“Um, no, Ms Jennifer, that’s all right,” Leslie said, starting to get worried. She wanted to be seen, but she didn’t want to know when it was going to happen and didn’t want any control over it.

“No? That’s all right? Which is it? No, you don’t want to dance naked in the hallway or yes, it’s all right if I make you dance naked in the hallway?” Jen toyed with Leslie, enjoying every minute of it.

“Um, of course it’s all right if you want me to dance naked in the hallway, Ms Jennifer, but I don’t really want to, so you don’t have to make me do it for me,” Leslie said. She was mentally congratulating herself at getting out of this verbal trap when Jen walked into the kitchen. Leslie’s face dropped when she saw Jen carrying a boom box.

“It’s really no trouble at all to let you dance naked in the hallway, sweetie,” Jen said, laughing at the suddenly embarrassed girl. Jen opened the door to the hallway. “Come on, sweetie, out you go. She put the boom box on the floor in the hall and turned it on. She set the volume loud enough to be heard all through the first floor. “Twenty minutes ought to teach you some respect. Start dancing, slut,” Jen said. She walked back into the apartment and locked the door.

Leslie felt so ridiculous. She wanted to run away and hide. She knew that Jen wasn’t going to let her in until she danced for 20 minutes. She started dancing and realized that she would have felt stupid doing this if she were fully dressed. Being totally naked made her feel like a complete idiot. She didn’t know that most of the apartments in the building were empty. Two guys from an apartment down the hall did come out to watch her performance, though. They were amused when Leslie kept dancing while she was explaining that she had to dance for 20 minutes.

Jen looked out the peephole and saw Leslie had an audience. She left the girl to explain to the guys why she was dancing naked in the hall. She used the time alone to duck into the bathroom and give herself a quick orgasm. She was a few minutes late letting Leslie back into the apartment. When she opened the door the naked girl was still dancing, even though the radio station was currently broadcasting the news. When she opened the door the guys were full of questions.

“Look guys, it’s a bit late for meeting the neighbors. How about you come over tomorrow and introduce yourselves and we’ll get acquainted?” Jen said.

“Well, we were hoping to get acquainted now while this lovely lady is naked. Are you sure we can’t come in?” they asked.

Jen laughed. “It’s late boys. Let’s do this tomorrow. She’ll be naked again tomorrow,” she said with a laugh. “Get in here, Leslie!” Leslie picked up the boom box and scampered into the apartment.

“Fun?” Jen asked.

“Oh God! That was so embarrassing, Ms Jennifer. I felt so stupid!” Leslie replied.

“You should be used to feeling stupid, sweetie. Yesterday at this time you were helping me play with Kim. Now look at you! You’re a toy just like she is. I’d say that you’ve got the stupid thing down pat,” Jen laughed. “You have a writing assignment. You can use the laptop. When you’re done, get in to bed with Kimmy. She won’t mind. I don’t care how late you have to stay up, I want 10 solid suggestions from you in the morning or we’re e-mailing a very embarrassing video to mommy. Night, sweetie,” Jen said. She gave Leslie’s nipple a little twist as she was saying good night and went to her bedroom.

Before dropping off to sleep, Jen checked the Yahoo group. There were 30 people that claimed to know Kim! There were also great comments about the show Kim had put on. One of the e-mails was from a gentleman offering web space for storing the large video files Kim was producing. He also suggested that he could help create a pay-per-view site for Kim. Jen laughed at the thought. She might pursue that pay site idea later on. For now, she wanted maximum exposure for Kim so she didn’t want to limit it to people that would pay a fee. There would be plenty of time to make money off the whore after every single one of her classmates had seen her naked on the ‘Net. She did make a note to talk to him about storing the files, though. Yahoo limited them to 100 mg and her half-hour video was more than half that size!

She drifted off to sleep thinking about new ways to play with her toys. She was disappointed that she had not seen an e-mail from Carrie, but the girl might still be on her date. A lot had happened this evening!

Leslie was hard at work crafting her list of 10 suggestions. It was hard work and it was making her very horny! She had made little progress before she had to go take a cold shower to calm down. She knew she was a little too horny for this work when she typed a suggestion to tie her to a men’s room sink naked in a bar down at the docks! She quickly deleted that suggestion! She needed to concentrate and come up with 10 real suggestions that would amuse Ms Jennifer and not make her die of humiliation!

After a while she realized that she was going to have to reveal much of her fantasy life to get this done. She finally got some suggestions on the document.

1) I should be required to ride/drive naked in the car at all times without regard to who sees me.
2) I should be required to sell my body as directed by you, with all proceeds going to you.
3) I should be made to wear micro skirts without underwear at all times. My skirts do not need to fully cover my pussy or ass.
4) I should be made to change my appearance to whatever suits your whims, including cutting or dyeing my hair, getting tattooed or pierced, or anything else you desire.
5) I should be made to serve you sexually
6) I should be made to appear naked on the Internet

She realized that some of these were lame and some were outrageous. She figured out she wasn’t going to get a list of 10 fun things that would impress Jen. She needed to commit to some serious things to complete this list. She wanted to masturbate desperately and she still needed 4 more things! The next suggestions were tough to write!

7) I should me made to get naked in public on a regular basis
8) I should be required to keep my legs spread and my pussy clearly visible at all times, even in public
9) I should be made to wear bells on my wrists, ankles and ears to attract attention to myself.
10) I should be subject to serious corporal punishment for minor misbehavior.

Leslie wasn’t happy with the list but at least she had 10 items. She planned to revise it in the morning before giving it to Ms Jennifer. She felt the current list would suffice to keep her from sending her video to her parents. She would also talk about having Jen destroy that video and making a new one that was embarrassing but not so hurtful to her parents. She realized now that her parents would be so disappointed in her if they ever saw the video. Blaming them for her kink was wrong and very mean. She hoped Jen would let her re-do it.

She dropped off to sleep thinking about how she could revise the list of suggestions. There were three of four items she would like to get off that list but she needed to think of replacement suggestions.

Chapter 33
Kim woke up at 6:00. She was a little surprised to see Leslie in bed with her. The events of last night came back to her as the sleep left her mind. What a night it had been. She had spent some time hiding out naked in a mall parking garage, walked through the mall in an impossibly short skirt, and blatantly exposed herself inside the mall. Jen had surprised her with a passionate kiss that left her reeling, then had her and Leslie pose for pictures totally naked in the parking garage. She groaned to her self as she remembered masturbating on camera last night. “I hope there weren’t many people on watching that performance,” she thought to herself. The strangest part of the evening, though, was when her friend and co-tormenter Leslie had appeared in the bedroom naked and made her own blackmail video. And what a video it was! Not only was the girl naked and masturbating, she said some very nasty things to her parents in that video. There was no way she could allow them to see that, no matter what Jen demanded from her. And she was learning that Jen would demand a lot.

Leslie woke to the smell of coffee. She, too, was remembering the events of last night. She had hoped it had all been a dream but reality was forcing its way into her consciousness. “Well, good morning to you!” Kim said. “Quite a night last night, huh?” Now that was an understatement. What could Leslie say? “I got a little horny and threw my life away?” Well, that was a pretty accurate description.

“Listen Kim, how well do you know Jen? I’m kind of wishing I didn’t make that video last night. Do you think she’ll let me back out of this?” Leslie asked.

“I really doubt it, Leslie. I’m not sure what you were thinking when you made that video last night, but you just can’t let your mom see that. Whatever Jen wants, I think you better just give it to her!” Kim answered. “Speaking of what Jen wants, I better go bring her highness some coffee,” Kim said, rolling her eyes. The girls shared a laugh at Kim’s comment. Kim knew it was selfish of her, but she was glad that Leslie was now in the same predicament. This whole thing had gotten way out of control and it would be nice to have some company as she went through it all. The two naked girls went to Jen’s bedroom to bring her coffee.

“Well, isn’t this a lovely sight to wake up to! Two naked bimbos and coffee in bed. How nice!” Jen said, taking the coffee. “Sit down, girls.” Kim immediately sat on the floor and spread her legs wide apart. Leslie saw her do this and, remembering the rules Jen set last night, did the same. Mentally, she was cursing Jen. She did not like this rule about keeping her legs spread at all! It was degrading.

“Ok, Kimmy, let’s go over what you’re duties for the day are, shall we? First, you need to get ready for work. Just put your work clothes by the door and call me when you’re ready to leave. Now, after work, you are to come home and change before meeting the boys at the bar after work. I will leave an outfit for you in the living room. You are to wear everything I put out for you and nothing else. Remember that you are to show these guys what’s under your skirt. And, no restricting the view from them. If they want to stare at your pussy, you make it easy for them, understand. No sex, though you may give them blowjobs if the mood strikes you,” Jen said with a smirk.

“And you, Leslie. I believe you should be handing me a list of suggestions about now,” Jen said. Kim couldn’t help but smile when she heard this. She remembered how much trouble she had doing her list and how embarrassing it was to sit there and watch Jen read it. Leslie panicked a little bit. She was hoping to revise her list before giving it to Jen.

“Ms Jennifer, may I have a little more time to work on my list, please?” Leslie asked.

“Sure thing, sweetie, you can have until I finish my coffee.” Jen showed her the half-empty coffee cup and smiled. “You should have just enough time to go get it and hand it to me,” she laughed. “If I’m not reading a list of 10 suggestions when this cup is empty, I’ll be sending out a very important e-mail!”

Leslie jumped up and ran to the computer. She brought up the document and printed it and ran, literally, up to the bedroom to give the list to Ms Jennifer. “Excellent! Just in time,” Jen said. Now be a good bimbo and fill this up for me,” Jen said, handing Leslie an empty coffee cup. Leslie hated being called a bimbo. She was very sensitive to remarks about her intelligence and she found this very degrading. Of course, she reasoned, it would be hard to argue about how smart she was after the events of last night.

Jen was holding the list and laughing out loud when Leslie returned with her coffee. She was very amused by the things that Leslie had written down. Perhaps she had underestimated this bimbo. Leslie was very worried about how Jen was going to react to the list. She was extremely embarrassed and was cursing herself for not getting up earlier and editing that list. There were items on there she did not want to be made to do! If she could go back in time she would and she would stay up all night to come up with a list that wasn’t so extreme.

Kim was standing by the door ready to leave for work. She called to Jen. Jen and Leslie came into the living room. Kim noticed that Leslie was looking quite scared. She smiled to herself, knowing just what it felt like to watch Ms Jennifer read your list. She hoped Leslie had thought very carefully about everything she had put on it. She knew Jen would make her do everything on that list at least once!

“Ok, sweetie, get dressed. Remember the thong goes on after you get to work.” Kim pulled on her skirt and shirt. She started buttoning up the shirt and Jen stopped her. “Let’s show the boys some titties today, sweetie. Leave it unbuttoned and just tie the tails together,” Jen ordered. Kim did as ordered, embarrassed by the expanse of bare chest she was displaying. “Have a nice day, sweetie! I’ll see you later on tonight.” Kim left the apartment holding her thong in her hand.

Jen sat down an addressed Leslie. “You do realize that you may be required to do some or all of the things on this list, don’t you?” Jen asked. “Not that it matters much now, anyway. I gave you clear instructions on this and you’re committed now,” Jen laughed. “I do have a question for you, though. This looks a lot like a list of rules rather than a list of things I could make you do. I expected some ideas for some one-time activities. Oh well, it’s your list.”

“Let’s go through some of these shall we?” Leslie nodded nervously. She was shaking and frightened. Suddenly she felt extremely vulnerable standing here naked in front of Jen, watching her smirking as she looked over the list.

“Number 1 looks very interesting! I may not want you naked in the car all the time, though. So, we’ll make a little modification to this one, OK?” Jen asked.

“Yes, Ms Jennifer,” Leslie answered in a barely audible voice.

“Sweetie, there’s no need to agree with me. These are rhetorical questions. Just kneel there and be quiet,” Jen instructed. “Now, let’s change this one a bit. If you’re in a car and I’m not with you, by all means, you are to be naked. If I’m with you, I may want you dressed, depending on circumstance. I’ll tell you if I want you wearing clothes, though. So if I don’t say anything, you just go ahead and strip. I think this is going to be a very hard rule to follow and eventually you will be caught naked by the cops. We’ll evaluate this again after you’ve been arrested for indecent exposure,” Jen laughed. Leslie realized she did not think this through at all. She was really in trouble!

“Number two would really change your life, wouldn’t it? I could make you a whore but that would make me a pimp. I think I’ll give you the opportunity to change this one,” Jen said. Leslie was relieved, as this was one of the items she desperately wanted off the list. She was worried about what would be added in its place, but figured anything would be better.

“Did you see how Kim was running while she was obeying me last night? I thought that was cute and showed lots of respect. How about we substitute this prostitution rule for a running rule. If I want a Diet Coke you run as fast as you can to get it for me. Got it? Every order I give, you have to run to obey!” Leslie agreed instantly to this. “Good, show me how you will do it. Warm this up for me,” Jen said, handing her now half-empty coffee cup to Leslie. Leslie jumped up and ran to get her a refill. She found that running to serve Jen greatly added to her humiliation. She could imagine what people would think when they saw her running naked to fetch things for Jen. She felt the wetness in her crotch. As she knelt in front of Jen she was sure Jen could see how aroused she was.

“Excellent! I like it!” Jen laughed. She liked it so much she was going to make Kimmy start doing this, too! “Now, number three. This one almost didn’t count. You knew you were going to be wearing skirts that didn’t cover your butt fully. You saved yourself with the part about the skirt not covering your pussy completely, though. I imagine that some times you’ll need your pussy completely covered. I’ll make every effort to make sure your skirts are short enough to show a little lip, though. I hope for your sake that you thought this through, bimbo. This is going to be another very tough rule for you. I’m going to send you out on some errands today, so we can talk about how you like showing your twat to everyone all the time when you get home.” Leslie was so annoyed at herself. She had not thought these rules out at all. She was focused on getting 10 things on the list and getting to sleep. She couldn’t even blame Jen for this. All Jen was doing was making her act on her suggestions, just like she told her she was going to do.

“Number four is a great suggestion. I’ll consider myself free to order any haircuts, tattoos, piercing, etc. as I please. Number five is also a good suggestion. We’ll talk more about that later,” Jen said. “Number six is a given. You’re already on naked on the Internet. One small change to this rule. We’ll just add the word ‘regularly’ to it. Is that OK with you, sweetie?” Jen asked. Leslie nodded. She was keeping her eyes down, too embarrassed to make eye contact with Jen. She felt like a small child being punished. No parent ever exerted this kind of control over a child, though.

“Number 7 seems like fun,” Jen laughed. “Since you’ll be stripping before getting into cars and dressing after you get out of cars, you’ll be naked in public quite a lot. I’m sure you meant other public nudity besides car rides. I’ll look for opportunities to indulge you, sweetie,” Jen said.

“I gotta tell you, number 8 fascinates me! First, I’m sure you didn’t give this item much thought. Of all the items on the list, this is gonna be the hardest for you. Have you ever spread your legs in public before? Think about this for a minute, bimbo. You walk into a room with a tiny skirt on. Your ass is hanging out and the skirt doesn’t even cover your pussy lips. Every eye in the place is going to be on you! You look around for just the right seat and you plop down and spread your legs. You must really love humiliation, sweetie,” Jen laughed.

“Number 9 is a great idea! You’ll go out and get the bells today. Get some for Kimmy, too. Number 10 is another great idea. I know some people really like getting spanked. I hope you’re one of those people. Just know that when I spank you for punishment, you will feel it. It will truly be a punishment. I don’t get off on spanking and I’ll be trying my best to make it hurt and make you hate it.”

Leslie had dripped a lot from her pussy and there was a good-sized spot on the carpet. She was mortified.

“Now, these are really tough rules to follow. I don’t think you can do it. But, you suggested them, so here’s what we’ll do. You follow every one of them for three days. If you get through three days with these rules, I'll pick five of them and get rid of them. Fair enough?” Leslie nodded. “Good, clean up my carpet, you nasty whore, and go get the scissors and one of the denim skirts we bought yesterday,” Jen ordered. She laughed when Leslie ran from the room to get the skirt and scissors.

Chapter 34
Kim was not sure how she felt about going to a bar with the boys after work. She wanted to party with them, of course. Part of her was dreading having to show them that she wasn’t wearing panties, and part of her was eagerly anticipating it. She even thought briefly about not putting her thong on for work. She nixed that idea but decided she would pull up to work, get out, put the thong on, and then look around to see who saw her. She would not hide what she was doing. She was embarrassed, but she wanted to get caught doing this. She was disappointed when she got the thong on without an audience. She met up with her crew and they headed out to the first job. In the truck the boys asked her if she was coming out for a drink tonight. “Yes, I am, but I have to go home and change first,” she answered. The boys tried to talk her out of changing first. They figured that she might not show. She couldn’t help but think that they would feel differently when they saw her outfit. She had no doubt that Ms Jennifer would be dressing her like a cheap hooker tonight.

“You have red underwear on again,” one of her coworkers said.

“Are you keeping track?” she answered with a playful smile.

“Yes, we all love looking at your underwear. I can’t wait to see what color you wear tomorrow!”

Kim laughed. “What makes you so sure I’m going to wear any underwear at all tomorrow?” she answered him. This turned out to be a mistake since the conversation for the rest of the morning seemed to be about her underwear. The boys enjoyed having a pretty young girl around who had no problem letting them look up her skirt. Kim played the flirt all day at work, making sure there was always a good view of her panties and also letting the boys get glimpses at her tits. She loved the attention. She was getting horny and started looking forward to meeting them at the bar after work.

“Take the skirt you cut for Kimmy yesterday and use it as a guide. I think your skirt should be an inch shorter, don’t you?” Jen said, smirking. Leslie started to answer her but Jen waved her off. “You just don’t seem to understand what a rhetorical question is, bimbo! Don’t be so stupid!” Leslie wasn’t stupid and she hated being called stupid. Naturally, Jen picked up on this and called her stupid every chance she got.

She finished the skirt and tried it on. She tugged the skirt down as far as it would go on her hips. She thought this was funny when she was making Kim’s skirt, but it was not nearly as funny for her own skirt. With the skirt tugged down so low it felt that it was going to slide right off her it still wasn’t long enough to fully cover her pussy lips. Jen inspected it and told her to take it off and move a button so the skirt could be worn this low on her hips. Jen also warned her that she had better be able to easily tug the skirt off her without unbuttoning it or she would be punished. Leslie quickly moved the button and put the skirt back on. Jen was satisfied with it and tugged it high on the girl’s waist. She marked the position for the button to hold the skirt this high. Next she instructed Leslie to move that button and to cut the third button off the skirt all together. Leslie did as ordered and started to put the skirt back on.

“No, don’t put it on yet. I have a little job for you.” Jen took a pad of paper and a pen and handed it to Leslie. “I want you to go out to the parking lot. Write down every car’s license plate number, make and color. Make sure you write very neatly. I want a nice, neat list of every car out there. Put some shoes on first,” Jen said, smirking at the girl. Leslie froze. There had to be 30 cars in the parking lot. She was going to be naked in the parking lot for 10 or 15 minutes. In broad daylight! She blushed deeply but didn’t move.

“Unless you want to be writing down license plate numbers in the mall, too, I’d suggest you get a move on, bimbo!” Leslie took the paper and headed out the door. She was a wreck. She carefully wrote down all the information for each car. She was so nervous her hands were shaking but she managed to make a nice neat list. The girl always had good penmanship. It took her 20 minutes and there were 32 cars in the parking lot. She was seen by four people, two of whom spoke to her. She told them both she was on a dare. She knew that story wouldn’t hold up but she couldn’t think of anything else to say to them. She came in with a two-page list of license numbers, makes and colors. She held the list out to Jen.

“Just throw it in the trash, sweetie,” Jen said without looking at it. Leslie was crestfallen. Jen smiled as another piece of Leslie’s dignity was crushed.

“Ok, sweetie, I have a lot of errands for you to do today. Let’s get your outfit finished.” She tossed the skirt to Leslie. “I think another half inch off the front and a full inch off the back should make this work,” Jen said.

“Ms Jennifer! That skirt is already so short!”

“Tough! You’re the one who wanted the rule about her skirts not covering anything. You want to show off, I’m going to make sure you show off. Now cut the skirt!”

Leslie cut the skirt. She put the skirt on and tried to position it to cover her as well as she could. She could tell by the smirk on Jen’s face that she wasn’t covered well at all. Jen grabbed a nipple and dragged Leslie over to the mirror. Leslie was shocked at the image starting back at her. The skirt left the bottom third of her pussy fully exposed. The back was worse. Half of her ass was on display. How could she go out of the house in this? “Looks perfect. Now, lets get you a top!” Jen said.

Jen found the T-shirt that Kim had worn last night. “Put this on,” she instructed. Leslie put the T-shirt on. Jen was satisfied with the revealing T-shirt and asked her for it back. Stretching the shirt very tightly on the table, she used a red marker to write the word ‘BIMBO’ on the front. “Here ya go, sweetie,” Jen laughed. Leslie was just about crying when she put the T-shirt on. Jen made her look at herself in the mirror as she gave her instructions for the day.

“First, go pick up Kimmy’s skirts from the cleaners. Then, I want you to head to the mall and get 3 more of these skirts. I know its going to be hard for you to walk into the mall in that outfit with your junk hanging out and the big red bimbo on your chest, but you’re going to do it. In fact, you’re going to do it four times,” Jen laughed. Leslie was speechless. “You’ll go in and buy one skirt. Bring the skirt out to the car, then move the car to another entrance and go get another skirt. Then move the car again and get the third skirt. After you have the third skirt in the car, move the car to another entrance and go in and get yourself a large Starbucks. Bring the coffee to the benches in the main lobby and sit facing the door while you drink it. Don’t get up till the coffee is completely gone. Remember, you don’t wear anything in the car. Strip completely before getting in, dress after getting out. Got it?” Leslie could only nod her head. She was shaking with humiliation and fear. And dripping wet.

“Now, after you’ve had your coffee break you need to go get some bells. Go to a crafts store and explain to the clerk that you want to wear bells around your ankles, wrists, and from your earrings. Get some stuff to make bracelets out of, too.” Jen was piling it on heavy and she was curious whether Leslie would complete this all or quit. It was pretty obvious she didn’t have much self-respect or she would have stopped this already. Well, she would have less self-respect after today.

“When you’ve got the skirts and bells, hit the drive-through. I want a Big Mac and some fries. I like the fries at Burger King better than McDonalds, so you’ll have to make two stops. And I want a Coke, but I like bottled Coke better than fountain coke, so go to a store for that. Use your ATM card to get the cash for all this and I’ll pay you back when you get home. Did you know that ATM machines all have cameras in them bimbo? Won’t you look nice when it videos you? Make sure you smile. Got all that?”

“OK, bimbo, tell me what errands you’re going to do today. I want to make sure you have all your instructions down pat,” Jen demanded. Leslie repeated all the things she had to do. She was going to be in and out of her clothes many times before she was through, not that it mattered much, her clothes didn’t cover her much at all.

“One last thing then you can get started. We need to make sure we both understand what your requirement to spread your legs means. Sit on the couch and show me how far apart your legs will be when you’re having coffee at the mall,” Jen ordered. Leslie sat and opened her legs slightly. She had about 6 inches of space between her knees. “I’m waiting! I hope that’s not what you consider spreading your legs!” Jen told her. Leslie tentatively opened her legs more. “Look, we’ll be here all day at this rate. Spread your damn legs like you’re waiting to get laid.” Leslie opened her legs until there was about two feet between her knees. “Ok, now you’ve got it. This is what I mean by spreading your legs. Since I own you, it’s what you mean by it, too. That’s how you sit in public, bimbo.” Jen was acting very stern with Leslie but she knew she was going to burst out laughing any minute. She needed to get Leslie on her way.

“No sense dressing for the walk to the car, is there?” Leslie didn’t respond. She was finally learning which questions didn’t require an answer. Jen handed her skirt and T-shirt. “Have fun, bimbo!” At this point, Jen lost it and started laughing hysterically. Leslie had tears in her eyes and Jen’s laughter echoing in her ears as she stepped naked into the hallway.

Chapter 35
Leslie made it to the car without being noticed by anyone. She knew she could not get through the day without someone seeing her totally naked. She was well aware that lots of people would see her. She was going to be stripping naked 9 or 10 times in parking lots next to her car. And she was going to be getting out of the car naked 9 or 10 times and dressing in parking lots. Even dressed, she was going to be showing everything. This skirt was ridiculously short. It had to be less than 6 inches. And the T-shirt didn’t cover her fully up top, either. The clothes would do nothing to attract attention to her. She cursed herself for the stupid list she had written. Why hadn’t she woken Kim up for help? Why hadn’t she taken it more seriously?

What if she didn’t do this at all? Nobody would blame her if she drove home and got some sweats and wore those for her errands, would they? She thought of her video and how it would just kill her mom. Why had she said all those hateful things on the video? Why had she made the damn video at all? It was enough fun watching Kim endure this hell, wasn’t it? At least she knew the answer to that question! She was so terribly aroused by this. She was in the car, still sitting in the apartment building parking lot. Already she was leaving a wet spot on the seat. She knew why she put herself in this predicament. She also knew that she was going to comply with every demand on her. She was not a good liar and could not risk blowing this off and letting Jen find out. She tried to be mad at Jen and found she couldn’t be. Jen was only taking advantage of the things she asked for. Jen had never pushed her into this. She merely made her do the things she volunteered for. That didn’t help her with the embarrassment she was feeling now. Finally, she started the car and pulled out of the parking lot.

It felt strange to be driving the car naked in broad daylight. She wondered how she was going to react when she was seen. She didn’t have long to wait. She was stopped by the sidewalk, waiting for an opening to pull onto the road when 3 teenage boys walked right next to the car. They stopped and pointed at her. She couldn’t go anywhere for a full 30 seconds and the boys stood right at the side of the car, staring at her. She wondered if she was going to get through the day without being raped. Thank goodness she had the good sense to keep her damn mouth shut about those fantasies. Her nipples were hard and she was gushing from her pussy. She forced herself to think about something else.

She pulled into traffic and drove. She was very self-conscious about her nudity. She realized that she was going to be thinking about sex every minute of the day. She wondered if Jen was going to make her masturbate on camera on the Internet like Kim had to. She had only just started her humiliating errands and she already knew she would agree to that if that were what Jen required to let her masturbate. She thought about Kim’s totally humiliating show last night and saw it in a whole new light. She would put on an equally humiliating show. The need for relief was already greater than the worry about who saw her relieving herself.

She pulled up to the bank to use the ATM. She knew it was useless to wait until nobody was around. She settled for waiting until nobody was very close. She stepped out of the car and quickly pulled the T-shirt over her head and stepped into the skirt. She heard someone yell to her but the voice was far away. She fished around for her ATM card in her purse and stuck it in the machine. She withdrew some money and smiled for the camera lens as instructed. She wondered how many security cameras she would show up on today. This would be the worst, because the bank knew who she was. In a few minutes she was done and tossed her purse in the car. She was able to strip without being seen by staying between her car and another parked car.

The cleaners were in a little strip mall. She had no choice here but to park in front of the shop. The parking lot was full and there were plenty of people coming and going. She stepped out of the car and saw her reflection in the plate glass window of the cleaners. This view of her was shocking. She quickly dressed and saw her reflection. God this outfit was obscene. She hurried into the cleaners. Thankfully, there were no other customers there. The young Asian woman behind the counter just stared at her. An embarrassed Leslie handed the girl the ticket. She went into the back and spoke something in a foreign language to another worker. Soon, there was a parade of people leaving the laundry equipment to come up front to see her. She blushed but was trapped with no where to go. The girl came back with the skirts. She read the ticket.

“There are no refunds on these. We’re not responsible for the length of these skirts and you can’t get your money back if they’re too short to wear. Judging from the skirt you’re wearing, though, that won’t be a problem. Forgive me, but do you realize you’re not covered um, down there?” the clerk asked her. Leslie tried to figure out the look on the girl’s face. She wasn’t amused, she wasn’t angry. Disgusted would be the closest emotion, she thought. The girl obviously thought Leslie was a slut. Well, why not? She was undoubtedly the sluttiest looking virgin in Salem today!

“Yes, I know,” Leslie answered, blushing. She moved a hand to cover her crotch and handed the girl the money. She was mortified as she took the skirts and headed for the car. She passed a mirror on the way out of the shop and saw that she was wearing the skirt too high and her entire pussy was visible. She was obviously wet, her lips were engorged, and her clit was poking out. She wanted to die. She awkwardly tugged the skirt down, very nearly tugging it right off her hips. She walked to the car and put the skirts in the back. She glanced back at the cleaners and saw all the employees at the front door staring at her and talking excitedly. She cursed. She had no choice but to give them a show. She tugged the skirt off and whipped the T-shirt off and hurriedly tossed them in the car, quickly jumping in behind them. She nearly wrecked the car pulling out of the parking lot. All she could think of was her nudity. It was dangerous to drive naked. She was a wreck and realized that the easy stops were done. Now she was off to the tough stop on her list of errands.

She pulled into the mall. Thankfully, there were not a lot of customers yet. She was reluctant to start, but knew she had to get the skirts and coffee as quickly as she could. It was early and she wanted to get this over with. She did not want to be sitting in the lobby of this place with her legs spread during peak traffic!
She got out of the car and started dressing. Her clothes were a tangled mess after she had pulled them off so quickly at the cleaners. She spent an extra 30 seconds naked in the parking lot trying to get then straightened out so she could put them on. She approached the mall entrance without problem. She saw her reflection in the door and really started to hate plate glass doors. Her first stop was the restroom. She needed to wipe away her wetness. She also had to pee. She always peed a lot when she was nervous and this was definitely making her nervous. She did her business and jammed a lot of extra toilet paper in her purse. She knew she would need to blot again.

She could see everyone she passed staring at her. She heard people around her talking about her and the comments were not flattering. She had parked at the entrance nearest the Gap and she was at the store quickly.

“Whoa! That’s the shortest skirt I’ve ever seen. I think it’s safe to say it’s a little too short!” the clerk said with a laugh. Leslie looked at the young girl. She had to be about 16 and working a summer job. It was devastating to have this young girl laughing at her. Leslie tried to ignore her and went directly to the skirt rack and picked up a denim skirt.

“This is a good choice. A lot longer than what you have on but still nice and short. I hope you’re shopping for a top, too,” the clerk said. She was trying to be professional, but couldn’t keep the laughter out of her voice.

“Just the skirt, thanks,” Leslie answered, putting a twenty on the counter.

“Ok, um, Bimbo,” the clerk giggled, unable to hold back any longer. “That’s $10.65 with the tax, here’s your change, $9.35, more than enough to get you a nice pair of panties, which you really, really, really need if you’re gonna keep wearing that skirt,” she said, pointing to the skirt Jen had on. “There’s a Victoria’s Secret a few doors down that sells nice panties. You should get some pretty ones, since everyone will see them. I’d suggest a nice red pair to match your name on your T-shirt. Speaking of T-shirts, we have nice women’s T-shirts, here. I could get you one in your size,” she said in a condescending tone.

“Thanks,” Jen mumbled as she took the skirt and the change and walked out of the store. She was so humiliated. That was just a kid that was laughing at her. And who could blame her for laughing at her with her ass and pussy hanging out of a tiny skirt and her tities hanging out of a cut up T-shirt with the word ‘Bimbo’ written in red marker on the front! She held the bag in front of her to block the view to her exposed sex and hurried to the restroom. This was so humiliating but if she didn’t blot some moisture up it would be even more humiliating.

Chapter 36
“Oh my God! Jill! You’re not going to believe the chick that was just here! This chick was practically naked! Her skirt wasn’t long enough to cover her kitty and she had no panties on! She was shaved bald, too. On top she had a cut off T with her boobs hanging out and the word ‘Bimbo’ written on it in red marker. That and shoes were all she was wearing,” Katie said excitedly.

“You should have told me while she was here! We could have had some fun with her,” Jill said, disappointed that she didn’t get to see this nearly naked girl.

“Well, I didn’t think we were supposed to make fun of the customers or I would have called you. Can’t we get fired for laughing at the customers right to their faces?” Katie asked.

“Who’s here to fire you? Do you think the girl would have come back to complain to the manager? What would she say? We missed some fun. Last weekend there was a chick in the Food Court with a really short skirt on and she was sitting there with her legs spread as far as she could get them letting everyone look at her kitty. People were laughing and staring at the slut. I walked right up to her with the camera phone and the slut didn’t even close her legs when she saw me getting ready to take a picture!” Jill took her phone out and showed Katie the picture of Kim’s humiliating adventure in the mall.

“If you ever see another freak like that come in, make sure you let me know, OK?” Jill asked.

Leslie figured that Jen was either a natural at humiliating women or she had gotten very lucky with this assignment. Her mind was racing. She kept thinking about the humiliation of the past 10 minutes and the humiliation coming up. She couldn’t think of anything else. At this point, the girl couldn’t have told you her address. She was entirely focused on her degradation. And, she was soaking wet, too. She ducked into the restroom to blot her crotch. She left the stall and stood before the mirror trying to adjust the skirt to cover her. It was hopeless, but she couldn’t stop trying. She could carry the bag in front of her, but she still needed to get the skirt as low on her hips as it would go without falling off to try and provide some cover in the rear. A small part of her mind told her that it made little difference it half of her naked ass was showing or three quarters of her naked ass was showing. Still, getting as much coverage as she could was the most important thing in the world to her. She thought briefly about putting the new skirt on for the rest of her errands but then thought of the damn video that Jen would send to her parents if she were caught. The height of humiliation for her was wearing this obscene skirt in public while she was carrying another skirt that would cover her up completely.

A young woman came into the restroom just as Leslie had finished adjusting her clothing and was doing a final check in the mirror. “Holy shit! Girl, you should have looked in a mirror before you left your house!” Leslie blushed again and looked at the girl who had spoken to her. She was in her mid-twenties and had a smug smile on her face.

“You know, Bimbo, having your name written on your shirt went out of style like 20 years ago.” Leslie did not want to stand around talking to this girl about her wardrobe. She picked up her bag and headed for the door. “Nice ass, bitch!” she heard the girl laughing as she left.

Her humiliation was not even close to being over. She kept concentrating on just getting through the next step. Right now, she just needed to get to the car. She groaned to herself when she remembered that once she got to the car she would be stripping naked in the parking lot. For the twentieth time this morning she cursed herself for doing such a lame job on her list. It was more than a little annoying to her that she had brought this on herself. Her brain was incapable of processing any other emotions except humiliation at the moment, though. She made it out of the mall. She knew she was being watched closely by everyone that she passed and she heard comments even though she tried to block them out. She made it to the car.

There were more people around at this point than when she arrived. She needed to get through this. She stripped off without even looking to see who might be around. After all, she reasoned, the damn outfit covers so little of me. This time, she straightened her clothes out immediately upon getting into the car so she wouldn’t be fumbling with them in the parking lot to get dressed. She moved the car to the next entrance. This one was a bit more public and would involve a further walk to the Gap. She had planned this out so the main entrance would be her last trip into the mall. She’d be most exposed there but it would give her the quickest get-away after her sitting-in-the-lobby-having-coffee assignment. She knew she’d be ready for a quick exit from the mall after doing that!

Leslie started to get out of the car and pulled her skirt on. Another car pulled in near her just as she was putting her top on. Two middle-aged women in a car pulled in near her. The women both scowled at her and she felt totally humiliated. She realized that dressed as she was, she noticed everyone else’s clothing far more than she usually did. She tried to shut everything out of her mind as she walked back to the mall to get another skirt. She wasn’t sure if she could do this a second time and knew a third time was going to be even worse. She tried to ignore the stares of the people she saw and walked determinedly to the Gap. She heard laughter and comments as she walked but kept her head down and focused on getting through her assignment.

Katie was standing near the door of the Gap and broke into a grin when she saw Leslie coming. She excitedly called out to Jill, the other clerk to come see. Both girls were laughing openly at her as she walked into the store.

“Well hello again, Bimbo,” Katie said with a laugh. She was much bolder now that she knew she could openly ridicule this girl. Jill had her camera phone out and was taking pictures of Leslie. She had expected the nearly naked girl to object but she didn’t.

“Hi, I’m the store manager. Can I help you with something today?” Jill asked professionally, but with a smirk on her face. She was obviously staring and smiling at Leslie.

“I, um, just need to get a skirt, please,” Leslie answered.

“I see that you do! We don’t have anything as short as you apparently like to wear them. I am curious, though, why you bother to wear a skirt at all if you’re gonna wear one cut like that!” Leslie was flustered and blushing and didn’t know what to say. Jill was insistent.

“Look, I can see your titties, I can see your ass, and I can see your shaved little pussy. It’s obvious that you like to show off, so I want to know, why bother with the clothes at all? Or didn’t you know that your clothes were actually supposed to cover you? Are you just stupid? Is that why it says Bimbo on your little slut T-shirt?” Jill pressed. Katie was laughing openly at her and a couple customers had come up and were watching, too.

“Look, I just need to get a skirt. Please,” Leslie said in a soft voice. She was getting overwhelmed with the humiliation.

“Why do you need a skirt? What’s wrong with the one you’re wearing?” Jill snickered.

“Or the one you bought 15 minutes ago?” Katie added.

Leslie was in trouble and she knew it. These girls were not going to let her just get her skirt and go, and they certainly weren’t going to let her repeat this whole thing so she could get the third skirt she needed. She decided to tell them a little bit about the reason why she was doing this. She didn’t want to tell the girls she was being blackmailed, so she told them she was on a dare. She left out the part about having to strip and move her car, but she let them know she needed to buy a skirt to complete her dare. She hoped they would understand and let her be.

“Wow! Must be some kind of dare! What happens to you if you don’t get it done?” Jill asked. Leslie didn’t want the conversation to go in this direction.

“I really have to get it done! Please, may I just get a skirt?” Leslie asked again. She felt stupid begging this young woman, especially in front of the younger girl.

“No, not so fast. You must really be in a jam here if you’re willing to do all this. I think we need to get some friends here to see you first. It’s not every day you get to see a bimbo dressed like this out in public. Why don’t you have a seat over there and we’ll call a few people. Once we’ve let some others see you, you can buy your skirt,” Jill told her. Jill looked at Katie. “Take a walk down to the food court and pass the word about the slut we have here and how she’s dressed. We’ll keep her here for a while so they can come see her.”

Leslie froze. She couldn’t sit down without making this a whole lot worse. She was required to spread her legs when she sat. She definitely did not want to do that here! She didn’t dare disobey this rule either. Every cell phone seemed to have a camera in it these days. She was sure that people would post the pictures already taken of her on the Internet. If Jen saw a picture of her sitting here with her legs together she would send the videos for sure.

“Couldn’t I just stand over here?” Leslie asked.

Jill smelled blood. She didn’t know why, but there was some reason this girl didn’t want to sit down as instructed and she was determined to find out why. ‘No, I want you to sit right there and wait until Katie comes back. If you don’t, I’m not going to let you buy a skirt and you’ll lose your dare!” Jill figured Leslie didn’t want to sit in the chair because it was in plain sight of the mall hallway. She had a point. Anyone walking buy would see her sitting in that chair. Well, that was all the more reason to have her sit there. She wouldn’t be walking around in public dressed like this if she didn’t want to be seen. Jill was unprepared for the real reason Leslie didn’t want to sit.

Leslie sat reluctantly. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. She felt totally degraded as she opened her legs as wide as she could get them. At that moment she hated Jen! She had put this on her list but she had intended to sit with her legs slightly opened, not obscenely splayed like this. Jen changed this item from slightly spread legs to spread-as-wide-as-they-go legs. She was totally mortified.

“Oh my God!” Jill exclaimed. “Why are you sitting like that? Is that part of your dare?” She burst out laughing and got her cell phone out again. She stood directly in front of the girl, laughing, and snapping pictures. She even got down on her knees and took one of Leslie’s exposed pussy from a straight-on level. Poor Jill just couldn’t stop laughing. She called some of the other customers over to see Leslie’s obscene display. Others took pictures and they took turns standing next to her, posing for pictures. All the while Leslie kept her legs spread. Her eyes watered, but she was determined not to cry. She shuddered, though when she thought about doing this again in the lobby of the mall. She wasn’t sure she would make it through this day.

Katie returned from her trip to the Food Court and had five teenagers with her. “Oh my God! Why do you have her sitting like that? That’s pornographic!” Katie asked.

Jill laughed. “I don’t have her doing anything. I just told her to sit. She spread her legs all on her own and doesn’t seem the least bit interested in closing them. We took pictures and everything,” she said with a smirk. Katie and the people she brought with her all got out cell phones and started snapping the hapless girl’s picture. One enterprising boy tugged her top up, completely exposing her tits. The word ‘Bimbo’ could still be plainly read, but now she was completely exposed. More flashes went off.

Finally, the girls let her get up and pick out her skirt. She took the skirt to the counter and paid for it. “Thanks for coming in. I’m sure we had more fun than you did, but that’s the way it goes. I’m guessing you’ll shop somewhere else the next time you’re out dressed like this. At least we’ll have the pictures to remember you by. If you want copies, just search for them on the Internet!” Jill laughed.

“Um, actually, I need to get another skirt,” Leslie told the girl who had just humiliated her.

“Well, go ahead,” Jill answered. “You can leave this one here while you pick it out.”

“Um, no, I, um, I have to bring this one to my car and then come back for another one. It’s part of the dare,” Leslie told her.

Jill roared with laughter. “So, it’s not just the outfit, its repeated walks through the mall in the outfit that you’re doing this morning? Excellent! When you come back, just have a seat and I’ll get to you as soon as I can,” she laughed.

“Please! This is hard enough already without you making it harder! Can’t you just sell me the skirt and let me leave?” Leslie was just about begging.

“Of course I could, but I won’t. What fun would that be? Like I said, when you come back, just have a seat and I’ll get to you as quickly as I can. Oh and when you come back, lift that T-shirt up. I’m not even going to acknowledge you until I see your titties on display along with your kitty. And make sure the writing on your T is visible. It adds a lot to the pictures!” Jill laughed. Both girls were on their cell phones calling friends as the embarrassed girl walked away.

Chapter 37

Leslie was becoming numb to walking through the mall in her too-short skirt. She was focused on having to sit with her legs obscenely spread in the Gap and in the mall lobby. She was struggling with the total humiliation she felt and the intense arousal she felt. Once again, she needed to stop at the ladies room to blot the moisture from between her legs. Knowing that everyone could see how aroused she was as she humiliated herself was the most humiliating part.

Stripping, moving the car, and re-dressing seemed much easier to deal with for her. She moved the car to the next entrance, dressed, and walked into the mall. She would have to deal with this torturous walk once more and was afraid of the remaining things she had to do in the mall. After yet another trip to the Ladies room, she made her way to the Gap. There were lots of people there. Everyone seemed to know what she was going to do. People were expectantly gathered around the chair she would be sitting in. Blushing, she sat in the chair and spread her legs as required. She was mortified but she pulled her top up to reveal her tits as Jill had ordered. Just as she did, she noticed some people actually had digital cameras with them. She felt like a model in a photo shoot.

“Hi slut!” Jill said. Jill walked right up to Leslie, stepping between her spread thighs and nudging them apart a bit. Jill handed Leslie a cardboard sign and instructed her to hold it over her head. She was holding the sign away from Leslie so poor Leslie didn’t even know what the sign said. “I’ll be free to wait on you in a little while. I’m sorry you have to sit like that and I’ll be with you as quickly as I can,” Jill said with a smirk.

“Please hurry! I’m very embarrassed and everyone is taking pictures of me! I’m afraid someone will post these pictures on the Internet!” Leslie said. Jill laughed. “I think you can count on being on the Internet, sweetie.” There is one thing you can do to get me to wait on you faster. It might be a bit embarrassing, but you should consider it,” she said.

“What? I’ll do anything to get this over with!” Leslie answered.

“Well, you might not like it but here it is. For whatever reason, someone else has decided you have to sit with your legs wide open. I’m sure it’s embarrassing, and it’s really funny to see you sit there like that, but I think I can add to your embarrassment a little bit. Keeping your legs spread as wide as they are now, bring your knees up. Let’s give your admirers that old gynecological view, shall we. If I look over and see you with your legs up and a big smile for the cameras, I’ll get to you as fast as I can. Otherwise, you could be here for a while,” Jill said. She was laughing as she walked away without waiting for an answer. Leslie pulled her knees towards her chest and did her best to smile for the cameras.

After about 20 minutes Jill went over to rescue poor Leslie. The girl was quite a site. She had left a puddle under her crotch. Jill wondered if it would show up in the pictures. She laughed to herself, thinking it would. “OK, sweetie, lets get you up and get your skirt. By the way, have you looked at the sign you’ve been holding for the last 20 minutes?” she said with a laugh. Leslie read the sign and nearly fainted. It read: “POST THESE PICTURES EVERYWHERE.”

“Do you think any of these people are actually going to post pictures of me on the ‘Net?” Leslie asked. She was stunned.

“Honey, we have two computers in the back room. They’ve been posting pictures of you everywhere they can think of for half an hour now! Heck, we only let people take pictures of you if they promised to post them. You like showing your stuff, we helped you,” she said with a grin. “By the looks of your crotch, you really enjoyed yourself. And your nipples are still like little steel bullets. You’re lucky I didn’t have you fingering yourself in that chair!”

Leslie picked out her 3rd skirt, paid for it, and left for her car. Naturally, she stopped at the Ladies room along the way. This day had gotten out of control and the worst was about to happen. She walked to the car, stripped, moved the car to the front entrance, parked very close to the main door, got out, dressed, and walked in. She had a plan to minimize her coming exposure. She went to the Starbucks and ordered a large latte. She asked the girl to fill it with half cold milk instead of steamed milk. She knew Jen wanted her sitting spread legged facing the door while she waited for the very hot coffee to cool enough to drink. Jen hadn’t said anything about how she was to get the coffee, though. She would confess exactly what she did and just play dumb. She laughed to herself at the thought of playing dumb. “Kid, you’re mostly naked in the mall and you just spent 20 minutes posing with everything hanging out for a gang of people who promised to post your pics all over the Internet. You don’t need to play dumb, you just are!” she thought to herself.

She sat on the bench. She figured she’d have this coffee down in less than two minutes. She did, but two minutes is an awfully long time to sit open like she was. She was totally humiliated but soon she was throwing the coffee cup in the trash and heading out for her car. She noticed two security guards coming down the hall as she left. She saw them follow her to the door and into the parking lot. She whipped her clothes off and got in the car. The guards saw her strip. She was sure of that. She only hoped they didn’t get her license plate number.

Leslie only had a short drive to the crafts store. This would be an easy errand. She was quite used to walking around in her outfit. Hell, it had been the easiest thing she had done all morning. She did get a curious look from the clerk when she explained that she needed bells. The clerk helped her pick out what she needed and she was out the door in about 10 minutes. Finally, one of Jen’s ideas had flopped. The other ideas resulted in massive humiliation. It was about time one flopped!

She stripped off again and headed to the fast food place. At the last minute she figured there was a trap in this assignment. She changed direction and went to the convenience store to get a bottle of Coke. She was able to get dressed, get the soda, get undressed and into the car without a confrontation. She was seen, of course, and she heard comments and laughter, but nobody got in her face. She was grateful for that.

Naked, she headed for the McDonalds drive-through. She had read a great story on the Internet about this very thing. It was one of her favorite stories to masturbate to. In the story, the girl had to announce to the drive-through speaker that she was completely naked. She figured Jen hadn’t read the story or she would be doing the same thing. She thought about announcing her nudity. She didn’t need to, though. The boys in the car ahead of her saw that she was at least topless and told the drive through clerk. By the time she got to the window, there were 5 employees there to help pass her Big Mac out to her. She recognized one of the boys as a classmate. She was sure he recognized her as well. Would this day ever end?

Next she drove to Burger King to get Jen’s fries. She had an interesting ride, getting stuck in traffic next to a truck. The driver had an unobstructed view of her for over 10 minutes. She was embarrassed yet again and her hopes of delivering hot food were dashed. She figured she would get punished for bring home cold food. Oh well, Ms Jennifer would punish her for something else, anyway. She felt her arousal intensify at the thought of being punished by someone her own age. Eventually, she had the fries and headed back to the apartment.

Pulling into the apartment she had a decision to make. She decided that it wouldn’t matter if a few more people saw her naked and she dashed into the house with the food without bothering to get dressed. Jen wasn’t there. She had left a note saying that she had to go to an errand and would grab something to eat out. All that work to get her food and Jen wasn’t even going to eat it! The note told her to take a nap and reminded her not to masturbate. Leslie was exhausted and thought the nap was an excellent idea. It was the best order Jen had given her all day.

Chapter 38
Jen walked into the adult shop. She wondered why they didn’t just call them porno shops. She felt self-conscious in this place. There were a couple men browsing porn and a couple of old whores looking for clothes and other tools of their trade. She saw a huge display of dildos. She got an idea of the prices and then went to the counter. The middle-aged man behind the counter took a good long look at her.

“Excuse me. I’m planning to bring one of my girls in here later for a purchase. I normally keep her dressed in very revealing clothes, but it occurred to me that she might be able to wear less than she normally does in here. Any problems with me bringing a barely dressed slut in to your store?” Jen asked.

“Girlie, you can bring her in here buck naked and on a leash if you want to. As long as she’s not drinking alcohol or having sex on the sales floor, I got no problems. No sex on the sales floor, though. If you need to use a room in the back, just ask me,” the clerk answered with a grin. This guy was the stereotypical dirty old man. He leered at Jen openly, undressing her with his eyes. He was gross and disgusting. He made Jen’s skin crawl. She almost felt sorry for Leslie, knowing what she was going to make the girl do. Oh well, at least Leslie wouldn’t have to see this pervert undress her with his eyes, she laughed to herself.

Jen was smiling. She was thinking how embarrassed little Leslie would be to come in here totally naked to get a couple dildos for her and Kim to practice their cock sucking with. Jen thanked the guy and headed out to get lunch. She pulled into a restaurant and ordered a salad. The salad was even more enjoyable for her as she thought about Leslie going to a store and two drive-through joints nude to get food she wasn’t even going to eat. Life was grand, she thought.

Jen returned to the apartment. Kim was still at work and Jen was napping. Jen laid out some clothes for Kim to wear for her night out with her coworkers. She smiled to herself as she looked at what Kimmy would be wearing. She knew Kim would attract lots of attention in it and wondered if she would enjoy it or hate it. Probably a little bit of both, she decided. Jen wrote a note with instructions for Kim. She decided that Kim’s Internet fans should get to see her outfit and added that to the note.

She turned her thoughts to Leslie. She wondered how Leslie enjoyed her day of errands. The bimbo sure laid out some tough rules for herself to follow. She felt a bit bad about forcing her to follow them, though. She figured Leslie had given very little thought to her list and would feel differently about her rules after living them for a day. She liked Leslie and didn’t want to make her life totally miserable. She decided that she would give her an opportunity to strike five of her 10 rules. The remaining five would become permanent rules and Leslie would live by them until she decided otherwise. Of course, Leslie would have to earn that opportunity. She imagined the poor girl walking into that sleazy porno shop totally nude to buy dildoes and smiled. The power to make someone do that was intoxicating! She put a pot of coffee on and woke the bimbo up.

“Rise and shine sleepyhead!” Jen said cheerily. Leslie woke to see a smiling Jen. “I put some coffee on. Pour us a cup and meet me in the living room so we can chat,” Jen ordered. Leslie splashed some cold water on her face and went to get the coffee. She entered the living room and handed Ms Jennifer her coffee. Leslie took a seat on the floor in front of Jen, spreading her legs wide. Leslie couldn’t help thinking about how effective the rules about how she sat were in demonstrating the power Jen had over her.

“So, how was your day, sweetie?” Tell me all about it!” Jen said. Leslie spent the next 15 minutes describing her adventures. Jen probed her for details about how she felt stripping so much, how she felt about walking into the mall in her too short skirt, etc. Jen laughed openly at many parts of Leslie’s story. She especially enjoyed learning about the impromptu photo session at the Gap. “Oh dear! Well, it was inevitable that you were going to end up on the Internet, sweetie. This was a little faster than I thought it would happen, though. I just love the idea of you sitting there holding a sign urging people to post the pictures everywhere! You’re probably already famous!” Jen laughed. “I think we’ll keep you off the Internet for a few days to give those pictures time to circulate. They could be seen by millions in a few days,” Jen laughed.

“Now, I realize that the list of rules you made is very hard to follow. So, I’m going to give you a chance to earn a revision of the list. I’m going to give you an optional assignment. If you decide to do it, I will remove five rules of my choosing. The remaining five rules will become permanent. If you decide against doing the assignment the ten rules will become permanent and I don’t care how hard they are to follow. The assignment will be embarrassing for you. I’ll need you to commit to the assignment before telling you what it is, too,” Jen explained. “So, are you willing to risk some short-term humiliation to get out of five of your ten very humiliating rules?”

Leslie didn’t need to think long about this. Of course she would do this assignment. She was worried about what the assignment could be, but realized Jen had the power to make her do it anyway. She accepted immediately.

“Excellent! Where are the clothes you wore this morning?” Jen asked.

“They’re in the car, Ms Jennifer. I left them there because I wanted to get your food into you while it was still hot,” Leslie answered.

Jen smiled at this comment. She realized that Leslie had been deeply humiliated after going through such an embarrassing ordeal to get her food, only to learn that Jen didn’t even bother to eat it. She noted how much this seemed to affect Leslie and decided she would repeat this often. “OK, sweetie, you need to go get them from the car. At this moment, you still have the rule about appearing in public naked, so just go get the clothes without worrying if you’re seen. Bring them back here and I’ll tell you about your assignment,” Jen explained.

Jen was still amazed at how this girl did what she was told without complaint. Leslie did what she was told and came in with her skirt and T-shirt and a very deep blush. Jen knew the girl had been seen but decided not to acknowledge it. She wanted Leslie to think that her being seen naked in public was not even worth talking about.

“Ok, sweetie, here’s your assignment. You need to go to the porno shop downtown and buy a couple of dildoes. You and Kim are going to spend some time each day practicing your cock sucking skills and you’re going to pick up the practice cocks. You’ll need to explain to the clerk what you need and why you need them and accept his recommendation on which ones to buy. Simple enough?” Jen laughed.

Leslie blushed brightly at this. She couldn’t imagine the humiliation of going into a sleazy porno shop and explaining that she needed a dildo to practice cock sucking with. This was going to be horrible. She also figured she would be wearing a very embarrassing outfit. Well, it couldn’t be helped. She needed to have some of her rules removed. She couldn’t go on with her life if every day was going to be like this morning!

“Ms Jennifer, what will I be wearing for this assignment?” Leslie figured it would be the horrible outfit she wore to the mall. She was hoping Ms Jennifer would understand how humiliating this assignment was going to be and at least give her some reasonable clothing for it.

“Well, sweetie, that’s the embarrassing part of the assignment, I’m afraid,” Jen laughed. She was toying with the girl and really enjoying herself. Leslie’s heart sank as she knew that Jen was going to put her back in her mall outfit. The disappointment showed on her face. She was lost in her own thoughts about how degrading it was going to be walking into that sleazy place in her skimpy outfit. She hadn’t even realized that Jen was speaking until the words “totally nude” penetrated her consciousness.

“What? Um, Ms Jennifer, I um, didn’t hear you. I’m sorry! What did you say I’ll be wearing?” Leslie asked, her heart pounding.

“I said, you will wear heels and thigh-high stockings but will be otherwise totally nude,” Jen smirked. “And, when you’re in the store, don’t cover up. The manager there is a disgusting pervert. If I find out you were trying to cover up even a little, I’m going to give him your virginity! Now get moving little bimbo! If you make it back here with the dildoes, you and I can discuss your rules while Kimmy is on her night out with her coworkers. If you don’t…well, just take a good look at that clerk when you’re in the store. You never forget your first time, you know,” Jen laughed.

Leslie was mortified. She had given a lot of thought to losing her virginity and had some definite fantasies about it. She certainly didn’t want it to be some adult store pervert! She was also extremely concerned about going across town with no clothes with her. There were way too many things that could go wrong with horribly embarrassing consequences. She thought about her old car not starting, or getting a flat tire, or a speeding ticket. “Can I bring some clothes with me in case of emergency at least?” Leslie pleaded.

“No, dear, you may not. I had you get your clothes out of the car so you wouldn’t have anything to cover up with. Whatever happens on this trip will happen while you’re nude. Look, your rules require you to ride in the car naked, you have to shop naked, and so the only time you would be able to wear the clothes would be getting from the apartment to your car. I’m not going to let you dress just for the short walk to the car, so you just won’t need clothes for this,” Jen explained. “Now go!”

Leslie got up and “dressed” in stockings and heels. She hesitated at the door, reluctant to go out like this and not wanting to face what lay ahead.

“Wait! I almost forgot! You’ll need money.” Jen handed her a large stack of one-dollar bills. “With luck, they’ll think these singles are tips and that you’re a stripper,” Jen laughed. She gave Leslie a hard slap on the ass and pushed her out the door.

While Leslie was completing her humiliating shopping trip Jen checked e-mail. She was delighted to see an e-mail from Carrie. She was hoping the young lady they met at the mall when Kim was showing off would contact her. She replied back to Carrie suggesting they meet at the same place. She figured she could take Leslie there to negotiate her rules. Having Carrie listen in on that conversation would really add to Leslie’s embarrassment. Carrie was on line and quickly sent an e-mail back saying she would meet them there and expected to be there between 7:00 and 7:30. Jen laughed out loud when she read Carrie’s question about what she should wear. Jen replied that she would be wearing jeans, blouse, bra, and panties and Leslie would be in a micro-mini skirt and a cropped T-shirt. Minutes later Carrie responded that she, too, would wear a mini skirt and T-shirt. Jen was sure she was right about Carrie and wondered if her e-mail implied she would not be wearing underwear. Jen was set for another interesting evening.

Before logging off Jen checked in on Kim’s Yahoo group. She nearly spit her coffee all over the keyboard in a fit of laughter when she saw that there were now 355 members. Kim had no idea how popular she was becoming! Jen couldn’t wait to see Kim’s reaction to this! She glanced in the files section and saw that there were 37 entries under the section for people that knew Kim. She was thrilled at the success of that group.

Chapter 39
Kim was very horny. She managed to get her thong on without being seen again today. She wondered how long it would be before she got caught putting her underwear on at work. She was a little disappointed that it hadn’t already happened. She had been a little worried about the reaction she would get from the boys when they saw her top unbuttoned. As it turned out, they all approved. They asked her almost immediately if she were going out with them tonight. She promised that she would and let them know she needed to go home and shower first. For the rest of the day she was intentionally showing her thong off to the crew. She was fantasizing about what it would be like to work in this short skirt without the thong. She decided it would be hot even though it would be embarrassing. Of course after tonight the boys were all going to know she didn’t wear that thong outside of work. She couldn’t concentrate on the boring task of weeding some rich family’s flower beds with thought of this evening on her mind. She wondered what clothes Ms Jennifer would pick out for her.

Kim concluded that she was weird. Most girls would never put themselves in a situation where a perverted young girl had absolute control over her outfits. For the few that did, she imagined most would be hoping for the most modest choice. Kim, on the other hand, was hoping that Ms Jennifer outdid herself. She wanted to find the most bizarre, attention getting outfit when she got home. She had no doubt that whatever Ms Jennifer picked out for her would be very revealing. She thought about the tiny skirt that she wore last night. She figured that whatever she would be wearing tonight couldn’t be any shorter than that. She had no idea that her friend Leslie was out doing errands in a shorter skirt this very minute.

Kim was not only hoping her evening outfit was revealing; she wanted it to announce to the world that she was a slut. She wanted her outfit this evening to make it very hard for her to face her coworkers in the morning. She briefly wondered what was wrong with her to make her crave this kind of degradation but quickly put those thoughts out of her head. She figured she’d be in the same tiny skirt she wore last night and that would be plenty humiliating for her. The day seemed to drag on forever, but finally, 5:00 came around. Kim arranged to meet the crew at Joey’s, one of the many bars near the college. When they all got back to the office Kim waited a bit, hoping someone would see her remove her panties before getting in her car. She was frustrated that she did not have an audience. She hurried home to shower and change, anxious to see what Ms Jennifer would have her wearing this evening.

She got home and discovered that nobody was home. She saw a bag on the coffee table with a note taped to it with her name on it. She picked up the note and saw that Ms Jennifer and Lisa were out. She was instructed to shower and then turn on the web cam and log into her group. Ms Jennifer wanted everyone in the group to see her do her hair and makeup and dress for her night out. The note told her not to look in the bag until she was ready to dress. She also had instructions to put her hair in pigtails and to use plenty of blue eye shadow. She hurried through her shower and logged on and sat in front of the cam. She had her hair dried and in pigtails before she realized that she was sitting spread-legged in front of the camera. She chuckled to herself that she had learned to spread for the camera without even realizing it. She was sure Ms Jennifer would approve. She resisted the urge to see who was watching her. The camera display told her she had 5 viewers, though. She couldn’t wait to see what was in the bag so she hurried through her makeup.

She tore open the bag as soon as she was done her makeup. On top was a very sheer, white blouse. She put it on and realized it was midriff baring and would leave a lot of her top bare. There were three buttonholes, but the buttons had been removed. She tied the tails of the blouse. Looking in the mirror she saw the top was completely see-through. She blushed and felt her pussy moisten. Next in the bag was a tiny red plaid pleated skirt. The skirt was a mere 8 inches from waist to hem. She hoped that it was a low-rise skirt! The skirt was tight in the waist and extremely short on her. In fact, it was about a quarter inch too short to cover her pussy. Half of her ass was hanging out of it. There were white thigh-high stockings, 6-inch black patent leather heels, and a blue blazer also in the bag. There was a note attached to the blazer. She put on the stockings and heels and picked up the note.

The note read: Kimmy, I hope you love your outfit for the night. I’m guessing your coworkers will love it, too! The blazer should cover you up well enough for you to get into the bar. You’re not to put it on until you get out of the car at the bar. Once you’ve met up with your friends the blazer comes off and stays off for the rest of the night. Remember, if anyone is curious about what’s under your skirt, you have to lift it up to show them. Make sure you wear the outfit correctly. There should be at least 6 inches of bare thigh between the stocking tops and your skirt. Have fun, sexy!

Kim read the note several times. She certainly got what she was hoping for and then some. This was really going to be awkward! She could already feel the humiliation. She logged off the ‘Net, snapped off the camera and checked herself in the mirror. She looked like a trailer-park whore. Even though she was showing way too much flesh, she focused on the damn blue eye shadow. This crap went out of style before she was born! She knew that men that saw her in this outfit would focus on the too-short skirt and the see-through blouse. Women, on the other hand, would see the outfit very differently and would certainly notice the trashy makeup. She knew what they would be thinking, too! It’s the little things that are the most humiliating, she thought. She threw the blazer over her shoulder, checked herself in the mirror one last time and headed out to her car. She was sopping wet and could barely concentrate on driving the short distance to Joey’s Bar.

Joey’s bar was only a couple miles from the apartment and Kim was there in no time. She saw a parking space right in front of the place. She was a little embarrassed about getting out of the car here without the blazer but figured it was better to have a close spot since she’d be walking out of the bar without the blazer. She pulled in, got out, and pulled the blazer on. She was well covered up but the blazer wasn’t long enough to cover the bare thigh showing between her skirt and stockings. Also, anyone could tell that whatever she was wearing under the blazer was very short. Blushing, she walked into the bar.

Joey’s was a small place with a bar that sat about 15 people, 8 small tables, and a pool table and dartboard in the back. There were two middle-aged women sitting at the bar, near the door. The first thing Kim saw as her eyes adjusted to the darkness of the bar was the dirty looks these two women were giving her. It was obvious to Kim exactly what these two thought of her and she still had the blazer wrapped tightly around her. She saw her coworkers gathered around the pool table. They noticed her and were all grinning at her as she walked to the back of the bar. She could feel every eye upon her as she walked. In addition to the bartender there were about a dozen customers in the place. Aside from the two middle-aged women she saw up front, all the customers were men. She saw a waitress that looked to be about her age, but there were no other women in the place. She was very nervous but she knew she had to plunge right in and take the blazer off.

“Hi guys!” she said nervously. “Is this your table?” She knew it was and whipped off the blazer and folded it over a chair. She was very embarrassed and her embarrassment turned to humiliation when the entire bar went silent. Conversations just stopped as everyone looked at the young girl in the revealing schoolgirl outfit. Her co-workers faces all lit up with huge grins. She tried to play it off and said, “Tada,” giving the boys a little twirl so they could see her outfit.

“Wow Kim! You look hot!” Jeff, the crew leader, exclaimed. Kim had a crush on Jeff and, as embarrassed as she was, enjoyed his compliment. She knew she was going to sleep with this guy before she gave up her summer job. He was hot!

“It looks like you’re not wearing your little red thong tonight, Kim,” Rex, the youngest boy on the crew observed. Rex was a little creepy. He was Kim’s age and he was always staring at her. She wondered if she was a virgin. She felt a little superior to him. While she had only had sex twice in her life, she knew she could have it as often as she wanted and knowing Rex wanted her made her feel nice. Still, he was a little creepy.

“Yeah, I’d say no thong tonight, too,” Mike agreed. He was the quiet one, though Kim frequently caught him looking at her at work, too.

Kim chuckled to herself. She wasn’t in the place for a minute and her underwear, or lack of, was under discussion. She had been dreading this moment but decided it would be best to get it over with early anyway. “Guys, I don’t want you spending all night trying to look up my skirt to see what I’m wearing. Let’s all take a good look and get this over with, shall we?” she said, lifting her skirt all the way up, just as Ms Jennifer had instructed. She held the position for about 5 seconds and then began a pirouette, as instructed by Ms Jennifer. As she turned she saw the waitress standing right there, giving her a mock round of applause and laughing at her.

“Nice show, Kim!” Kim blushed bright red as she looked at Lora, a classmate from her high school. She dropped her skirt, speechless.

Chapter 40
“That’s a really nice outfit you’re almost wearing, Kim,” Lora taunted. “I stumbled onto your Yahoo group so I don’t need to ask how you’re spending your summer vacation,” she laughed.

“Please don’t mention that group! I work with these guys!” Kim begged. She was totally humiliated that yet another person she knew was seeing her this way.

“Oh, why? Don’t want your co-workers to see you naked on the Internet? They just saw you naked in person. Maybe it’s the finger work that embarrasses you? Or the fact that you just can’t seem to close those legs?” Lora smirked.

“Please, they don’t need to know,” Kim pleaded.

“No problem. I won’t tell them. Now, what can I get you to drink? Don’t bother showing me a fake ID, they don’t really check them here and old Gus wouldn’t toss you out in that outfit if you were 12 years old,” Lora laughed.

Kim looked over at the bar and saw that Gus, the bartender, was intently watching what was going on. “I’ll have iced tea, please,” a totally mortified Kim answered, turning back to her co-workers. They were all going on about how Kim had raised her skirt right here in the bar and was standing around in a completely see-through shirt. She was sure each one of them was thinking they were going to get lucky tonight. They were already making suggestive comments to her about it.

“Boys, I’m not a slut, no matter how I’m dressed. I work with you guys and I’m not sleeping with any of you! You can look all you want, but don’t be making any plans to ‘do me’ tonight, OK?” Kim asked.

There was much discussion about Kim’s outfit and how she loved wearing very short skirts and how she even lifted her skirt for them. Despite the fact that Kim had hiked her skirt all the way to her waist, the boys kept looking for another peek. Just then the waitress returned with her iced tea.

“Good news, guys! Gus says as long as naked girl is here, the pool table is free,” she said, handing Kim her iced tea. She reached down and unlocked the table to the boys no longer had to pay a dollar for each game. Looking at Kim she said, “Gus wanted me to tell you to keep your clothes on. There are laws about serving liquor and having naked women around. You can hike the skirt all you want to, just don’t take it off. And leave your top tied. We can all see your little titties just fine through the shirt. If the cops come in, Gus wants to keep his liquor license. He’d like you to go tell him you understand the rules, OK?” Lora said, smirking.

“Um, sure, I’ll go tell him I don’t plan on taking my clothes off,” an embarrassed Kim answered. It was so humiliating to be having this conversation with Lora. The last time she saw Lora they were taking their final exam in history class.

“Look, you’re not the first broad to come in here showing off. We get this slut in here every couple of weeks. Her name is Holly. Holly Wood. How corny is that? Well, she’s like you in a lot of ways. Has her pictures posted on the ‘Net, just like you. Comes in here with a tube top and a short skirt, not as short as that one you’re wearing, but really short. Always claims she’s on some kind of dare, or lost a bet, or something like that. Gus always lets her dance on the bar in exchange for a free drink. One time she took her skirt right off and Gus had a fit. So, he’s a little paranoid. He just wants you to know that you need to keep the clothes on. Don’t be offended, OK? Also, just so you know, when Holly comes in here parading around like you’re doing, she always takes a customer or two into the men’s room and blows them. You can get naked in there if you want. Just be aware that some of the regulars are going to expect you to do the same thing and you will get hit on while you’re here. Tell your friends we don’t want any fighting in here if some guy starts hitting on you. Oh yeah, expect to be groped a little bit. Holly lets everyone cop a feel, so these guys will expect it. You might get hit on more than a little. Holly is pretty skanky and has tiny tits. You’re much prettier than she is and you’re showing way more flesh than she does, so expect some attention,” Lora explained. Kim was humiliated listening to this. If her friend thinks she’s like this whore Holly, what must these guys think?

She was blushing as she went over to the bar to tell Gus she understood she needed to keep her clothes on. As she was standing there, a guy at the bar reached a hand between her legs and goosed her. She couldn’t make a scene because she was being watched by everyone, so she just stepped away from the guy laughing. She hoped this wouldn’t make everyone think that touching her was OK. Since she was groped again on her way back to the pool table, she knew she had sent the wrong message. Kim did not want to be groped by everyone in the bar. She got an idea. It was embarrassing but it was better than having everyone groping her.

“Boys, this is a little embarrassing, but I have to ask you something,” Kim said to her co-workers. They were all listening intently. “Apparently, there is a whore that comes in here, some bitch called Holly that wears revealing outfits and lets everyone grope her. People here think I’m like that and already two guys have copped a feel. If I have to be groped, I’d rather you guys did it instead of strangers. God! I can’t believe I’m saying this…but just for tonight, you guys can feel me up…just be obvious about it so the rest of the customers here know I’m with you, OK?” Her face was beet red as she said this. She knew this was going to change her working relationship with these guys, but it was better than letting these old coots grope her. Some of these old men were older than her father. Naturally, the boys wasted no time complying with her request. They were mauling her. She was further degraded when they started talking about how wet she was. They invited her to play pool and she accepted.

Lora came back by as Kim was shooting pool. There wasn’t much work for a waitress in this little bar, but Gus was a pervert and always had a waitress working because he enjoyed the view. Lora had a short skirt on, too. It wasn’t as short as Kim’s, and she was wearing underwear and pantyhose, but it was still a nice view. Lora walked up to Kim and grabbed the hem of her little skirt while she was lining up her shot and tucked it into the waistband so her ass was better displayed. After she missed her shot, she started to free her skirt but the boys protested, urging her to leave it that way. Blushing, she complied.

Lora whispered in her ear. “The more exposed you are, the bigger my tips get and the less these guys try to cop a feel off me,” she said. As she said this she was busy tucking the front of Kim’s skirt into the waistband, completely exposing her. “Leave your skirt this way. If a cop shows up, pull it out, but otherwise, keep showing off and I won’t tell your friends about your nasty little Yahoo group,” Lora explained. Kim agreed. She sat down to minimize her exposure while the boys played pool. Lora sat with her. “Girl, I’m not surprised you would end up wearing this outfit. I remember seeing you in school with some really short skirts on. There was a rumor you used to go without panties. I never believed it, but now I’m thinking it was true. I loved your Yahoo group. I’ve saved all the videos you posted. If I could make you re-enact them here, I would. Unfortunately, you can’t masturbate in the bar. Gus would have a kitten if he saw that. There is one thing we can do, though,” she said with a smirk. Kim was not liking where this was going. This was already way more exposure than she planned on.

“Whenever I see your pictures or videos on the ‘Net, they all have one thing in common. Do you know what I mean?” Kim thought she knew where this was going, but she didn’t want to say. She was getting a bad feeling about this conversation.

“Well, you think about it. I’m going to go see who needs a drink. If you look a little more like your pictures and videos when I come back, I won’t have to tell everyone about your not-so-secret Yahoo group. Kim was blushing as Lora walked away. She had played this badly. She was now in the worse position possible. She knew the thing that all her pictures and videos had in common was widely spread legs. She did not want to have her coworkers downloading her pictures and videos. She didn’t want to just suddenly spread her legs, either. She was sure her coworkers were already skeptical about her ‘I’m not a slut’ speech she made earlier. She didn’t know what to do. Lora came back to find Kim still sitting with her legs demurely closed.

“Hmmm…are you shy or are you anxious to have everyone know about your group?” Lora asked. She took out a pen and started writing on a napkin. She showed the napkin to Kim. The writing on the napkin said, ‘groups.yahoo.com/group/kim\_landry\_undressed/’. “The next person to order a drink gets this napkin. I’m going to point you out to him or her and let them know what they’ll find at this Yahoo group. As soon as I give this napkin out, I’m writing another one. And I’m going to keep doing this until I see you doing what you do so well in your pictures.” Lora said, smiling. She turned to the boys and asked, “Anyone ready for another beer yet?”

Chapter 41
Shit! Lora was going to give that napkin to her coworkers!

“I’ll be ready in a couple minutes,” Jeff answered. Just then, a customer from a nearby table called to Lora for another drink. Kim groaned and spread her legs.

Lora chuckled at her. “Almost there sweetie,” she said. She took another napkin and wrote the address of Kim’s group on it. “Not quite enough, but almost there.” Kim looked at her, pleading with her eyes. She had hoped to see some sympathy but saw only laughter. She gave in and opened her legs as wide as she could get them. “Ah, much better. And only two people will get your group address,” she said chuckling. She got up and went to the table that had called for her. She put a napkin down and Kim watched her explain about the writing on it. Lora pointed to her and she blushed. The guy folded the napkin and put it in his pocket. She stopped at the next table and the scene was repeated. Kim looked up at the pool table and saw all three of her coworkers staring at her now obscenely spread legs. Worse, she was literally dripping wet. She had thought this evening would be a little exhibitionism and a lot of teasing. She hadn’t counted on this!

Kim hoped that her coworkers wouldn’t mention anything about how she was sitting. Fat chance! The pool game was stopped and she was, once again, the center of attention. She couldn’t tell them the real reason she was displaying her self to blatantly so she made up a story about being an exhibitionist and wanting to really give them a good show. The boys were loving it.

“So, now that we know you love showing off, and you know we love watching, does this mean we’re going to be seeing more of you at work?” Jeff asked.

“How could you see more of me at work? I already come to work in a mini skirt. You’ve never seen me wear a bra, and you’ve all seen my underwear tons of times. What more do you want?” Kim asked. She was a little exasperated at the question, even though she thought she knew the answer.

“Well, the skirts you wear to work are a lot longer than the one you have on now. And, since you don’t seem to have a problem with us looking at your pussy, is the underwear really necessary at all?” Jeff asked. Of course, the other guys volunteered that they didn’t think the underwear was necessary.

“I would probably get fired if I went to work in a really short skirt and no underwear. Don’t you think someone would complain? The customers might not like seeing my mostly naked on their front lawn!” Kim countered. “And if I get fired, you wouldn’t be able to see my panties anymore,” she added. She didn’t tell them that she only got to wear the panties because of the job.

“Well, I’d be willing to take the chance. Are you?” Jeff asked.

“Hmmm…we’ll see,” Kim answered. She would report this conversation to Ms Jennifer and let her decide. She didn’t like the job and getting fired wouldn’t be all that bad. And, it would be nice to tease these guys a bit with nudity rather than a look at her panties. If Ms Jennifer asked her what she wanted, which wasn’t likely, she’d answer honestly and say goodbye to the red thong. Having decided that, she looked up to see Lora coming her way. She could tell by the smirk on her face that there was more trouble coming for her. Lora sat down next to her.

“You look so cute sitting there like that! I could see your clit poking out from all the way across the room.” Lora laughed. She showed Kim a stack of napkins, all with the address of her Yahoo group on them. “I got Gus logged into your group on the computer out back. He loves it. I saw the video of you getting dressed to come here. Very hot! Gus has printed a couple of your pictures already and has them hanging up in the back room. He has a dozen or so of that skank Holly hanging back there but he likes yours better. Of all the pictures Holly posted on line, only a couple show her with her legs open. Gus really likes the wide open look, so you’re his new favorite,” she said, chuckling. Kim was embarrassed but realized there was nothing she could do. She was sure her pictures were being displayed in more public places than the back room of this little bar.

“Anyway, it’s time for you to be a star,” Lora continued. “You have a choice. You can dance on the bar or the next 15 or so drinks I serve come with a little advertisement,” Lora said, showing Kim the stack of napkins with her Yahoo group address written on them. “Your friends must be thirsty by now,” she added with a laugh. Reluctantly Kim agreed to dance on the bar.

“Can I pull my skirt down for this?” she asked.

“Sweetie, that skirt doesn’t quite cover you when it’s down. When you’re on the bar, everyone will be looking up, so you’re going to be on display no matter what. Having your skirt all tucked up like that just makes it a little obvious to the guys you want them to have a good view. And besides, I already told you it stays tucked up unless a cop comes in. Does that answer your question?”

Kim blushed at the thought of climbing up on the bar like this. She didn’t see much choice. She really didn’t want any new members of her group. She didn’t know how many there were now, but she knew there were about 20 the last time she was on. That was more than enough! She got up.

“Excellent. I think two songs ought to do it. I’ll even take a couple of pictures of you for your group!” Lora was delighted that she Kim was going along with this humiliation. She didn’t like working in this crappy bar but watching Kim degrade herself was making her feel better about herself.

Kim told her coworkers what she was going to do. Naturally they all crowded around the bar. She was mortified at the view she was giving as she climbed up on the bar. She wasn’t surprised when she saw Lora in perfect position to snap a picture with her while she had one foot on the bar and one foot on a bar stool, trying to struggle on the bar. She stood on the bar, feeling so exposed while she waited for someone to put money into the jukebox. She did her humiliating dance. About half the audience had camera phones and those that did left with full memory cards. After her first song was over Lora waved her over.

“You’re doing great! Everyone loves you and there isn’t an inch of you we can’t see. After your next song, I want you to stay on the bar and squat down in front of everyone seated at the bar individually, legs spread, of course. We can all see how horny you are but wouldn’t it be fun to let these old coots smell how horny you are?” Lora asked with a grin.

“Oh, and one more thing. You need to be punished for asking me if you could lower your skirt for this show after I specifically told you it stayed up unless a cop came in. So, for your punishment…” Lora handed her the stack of napkins with her Yahoo information on it. “Hand these out. And make sure each of your friends gets one!” She laughed. The music started up and Kim danced. The song was about three minutes long and surely the longest three minutes of her life. When it ended, she dutifully squatted in front of each patron and introduced herself. She really appreciated the impact of this final humiliation and handed each person a napkin announcing her web group. She was afraid she was going to cum right there on the bar.

Finally she got off the bar and accepted the fresh iced tea Lora handed her. “I don’t know what somebody has on you to make you behave like this but you sure are fun to play with. And always so shy in school, too,” she laughed. “Do you entertain at parties?”

Kim was numb from the overload of humiliation and the near orgasm she had. She answered honestly, “I don’t know, I’ll have to check.” Lora roared with laughter at this.

“Well, you find out and let me know when you come back next week. I’ll have these pictures printed out and I’ll want you to autograph them. Now, make sure you give me a big tip before you leave,” Lora said. She left Kim sitting there dazed, skirt up, legs spread, and no longer caring about what she looked like.

Kim’s coworkers naturally pressed her to go someplace private. Even after her earlier speech, they figured anyone that would put on a show like that just had to put out. She politely declined. Surprisingly, they were gentlemanly about it and didn’t keep asking. She wondered what it would be like to go do with them and screw them all. She wondered what she was becoming. She asked the boys if she could chip in for the tab and they refused. Obediently, she asked them to make sure they tipped Lora well. She gave them each a kiss goodbye and gladly accepted the hands running between her legs and over her breasts. She lingered a bit longer with Jeff, giving him a deeper, longer kiss than the others. She finally broke it off and headed for the door. She untucked her skirt at the door and left, hearing the bar break out in applause for her. She hoped Ms Jennifer was home. She desperately needed to masturbate. She even called on the way to ask her to get the web camera started. She was very disappointed to get the answering machine.

Chapter 42
Leslie drove to the adult store across town. She couldn’t stop thinking about how vulnerable she was being this far from home totally naked. No, not totally naked, worse than totally naked. The black thigh high stockings and high heels were much worse than being naked. She knew plenty of girls that wouldn’t dress this way in the bedroom and here she was out in public like this. She desperately wished she had pubic hair, as well. She was so exposed without even a wisp of hair for cover. And being naked in public like this was making her very horny. Her pussy lips were swollen and opening and her clit was poking out. How much more naked could you get? God this was embarrassing!

She thought about what she had to do and it just made matters worse. She was squirming in her seat and she very nearly had an accident because she just wasn’t paying attention to her driving. An accident would be more than a little humiliating right now! She didn’t know how she was going to do this! She rehearsed it in her mind over and over.

First, I’m going to park my car in the parking lot of the adult store. Then, I’m going to casually stroll in there in nothing but stockings and heels and obvious sexual arousal. Then, I’m going to explain to the creepy clerk that I need a dildo to practice sucking cock with and ask him if he can recommend one for me. Then, I ask for a second one for my slut friend and pay for them both with a stack of one-dollar bills. Then I casually walk outside, get in my car and have a nice, naked drive home. How the hell am I going to get through this?

She made it to the parking lot of the adult store. She was overwhelmed with embarrassment and just couldn’t make herself go inside. She decided she would wait in the parking lot for a bit to see if she could determine how many people were inside. There wasn’t a lot of traffic at this place, but there were people coming and going. Unfortunately, a young couple pulled into the parking space right next to her. She was seen immediately. Blushing, she ended up rolling down the window and having a conversation with the young couple and her nudity was the first topic discussed. Leslie decided to tell the truth to these kids and explained that she was on an assignment from her “owner” and the outfit she was wearing was all part of the deal. She explained that the assignment was designed to embarrass her and she and the couple laughed at how well it was working. The young lady volunteered to help screen her from the street and Leslie got out of the car. She walked up to the store in front of the couple. They were openly laughing at her but at least they were partially blocking the view from the road.

As soon as they all entered the store, the young lady that had been so nice to Leslie yelled out, “Woo hoo! Naked lady over here! Make way for the naked lady!” and burst into laughter. There were 3 other customers in the place and, of course, the clerk. Ms Jennifer was right about this guy being a creep. He was grinning and leering at her as soon as she stepped in the door. Leslie felt a slap on her butt and turned around to see the young lady that walked in with her snapping her picture with her camera phone. “Have fun, sexy!” she said and slugged her boyfriend in the arm, admonishing him to stop staring. They went off to browse and Leslie nervously approached the clerk.

She could feel all eyes on her and she thought she would start dripping on the floor. Her nipples were erect and rock hard. “Excuse me, sir, but I wonder if you could help me,” she asked. She had practiced that line on the way over. She tried to appear confident but the very next sentence undid her confidence completely.

“I need to buy a dildo, um, two, actually, um to practice, um sucking on,” she stammered. She stood there totally embarrassed. The clerk was grinning at her, unable to believe what he was seeing. He had seen some people come in here in pretty revealing outfits but never completely naked. The store sold over 100 different types and sizes of dildo. He could have gotten her one pretty quickly that would have fit her need, but decided to walk her around to make sure all of the security cameras got her image. He started showing her the huge novelty models that were far too big to fit into any human mouth. In the end, he dragged his discussion of the different models out for 15 excruciating minutes. Finally, he suggested one that was 10 inches long and only a bit thicker than the typical porno actor. There was a fairly large audience standing watching the naked girl while the clerk explained that she would need to be able to take this dildo all the way into her throat if she wanted to be sure she could satisfy most men. Leslie had seen a few cocks in her lifetime and none anywhere near as big as this dildo. Ms Jennifer had ordered her to get the man’s advice, so she figured she ought to take it and asked for two of them.

The clerk pointed out that it was not going to taste very well. Leslie blushed all the way to her toes. It was bad enough that there were people watching her get this education about a dildo while completely naked in a public store, but now everyone knew she was going to be sucking on it. She was mortified! The clerk suggested some flavored condoms to go along with the purchase. This was really just an excuse to prolong her exposure and have her walk the length of the store again, but from Leslie’s perspective, it was a helpful suggestion. They walked to the other end of the store, audience following closely, while he showed her the flavored condoms. She was forced to admit that she did not know how to put a condom on using her mouth and also forced to agree that it would be a nice touch for the man she was sucking if she learned it. She bought a dozen condoms and the book on how to suck a cock that the clerk suggested.

They walked back to the register and Leslie counted out the one-dollar bills. She had just enough money and after giving the clerk every dollar she had, she received a quarter in change. She laughed at this, thinking that she could at least call Jen if she got arrested on the way home. The clerk took his time bagging her purchases but finally she was able to leave the store. She saw the young couple waiting for her outside the store. She saw the woman talking on her cell phone and heard her say, “Gotta go, here she comes.” The young man was already snapping pictures of her with his cell phone and she started doing the same. Leslie couldn’t blame them. If she had seen some bimbo shopping naked she would be calling friends and taking pictures, too. As she was getting in the car she wondered just how many times she had had her picture taken today. It seemed like thousands.

Her drive home was uneventful. She met one of her neighbors walking to her car, which embarrassed her greatly. She realized that it was inevitable that she would become known to the neighbors and she accepted it. It was embarrassing, but not horrible.

She showed Ms Jennifer the purchases. Naturally, Jen laughed at her. The dildos looked a little big for sucking on, but they would do. She laughed even harder when she saw the book Leslie bought. She knew it was going to be hysterical when she told these two bimbos that they’d be sucking these plastic cocks for an hour or two every day. She couldn’t wait to have that conversation!

“Ok, bimbo, nice job buying the dildos. See, it wasn’t so bad. And you didn’t need clothes after all. Maybe next time you’ll just do what I tell you and not whine so much. Put your skirt and a fresh T-shirt on. We’re going out,” Jen ordered. Leslie didn’t have to ask which skirt and put on the too-short one she had worn to the mall. She was grateful that she wasn’t going to be wearing the ‘bimbo’ T-shirt, at least. When she was dressed Jen took the scissors and cut the bottom off the T-shirt. She didn’t make it terribly revealing. It fully covered her titties but no more. As an afterthought, Jen pinched the material right in the middle of Leslie’s boobs and cut a handful off. This left a hole in the shirt right between her tits, showing some chest skin and the inside of her titties. “Let’s go!” Leslie noticed that Jen was carrying a printout of the rules she wrote last night.

They walked to Jen’s car. Jen smiled as Leslie obediently removed her clothes. Jen was planning to let Leslie out of this rule, but seeing how easily she stripped off, Jen would have to think about it. Jen didn’t say where they were going but Leslie wasn’t surprised to see that they were going to the mall. Leslie got out of the car and dressed quickly. She had long lost count of how many times she had been naked and gotten dressed today. The fact that most of her time spent nude was in public made her very horny. Even when she was wearing clothes she wasn’t covered up well. She had been indecent the entire day! They walked into Fridays. Jen remembered the other night when they came in here. It was much different being the one on display. Her skirt was just so short everyone turned to look at it. She was an attention grabber.

They took a seat at a high table in the bar. The chairs were high which would afford a great view up Leslie’s skirt. Since she was still under her rule to keep her legs spread in public, it was going to be a rather explicit view. Jen honestly hadn’t given this rule much thought. It showed up on Leslie’s list, so she made her do it. Looking at the girl sitting in the bar next to her Jen was struck by how open and blatantly exposed she was. Obviously, she had no self respect whatsoever. Had she been sitting like this the whole day? In public? Jen was embarrassed for the girl. She was tempted to tell her to close her legs when she saw the waitress making her way over. She decided to see what happened. First, it was obvious when the waitress saw the way Leslie was sitting. You could see the reaction in her face. Leslie’s reaction was interesting as well. When Leslie saw the expression on the waitress’s face change and she knew the waitress saw her wide open legs, they closed together quickly about halfway. Just as quickly, they opened again to a full spread. Jen figured it was a natural reaction for a girl caught with her legs spread. What was impressive was that she quickly re-opened her legs. Leslie was obviously totally embarrassed and humiliated by this rule. In fact, when the waitress came over, Leslie was too embarrassed to speak. The waitress was not sure what, if anything, to say. Jen ordered them each a soda and the waitress went off to fetch it and not a word was said about the girl in the impossibly short skirt with the wide open legs. Jen was going to let Leslie off the hook for this rule, too. She would still have to sit like this at times, probably pretty often, but she wouldn’t have to do it all the time.

Jen looked at her watch. It was just before 7:00 PM. She figured Carrie would arrive closer to 7:00 than 7:30. She just knew the girl was a natural submissive and submissive people are always on time. She was also pretty sure Carrie would be wearing a fairly short skirt when she arrived. She could be wrong about the girl but she felt pretty positive that the other night in this very bar, Carrie was wishing it was she in the revealing clothes Kim was wearing. Jen was developing a sense about this.

Jen saw Carrie walk in the door. She glanced at her watch and saw it was exactly 7:00. She couldn’t see what Carrie was wearing because the hostess stand blocked her view. She did see that the girl was wearing a white top and had her long hair up. Carrie saw the girls and waved as she started walking to the bar. Jen watched her approach. The first thing she noticed was that Carrie broke into a big grin. Jen figured she got her first look at Leslie’s blatantly displayed pussy. She chuckled to herself when she saw Carrie wearing a tight, white baby T that stopped well short of her naval, revealing a flat, attractive stomach and a bright ring in her pierced naval. From 10 feet away Jen could tell Carrie wasn’t wearing a bra. She guessed her to be a c-cup and she had very prominent nipples. As Carrie stepped around the railing Jen smiled. Carrie was wearing a red plaid skirt. A very, very short plaid red skirt. It looked like the same skirt Kim was wearing right now. It was only a few inches longer than the skirt she sent Kim out in, and it rode a little lower on the hips than Kim’s skirt. She had white knee socks and flat shoes. She looked sexy and adorable. Jen was sure this girl was fantasizing about getting the same treatment Kim and Leslie were suffering through.

“Hi! I’m so glad you’re here,” Carrie said. Without a pause she turned to Leslie. “How can you sit like that and look so calm? Half the people in this place can see your kitty and with your legs spread like that it really looks like you want them to!” she asked. Leslie blushed.

“It’s very embarrassing, if you must know,” she said. It was plain she wanted to say more but didn’t. Obviously she was very intimidated by Jen’s presence. She was really concentrating on following her rules to the letter. She hoped this rule would be one of the five Ms Jennifer let her out of.

Jen watched carefully as Carrie climbed up on the high bar stool. Unfortunately, the table blocked her view and she couldn’t tell if Carrie was wearing underwear under her short skirt. Carrie discreetly placed her hand in her lap and quickly crossed her legs. Her position looked a little uncomfortable. When she left a hand in her lap Jen decided it was pretty likely that she had come out in that little skirt with nothing underneath it. She thought about how she might find out.

Chapter 43
Jen signaled the waitress and Carrie ordered a drink. Being the only woman at the table over 21, she ordered alcohol. Both Jen and Leslie had fake Ids but were not using them this evening. Jen figured if Carrie had a bit of alcohol and got a bit aroused, she would give up some personal details. So, she decided to jump right in to the discussion about Leslie’s rules. She knew this would embarrass Leslie, and figured it might get Carrie talking about herself, too.

“We were just getting ready to discuss Leslie’s rules. She suggested 10 rules for her to have to follow. After following them all day, I think we’ll revise them a bit. I’m going to cut her rules down to five. I’m sure she’s anxious to get started, so I’m going to jump right in. I hope this isn’t boring for you Carrie,” Jen said.

“First, Leslie, you suggested that you should be required to ride in the car naked at all times without regard to who sees you. That’s a bit severe, especially if you’re doing errands or going home to visit your mom, so we’ll strike that one. That’s not to say you won’t be riding in the car naked. You will be. In fact, most of the time I’ll probably require this from you. It’s not a rule any longer, though, and now you’re down to nine. I’ll go ahead and give you the order now for the ride home. You will be naked in the car this evening.”

“Wow! You had a rule you always had to be naked driving the car?” Carrie asked. She was amazed at this.

“Yes, I foolishly suggested it. Ms Jennifer had me doing errands today and this rule was a big pain in the ass!” Leslie answered her.

“The next rule on the list says a lot about our little slut Leslie. Leslie asked that I impose a rule that she be required to sell her body with the proceeds going to me. I’m striking this one, too. First of all, you’re a virgin. What do you know about being a prostitute? And more importantly, if you’re a whore, and you’re giving all the money to me, that would make me a pimp. We’re just not going there. I do expect you to ask my permission before you have sex with anyone, and I may order you to have sex with a particular individual, or group of people, but you will not be a whore. At least not for the time being,” Jen smirked. Leslie was mortified that Carrie was listening in on this conversation. How could Ms Jennifer talk about her fantasy of being a whore in front of this woman? Carrie kept silent.

“The next rule on the list requires our girl Leslie to wear micro skirts without underwear at all times and explicitly states that her skirts do not need to be long enough to fully cover her,” Jen announced. “This rule stands as written. Leslie, why don’t you stand up and show Carrie how short your skirt is?” It wasn’t really a question. Leslie slid off the chair, annoyed that the action called attention to her. Some of the nearby customers were watching closely. “Carrie, do you see that her skirt is very short and not long enough to completely cover her pussy? She’s had that skirt on all day. Well, I should say she’s been in and out of that skirt all day, haven’t you, Leslie?” Jen asked.

Leslie felt very exposed standing in her micro skirt for inspection by Carrie. She noticed a number of the other customers watching her as well. “Yes, Ms Jennifer, I have worn this skirt out today and I have been in and out of it all day.”

Carrie was impressed. “I would be so embarrassed to wear something that short! It took all my nerve to come out of my apartment in the skirt I have on. I thought it was really short until I saw the skirt you’re wearing,” Carrie said. “I’ve worn short skirts without panties before, but I’ve never gone out with a really short one and no panties before. It’s very exciting,” she said. Jen thought that was very close to an admission by Carrie that she had nothing under that little plaid skirt.

Jen left Leslie standing by the table. She could sense the girl was uncomfortable standing there and having other customers staring at her. That was plenty reason enough to make her do it. Jen wondered whether they would get thrown out of here this evening. She continued with he rules. “The next rule allows me to change Leslie’s appearance. I can order her to get a tattoo, cut and/or dye her hair, get pierced, etc. This rule stands as written.” Jen could see Leslie becoming aroused. She also thought Carrie was getting aroused as well.

“Our next rule requires Leslie to serve me sexually. Obviously, this one stands as written!” Jen noticed Carrie squirming in her seat. She could tell the girl was getting a little excited. “Carrie, have you had many bi-sexual experiences?” Jen asked.

Carrie blushed. “No, Ms Jennifer, I haven’t. I fantasize a lot about having sex with a teacher I work with. Jacqueline is her name. She reminds me a bit of you. If I were to have sex with a woman, it would most likely be her. I um…um, would like to try, but she doesn’t know that,” Carrie explained. She was blushing deeply. Leslie eyed Carrie. Despite her own embarrassment at being left standing on display at the table and having her rules discussed so openly, she realized that Carrie was quite attractive. Leslie’s mind wandered and she thought of having sex with the young teacher. She almost laughed to herself. She really ought to have her first girl-girl experience before she starts fantasizing about hooking up with any chick in a short skirt. Carrie shifted position, uncrossing her legs and crossing them in the other direction. Standing where she was Leslie had an excellent view up the short plaid skirt and saw that, like her, Carrie was without both panties and pubic hair. Carrie blushed, knowing Leslie had been watching and now knew her little secret.

“Moving on,” Jen continued, “Leslie has a rule that she should be made to post naked pictures and videos on the Internet. This rule is stricken. It’s not that you won’t be doing that sweetie, and I’m sure you are getting a lot of exposure as we speak, it’s just not a rule. Well, it’s a rule, but not one that qualifies for this list. Being on the Internet is like being naked all the time in the apartment, keeping your pussy shaved, and always sitting in private with your legs spread. These are conditions of your video to mom staying private, no more, no less.” Carrie’s eyes got wide at this and Leslie blushed. She was uncomfortable with the amount of information Carrie was learning about her. It wasn’t news that Leslie shaved her pussy, half the people in the bar knew that now. It was the always naked and sitting with open legs that was embarrassing. She knew Carrie would learn more embarrassing things about her before the conversation was over. She also was embarrassed about the people at nearby tables that were learning about her, too!

“Our next rule obligates Leslie to get naked in public on a regular basis. This rule stands.” Turning to Carrie she said, “Leslie spent a considerable amount of time naked in public today. She really seems to enjoy it!”

“Just a few more, sweetie, and we’ll be done. Our next rule requires Leslie to keep her legs spread and her pussy clearly visible when sitting at all times, even in public. This rule stands, but with some modifications. Carrie, you noticed as soon as you came in that Leslie was sitting with her legs rather wide apart. We had discussed exactly what was meant by ‘spread legs’ and I decided it meant very wide apart. I’m going to change the rule to emphasize the ‘pussy clearly visible’ part, though.” Turning to face Leslie she said, “So, your rule is to keep everything visible. You do not need to spread wide, but you are not allowed to cross your legs, and you can’t close them. Your slit needs to be visible at all times. That’s not to say you will never sit like you were earlier. I’ll make you do that quite often, but not all the time. By the way, sweetie, you can sit down now. Try sitting with the new rule,” Jen told her.

Leslie blushed and climbed back up on the barstool. She opened her legs slightly and held her knees about eight inches apart. Jen watched this and proclaimed it to be perfect. “That’s your new rule!”

Carrie was squirming again. “Wow! That’s so exciting! I can’t imagine having to do that. I’d be horny all the time. And terribly embarrassed!” Carrie was obviously enthralled with this rule. Jen decided to press her.

“Would you like to know what it feels like, Carrie? Why don’t we pick a time, say five minutes. For the next five minutes, you sit like Leslie. No matter if anyone is watching or not, you just keep your knees apart for the full five minutes. That will give you a good idea of what this rule feels like,” Jen explained.

“Oh, I couldn’t! That would be too embarrassing. I see that you make your girls do these things and it’s very hot, but I couldn’t be one of them. I would die!”

“Suit yourself, Carrie. Nobody is asking you to be one of the girls. I just thought you might like to know how it feels to follow the rule.” Jen realized she moved a bit too quickly. Carrie wanted to play but was no where near the level of Kim or Leslie. Turning back to Leslie she asked, “Better?”

“Yes, this is much better. I don’t feel like such a bimbo now. Thanks Jen!” Leslie answered.

“Oh dear, now we have a problem!” Jen looked directly at Leslie. “When you have your legs spread wide you are much more respectful. And, you are a bimbo, so you should feel like one. Maybe a lesson is in order. For the rest of the evening, whenever you sit, I want those bimbo legs as wide apart as you can get them. Maybe that will help with your attitude,” Jen smirked.

Leslie blushed but spread her legs as ordered. She decided she must be stupid. She was allowed to keep her legs fairly close together and she blew it in less than five minutes. She was more embarrassed by being punished in front of Carrie than she was by being ordered to display herself so blatantly. She apologized profusely to Ms Jennifer and swore she would never be so disrespectful again.

“Moving on, you have asked to be required to wear bells to attract attention to your self. I’m striking this rule. Again, I will require this from time to time, but its not a standing rule.” Leslie nodded and didn’t say anything.

“And, our last rule. You have asked to be subject to corporal punishment for any behavior problems. All I can say about this one is ‘Hell yeah!’ we’re keeping this one,” Jen laughed. “Now we’re down to five rules and you will follow them to the letter. Is that clear, bimbo?” Leslie told her it was clear.

Carrie was blushing and she squirmed in her seat. “Ms Jennifer, I think I’ve changed my mind. Could you tell me when five minutes is up?” she asked with obvious embarrassment. Jen smiled and looked under the high table to see Carrie’s legs slightly apart.

“Carrie, are you wearing panties?” she asked.

Blushing even more deeply, Carrie shook her head. “Well, I have to use the ladies room. I’ll leave you to girls to display your charms. When I come back I want to see your legs a little bit open, and I want to see your legs,” she looked at Leslie, “as far apart as humanly possible.” Jen really didn’t have to go to the ladies room, but she knew she would have a great view up Carrie’s skirt upon her return. She made sure she made it back before the girl’s five minutes were up and was pleased to see her still sitting there. She also noted that like Leslie, Carrie had no pubic hair at all.

“So, Carrie, you’re five minutes is just about up. How did it feel?” Jen asked.

“It was embarrassing. I know some people saw me and it was really hard not to close my legs. I can’t imagine how Leslie can sit there so open!” Jen noticed that Carrie had pulled her legs closer but not fully closed and certainly not crossed.

“So, Carrie, you’re obviously interested in the lifestyle my Leslie and her friend Kim have adopted. Tell me, have you ever done anything like this before?”

“No, Ms Jennifer, I haven’t. Not really, anyway. I have made some bets with my friend Jacqueline, which I’ve lost but they’ve been very minor, compared to Leslie here. I have gone to work without a bra several times and once even without panties, though my skirt was almost to my knees. Jacqueline thinks its amusing to get me to do these things. I have my most embarrassing payoff yet to come,” Carrie answered.

“Oh, do tell!” Jen said with obvious amusement.

“Well, there is a small get together for a few of the younger teachers at Jacqueline’s house next Saturday night. I lost a stupid bet with her and I’ll be attending the party in a embarrassing little bunny costume,” Carrie said, her face now as red as a stop sign.

“Oh my! An embarrassing costume in front of coworkers? Will anyone else be in costume?” Jen asked.

“No, just me. And embarrassing is not the word for this costume. I will be wearing all white. My costume includes bunny ears, white bra and panties with a cotton ball tail, white thigh-high stockings and white high heels. I will be using mascara to paint whiskers on my face and I will have a little bunny nose on. It’s going to be mortifying!” she answered.

“So, effectively you’ll be in just underwear for the whole party?” Jen pressed for details.

“Yes, and nobody but Jacqueline knows what I’m wearing or why. And, her apartment is right near the college on Lafayette Street. I’m supposed to park at the United Bank and walk the two blocks to her place in just my costume. The party starts at 8:00 so it’s still going to be light out while I’m walking there!”

Jen was surprised at all the detailed information Carrie was sharing. Jen was making a plan and almost had enough information. She just needed one more piece.

“Well, on the bright side, there isn’t much but office buildings past the bank on Lafayette. At 8:00 on a Saturday night there won’t be many people to see you.”

“No, she lives on the other side. I’ll be walking towards the college. It’s all houses with front porches and I’m scared to death of having to walk it. I’ve asked Jacqueline if I could park closer but she just laughed. She called it my walk of shame and it’s part of the bet. I still don’t know what I’ll tell the people at the party about why I’m dressed as a bunny!”

“Why not just stay home instead? It sounds like this could be an embarrassing night for you!”

“I couldn’t stay home! If I didn’t pay my bet off I couldn’t live with myself. I have to do it, no matter what happens,” Carrie said.

Jen was smiling. She was also thinking something might happen that poor Carrie doesn’t anticipate!

Chapter 44
Leslie was a little annoyed by all the attention Jen was paying to Carrie. She was surprised by her feelings. She never considered herself bi, but couldn’t deny the jealousy she was feeling at them moment. She was sitting practically naked at Jen’s instruction and Jen had spent the last few minutes completely ignoring her while she was hitting on Carrie. The fact that half the people in the bar were looking at her widely spread legs added to her churning emotions. Jen was fawning over this Carrie chick whose skirt was way longer than hers was and who was barely showing anything between her legs. She felt used. She wanted to close her legs, no, more, she wanted to leave and go put on jeans and a sweatshirt. She realized that wasn’t an option for her. She started feeling very submissive as she sat here so exposed, yet so ignored by the woman she desperately wanted to please. She felt a stirring between her legs.

As Jen continued to hit on the pretty schoolteacher, Leslie contemplated her situation. She knew she would be in competition with Kim for Jen’s feelings. She hadn’t thought about it before but she now understood just how much she wanted to be Jen’s favorite. And why shouldn’t she be Jen’s favorite? She was prettier than Kim and at least as adventurous. Hell, she had been seen nude today by far more people than Kim had been. She was lost in thought when she felt a sharp pinch on her inner thigh.

“Whatcha thinking about, bimbo?” Jen said with a grin.

“Oh…I…um…I was just daydreaming,” Leslie answered.

“Hmmm…and you didn’t notice the table over there with the camera?” Jen laughed. “I think its entertainment time. I want you to go to the ladies room but you need to walk by that table first. Ask if they’d like another picture and if they say yes, hike your skirt up to your waist and pose for them,” Jen said with a smirk.

“Ms Jennifer, that will get me thrown out of here for sure. Already everyone is looking at me!”

“I know! And it will be pretty embarrassing, won’t it?” Jen laughed. “Go!”

Leslie reluctantly got off the barstool. Her skirt was up around her waist and she heard a male voice say, “Holy Shit! Look at that!” as she was pulling it down. She almost pulled the skirt right off her hips. She hated this skirt. It was supposed to be Kim struggling with this little whore skirt, not her! Carrie and Jen were laughing at her as she approached the table with the guys taking her picture. Of course they wanted another shot and Leslie blushed prettily as she held her skirt up and posed in the middle of the bar. She didn’t need to worry about getting tossed out of the place. Most of the wait staff had been talking about her and laughing about her since she came in. The hostess had even been pointing her out to some of the customers!

Leslie returned from the ladies room and smugly noted that Carrie had closed her legs and was sitting with her hands in her lap. Leslie hiked her skirt right up to her waist before climbing on the barstool and spread her legs as wide as she could get them. She looked at Jen for approval and received it. Jen was smiling. “Very nicely done, bimbo!” Jen said.

“So, are you going to do it?” Carrie asked.

“Sure, why not? 15 minutes and then you will pay the check?” Jen asked.

“Yup. 15 minutes and the bill is on me,” Carrie said. She looked directly at Leslie. “Don’t worry, it will be over before you know it,” she laughed.

“What are you two talking about?” Leslie asked. She was more than a little concerned.

“Come on. I’ll show you. You and I are going to the ladies room,” Jen answered. Both girls started laughing. Jen got up and grabbed Leslie’s hands and pulled her off the chair. Of course, Leslie’s skirt was still up around her waist. “Just leave it up, bimbo. If they were going to toss you out of here they would have done it by now. Everyone seems to be enjoying your show!” The two walked to the restroom.

“I need your skirt and blouse, please,” Jen said.

“What? You want me to strip naked?” Leslie was worried about what was about to happen.

“Strip, bimbo. You wanted to be a whore and now you’re getting your chance. Carrie told me she’d pay our tab if I left you in here naked for 15 minutes. So, you’re getting paid for your nudity. How does it feel, whore?” Jen laughed. “Now, your skirt and blouse, please.”

Leslie stripped and handed her skirt and T-shirt to Jen. “Stay out of the stalls and no covering up, bimbo,” Jen said as she took Leslie’s clothes. Jen walked out of the ladies room and held Leslie’s skirt and T-Shirt out, one in each hand, for all to see. Carrie was laughing and other customers started laughing as they realized what Jen was holding. Jen put Leslie’s clothes on her barstool and sat down.

“She is not a happy camper!” Jen laughed.

“I gotta see this!” Carrie said. She jumped off her chair and went to the ladies room. Some other girls had the same idea. When Carrie went in she saw a very naked, very embarrassed Leslie trying to explain to two twenty-something women why she was standing naked in the restroom. Carrie chuckled as she watched for a minute and then went back to the table. “I should have made you put her in the men’s room,” she laughed.

“Oh well, maybe next time. Shall we get the check?” Jen asked.

“Would you like one more? If Leslie gets bored she can always come find us,” Carrie laughed.

“Sure, one more sounds good. I think this time I’ll get a beer. Might as well see if this ID works,” Jen said.

The waved the waitress over and ordered drinks. The waitress started laughing when she saw Leslie’s clothes on the barstool. “Where’d your friend go?” She picked up Leslie’s skirt. “I’m thinking she can’t be far,” she laughed.

“She’s chilling in the ladies room,” Carrie laughed.

“She’s in the ladies room naked? Right now? The waitress laughed loudly. “Well, the whole staff has been watching her. I’ve never laughed so hard at work. Listen, there are security cameras just outside of the restrooms. Do you think she would be willing to come out for a second to get on the cameras? The people not working tonight won’t believe this shit but if we had it on camera they would,” the waitress said.

“Well, just go tell her that she needs to come out and blow those cameras a kiss. Tell her Jen sent you and I’m sure she’ll do it,” Jen said as all three of them laughed.

The waitress came back with the drinks. “Ok, I’m going to see if I can preserve the moment on film!” The girls watched as the waitress went to the ladies room. Several minutes later laughter erupted from several tables as a very naked Leslie came out of the ladies room, looked around and found the security camera and blew it a kiss. She scurried back to the restroom, obviously embarrassed. The waitress gave a thumbs-up sign to Carrie and Jen. She was laughing as she went to wait on other tables.

The girls drank their drinks and talked. Jen learned that Carrie really liked the whole idea of being dominated. She wasn’t into whips and chains but had always fantasized that she would be required to expose herself in public to amuse a lover. She admitted that she had started dressing in shorter and shorter skirts and dresses. She was always wearing the shortest skirt in the teacher’s lounge. Her friend Jacqueline had started calling her ‘Legs’, referring to how much leg she normally showed. She had started wearing shorter skirts as soon as the summer break began. She confided to Jen that she was very nervous about it, but was planning to continue with the short skirts when classes started. Jen laughed to herself at this, thinking about how she was planning to help Carrie in this regard.

“Oh my God! Leslie’s been in there for 45 minutes!” Carrie exclaimed. She burst out laughing at the thought of poor Leslie standing around naked in the ladies room with no idea what was going on. Jen waved the waitress over.

“Do you think it would be all right if we had our little slut walk out of here butt naked?” Jen asked.

“Oh, I think that would be a bit much. I wouldn’t want to see you guys get banned from here. It’s too much fun to have you as customers!” the waitress answered.

“Yeah, you’re right. Ok, I suppose I can let her get dressed,” Jen laughed. She said goodbye to Carrie and grabbed Leslie’s clothes and headed for the ladies room. Leslie was angry but didn’t dare show it in front of Jen. She did not appreciate being abandoned here in the ladies room and every broad that came in pointed out that they saw her spreading her legs in the bar. It was a humiliating experience.

“Hi bimbo! You can get dressed now. We’re leaving. Don’t forget, those are coming right back off again when we get to the car,” Jen said. Leslie quickly got dressed. The girls got a round of applause when they left. Even the young hostess, who had to be about 16 was pointing and laughing at Leslie when they left. Leslie stripped at the car and made the ride home naked. She intentionally left her clothes in the car, walking to the apartment nude, knowing that Ms Jennifer would send her out for her clothes eventually.

Chapter 45
It was a little after 9:00 when Jen and Leslie arrived home. Kim met them at the door. She was very horny and it showed. She was anxious to masturbate and nearly interrupted Ms Jennifer’s greeting to ask for permission. She caught herself and waited until Jen had finished saying hello. She never got her chance to ask as Jen instructed her to fetch a beer and meet her and Leslie in the living room. Kim ran to get the beer. She handed the beer to Ms Jennifer and took a seat on the floor in front of her, next to Leslie.

“Well, isn’t this nice?” Jen laughed. “My two little display toys, all naked and shaved clean, spreading their legs and showing themselves off so nicely! And neither one of you needed to be told! How nice!” Jen said. She was grinning at the girls but her voice was very condescending. “Now, Kimmy, you had an adventure this evening, didn’t you? And judging by the looks of you it was a good one! You’re nipples look hard enough to cut glass! Tell me all about it,” Jen ordered.

Kim recounted the events of the evening, concluding that she desperately needed to masturbate and assuring Jen that going on web cam would not be a problem for her. Jen laughed and told her to wait. Jen had Leslie tell the story of her trip to the adult store and their visit to the mall. She made Leslie recite her 5 rules, which she would now live by. Jen decided that both girls looked a little desperate to masturbate. She decided to try a little game she learned in a chat room.

“Ok, I know you both want some relief,” she pantomimed rubbing her pussy and laughed. “But first, we need to have a little contest to see who goes first. I think you’ll end up hating this game, but it should be very funny to watch. Stand up and face each other.” The girls stood as ordered. “OK, here is how it works. When I tell you to, you will each grab the others nipples, one in each hand. When I say ‘go’, you will tug and twist as hard as you can. When the pain in your own nipples is too much for you, you simply let go of the other’s nipples. The person still holding on gets three seconds to do their worst to the other’s nipples. After three seconds, the winner has to let go. For now, we’re going to do this until one of you wins four times. Eventually these contests will be decided by the first person to reach nine wins. First one to get the other to let go of her nipples four times gets to masturbate first. If one of you loses four times without winning at least once, you won’t be masturbating at all tonight. Everyone understand?”

Kim didn’t like this one bit. Leslie was her friend and she didn’t want to hurt her. She desperately needed to masturbate, though, and the sooner the better. Leslie, on the other hand, was happy for this chance to best her friend and was pretty certain she could win this contest. Neither girl had ever done anything like this, though, and didn’t really know what to expect.

“Ok, grab each others nipples. Gently! Don’t start pulling yet. Wait for my command.” Jen was laughing at the looks on the two bimbo’s faces. Kim was looking a bit skeptical and Leslie had a determined look on her face. “Ok, GO!”

Leslie tugged hard and twisted mightily. She caught Kim by surprise and Kim let go immediately. Leslie pulled her nipples and her tits wide apart, using her three seconds wisely and giving a nasty twist as she let go. Kim’s nipples were on fire and she was in shock that her friend had attacked her that way. She wasn’t given much time to think about it, though, as Jen very quickly said, “Grab your nipples.” Leslie was squeezing Kim’s nipples quite hard before the start command was given. In self-defense, she pinched Leslie’s nipples and Jen told her to stop. “You get a five second penalty for starting too early. Leslie, you have five seconds of free pulling as a penalty. Leslie immediately yanked poor Kim’s already throbbing nipples and twisted hard while pulling her left tit high and to the side and her right tit low and to the other side. Again, as time was called she was crying. Almost immediately Jen said, “Grab your nipples,” and Leslie was squeezing again. Jen didn’t see it and Kim didn’t retaliate this time. “Go!”

This time Kim tugged much harder at Leslie’s nipples. Leslie knew Kim still wasn’t tugging as hard as she might and decided to prolong this round and try to do some damage to Kim’s already sensitive nipples. She tugged upward on Kim’s nipples, bringing the shorter girl up on her tiptoes. She could feel the burn in her own nipples but was able to stand it. She watched Kim’s face and when she thought the girl was about to let go she tugged down on both tits as hard as she could. Kim nearly fell forward. The pain that shot through her nipples as Leslie’s hands squeezed hard but came off her nipples was indescribable. Kim held on and Leslie immediately grabbed her nipples again, twisted cruelly and tugged the girl back up on her toes. Twisting some more, she again yanked the poor girl’s tits down hard again, letting the nipples slip through her tightly clenched fingers. Kim cried out and let go of Leslie’s nipples and put her hands over her own. She was crying and her nipples were swollen. And, she was behind 2 to nothing and really had no desire to continue.

“That’s another five second penalty for grabbing the wrong nipples. Leslie, you get the three seconds for winning and five seconds for penalty, so eight free seconds to work Kim’s nipples." Leslie moved in, intending to do some serious damage and make sure she won this contest. She grabbed and twisted, quickly yanking Kim’s titties up so the girl had to go right up on her toes, and then yanking both hands down as sharply as she could. Kim stumbled forward and her nipples erupted in pain when her tits stretched as far as they could and the momentum of Leslie’s arms caused her nipples to slip through her tightly clenched fingers. Immediately grabbed Kim’s nipples and yanked up hard, puling the poor girl back on her toes as she was still stumbling forward. Leslie repeated this move five times in the eight seconds she was allowed. The damage was done. Kim’s nipples were puffy and raw.

“Ms Jennifer, I give up. Leslie wins,” she said, defeated.

“Oh dear, there are at least two games to go, and if you don’t win one, you’ll go to bed horny tonight.” Jen had no intention of letting Kim give up. The brutality Leslie was showing was exciting her a lot. “Grab your nipples.”

Leslie was able to get a very good grip given the swollen condition. As soon as Jen said ‘go’ Kim immediately let go of Leslie’s nipples. Leslie knew she had won but was still vicious with her three seconds of uncontested tugging for winning. The same sequence of events was repeated for the fourth victory. Leslie’s nipples weren’t even sore and Kim was a swollen, crying mess.

“OK, we have a winner. Kim, go get the camera set up for Leslie. When it’s ready, you can watch her masturbate and then we’ll finish our conversation. Kim ran up the stairs and got the camera ready. She announced that it was ready and the girls all went up stairs. Kim knelt by as Leslie got on the stool and masturbated. Neither girl wanted to know how many viewers watched.

Soon, with Kim quite frustrated and Leslie feeling a bit sated, the girls returned to the living room for more conversation. Once again, the naked girls sat on the floor at Jen’s feet. Jen smiled at the sight before her.

Leslie was looking pretty smug. She seemed confident that she would become the dominant one in Ms Jennifer’s group of girls. She didn’t know how she would deal with that new bitch, Carrie, but she had a plan for Kimmy and she was sure it would work. She knew Kim would be a bit afraid of playing nipple-tug with her. She was going to make sure that she came at Kim hard from the very beginning. She would get her nipples sore and swollen early but try to drag out each competition to try and damage her nipples enough so they were painful at the start of the next competition. Leslie was so caught up in her thoughts about beating Kim at nipple-tug she wasn’t even thinking about how she was sitting naked at the feet of a girl that had only started humiliating her.

Kim, on the other hand, looked miserable. The poor girl had been so horny and she was denied relief. And her nipples were in agony. She was surprised that Leslie had been so brutal in the nipple-tug game. She resolved to do better the next time, but she couldn’t imagine herself yanking on anyone’s tits the way Leslie abused hers. She looked at her swollen and throbbing nipples and hoped it would be a good long time before Ms Jennifer ordered up that game again.

“Ok, let’s go over some basics, shall we?” Jen began. “First, Leslie is moving in. While you’re not college material, bimbo, you can still hang with the college chicks,” she said with a grin. “You will have to get a job. My parents and Kim’s parents are kicking in for our support. You’ll kick in a share and that way we’ll all have extra money. That and the money we’ll be saving on laundry and we’ll be set,” she laughed.

“So, some basic ground rules. We’ll go through the common rules first, and then I’ll talk about your individual rules. You already know the basic ones. You are not permitted to wear clothing of any kind in the apartment. You strip immediately upon arrival and leave immediately after you dress, unless I instruct you otherwise. You may not sit on the furniture. You will always sit on the floor. And, of course, you will always keep your legs open widely.”

“You will keep this apartment spotlessly clean. I want you two to split the chores and get them done without involving me. I will go through how I like my laundry done with both of you. When I want to wear something I expect it to be clean, so doing laundry will be an important job for both of you. Kimmy, it certainly is more important than your studies. Am I clear?” Both girls nodded their heads. Jen was amazed that were both taking her humiliating lecture so seriously.

“You may not have an orgasm without my permission. I don’t want to be pestered with lots of requests, either. You don’t want to try my patience on this issue.” Turning to Kim, “You’re dress code is evolving. Basically, you’ll wear whatever I put you in. If I don’t give you clothing orders, you will wear a simple skirt and blouse.” Turning to Leslie, “You’re dress code is somewhat more specific. You will always wear micro-skirts, per your rules. You also have to keep your knees open and your pussy in clear view everywhere. I mean this, sugar; there will be no exceptions to this rule, no matter how embarrassing it is for you. It’s really going to give you a reputation, but that can’t be helped,” she laughed.

“Now, for the latest rule.” Jen got out the two dildos that Leslie bought at the porn store earlier in the day. “You are both going to become expert little cock suckers. Each of you will practice with your dildo two hours a day. You will learn to take it all the way into your mouth. You’ll be deep throat queens,” Jen laughed. “There’s more, though. When you can both simulate a real blowjob with your dildos, we’ll cut back the practice time. All practice will be done in the kitchen, living room, or on the web cam with a live feed to the Internet. Understand?”

“School will be starting in a couple of weeks. That means people will be moving back into this building. Most of the apartments are vacant at the moment. One of you will be responsible for introducing yourself to each new tenant and warning him or her that you will be naked in the common areas and parking lot of the building. I think it would only be natural for those introductions to be made in the nude, don’t you?” Jen grinned. So, you two work it out and let me know tomorrow evening which bimbo will be doing the introductions. If you can’t work it out, we’ll find a way to choose,” Jen said, giggling and tugging at her own nipple.

“Now, Kim, we still have to decide the issue of your panties for work. You don’t really need the job, so it doesn’t matter if they fire you. You like this boy Jeff? Well, tomorrow, you will wear the panties to work and when you see him, take them off and give them to him. Make sure you tell him it’s your only pair. Now we’re done. Let’s get to bed bimbos. It’s late.” Jen dismissed the girls. As they were walking up to their rooms she yelled, “No touching those twats, either!” She then went up to her room and masturbated. After a few intense orgasms, she began putting the finishing touches on her plan to ensnare Carrie.

Chapter 46
The two girls found themselves with a minute alone. “How are your nipples, Kimmy?” Leslie asked.

“They hurt something awful! I can’t believe you did that to me!” Kim replied.

“Well, get used to it. I’m never going to lose a nipple-tug contest to you. I hope we have those a lot,” Leslie replied.

Kim was not happy about the night’s events. She was hoping to get something going with Jeff at work. Now, she wasn’t going to be able to have sex of any kind with him until she was able to take that huge dildo all the way into her throat. Yet, she was going to give him her panties and work every day, at least until she was fired, with her pussy on display. Jeff would think she was a tease and hate her. She looked at the big dildo she would start practicing her cock sucking with. What was Leslie thinking when she got this size? She had never seen a cock this big! She wondered if she would ever be able to get to sleep given her state of arousal. She set her alarm very early to get an hour of sucking practice in before work. She figured an hour before work and an hour after work would make this chore more bearable.

She did eventually fall asleep and all too soon her alarm was going off. She had a quick shower and started coffee. Her nipples were still quite swollen and very sore. The water hitting them in the shower almost made her scream. She went down to the living room with her dildo and started her practice. The dildo was just too big. She got the head of it into her mouth and was able to swirl her tongue around it. She tried to bob up and down on it but she was only able to get a quarter of it into her mouth. She had blown a boyfriend a couple times last year and remembered all the things he had told her to do. She realized that the only part of this she had to figure out was how to get it all into her mouth. She forced it in until she gagged and still only got a third of it in her mouth. She tried relaxing and moving slowly and was able to take a bit more of it, but well less than half. She had been going at it for about 45 minutes when she heard Jen laughing at her.

“I’m glad to see you’re such an industrious cock sucker,” Jen laughed. Jen, holding a cup of coffee, sat down to watch the embarrassed girl suck her dildo. “No, no, no. You’re not going to get anywhere that way!” Jen commented. “You need to get past the gag reflex. Here’s what you should be doing. Hold the dildo horizontal and push your face on to it till you gag. Remember to move your head, not the dildo. When you’re sucking a real cock, it will be your head moving, not the boy’s cock. When you gag, pull back just a little and push your face on it again. If you’re not gagging a lot, you’re not really practicing.” Jen sat back and watched with amusement as Kim struggled to do what Jen suggested. She was a pathetic sight, gagging herself repeatedly with the big dildo. Jen enjoyed the show so much she decided she would just have to put a video of this on the ‘Net. Kim finished up her last 15 minutes of her practice session gagging herself repeatedly. She was worn out. It was successful, though, as she had managed to get half of the big dildo in her mouth already. All in all, it wasn’t bad for an hour’s practice. She got up and put her work outfit on. She was out the door while Leslie was still asleep.

Jen had another cup of coffee and surfed the ‘Net. She was pleased with the increase in membership in Kim’s Yahoo group. She set up a group for Leslie. She decided to start Leslie’s group off with a naked-in-public theme and posted pictures of her nude and semi-nude in the group. She created a Yahoo profile for Leslie complete with nude pictures and a link to the group. She laughed to herself thinking about how Leslie would react to seeing her real name used as the group title. She surfed the message groups and found about a dozen of Leslie's pictures from her exposure at the gap. She used one of the pictures of her holding the sign above her head that said, “Post this everywhere!” for the cover photo. She was just adding a link to Leslie’s group in Kim’s group when she heard Leslie moving around.

“Morning, bimbo,” Jen said as the naked Leslie padded into the room on her way to the kitchen.

“Morning, Ms Jennifer,” Leslie answered. Moments later she returned with a cup of coffee and sat down on the floor. She hesitated for a moment and then, frowning, spread her legs wide apart as required. She wasn’t in the mood for this game this morning. She had been naked or nearly naked for a couple days now and wanted a day of being normal. She didn’t know how to begin, but she planned on telling Jen that today she was going to wear jeans and panties and a bra under a sweatshirt and she was going to sit on a chair and she was going to keep her legs close together while doing it. Jen could sense that there was something Leslie wanted to tell her.

“Something on your mind, bimbo?” Jen winced at being called a bimbo. Sitting here naked in front of a fully dressed Jen suddenly angered her. She stood up.

“My name is Leslie, not bimbo! And I may not be a great student but I’m smart and I am not a bimbo and it’s a little weird that you insist that I hang out here naked and sit on the floor and spread my legs for you all the time. I’m not doing this today. I’m gonna dress like a normal girl and I’m gonna sit like a normal girl. I’m not playing your perverted game today!” Leslie let her anger out.

Jen smiled slightly. She expected an outburst like this at some point but was surprised that it came today. Leslie clearly had gotten the better of Kim last night yet. She was the one to cum yet she was acting all defiant in sharp contrast to Kim’s behavior this morning. “That’s a big step, Leslie. Are you sure you don’t want to think about that a little bit first?” Jen asked.

“You think I need time to think about whether I want to get dressed? You think I need time to think about whether I want to run around outside half dressed? Or naked? I don’t need to think about it. I told you, I’m not doing this today!” Leslie was shouting.

“No, I was referring to the nasty video that I’m going to send out this morning. So far, your behavior has only warranted a nasty spanking and a change in what I was planning on having you wear today. If you don’t start following all your rules immediately, though, Mommy is going to receive a very interesting e-mail this morning. It will have the video you did specifically for this kind of situation. It will also have several pictures of you naked out in public. And, to make sure Mommy never forgets what a whore her daughter is, I’ll send her every single one of your pictures, one every day,” Jen said calmly.

Thoughts of her mom seeing that video jolted Leslie. Would Jen really send them? She wasn’t sure, but thought she might. Could she take the chance? She didn’t need to think about that very long. She could not take the chance on Jen sending that video out. She knew she was beaten.

“I’m sorry, Ms Jennifer. I don’t know what came over me.” Leslie meekly sat down on the floor. After a slight hesitation Jen noted with satisfaction that the girl meekly spread her legs wide apart. She laughed when she saw Leslie was actually blushing. Jen couldn’t remember which person in the chat room had suggested she make these girls keep their legs spread all the time. She wished she could so she could tell that person how effective this simple rule has been. She had been worried that the girls would become accustomed to being naked. Someone had suggested that she was correct, but adding the always-open legs requirement would make the girls focus on their submission. Clearly, Leslie was thinking about the view she was presenting. Anger isn’t the easiest thing to maintain when you’re sitting like this, either.

“There are no days off, bimbo. This is your life for the time being,” Jen said in a soft pleasant voice. With a slightly more threatening tone she added, “You will be punished, of course.” Leslie hung her head and nodded. Her day was not starting off well. She had intended to work her way into Jen’s heart and couldn’t believe she had made that stupid outburst. She was never going to become Jen’s favorite this way. Jen held her empty coffee cup out and the naked girl jumped up and ran to the kitchen to refill it. She didn’t see Jen laughing at her as she left and Jen was composed and serious when she returned. Jen thought life couldn’t get any better.

Chapter 47
Nothing was mentioned about a morning practice session with the dildo. Jen allowed Leslie to have a second cup of coffee before telling her to get showered and made up. Leslie may have forgotten about her new requirement to practice with the dildo for two hours a day but she would be reminded of it later. There was no way she was going to sleep tonight without putting in her full two hours. While Leslie was in the shower Jen picked out her clothes for the day. Before her outburst she was going to be wearing a relatively modest skirt. Now, thanks to her defiant behavior, she would be struggling with skirt adjustments all day and maybe the next few days. In the end, Jen decided Leslie would wear a too-short skirt and ‘bimbo’ top similar to the ones she wore yesterday. She cut a skirt and T-shirt just for Leslie to wear. She cut the T-shirt a little higher than yesterday’s T. If the bimbo was going out with a too-short skirt why not make her go out with the underside of her titties equally displayed? She didn’t bother having Leslie try the clothes on. She was pretty sure the skirt would be short enough and she didn’t really care how much flesh would be showing on the girl. Jen put the skirt and blouse in a bag and put it by the front door.

After a while Leslie came into the living room, still nude but freshly showered and made up. She had way too much make-up on for her tastes, but she knew Ms Jennifer liked her to go heavy on the stuff and she needed to make up for her poor judgment this morning. She immediately sat at Jen’s feet and spread her legs. Jen was now completely addicted to watching her girls work so hard to please her, no matter how embarrassing it was for them. She smiled at the naked girl straining to get her legs spread just as far as possible.

“Now, I believe you mentioned earlier that you were not going to go out in public naked today, is that right?” Jen asked with a smirk on her face.

“Ms Jennifer, I am very sorry about everything I said this morning. I’ll do whatever you ask of me. You can forget everything I said this morning!” Leslie said.

“Forget everything you said?” Jen asked, as if it were the most outrageous request she had ever heard. “I should say not. I can’t forget what you said. I’m afraid, though, if I don’t take some action here, you could easily forget what you said. Well, we won’t let that happen. You’ll remember your outburst this morning for a good long time. I will make sure of it!” Jen responded. In reality, she had no idea how she was going to punish Leslie for her defiance this morning. She would get in the chat room later and ask for suggestions.

“For now, let’s just prove everything you said was wrong and we’ll get to your punishment later. You said you were not going to run around here naked and you were not going to spread your legs when you sat. I see that we’re in agreement that this portion of your outburst was untrue.” She looked pointedly at the naked girl on the floor, spread as far as she could. Leslie blushed under Jen’s stare. “Now, there is a bag over by the door that contains your outfit for today. Be a dear and run that out to your car right now. Don’t look in the bag, just put it in your trunk. And, if there are any other clothes or anything else you can use to cover yourself up with in your car, bring them in to me. Go!”

Leslie blushed. It was humiliating to have Jen go through each of her comments about things she wasn’t going to do today and make her do them. She was trying to make a point about her power in the relationship. Leslie got the point completely but she knew that wasn’t going to stop Jen from continuing to make it. She grabbed the bag and walked outside in just her heels. She put the bag in her trunk and gathered up the clothes from yesterday. There was nothing else in the car. On her way in, she met the two boys that had seen her naked in the hallway the other day. She tried to keep walking but they insisted in engaging her in conversation. Eventually Jen opened the door to see what was taking Leslie so long and saw her talking to the two young men. She invited them in.

“I see you met Leslie this morning,” Jen said with a laugh. “She’s quite the exhibitionist! Oh! I’m forgetting my manners! Would you guys like some coffee?”

The two young men were stunned watching Leslie walk around naked. They had no idea what was going on and had never seen any women just hang out completely naked. They both wanted coffee. Neither one of them was a big coffee drinker but they figured it would give them more time to admire this beautiful naked woman. “Leslie, get the boys some coffee, would you?” Jen asked as if it was completely normal for her to entertain guests in the nude. Leslie went off for the coffee.

“Will you boys excuse me for a minute?” Jen asked. She walked into the kitchen and grabbed Leslie by the ear. “You will not embarrass me in front of the neighbors, bimbo!” Jen snarled in a low voice. “When I tell you to do something you’re supposed to run, not walk, to do it. Are you worried about your dignity, sweetie? Don’t worry. What little bit of dignity you have left will be gone in a minute. When you have the coffee ready come in and sit down.” Jen emphasized the words ‘sit down’ making it clear to Leslie that she expected her to be sitting on the floor with her legs spread. Leslie was stunned. She did not want to show the neighbors this part of her! Nervously she brought the boys coffee in. She couldn’t run with the full coffee cups but she did run back into the kitchen to get Jen a refill and to get herself a coffee. She couldn’t postpone this any longer. She returned to the living room, handed Jen her coffee and took a seat on the floor. She was blushing brightly as she slowly opened her legs. She stopped about halfway and noticed Jen glaring at her. Jen silently mouthed the word ‘video’ to her and Leslie got the point and spread her legs in a most revealing and undignified pose. Not only was she the only person in the room not dressed, she was obscenely displaying herself. Worse, from the boys perspective, she was doing it all for no apparent reason. She was mortified. All conversation stopped and every eye in the room was on her. Talk about an awkward moment!

Jen was getting excited watching this bimbo humiliate herself. She enjoyed making the girl run to follow her orders. Naturally, she sent her to the kitchen a couple times just to see that happen. She even told Leslie to go into the kitchen to check the oven to make sure it was off. None of the girls had used the oven since they moved in. Leslie glared at her as she got up and ran into the kitchen. The best part, of course, was watching her run back in and retake her position. You could almost see the pieces of her ego crumbling off as she lowered herself to the floor and spread her legs again.

Jen explained the situation to the two guys. Leslie was expecting some type of cover story to explain her nudity and was deeply embarrassed when Jen told the truth. She explained that Leslie and her friend Kim both had this thing for wearing very revealing clothes but both needed to feel as if it was forced onto them. She described the videos the girls made to give Jen the power to force them, and then casually explained how, once she had the videos, she expanded the girl’s fantasies beyond where they wanted them to go.

“I’m sure Leslie thought this arrangement was going to be restricted to certain “appropriate” situations and never even thought about being required to wear her revealing outfits everywhere. And I do mean everywhere,” Jen laughed. “The video Leslie made was particularly hateful. She will face more than simple embarrassment if her mom ever sees it. The hatefulness of that video is reflected in her outfits, of course. And, she’s on the Internet now, too.” Jen watched Leslie’s eyes get big as she described the Yahoo group she made for Leslie. The news of her group hit Leslie like a freight train.

The boys had several questions so Jen continued her explanation. “Well, I started a group for Kim, the other bimbo that I have. She was so upset with me for using her real name in the group. I discovered that all the naked pictures and embarrassing information I put in the group had a much bigger effect on Kim when she realized she was no longer anonymous. So, naturally, when I made Leslie’s group I used her real name as well.” Jen was speaking to the boys but watching Leslie closely for a reaction, since the creation of her group was news to her. Leslie was unhappy about this news to say the least.

“So, can we join these groups?” The boys asked. “What are the addresses?”

“Of course you can join. I’ll tell you what, one of the girls will be by tonight to get you logged in and signed up. What apartment do you live in?” Jen asked. The boys told her and she told Leslie to write it down. She laughed softly as Leslie jumped up and ran to the kitchen to write down the apartment number where she, or Kim, was going to go humiliate herself this evening. All eyes were on her as she sat back down on the floor and once again, opened her legs. Jen decided she would never get tired of watching either girl go through this indignity.

They sent the boys off with a promise of a visit this evening. Jen was laughing at the whole thing. Leslie was not as amused. She didn’t dare say anything, though.

“Now, we were discussing your punishment, weren’t we, sweetie?” Jen asked in her most condescending voice. “Your spanking will come tonight. In the meantime, you’re going to go back to the mall and thank the good folks at the Gap for taking such good care of you yesterday. Make sure you tell them that we found some of the pictures of you taken at the Gap on the ‘Net. In fact, give them the address of your new Yahoo group and invite them to join! Now, your outfit for the day is very revealing. In fact, I don’t really know how revealing. I cut up another skirt, but you were busy so I didn’t have you try it on. I think it’s rather short, though. I didn’t intend to have it completely cover you in front. I may have cut too much off it, though,” Jen giggled. “I didn’t really care too much. I figured you would care enough for the both of us. In any event, you’re going to spend 3 hours in the mall with it, no matter how much it shows. When you’re done thanking the folks at the Gap you can shop for clothes for Kimmy to wear. Since this is punishment, you will ride in the car naked and you will spread those cute legs of yours whenever you sit. Not the little bit you normally have to spread them…I want your thighs wide apart like they are now. Am I clear?”

“Yes Ms Jennifer,” Leslie answered. She didn’t know how she could face those girls at the Gap today after yesterday’s torments. And she had to thank them? How humiliating could this get? At least she would be shopping for Kimmy today. She would be totally embarrassed in the mall, but she would make sure that Kim was equally embarrassed every time she wore the stuff she would buy for her.

Chapter 48
Kim drove to work. Normally, she would spend the entire ride thinking about the embarrassing day ahead. She was still embarrassed by the boys always looking up her skirt at her skimpy thong, but she also found it very exciting. She was always horny it usually occupied her thoughts on her drive to work. This morning, though, she was thinking about Jeff. She wanted to get to know him a lot better. She had even decided to ask him out on a date. That is, up until Jen prohibited her from having sex of any kind until she managed to deep throat her new dildo. How could she go out with Jeff and not have him despise her for being a cock-tease with the way she had flaunted her body around him. Worse, she was going to be giving him her panties today and telling him they were her only pair. After that, and of course, working in her tiny skirt with nothing on under it, Jeff would surely have a right to expect her to put out. And she wanted to put out. In fact, ever since Jen had forbidden her to have sex she was consumed with a desire to have sex with Jeff. She wanted to give her body completely to him and let him take her in any way he pleased. And she couldnâ€™t.

As she approached work, an idea came to her. She would tell him the truth! Well, at least part of it. She was becoming aroused at the thought of it. Could she actually do this? It would be embarrassing, but it was her only plan, so she decided to press on. She decided she would explain to Jeff that she wasnâ€™t able to have sex at the moment, and try to get that past him without an embarrassing explanation. If she could, she would offer what she could, which was her nudity. She was already committed to working without panties under her short skirt. Well, she would drop the modesty and really show herself off for Jeff. Hopefully, that would keep her interested until she could master her practice dildo and get Ms Jennifer to let her suck and screw Jeff. She wasnâ€™t accustomed to showing herself off without Ms Jennifer telling her exactly how it would be done, but she could do this. After all, she would be doing this because of Ms Jennifer. If not for her stupid order to not have sex, she would be spreading her legs for Jeff tonight!

Kim realized that she was turning into a slut. She hadnâ€™t even known this guy for a week yet. She hadnâ€™t even been out on a date with him, really. Yet all she could think about was giving it up to him. She thought about what the other two boys that had screwed her went through to get into her pants and she laughed. After only having sex twice in her life, she had become a total slut. The idea embarrassed and excited her. She pulled into her parking space at work and put her panties on. She was disappointed that nobody saw her do this but realized it didnâ€™t matter anymore. She wouldnâ€™t even own these panties before the day was over. She saw the crew ready to head for todayâ€™s job site and joined them.

â€œHi guys,â€ she said brightly. She tried to hide the nervousness in her voice as she asked Jeff if she could speak to him privately today. Jeff told her they were running a little late but they could chat during coffee break later in the morning. Kim would have liked to get her embarrassing surrender of her panties over with sooner rather than later. She really didnâ€™t need two hours to think about this conversation with Jeff. They got to the first job of the day. The boys got the equipment out and, as usual, Kim was assigned the hand weeding of the flowerbeds. She suddenly realized that she spent nearly all of her working time on her hands and knees. Today, though, she approached the job a little differently. Earlier in the week, she had always tried to retain as much modesty as the little skirt allowed and worked very hard to keep her butt facing away from her coworkers. Realizing that her only shot with Jeff would have her showing off, she was now adopting a more suggestive pose. She kept her knees spread and made sure she was always facing the right direction for an appreciative audience. It was working as the boys made several comments about it during the morning. By the time the 10:00 coffee break came around, her thong was just soaked!

Finally it was time. The crew got sodas from the cooler. Jeff winked at the guys and said to Kim, â€œTake a walk with me, sexy?â€ Kim blushed and got up to join him. â€œSo, whatâ€™s on your mind, sweetie?â€ he asked,

â€œWell, I, um, Iâ€¦um, a couple things actually,â€ she stammered. She was so embarrassed! â€œJeff, I think youâ€™re really hot and Iâ€™ve seen the way you look at me and I think youâ€™re interested in me. I know you must think Iâ€™m a real slut with the way I dress and all, but Iâ€™m not. I mean, I want to be a slut for you but right now, I just canâ€™t. I canâ€™t have sex right now but if I could Iâ€™d be all over you. I hope we can go out on a date or something, but it might be a little while before we can have sex,â€ Kim rambled nervously.

â€œWait. I donâ€™t understand something. You walk around here all day flashing your panties and your titties. The other night you came to the bar in a killer outfit and you had your skirt up around your waist almost the minute you got there, showing me and everyone else in the bar that you had nothing under it. You even sat down with your legs spread and your skirt up for the whole damn bar to look at. I loved it all. What I donâ€™t understand is why you canâ€™t have sex. Girl, from the way you dress and act, I figured you had sex all the time. Whatâ€™s the story with you?â€ Jeff asked.

â€œJeff, I really canâ€™t go into that right now. I canâ€™t have sex but Iâ€™m working on the situation and Iâ€™ll get it cleared up as soon as I can. When I do, you can have me any way you want, any time you want, and any place you want. But you have to trust me on this. I just canâ€™t do it now, OK? I donâ€™t know how long it will be but Iâ€™m trying to make it as short as I can, OK?â€ Kim couldnâ€™t believe she was promising this guy so much and she couldnâ€™t believe it was her friend Jen and her stupid rule that put her in this position. She was mortified.

â€œOk, suppose I buy this story and agree to wait for this mysterious thing to be cleared up so we can get down. Iâ€™ll think about it, OK? I gotta tell you, though, with the way you look, I donâ€™t know. Iâ€™d look like a fool to be dating you and not doing you. How would I explain that to my friends?â€

â€œOh! You can tell your friends youâ€™re doing me, I donâ€™t mind,â€ Kim volunteered. â€œAnd, I donâ€™t think it will be long before youâ€™re actually doing me,â€ Kim said. She knew she was rambling now. The truth was, she had no idea how long it was going to be before she could screw this guy. She had only had her first practice session with her dildo and had only gotten it halfway into her mouth. How long would it take to be able to swallow it all? She had no idea. She only knew she would work as hard as she could to make it happen.

â€œOk, you said you had a couple things to talk about. Whatâ€™s the other thing?â€ Jeff asked.

Kim was blushing deeply. â€œThe other night at the bar you mentioned that you liked seeing me wearing the little skirt with nothing under it. You suggested that I come to work that way. Wellâ€¦â€ Kim reached under her skirt and pulled down her soaking panties. She cringed when she saw how wet they were. She held them out for Jeff. â€œThese are the only panties I own. Take them and youâ€™ll never see me wearing any underwear again,â€ Kim said.

Jeff grinned and took the panties. â€œSo, you wonâ€™t do me, but youâ€™ll show me your pussy? All the time?â€

â€œYes, thatâ€™s right. Look, if youâ€™re willing to wait a bit for sex, Iâ€™ll make it up to you with nudity. You have the panties. Obviously, Iâ€™m working the rest of the day without them. And Iâ€™m coming to work tomorrow without them. And, Iâ€™ll stop trying to hide my pussy and start trying to show it. Iâ€™ll make sure my skirt doesnâ€™t cover me up. I might even be able to come to work tomorrow with an even shorter skirt on. Howâ€™s that?â€ Kim sat on the ground. She blushed deeply at the thought of what she was about to do. She took a deep breath and opened her legs, revealing everything. â€œSee, thereâ€™s things a girl can do to show off. Iâ€™ll be your showoff if you want me to.â€

Jeff smiled, liking what he saw. â€œSo, let me get this straight. Youâ€™re going to work with no drawers, and youâ€™re going to intentionally show everyone? That sounds good!â€

â€œI, um, I, umâ€¦I didnâ€™t really mean Iâ€™d show everyoneâ€¦I thought I would show you the best view.â€ Kim was visibly shaken by this turn of events. She remembered all to well the other times she had been required to spread her legs in public. She really didnâ€™t want that to be a work requirement!

â€œWell, I think everyone would like to see it. If you want to convince me youâ€™re not just a cock-tease, I think everyone has to see this, donâ€™t you?â€ Jeff asked with a laugh.

â€œUm, OK, Iâ€™ll let the other guys see, too,â€ Kim answered.

â€œNot just the other guys. I mean everyone. Customers, people driving by on the street, everyone. If you act like you want everyone to see you nude and take every opportunity to show yourself off, Iâ€™ll believe your story about being unable to have sex. Deal?â€

â€œAlright! Itâ€™s a deal.â€ Kim knew her fate was sealed. Just last night she was feeling sorry for Leslie because of her rule on spreading her legs. Now, she had just negotiated the same thing for herself at work. And all because she wanted to screw this guy. How had she become this big a slut so quickly? She realized she was always a slut but was surprised at herself to finally be acting on it.

â€œWe should be getting back to work. Lunch should be interesting!â€ Jeff said and walked away. Kim went back to her weeding. She was very aware of the fact that she no longer had the little panties protecting her. She blushed as she spread her legs while kneeling on the ground pulling the weeds. She felt so cheap as she pointed her butt at the road or her coworkers. It didnâ€™t take long for her coworkers to notice she was without panties. She endured a lot of teasing and laughter from her coworkers over this. At lunch she was positively mortified as she sat on the ground to eat with her legs spread. There were many comments about the nice view. She tried to be a good sport and laugh along with the guys. The thought of her humiliating herself like this just to get laid was very arousing for her. At the end of the shift when they all got into the truck to go back to the shop she noticed her panties hanging from the truckâ€™s rear view mirror. She hoped Jeff wasnâ€™t going to leave them there for everyone to see.

Chapter 49
With Leslie out humiliating herself at the mall and Kim off humiliating herself at work, Jen had some time on her hands. She took a nice long bath. She trimmed her pubic hair into a neat patch. She also masturbated to several great orgasms thinking about her girls and the things they were doing. She reviewed the materials she had on each one. She organized her computer so she had a directory for each of them and sorted out all the pictures, videos, etc. for each girl. When she was done, she copied all the files onto a CD and made a couple copies of the disc. One copy went into her desk for safekeeping. Later on, she would drop a copy at her parent’s house and put the other one into her safe-deposit box at the bank. She knew these files were crucial to her control over the girls and didn’t want to take any chances with them. After a while she got on the ‘Net and checked the groups she had set up for each girl. Leslie’s group still only had a few members but Kim’s group was now over 500 members. There were over 100 messages in the area she had set up for people that new Kim. The girl’s reputation was already pretty badly damaged and they had only just got started, she laughed to herself.

Leslie found herself driving the car completely naked for the second day in a row. She did not want to go see the two bitches at the Gap that had had so much fun at her expense yesterday. She wanted to get that unpleasantness over with so she could find some really embarrassing clothes for Kim. Poor Kim was going to regret this little shopping trip. Leslie was intent on humiliating the girl and knew just the look for her. Kim was going to be a sexy schoolgirl. For some reason guys seemed to get all hot over a bitch in a short plaid skirt with a white blouse and knee socks. Leslie knew that virtually every female on the planet thought an adult woman in a schoolgirl outfit was nothing but a cheap slut. If she got her way, no woman would ever take Kim seriously again. She was actually smiling at the thought of Kim in a way-too-short plaid skirt, sheer white blouse, and knee socks, despite the fact that she, herself, was pulling into the mall parking lot totally nude.

Reality struck Leslie hard when she had to step out of the car naked to retrieve the clothes in the trunk. She pulled the skirt on first and realized this was going to be a very embarrassing shopping trip. This skirt had to be a full inch shorter than the too-short one she was wearing yesterday. Jen had even cut this skirt higher in the back than the front. She was dreading seeing herself in a mirror. She pulled the T-shirt on and saw that she had something else to worry about. The shirt just barely covered her nipples. The bottom half of her tits were completely exposed. She saw her reflection in the car window and cringed. She was literally half dressed. Half her titties were on display. Half her ass was on display. And, nearly half her pussy was on display. She wondered if she could get through three hours inside the mall without being arrested. Thankfully, the T-shirt didn’t have the word ‘Bimbo’ written on it, though this outrageous outfit sure didn’t need writing to let the world know she was a bimbo. She ignored the whistles and comments and went into the Gap.

The same two young women were working. “Hey, it’s our old friend Bimbo!” one of them shouted across the store. The two girls were laughing at Leslie and commenting on all the exposed flesh. Leslie stammered out a thank-you to them for yesterday’s treatment, which brought more laughter. Both clerks whipped out their cell phones. One clerk was taking pictures and the other was calling friends working in the mall to alert them to Leslie’s presence. Fortunately for Leslie, she didn’t have any other embarrassing instructions to complete at this store. She was embarrassed, but she was now free to shop for Kim.

“So, do you guys carry schoolgirl clothes here?” Leslie asked.

“We have plaid skirts but they might be a little long for your taste. They’re actually very short, but since you don’t seem to like being covered, you might not like them.”

“Let me take a look at the shortest ones you have, please.” Leslie answered. She didn’t mind the clerks thinking these skirts were for her. She just wanted to get some really short plaid skirts for Kimmy.

“You know, there’s a store at the other end of the mall that sells club wear. They have the whole schoolgirl slut look you want. They have shorter skirts and sheer blouses that would be right up your alley. The place is called Club Night and they’re right at the end of the mall,” one of the clerks told her.

“Thanks. I’ll go check it out. I want the sexiest outfits I can find,” Leslie answered. She had to kill three hours in this place so walking the length of the mall wouldn’t be a problem.

“I have a friend that works there. I’ll call her to let her know you’re coming,” the younger clerk said. She made a call on her cell phone.

“Linda, hi, it’s Kelly. You remember that slut I was telling you about that was here exposing herself yesterday? Guess what? She’s back!” Leslie could hear the laughter coming from the phone. “Yeah! That’s right. And she’s wearing less than she had on yesterday. I’m telling you, the slut is standing right in front of me and she’s dressed but I’m still looking at her tits, ass, and a completely shaved pussy. No shit!” And, after a short pause Kelly continued. “I’m guessing they’re 6 inch heels and she has on hooker anklets and a ton of makeup. You’ll know her when you see her, trust me. Anyway, I’m sending her over to you. She wants to look like a schoolgirl slut and I know you can fix her up better than we can here.” After another short pause she continued. “Ok, right after we hang up I’ll send you her picture. We took tons of pictures yesterday and more this morning,” she said with a laugh. “Oh, one more thing! If you can’t wait on her right away, have her sit in a chair to wait for you,” she laughed. Another short pause. “Oh, telling you would take all the fun out if it. Just have her sit and you’ll see what I mean,” she laughed. “If you want to bring in some new customers, put the chair near the door, facing the mall. Ok, I’m sending her over now,” Kelly said with a laugh.

Leslie was blushing furiously while listening to this conversation. Kelly laughed at her. “Let’s get a picture of you for Linda so she’ll know who you are.” She held up the phone and snapped a couple pictures of Leslie. Leslie saw the two girls giggling at her as she left. Walking the length of the mall was like walking a gauntlet. The clerks had alerted their friends that worked in the mall. It seemed like everyone knew she was coming and she had quite an audience. Thankfully, mall security hadn’t shown up, though she knew this humiliating walk would be captured on the security cameras in the hallways. After what seemed like hours, she walked into the Club Night store. The first thing she noticed was a metal folding chair set up right at the front door, facing out into the mall. She blushed, knowing she would soon be sitting in that chair displaying her self in a very embarrassing manner.

Linda was a young girl, certainly no older than Leslie, maybe even a year or two younger. She watched the girls jaw drop when she walked in. Linda was dressed in a very short skirt and a halter-top. Her outfit, one that the store sold, was very revealing, but nothing like the revealing outfit Leslie was wearing. After a minute of shock, Linda started laughing. “You must be the bimbo slut! I’m just finishing up with another customer. I’ll be with you in about 10 minutes. You can have a seat. I put a chair out for you by the door.” Linda was curious to see what this girl was going to do. She couldn’t get a straight answer from her friend Kelly. When she saw Leslie sit she realized she wouldn’t have believed Kelly if she had told her. Leslie sat down and spread her legs just as wide as she could get them. Linda burst out laughing. She stepped around the chair and snapped a couple pictures with her cell phone. Inside of a minute Leslie had all the clerks in the store and a number of mall customers looking at her obscenely spread legs. The clerk kept her that way for about 5 minutes before letting her up.

As it turned out, the store had just the right clothes to embarrass Kim. Leslie got her friend three outrageous schoolgirl slut outfits. She tried one on and couldn’t help laughing. The blouses were so sheer you could easily see right through them. They obviously were not intended for public wear without something underneath. Which was going to suck for Kimmy, she thought to herself with a laugh. All three blouses were cropped with long tails that tied to keep the blouse together. There were no buttons and they left a huge expanse of bare chest on display. It really didn’t matter though, because the material that was there was not going to block the view. The poor bitch that wore these blouses would be, in effect, topless. The skirts were very short at 9 inches. Leslie hoped that she could convince Ms Jennifer to shorten them further but they would still be embarrassing at this length, particularly without panties. The clerk tried to sell Leslie matching ruffled panties but she wasn’t buying. She finished each outfit with white knee socks. Leslie had also managed to waste nearly an hour trying on the outfits.

“How does everything fit?” The dressing room curtain opened and Linda was standing there smiling at Leslie in the schoolgirl outfit. “Hmmm, the top is a little more revealing than the one you wore in, but at least you’re decent in the front with that skirt on. Turn around. Well, your butt cheeks are showing a little, but not nearly as much as with that rag you wore in here,” she said.

“Do you have this skirt in a smaller size?” Leslie asked.

The clerk chuckled. “Not short enough for you? I can give you a smaller size but this skirt is supposed to hug your hips. Even with it low,” Linda said as she tugged at the waistline of the skirt, “this is a little short for you. The smaller size is an inch shorter overall, but probably won’t go as low on your hips, so it will seem much shorter.”

“That sounds perfect. Can I try one on?” Leslie answered. If she could squeeze into the smaller size Kimmy would be able to as well. She figured it would be best to bring home the shortest skirt she could find rather than hoping Ms Jennifer will order it shortened. She took off the skirt and waited for the clerk to bring her the smaller one. Moments later, with Leslie standing in the dressing room wearing just the see-through blouse and knee socks with her 6 inch heels, the curtain opened again. Both clerks were there and Linda handed her the skirt. Neither clerk left. Leslie shrugged and stepped into the skirt. She couldn’t have cared less that these two girls watched her change. The alternative was near nudity in the mall itself. She was using time from her required three hours and if the smaller skirt fit, she would be making big problems for little Kimmy.

The skirt was perfect! It was just 8 inches and had three buttons in the front instead of a zipper. She tugged it up high and was able to just barely button the lowest button. The two higher buttons didn’t come close to the buttonholes. The effect was to show a ‘V’ pointing down towards her pussy. It was low enough that lots of pubic hair would be on display if the wearer had any. From the bottom button to the hem was no more than 4 inches! And, the stress on the button was significant. If this button broke away the skirt would drop to the ground.

“Do you have three of these in this size?” Leslie asked. One of the clerks went to get the skirts while Linda had her turn around. She asked her to sit on the bench and to twirl. When Leslie twirled the pleated skirt flared up, revealing every inch of her.

“That is about as revealing as the skirt you wore in here. You must really have a thing for showing yourself off. This outfit shows most everything you have and will certainly attract attention to you!” Linda said.

“I know. It’s just what I was looking for,” she answered. She started to take the outfit off and Linda stopped her.

“How about a picture for Kelly before you change?” Linda asked with a grin. Leslie agreed and posed for the picture. Kelly left the dressing room while Leslie put the revealing skirt and T-shirt she wore into the store back on. She gathered up the schoolgirl outfits and took them to the counter. Linda was talking on her cell phone as she approached.

“Ok, she’s at the register now. I’ll tell her,” Linda said into the phone laughing. She started ringing up the clothes. “Kelly loved the outfit. She told me to tell you they’d all love to see you in it. If you want to expose yourself some more,” Linda said, pointedly looking Leslie over from head to toe, “you can go back down there and model it for her. She’ll let you walk around the store wearing it to see what kind of reaction you get.” Leslie agreed to do this. She still had 45 minutes she had to stay in this mall and walking around half naked in the Gap would be better than roaming the halls half naked. She also figured she could kill half that time walking there and changing.

“I’ll let her know you’re coming. That will be $135 even for the hooker clothes,” Linda said. Leslie gave the girl her parent’s credit card. She would probably get yelled at for this, but it would be worth it to have Kimmy running around in these outfits. She took the bag and headed back to the Gap.

Chapter 50
Leslie was almost in a good mood as she walked back to the gap. She was attracting plenty of attention but it would be over soon. She was pleased with the outfits she bought for Kim. She wasn’t looking forward to walking around the Gap in one of them, but she would only be in the outfit for a half-hour or so, Kimmy would be wearing them a lot! She decided that she was still going to suggest to Jen that the skirts be shortened, even though they were only 8 inches long. If she had to walk around with her pussy hanging out, Kimmy could do it, too. She was almost smiling when she walked into the Gap.

“Bimbo! I loved the picture of you in your little schoolgirl outfit. Go right on back to the dressing room and put it on. How long are you staying for?” Kelly was laughing as she walked along with Leslie. She turned to a coworker and said, “Wait till you see this!”

“I have to leave at 1:00. I can stay till then. The clerk at the other store said you want me to walk around here for a while in my new outfit?” Leslie asked.

“Hmmm, that’s about a half-hour. That should work,” Kelly answered. She stood at the dressing room curtain. Leslie waited a minute and when Kelly showed no sign of leaving she stripped and started dressing in her new outfit. She figured Kelly to be a dyke so she decided to give her a good show. She sat on the bench and grabbed a knee sock. She spread her legs and slowly put a sock on. She found herself enjoying teasing the girl as she slowly did her reverse strip tease. When she was dressed she stood for inspection.

“Very nice whore clothes! That top is so sheer it may as well not even be there! Completely see-though! And that skirt. A size too small, I’d say, and very short! Do you ever wear skirts that cover your ass?” she laughed, pulling Leslie out of the dressing room by the hand. “Let’s let everyone look at you!” There were about people in the store, mostly mall employees on lunch break that Kelly had called.

“Actually, no, I always wear my skirts very short. I’m being blackmailed by a pervert and she insists that I don’t wear anything long enough to cover me fully,” Leslie answered.

“Blackmail? What does this person have on you? And did you say ‘she’? It’s a girl blackmailing you into dressing like this?”

“Yes, it’s a woman. And I’m not telling you what she has on me! Why, do you want to blackmail me, too?” Leslie shot back

“So, she makes you dress like this? You’re almost naked! Would you walk around completely naked if she told you to?”

“Yes, she makes me dress like this and yes, I’d walk around naked if she told me to. Hell, I’m almost naked now anyway.”

Kelly laughed. “You talk like it’s no big deal for you to walk around naked. I don’t believe you’d walk around this store naked no matter what she has on you! I just don’t believe it.”

Leslie thought for a moment and looked at her watch. “Is that what you think? That I wouldn’t get naked in here?” She had 25 minutes left before she could leave the mall. “I’ll tell you what…I’ll hang out in your store completely naked for 10 minutes, then you let me hang out in the dressing room or back room for 15 minutes before I leave. Deal?” Leslie figured she was already mostly naked and she would rather endure 10 minutes of nudity instead of 25 minutes of near-nudity.

“So, what’s the catch? You’re willing to get completely naked and walk around the store? No hiding in the back, you’ll walk where I tell you to go? Even up to the cash registers? I don’t believe you!” Kelly answered.

“No catch but now it’s 9 minutes…I have somewhere else to go. So, do we have a deal? I’ll strip as soon as you say we have a deal,” Leslie said, her tone of voice sounding like a challenge. She knew the girl didn’t understand that she wanted to do this to get out of the view of the general public. The outfit she had on was embarrassing and she intended it to embarrass Kimmy, not her.

Kelly was sure she was bluffing and decided to call her bluff. She took Leslie by the hand and walked her to the front of the store, right in front of the cash register and in view of people in the mall walking by. “Bimbo, we have a deal!” Kelly was expecting Leslie to come up with some technicality and was surprised as Leslie untied her blouse and slipped it off. She tossed it on the counter and unbuttoned the skirt and shimmied out of it. She even took off her knee socks and shoes. She piled everything on the counter.

“There, all naked. At 12:45 I’m going into the dressing room for 15 minutes and then I have to leave. Can we bring put these with my other clothes?” Leslie was acting more confident than she felt. She had underestimated how naked she was going to feel here in the store. There were flashes from camera phones going off all around her. She was painfully aware that the store had security cameras and figured the video from those cameras would probably end up on the Internet just like all the pictures that people were taking. Kelly just looked at her in shock for a minute before gathering up her clothes and heading back to the dressing room.

“I’m dying to know more about you! Between now and 12:45 I’m going to see how many pictures of you I can take, but then I want to talk to you, OK?” Kelly asked.

“Sure, no problem,” Leslie responded. She just wanted to get this over with. Kelly was true to her word and snapped nearly 100 pictures of Leslie in every part of the store. After her time was up, Kelly accompanied her to the dressing room. Leslie started to get dressed but Kelly stopped her.

“Our deal was for you to get naked 10 minutes in the store and 15 minutes here. Your clothes don’t cover you much and I know how you have to sit so why bother dressing? I want to know, what’s it like being naked in public and dressing like you do!” Leslie agreed that she put her clothes down and sat. Kelly looked down at Leslie’s legs and cleared her throat. Leslie knew what she was referring to and opened her legs, blushing once more. She hated these up close and personal displays of her with her legs spread.

“I actually got into this voluntarily, not realizing how bad it was going to be. I thought I would be required to wear really short skirts to clubs and places. I didn’t have the nerve to wear a really short skirt and I never wore a skirt without panties. My friend likes being forced to dress like a slut and expose herself and she gave some blackmail material to another friend who made her run around in short skirts and no underwear. It looked like fun, so I did it, too. I got a little carried away with the blackmail material I gave and I haven’t been decently dressed since,” Leslie explained.

“So, you don’t really like doing this?”

“No, not really. I mean, parts of this are OK, but most of the stuff I have to do is way over the edge. I’ve been naked in public and had my pictures posted on the ‘Net. I have to stay naked all the time at home and I have to keep my legs spread, too. You have no idea what it’s like to have to keep your legs spread all the time!”

“Ouch! I guess I’m part of the problem, then. I’ve made sure you got naked and I’ve taken pictures, and I’ve posted them on the ‘Net. You can’t really blame me, though, can you? If our situations were reversed, wouldn’t you do the same to me?” Kelly asked.

“Oh, I don’t blame you. You’re just doing what you’re supposed to do. And yes, if our positions were reversed, I’d be your worst nightmare,” Leslie said, smiling. “You really don’t know how it feels to have your legs spread, though. You think you do, but you really don’t. Look, you have a nice short skirt on and probably panties, too. Just spread your legs like mine are and leave them that way. The first minute or two is easy but it gets hard fast. Try keeping them open until I leave. And try doing it in the food court! Your skirt is twice as long as mine and you have panties on and you’ll still hate it!”

Kelly blushed slightly and spread her legs widely. Her skirt rode up and her panties were in plain view. Leslie could see a wet spot that was fairly large. She pointedly stared at Kelly’s crotch and Kelly blushed a deep crimson color. She started to close her legs but Leslie reached out and put a hand on her knee. “Keep them open and experience a bit of my life. If you close them now, you won’t know how it feels to have to keep them spread,” Leslie said.

Kelly was very uncomfortable sitting with her legs spread. She was developing a newfound respect for this girl. “Look, I’m sorry about calling you Bimbo. I had no idea you were being forced into this and I had no idea how hard it was to do! Do you forgive me?”

“No problem. I’m Leslie, but you can call me Bimbo. I’m being turned into a bimbo. Look, my time is up and I have to go. You seem excited by all of this. Do you want an introduction to the person blackmailing me? I can arrange it,” Leslie asked.

“Do you mean am I interested in being blackmailed? No way! I’ll admit I masturbated a few times thinking of you and I’ll be doing it again when I get home…or maybe on the way home! If I were to meet this person it would just be so I could hang out and watch you get humiliated and maybe get to do some things to you. Is it terrible for me to feel that way now that we’re becoming friends? Do you think less of me because I still want to see you totally naked and humiliated even after our chat?”

“No, I don’t really. The girl that is being blackmailed with me is a good friend of mine. I was a real bitch to her before I got caught up in this and I’m still being a bitch to her. The schoolgirl outfits are for her. I was sent out to get some clothes for her. And I’m going to suggest to our blackmailer that the skirts get shortened some more…a couple inches maybe. I hated being in that outfit so much that after two minutes I was willing to get naked in public just to get it off. I bought three of them for my friend and she’s probably going to be wearing them a lot. So, how could I blame you for doing to me what I’m doing to my friend?”

“I’m glad you understand! So, you should get dressed. Is there any way I can convince you to wear your new outfit home? It’s a bit more revealing up top but the skirt covers you better than the denim one. And you look so cute in it!” Kelly said. She closed her legs. “Oh, by the way, I see what you mean about having to keep your legs spread. It’s much harder than I expected and we’re here in private. I may try doing it in public to see what that’s like but I’m keeping my panties on!”

“Sorry, but I’m not wearing that horrid schoolgirl outfit home! I know I look like a slut in my jean skirt and T-shirt, but that schoolgirl outfit makes me look like a hooker! My friend Kim is going to hate me forever when she sees them!” Leslie pulled her clothes on and picked up her package. “I enjoyed our talk. I’m guessing I’ll be back at some point. If I do have to come back I don’t expect you to cut me any slack. I won’t hold it against you no matter what you do.” On an impulse, Leslie leaned over and kissed the girl on the cheek. “Oh yeah, if you do decide to spread your legs in public to see what my life is like, I want to hear about it. Bye.”

Kelly laughed. “I’m not promising to do it, but I just might! If I do, I’ll tell you all about it. Listen, um, would you like to go out some time? Just the two of us?” Kelly asked

“I don’t know, Kelly, I don’t know. My blackmailer controls my entire life. I’ll ask her if I can. I have to warn you, though, I dress like this all the time,” Leslie said, pointing to her outfit. “Are you sure you won’t be embarrassed to be seen with me?”

“Well, maybe a little, but not as much as you will be,” Kelly answered with a laugh.

Kelly walked with Leslie through the store. She went to the cash register as Leslie walked out. The other clerk was chuckling. “New girlfriend, Kelly?”

“Hmmm, maybe…you never know.”

Chapter 51
Jen had a productive afternoon. She had made some updates to the girls’ web groups and spent some time in the chat rooms. She met several folks on-line that had given her some advice on the care, feeding, and punishment of her girls. More importantly, Jen was getting deeper and deeper into the BDSM lifestyle. She was aware that she no longer thought of either girl as a friend. She realized that the things she had been doing to Kim, and to a lesser extent Leslie would have a lasting impact on each girl’s life. Posting the girl’s naked pictures along with their real name, for example, would have a permanent impact on the girls and it couldn’t be undone. She found the permanence to be exciting. She was giving some thought to other permanent changes she could make. She had already decided that Kim would never do well in school. In fact, Jen would make sure that Kim’s grades were barely enough to keep her from being tossed out of school. After a while, she’d make sure the girl flunked out. For now, she wanted her in school primarily for the opportunities the school environment provided for humiliation. She was less sure about Leslie’s future. The girl was a virgin. Knowing that a girl never forgets her first time, Jen wanted to make this a thoroughly humiliating event for her. She needed to give that more thought. She was a bit tired so she took a nap. When she woke up both Kim and Leslie were home from their days. She found the girls in the living room. Naturally, they were both naked and sitting with legs spread wide. She briefly wondered if the girls spread their legs when they heard her stirring. She would have to get some cameras installed in here to monitor them.

“Well, isn’t this nice! My two obedient little whores showing themselves off just like they’re supposed to be. I need coffee!” Jen said. Kim jumped up to fetch the coffee for Jen. She had anticipated this need and there was a pot ready and waiting. Kim was hoping that Jen would be impressed, but the clothed woman just took the offered cup without a word. Kim returned to her spot on the floor. Jen giggled. She would never get tired of watching this!

“Ok, let’s hear about your days. Kim, did you give your panties to the boy you like at work? Tell me all about it,” Jen ordered. Kim related the day’s events. Jen listened silently while sipping her coffee until Kim got to the part about wanting to shorten her work skirt. Jen laughed at this, of course. She instructed Kim to fetch both her work skirts. “You may cut 3 inches off each one and then put a half-inch hem on them. There will be time for you to get this done tonight and I will inspect each one before you wear it to work,” Jen said. Kim gulped. She was hoping to shorten one of her skirts by an inch. Jen’s orders would mean both skirts get 3 and a half inches shorter! That would make them too short to cover anything!

“Ms Jennifer, I think I will get fired if I wear my skirts that short, especially without underwear,” Kim said, hoping for a revision to this extreme order.

“You don’t need that silly job, anyway. I think it will be fun to listen to you tell us all about getting canned for showing your booty, don’t you? I suspect it will be pretty embarrassing for you, too. And isn’t that what you want?” Jen teased her.

Now, Leslie, you went to the mall today. Tell me about it.” Jen ordered. Leslie recounted her story in painful detail. She described the time she spent in the Gap totally nude and all the pictures that had been snapped of her. She even told her about Kelly hitting on her and asked permission to see the girl again. She described the outfits she bought in general terms. She decided to take the plunge and told Jen she couldn’t find skirts as short as she wanted them so the three she bought would need to be shortened. Jen smiled and asked her how much shorter they should be.

“Well, Ms Jennifer, the whole idea of a sexy schoolgirl skirt is that it should be very short. Since the skirts will be worn without panties, I think they need to be short enough to show off that there are no panties underneath. Cutting a few inches off them should be perfect,” Leslie answered. Kim was chuckling to herself as she watched Leslie dig herself deeper in a hole. Didn’t she know that Jen was likely to have her shorten these skirts to the point that they were obscene? She cringed at the very thought of wearing a schoolgirl uniform. That was the most humiliating outfit she could imagine. She was surprised that Leslie was willingly setting herself up for this. She knew Leslie would get out of this whole situation if she could yet she was walking right into this massive humiliation.

“Go put one of these outfits on and model it for us. Bring me some pins and we’ll pin the skirt up right now. Later on, you can shorten them while Kimmy is working on her work skirts.”

Leslie jumped up and ran to her bedroom to put on the outfit. Kim was stunned when she came back into the room. The blouse was a joke! Leslie was effectively topless. And the skirt was already tiny. It also appeared too small around the waist. She noticed the three buttons in the front, of course. The skirt was so small that Leslie couldn’t even close the top two buttons. If that skirt were shortened three inches it would reveal everything. That and the blouse would not be clothing, they’d be accessories worn by a naked person. Jen laughed when she saw the girl in the outfit.

“Ok, you can decide how short you want it. Roll up the hem to where you want it and I’ll pin it,” Jen said with a giggle. Leslie ran to a mirror and started pulling up the hem. This was going better than she had hoped and she decided that now was the time to really humiliate Kimmy. She tugged the hem up so her entire pussy was visible. She held it there and returned to Jen. Kim was watching in awe as she saw Jen pin the skirts. Leslie modeled the pinned up skirt. It covered the top quarter of her ass and no more. More importantly, the hem was so high that Leslie’s entire pussy was in clear view. Even hookers don’t dress like this. This outfit was completely revealing. She couldn’t imagine how you could wear this out without getting arrested.

“Ok, let’s do one skirt tonight and see how you like it before we do the other two.”

Leslie was feeling smug at this point. Kimmy was looking at her like she was nuts. She couldn’t wait to see the look on her face change when she found out the outfits were for her! “Ms Jennifer, this would be an excellent outfit for the first day of school!” Leslie said. Kim was suddenly alarmed. Leslie wasn’t going to school! Why would it matter what she wore on the first day of school? Jen dismissed the comment.

“Ok, we have some festivities planned for tonight. You can get out of that outfit now, Bimbo. Kimmy, get me a refill while the other bimbo strips,” Jen ordered. Jen held out her coffee cup and both girls ran to obey their orders. She mentally thanked the girl in the chat room that suggested making the girls run when obeying commands. They just looked so submissive running to obey. It had to be taking a toll on their dignity, too.

“Tonight we’re going to decide who gets to go to each apartment to inform the neighbors that they’re likely to see nude bimbos walking around the building and grounds. One of you will go to each apartment and introduce yourself and explain the situation. I will give you an opportunity to decide who will do that. I’m going to take a shower. When I come back we’ll have a secret ballot. If the vote is unanimous, we’ll have a winner. If there is no unanimous decision, we’ll have a little game of nipple-tug. First person to surrender nine times will do the introductions. I will be back in 15 minutes. Have your vote written down for me.” Jen got up and headed for the bathroom.

“You’re doing this, not me!” Leslie started.

“Why don’t we talk about it? You seem to like being naked in public. You might enjoy this assignment.” Kim countered. She really didn’t want to be knocking on stranger’s doors totally naked to explain that she would be running around the apartment building nude. There were 18 apartments in this building. That meant 17 very awkward introductions!

“Look, bitch, if you don’t want me to pull your nipples right off, you’re going to do this assignment. Or did you like having your nipples yanked last night?” Leslie said with a laugh. Kim, of course, did not like nipple-tug at all. In fact, her nipples were still sore from last night’s game. She couldn’t imagine doing that again. Last night she lost four times in a row. She would have given up after two times. She couldn’t go through nine rounds of this. She didn’t want her nipples touched, much less pulled. She knew she would lose this contest and lose it badly.

“Ok, I don’t want to play that horrible game. You win. I’ll do the introductions,” Kim said, defeated. She took her paper and wrote her ‘vote’ on it. Leslie wrote her vote down and they both folded their papers and put them down.

“So, what do you think of the schoolgirl outfit?” Leslie asked.

“I can’t believe you would do that to yourself! That outfit is worse than being completely naked! Why would you pick that out for yourself? And why did you ask to shorten the skirt so much? Don’t you realize that it didn’t cover anything? What are you going to do when you have to wear that outside? You could get arrested!” Kim didn’t expect answers to her question and didn’t get any. Leslie mumbled something about never knowing how things would turn out.

“So, you made a friend at the Gap? Are you really going to go out with her? Like on a date?” Kim asked. Leslie nodded with a smile. “Wow. I’ve been thinking about sex almost constantly and I’ve thought about sex with another girl. I’m sort of hoping that Jen is going to start having sex with me. I’ve seen her look at me with that ‘look’. I’m anxious to try it. I’ve never been with a girl before. Have you?” Kim was a little surprised by her own confession.

“No, I haven’t done a woman yet. I’m not a slut like you are, though. I’m a virgin and I haven’t even given a blow job. I did give a hand job once, but I was like 13 years old. The girl at the Gap is cute, though, and I’m ready to give her a try.”

“I’m no slut. I’ve had sex twice in my life! And I’ve sucked cock maybe six times. The first few times I didn’t even get the boy to cum. By the way, all six times were with the same guy and he was my boyfriend,” Kim said defensively.

“Yeah, you’re not a slut. You gave your only pair of panties away to a boy and you let everyone look up your skirt. You’re a star on the Internet with all your naked pictures, but you’re no slut,” Leslie laughed. Kim was going to point out that all of this was true for Leslie, too, but Ms Jennifer came back into the room.

“Good, I see the voting is completed! Let’s see who will be the first to meet our neighbors in the nude,” Jen said, laughing as she picked up the two ballots. “Ok, we have one vote for Kim….and one vote for Leslie! I guess we’ll have to go to plan ‘B’. Stand up, bimbos!” Jen was hoping for this outcome. She had gotten really hot watching last night’s competition.

“Wait. I don’t understand! We agreed that I would make the introductions. I don’t want to have my nipples tugged. If Leslie wants to do this, I’ll let her. I’ll go along with whatever she wants so I don’t have to play this game!” Kim was beside herself. She was thinking this was a mistake. When she saw the look on Leslie’s face she realized she had been double-crossed. Leslie was already standing up, waiting for the game to start.

“I ordered a secret ballot to avoid any discussions about this! On your feet, Kimmy. If you’re not standing and ready in 10 seconds I’ll give Leslie a whole minute of free tugging before we start,” Jen said. Kim jumped to her feet and got in position. “Ok, we’re going until one of you has won nine rounds. Remember the rules. No tugging till I say ‘go’. When the pain is too much, you surrender by releasing your opponent’s nipples. The winner gets 3 seconds to let go. You’ll be penalized for any infractions. Each penalty will involve free tugging time for your opponent. There is no surrender. The game continues until one of you has lost nine times. And, Kimmy, I want your heart in this. If you lose without trying, you won’t cum for a week!” Jen said, laughing. “Grab your nipples!”

Each girl grabbed the other’s nipples. Kim cringed at the very touch of Leslie’s hands. Leslie gave her a playful little pinch before they got started. Kim screamed in pain. She couldn’t believe that Jen ignored this!

“Go!” Leslie twisted Kim’s nipples nearly in a full circle and yanked down as hard as she could. Kim screamed and let go of Leslie’s nipples as she fell down to her knees. Leslie held her grip and tugged upward, making Kim scramble to her feet. Leslie was laughing at her. Kim never even got a good tug on her nipples. She could see Kim’s nipples were already swollen. Kim was forcing herself not to grab them with her hands. She did not want to incur a penalty.

“Grab your nipples!” Again the girls grabbed each other’s nipples. Leslie was already digging her nails into Kim’s nipples, causing her extreme pain. Not only was Jen ignoring this, she hesitated a bit before saying go. When she did say ‘go’, Leslie once again twisted Kim’s nipples nearly in a full circle and yanked down hard. This time, as soon as Kim started to fall to her knees, Leslie tugged up sharply, using Kim’s momentum against her. Kim struggled back to an upright position as she let go of Leslie’s nipples. Leslie used her three seconds to tug down sharply, slamming Kim to her knees again. She was crying when she got up.

“Kim, you better put your heart into this or else,” Jen said. “Grab your nipples!” Jen knew Leslie was cheating but she let it go. Leslie was methodically trying to damage Kim’s nipples and she found it fascinating. “Go!”

Leslie changed her approach a bit. She decided to try and work Kim’s nipples as much as she could. She rolled them between her tightly closed fingers and thumbs. As she felt Kim’s pressure on her on nipples lighten up, she would lighten up, trying to prevent Kim from letting go. She could feel the blood throbbing in Kim’s nipples. The third round lasted almost two minutes. When she sensed that Kim was about to let go, she yanked her nipples up hard, bringing the crying, screaming Kim up on her toes. Kim let go and Leslie stepped back, tugging Kim forward and down. Kim fell forward and Leslie let her body weight yank her nipples through her tightly clenched fingers. Kim couldn’t stand the pain and her hands flew to her damaged nipples.

“Penalty! Ten seconds of free tugging.” Jen declared. The very instant Kim’s hands came free of her nipples, Leslie was twisting them and tugging hard. She pulled Kim towards her as she backed up. After several steps, she tugged down violently and Kim fell hard. Leslie immediately grabbed her nipples and tried to pull her back into a standing position. She had her to her knees when Jen called time.

Chapter 52
The rest of the game proceeded along these lines. All three girls knew who would win this event before it started. Kim hated every minute of it. Leslie accomplished her objective of maximizing the pain in Kim’s nipples. Not only was she going after the girl’s nipples, she was trying to make the entire tit hurt, too. She would stretch them from her body with every round. Worse, she would pull Kim by her nipples into an awkward position and then yank down, causing the poor girl to crash down to the floor on her knees. She was already setting up victory for the next game. Her plan was to inflict as much pain as possible and she didn’t care if it was the girl’s nipples, knees, or anywhere else. She wanted Kim afraid to play this game. She hoped Jen used this method of deciding issues frequently.

Jen was fascinated at the cruelty Leslie showed to her friend. Leslie’s actions were cruel and she was definitely trying to inflict damage. She was amazed at how Leslie manipulated the girl and ended each round with Kim falling awkwardly onto the floor. She was sure Kim’s knees were hurting. Judging by how swollen Kim’s nipples were, she had succeeded. Jen knew this would have some type of effect on the relationship between the two girls. She was curious to see how this played out. The immediate results would be a very naked Kimmy knocking on each neighbor’s door, totally naked, and telling a very embarrassing tale. She hoped that over the longer term Kim would develop a cruel streak of her own. For now, though, it seemed that Kim would never win one of these contests. Jen resolved to hold these contests frequently. She knew Kim’s nipples would be sore for days after tonight’s play and that it wouldn’t be fair to her to make her do this again any time soon. Well, fairness wasn’t one of her strong points. The only way she could see how far Leslie would go with her cruelty would be to give her frequent chances.

The girls sat on the floor waiting for their next orders. Leslie looked like the cat that just swallowed the canary. Kim was a mess. She was crying softly. Her tits were red and her nipples were bruised and her knees were red. She was sweating and just looked miserable. It wasn’t just the pain. She had been so horny and now she wouldn’t be having an orgasm for a week. She hadn’t gone a week without an orgasm since she learned how to masturbate. Maybe a little frustration would put some fight into her.

“Ok, Leslie, you get to cum tonight. As soon as all your chores are done you can fire up the camera. Kimmy, when you’re done for the night you can ice those titties down for a bit. No touching yourself anywhere else, though. Now, you both have some skirts to shorten and nobody is cumming or going to bed until they’ve completed their cock-sucking practice. You’re both going to do that now and I’m going to put a little video of it on each of your web groups. Won’t that be fun?” Jen said with a laugh.

Both girls ran to get their dildos. Jen noticed that Kim was moving a little slower. She wondered just how much her knees hurt. She had landed on them pretty hard during the little nipple-tug contest. Oh well, she’ll get over it.

Both girls were embarrassed to be filmed while sucking their plastic cocks. Kim was able to get more than half of the dildo in her mouth and was making progress. She was working hard, gagging herself repeatedly on the large plastic penis. Leslie, on the other hand, could get very little of the large cock in her mouth and was not really working hard on improving things. She would gently push the thing into her mouth and quickly withdraw as soon as her gag reflex kicked in. Jen laughed at the contrast. Kim was literally raping her mouth with her dildo and Leslie looked like she was enjoying a lollipop.

Kim took a little breather to compose herself. She got up on her knees and took her dildo in both hands. She licked and kissed the length of it as if it were a real cock. What followed next was a very erotic simulation of a real blow job. She slowly took the dildo as far as she could into her mouth, bobbing her head on it. Then, she started banging the thing into her mouth just like a guy nearing orgasm would. She was gagging and retching but she kept pounding the dildo into her face with both hands. She increased the speed and depth and Jen thought she was going to choke herself. She had tears streaming down her face and she was starting to turn a little green. Both girls were staring at her in amazement. As she reached the end of her hour she went for broke and literally forced the dildo into her throat. She had taken nearly all of it into her mouth. Her final half dozen thrusts had gotten the dildo into her throat and about 90 percent of the dildo was in her. She gave one last push and pulled the dildo out. She leaned over gagging repeatedly for a minute or two and then took her dildo and gently licked and sucked the head of it, finishing her blow job just like she would if it were a real penis she had been sucking. Looking up at the clock, she collapsed in a heap.

Kim was sure she would puke from all the gagging she had been doing. She didn’t care. She was determined to get this dildo completely in her mouth. She knew that this plastic cock was bigger than 99 percent of the men she would ever encounter. She was anxious to pass this test and earn the right to suck Jeff’s cock. She kept thinking about Jeff and how he’d enjoy being deep-throated. She looked up to see Jen smiling and applauding her. Leslie went back to her practice. She had been at it for an hour and made no real progress. Kim had finished hers for the day and was just about done hemming her skirt for work tomorrow. She was anxious to get through so she could put some ice on her damaged nipples.

Leslie was up till about 1:00 AM. The other girls had long since gone to bed when she finished her cock-sucking practice, hemmed her skirt, and gave herself three long luxurious orgasms. She was getting used to the camera and once she started going, she didn’t give it much thought. She wondered what Kelly would think if she was on line and watching.

The following morning Kim woke with at her regular time. Her throat was raw from the pounding she had given it with the dildo last night.. She was dreading the day. She wasn’t ready for more practice with the dildo just yet, even though she was anxious to get to the point where she could do the simulated blow job Jen had ordered. She put coffee on and sat in the living room having a cup and thinking about the day ahead. She put her work outfit by the door and got her dildo out for her morning practice. She had hoped for some privacy this morning but it wasn’t to be. Jen joined her just as she was finishing her coffee and watched as Kim got on her knees and started licking the dildo. Kim resolved to think of Jeff and his cock as she did her practice. In no time, she was bobbing up and down on the dildo. She was surprised to see that she could get more than half of it into her mouth without gagging. By the end of her hour she had nearly gotten all of it into her mouth, though she had gagged and retched each time. Jen was amused by the sight of Kim working so hard and laughed openly at the girl. Kim was totally humiliated by this and annoyed when she realized that the humiliation was making her horny. Jen enjoyed a second cup of coffee while Kim finished her hour of practice.

Leslie was still sleeping as Kim showered and dressed in her work clothes. Her skirt was obscenely short. It didn’t reveal her pussy while she was standing, but it didn’t fully cover it, either. She was going to be completely exposed while she was on her knees weeding flowerbeds. She felt sure she would be fired today for showing up in this outfit. She remembered that she had promised Jeff she would show off as much as possible. This was going to be an embarrassing day. Jen approved of the skirt length. She lifted the skirt up in the back and tucked the hem into the waist band. She gave Kim a sharp swat on her ass and sent her out the door.

Leslie woke a bit later. She poured coffee and hit the shower. She came out of the bathroom about 45 minutes later with her makeup done and her hair done. “So, what’s the plan for today,” she asked.

“Well, first you’re going to put your hair into pigtails, then you’re going to put on one of your new schoolgirl outfits, with the skirt you shortened last night, then you’re going job hunting,” Jen answered.

“But, I bought the schoolgirl outfits for Kimmy!” Leslie exclaimed.

Jen laughed. “Actually, no, you didn’t. I knew you’d pick out the most humiliating outfit you could imagine if you thought it was for her. So, I guess I lied to you,” Jen said, laughing hysterically. “Anyway, they’re your outfits and the schoolgirl look is going to be your look for now. At least until you get a job,” Jen explained. “Now go fix your hair and get dressed. Leslie complied while Jen had another cup of coffee. A little while later Leslie appeared with her hair in pigtails and the extremely revealing outfit on.

“Wow! You have a skirt and blouse on but you’re naked! You are completely exposed!” Jen laughed.

Leslie was blushing deeply. She hated the schoolgirl look and she had selected this outfit and hemmed this skirt for maximum exposure and humiliation for Kim. The blouse covered nothing and the skirt was a four-inch band of red plaid between her waist and pussy. She was, in fact, naked. “How am I supposed to get a job wearing this? What job, besides hooker, can I do in this outfit?” Leslie asked. She was desperate to get out of wearing this outfit.

“Well, for now, I’m not expecting you to get any offers. I’m expecting you to get lots of rejections, though. In fact, you’re going to the Salem Business Park and you’re going to spend the day going from business to business asking to fill out applications. You should be able to hit a lot of companies because you’re probably going to get tossed out of a lot of places as soon as you walk in. Some places will let you fill out an application, though. Remember to keep your legs open when you sit down. Oh there are a couple more accessories you’ll need. Wait here.” Jen said.

She returned with four little chain bracelets. Each bracelet had a few of the bells that Leslie had purchased earlier in the week. She also had a pair of huge, gaudy hoop earrings. There were two bells attached to each hoop. “Put one on each wrist and ankle, sweetie and here’s some earrings for you,” Jen laughed. Leslie put the bracelets and earrings on, thinking this couldn’t get any worse. “Ok, let’s see how you sound. Go get my purse for me, would you?” Jen ordered. Leslie walked to the kitchen to get Jen’s purse. She was mortified. The bells were not subtle and people were going to hear her coming from a good distance. She saw herself in a mirror and cringed when she saw the hoop earrings hanging down almost to her shoulder. The bells jingled with every movement of her head. How was she going to get through this? She returned with Jen’s purse,

Jen searched around in her purse, retrieving a pack of bubblegum. “You need to be chewing two pieces of this gum at all times. And, you have to blow a bubble every couple of minutes, all day long,” Jen said, laughing.

Ms Jennifer, don’t you think this is a bit much?” Leslie asked. Not only would every bit of her body be on display, she was going to look totally ridiculous. Even with a real blouse and a skirt to her knees, she would be embarrassed to death with the bells and the gum and her hair in pigtails. At this point, she didn’t know if that stuff was worse than the nudity.

“Not at all, sweetie, not at all,” Jen answered. “Are you a little embarrassed by your appearance?” Leslie nodded. “Well, just think how you’ll feel when you’re walking into professional office buildings like this! Everyone you meet will be professionally dressed which will make your outfit seem even more out of place,” she laughed. “I’ll admit that this isn’t the look you’d wear if you really want a job, but if the goal is to have you come home with a smaller ego, you’re dressed perfectly!” Jen said. “A few days of this and I’ll let you apply for work at some places where you might actually get a job. Now, we just need to fix your makeup and you’ll be ready to go. You need tons more eye makeup. Lots of blue eye shadow would really help this look. And, load up on the lipstick, too, sweetie. Make sure you get some on your teeth, too,” Jen said laughing at the girl.

Leslie put the makeup on as instructed. She looked like a whore. She wanted to cry. The bells jingled continuously. She returned to the living room for her final inspection. “Um, let’s see the whole effect. Put some gum in your mouth,” Jen said, smirking at her. Leslie put two pieces of gum in her mouth and started chewing. “Close, but chew with your mouth open. Now, blow a bubble.” Leslie began chewing the gum with her mouth open. She struggled with this final indignity. She blew a bubble and Jen laughed hysterically when it popped. “Perfect!” she exclaimed, laughing. “Now, I want you going from office to office. You should be able to get to the first place by 11:00 and I want you to keep at it until 4:00. Keep a list of the companies you visit.” She tucked the back of Leslie’s skirt into her waistband and gave her a sharp swat on the ass as she sent her out the door.

Chapter 53

With the girls out of the house, Jen sat down and reflected on the current situation. She had sent both girls out of the house with their asses on display. It was a simple thing, done on a whim. She hadn’t stopped to think about how she would have felt if someone did this to her. She couldn’t imagine ever being in such a situation to begin with, but she was sure she would be mortified at this. Neither girl complained about it, though. Of course, this was really only the tip of the iceberg as far as the day’s humiliation for both girls. Kim’s day would be embarrassing. Leslie’s day would be downright humiliating. In about a week, she had changed each girl so much that neither one felt they had the right to cover their ass. And they were right! She had gotten so caught up in this whole thing that she was losing her perspective on reality. She decided to take a step back and try to look at this objectively. She decided to think about how she’d feel if she were a victim of her blackmailing like the two girls were.

First, she looked at each girl’s web group. This wasn’t a lark. This was serious humiliation. She had used each girl’s real name and identified the city they lived in. She had posted tons of naked pictures. Not just naked pictures, explicit pictures with faces clearly visible and legs widely spread. Those pictures would never go away. She had no way of knowing, but she was certain that they had been re-posted in many places. She realized that she had underestimated the humiliation that these sites could bring to the girls. She resolved to correct that in the future. She decided that each girl would visit her web group daily. The groups were humiliating enough on their own but the girl’s would appreciate the humiliation more if she rubbed their noses in it on a regular basis. She also decided that each girl would post a daily journal on her group. The journal would contain very personal information. She jotted a note to herself to have the girls work on this.

She thought about Kim’s day. She left the house in a very short skirt! She was sweet on her supervisor and, being the little tart she was, wanted to have sex with him in the worst way. She was sure that Kim was thinking of this guy when she was jamming her plastic dildo in her throat. She had thoughts about turning Kim into the whore she wanted to be. On the other hand, she found herself aroused by Kim and also had thoughts of keeping her for herself. She was hoping Kim would get fired for showing up in that tiny skirt. She wanted the girl home more and they didn’t need the money she was making from that job. She decided right then that Kim would be fired soon. If she didn’t get fired today, she just might make her go to work naked tomorrow. That would certainly get her fired, she thought with a laugh.

Jen wondered if she was turning into a lesbian. She thought about why she was so attracted to Kim. It had to be the vulnerability she showed. Jen thought about how rough Leslie had been with her during nipple-tug. It made her hot to see that girl suffer. Leslie had worked her over good and Kim was showing no signs of retaliating. Kim’s nipples were bruised this morning and still swollen. Her knees were black and blue, too. She knew the girl’s nipples had to be very sore. She decided the girl’s would play the nipple-tug game again just as soon as she thought of something to play for that Kim would absolutely hate to lose. She didn’t care about it being unfair to make Kim play the game with already damaged nipples. In fact, the idea added to her excitement.

Jen’s thoughts turned to Leslie. Leslie was going to have a totally degrading day. She obviously hated the schoolgirl look. The thought of her spending the day totally exposed and wearing the schoolgirl outfit was making her very horny. She knew Leslie didn’t get into humiliation like Kim did. That might be why she enjoyed humiliating her so much. Leslie never took anything seriously and it had gotten her into a whole bunch of trouble. Jen was glad that she had said those nasty things to her mother in her original tape. Leslie might well have let her mother see her naked video to get out of her current predicament if it weren’t for the attack on her mother that she recorded. Looking at the clock she realized that Leslie would be walking into an office right about now, tits and pussy well displayed, to apply for a job. She had no chance of getting past the receptionist at any company she visited but there would be a number of receptionists today talking about her to their friends. The thought made her laugh. She thought about Leslie’s request to see the girl from the Gap. It was a little ironic that Leslie acknowledged her bi-sexuality and Kim didn’t. If Jen wanted to sleep with Leslie it could be accomplished very easily. Leslie didn’t interest her the way Kim did, though.

Jen decided that Leslie would wear the hated schoolgirl outfits exclusively. She would need a top that wasn’t totally see-though for certain occasions, but for the most part, she would be wearing it with the transparent top. Jen looked at the 8-inch plaid skirts. She decided that she would not have Leslie cut these skirts. An 8-inch skirt was plenty short enough to let the world know what kind of girl you are. The one Leslie had on could get her arrested. She had cut three inches off of that one. With a half-inch for the new hem, that skirt was less than 5 inches from waist to hem and so short it revealed her entire pussy. There was no reason that skirt couldn’t be shortened, though, she thought with a laugh. She decided that Leslie would cut another inch or two off the skirt she was wearing and make it the world’s shortest skirt. Just because it was already too short to cover her didn’t mean it couldn’t be more embarrassing to wear. It would be good to have a super short skirt to threaten her with. In order for her to believe the threat, Leslie would have to be made to wear it in public. This would make a great outfit for her first date with the girl from the Gap, she thought with a laugh. Actually, she thought, it would be perfect for job hunting, too.

Thinking about all of this made Jen horny. It was so much fun to have this power over these bimbos. Eventually, she would probably cut Leslie loose. She would keep her for a while, though. She loved the thought of being able to decide how Leslie would lose her virginity. And, she also was intent on getting Leslie to be one of the best known girls on the Internet. She knew that she was going to leave a lasting impression on this bimbo before she tossed her aside.

Jen thought that she would keep Kim forever and eventually Kim would be her only bimbo. For now, though, there were two other bimbos that could pose some fun. There was Carrie, of course. The girls would be on the street to photograph her entrance to her little party Saturday night. It would be fun to see her in her little bunny outfit. Pictures of this would not be enough to get her sucked in like Kim or Leslie, but they might be good enough to make her do some embarrassing things. At the very least, she could set a new standard for skirt lengths at the college. The girl seemed like a closet slut and would probably enjoy that anyway.

The other bimbo she wanted to meet was Robin. Robin was a slut she encountered on Kim’s web group. Robin was a submissive and her mistress liked to have her perform in public places. Robin tended bar at a joint in town. Jen had exchanged e-mails with Robin’s mistress and learned that the girl got naked in just about every conceivable place. Robin apparently dressed in very revealing outfits behind the bar. Jen was interested in seeing if she wore less than Kim and Leslie. She planned on taking the girls there Friday night. Kim and Leslie would be wearing matching schoolgirl outfits and Leslie would be in her newly shortened skirt. Robin’s mistress promised a horrible punishment for Robin if either one of Jen’s girls were wearing a skirt shorter than Robin. Jen was sure Robin wouldn’t be wearing anything less than a seven or eight-inch skirt. Leslie’s would be about half that length.

Jen got dressed and did some errands. Just for fun, and to get an idea of what her girls live through on a daily basis, she put on a crop top and a short skirt. Of course, at 14 inches her mini-skirt was longer than anything she let her girls wear. In fact, her shortest skirt was nearly twice as long as either girl’s longest one. Of course, they were sluts and she wasn’t. Her first stop was the mall. She wanted to get a look at the bimbo that Leslie wanted to hook up with at the Gap. She stopped in and saw a very pretty young woman approach her. The girl’s nametag identified her as Kelly.

“I have a question for you, if you don’t mind,” Jen asked Kelly. Kelly nodded and Jen continued. “A friend of mine said she saw a girl walking around here completely naked. I think she’s crazy. Anyway, I bet her that nobody here would back her story up. Have you had a completely naked woman walking around the store lately?” Jen asked.

“Oh! I hope you didn’t bet anything valuable because you lose! The broad’s name is Leslie and she’s been in here a few times. She did get completely naked the last time she was in, but she might as well have been naked every time she comes in. She wears the shortest skirts you’ve ever seen and doesn’t seem to believe in underwear. When I say short, I mean really short!” Kelly lifted her skirt to reveal about half her panties. “Like this, only without the underwear,” she said with a laugh. “The broad doesn’t even have pubic hair. She really shows herself off. We’ve had tons of fun with her. She claims she’s being blackmailed or something and has to dress like a ‘ho. She’s been great for business, too. When she sits she spreads her legs as far apart as she can get them. We put her in a chair facing the mall and business picked right up,” Kelly said with a laugh. “I still have pictures of her on my phone. Want to see?”

Jen laughed. “Yes, I’d love to see the pictures!” Kelly handed Jen her phone and Jen scrolled through about 20 pictures of a very naked Leslie. “Wow! You should put these on the Internet,” Jen said with a laugh.

“Oh, we did. Those pictures and a whole lot more. She’s a star now! I called a bunch of friends that work at the mall and everyone was taking her pictures. I personally know of six people that posted her pictures and there has to be a couple hundred of her on line at least!” Kelly said with a laugh. “I’m hoping she’s going to come in again. She said she’d call me but I don’t know if I really believe her. Heck, I don’t know if I believe her blackmail story, either. All I know is she is cute, dresses like a complete ‘ho, and will get naked just about anywhere. She’s either crazy or she is being blackmailed. Either way, she looks like a lot of fun!”

“Jen smiled. Her name is Leslie Harrison and she lives right here in Salem. I’m pretty sure you’re going to see her again. In fact, I can guarantee it,” Jen said with a grin. “Oh yeah, here’s my e-mail address. As soon as I see her, I’ll be telling her she needs to obey you. She’s a virgin and she’s not allowed to have any sex with men. Other than that, anything goes. And I do mean anything!” Jen handed her a piece of paper with her e-mail address on it and walked out, leaving Kelly with her jaw hanging open.

On her way home, she stopped at the adult store and bought a strap to hold a dildo. Kim was becoming very good at swallowing the practice dildo and she thought it might be fun to put some realism into her blow job practice. She got home and took a nap. She was looking forward to hearing the girl’s reports on their day.

Chapter 54
Leslie was a wreck as she drove her car to the office park. She couldn’t do this! Not only did her outfit reveal everything, she looked like a whore. She had way too much makeup on and the schoolgirl outfit made her look like a hooker. This outfit was going to attract so much attention and the damn bells were so loud. She was trying her best not to cry. She had so much makeup on and a few tears would make her look even more ridiculous. She mentally reviewed the tape she knew would go to her mom if she refused this. She thought about just going home and letting Jen send the fvcking tape. She just couldn’t do that, though. Her mom may get over seeing her naked and announcing she was a slut, but she would never get over the hateful things Leslie had said on the tape. She was stuck and that bitch Jen knew it and was taking full advantage of it.

She parked her car in the back of the office park and dashed into a door without being seen. She wondered if anyone heard her. The bells seemed deafening to her and every little movement set them off. She ducked into the ladies room just off the lobby. As soon as she got inside she saw her image in the mirror. This was too much and she started to cry. She quickly grabbed some toilet paper and blotted her eyes, desperately trying to keep the tears from ruining all the makeup she wore. She studied her image in the mirror. Her top was, of course, transparent. Her tits were completely displayed. The red plaid skirt was so short. The two top buttons were opened causing the skirt to form a little arrow pointing down at her pussy. At just 5 inches, this skirt’s hem stopped about a half-inch above her slit and her pussy was completely uncovered. From her pussy to her knees was nothing but exposed flesh. The horrible white knee socks with the high-heeled shoes looked ridiculous. She looked like a hooker. No, she looked like a stupid hooker. She turned around to see the rear view. She cringed at the sound of the bells and saw most of her naked ass on display. She cried for several minutes before pulling herself together to start this awful assignment. Finally, she took a deep breath and left the ladies room.

The building had eight floors. Leslie rode the elevator to the top. She would be in this building humiliating her self for hours but she wanted to be as close to the exit as possible when she was done. She would be out the door the very minute her sentence was up. She had been lucky so far and nobody had seen her yet. The elevator stopped on floor eight. Leslie demurely clasped her hands together in front of her crotch and tried to cover her exposed breasts with her arms. She walked into the first company she found off the elevator. She opened the door and quickly covered up again. She was just a step or two inside the door when the sound of her bells got the receptionist’s attention. The young woman watched with fascination as Leslie approached, not believing what she was seeing.

“Excuse me. I, um, I…I would, um, I would like…I um, would like to apply for a, um, job,” Leslie stammered, totally humiliated. The receptionist just stared at her for a minute. Leslie wanted to die right on the spot. Eventually, the receptionist smiled at her.

“You’re kidding right? In that outfit? Is this some kind of a joke?” The receptionist was openly laughing at her. “That skirt looks awful short on you. I hope you have clean underwear on! I can see you’re not wearing a bra and from the look of your butt, you can only have a thong under there,” she said. Leslie turned her head and saw that her entire backside was reflected in the large glass double door she walked through. Naturally, this caused the bells on her earrings to jingle. She would have blushed some more if it were possible.

“What’s up with the bells, anyway?” the receptionist asked. Leslie was speechless and just stood there dumbly. “This is not an escort agency, young lady, this is an engineering firm. If you thought that outfit was going to make someone want to hire you, you’re very mistaken,” she lectured Leslie. “Now, you obviously are trying to show yourself off, so why don’t you put your hands at your sides and show yourself before you go,” she said with a smirk. The last thing she wanted to do was move her hands and show this condescending receptionist her bare puss.

“Well, if you have no openings I should go,” Leslie said.

“Sorry, we don’t hire hookers here, so you could say we have no openings. Thanks for stopping in, though. I’ll have a good story to tell at lunch,” she said. Leslie turned and walked towards the door. She heard the receptionist’s laughter over the sound of her bells ringing. She saw the girl staring at her in the reflection of the door. She also saw her reflection in the door and cringed at how out-of-place she looked in this office. And how naked she looked! She had to remove her hands to pull the door open. The laughter coming behind her let her know that the receptionist had seen that she was not wearing panties. She was mortified.

Leslie didn’t want to go to the next company down the hall but she didn’t want to walk the length of the hall to the ladies room, either. With a sigh, she entered the next office door. The receptionist looked up and smiled as she saw and heard Leslie enter the room.

“Oh my God! You have GOT to be kidding me?” the receptionist said, laughing. Leslie was still walking toward the desk, hands clasped in front of her, bells jingling away. “Can I help you, miss?” she said, smirking.

“Yes, ma’am, I’d like to apply for a job, please,” Leslie said. She was blushing deeply and the receptionist’s obvious amusement was really adding to her humiliation.

“You’re kidding, right? Are you on a dare or something? Did you lose a bet?” Leslie shook her head and silently pleaded with the girl with her eyes. “OK, I’ll play along. Whatever it is, you probably can’t say, anyway. I’ve heard of girls doing these outrageous dares. That’s what it is, isn’t it?”

“No, ma’am, I’d like to apply for a job, please,” Leslie repeated.

“I’m only a few years older than you, so you can stop calling me ‘ma’am’. Oh wait, that’s part of what you’re doing here, isn’t it? Part of your instructions?” Leslie was mortified and didn’t know how to answer the receptionist. She expected to be thrown out just like she was at the last place. Obviously, that wasn’t going to happen. She realized she didn’t even know the name of this company. She had been so intent on getting out of the hallway she never even looked at the name on the door.

“Well, whatever it is, I’ll play along. We’ll have a little fun with you. Are you supposed to be covering up like that? I can’t imagine you would be dared to wear that tiny skirt and see-through top and ruin the effect by covering up. Let’s see what you’re hiding,” the receptionist said. Leslie knew she was right. She imagined herself telling Ms Jen about this later and getting in lots of trouble for covering up. Reluctantly she moved her hand to her sides.

“Oh my! That’s quite an outfit you’re almost wearing! This must be some whopper of a bet. Have a seat over there and I’ll see if someone will see you.” Leslie sat in a chair in the lobby. She was determined not to earn any more punishment from Jen, so she obeyed her open-leg rule, sitting with her knees about a foot apart. She saw her reflection in the glass doors and cringed at the sight. The receptionist was staring at her. Thankfully, the chair wasn’t facing her desk. She was humiliated enough without pointing her naked pussy at the woman. The receptionist picked up the phone.

“Hi Joe, its Betty from the front desk. There’s a young woman here who would like to speak to you about a job. …Oh, I think you’re going to want to see this young lady…No, I don’t think she’ll mind waiting a few minutes…OK, one more thing…yeah, did I mention that she’s wearing a schoolgirl outfit…Trust me, you won’t want to miss this…well, let’s put it this way, I’ll bet you lunch you haven’t seen a skirt this short in your entire life…um, I’ll check,” Leslie was mortified listening to this conversation. “Sweetie, can you wait about 10 minutes?” Leslie nodded, setting the bells in her enormous earrings off again.

“Joe, she can wait but let’s not keep her waiting too long. She’ll be here with bells on! It’s hard to explain, Joe. She’s dressed, but she’s also very naked. You’ll have to see it to believe it. OK.” The receptionist turned to Leslie. “He’ll be out in a few minutes. Aren’t you just dying of embarrassment? You might as well be naked in that outfit!” Leslie just nodded her head. She wished she could actually die of embarrassment. “Um, I couldn’t notice that you’re sitting in a, um, unladylike manner. Is that part of your instructions, too?” she asked. Leslie nodded again. “Well, whatever you got yourself into, somebody sure did a number on you,” she chuckled.

Chapter 55
Leslie had to wait nearly 10 minutes for Joe to come out to meet with her. Her mind was screaming at her. She wanted desperately to close her legs. She wanted desperately to leave. She wanted to run away and put on underwear, jeans, and a big sweatshirt. She wanted to do anything besides sitting here so exposed like this. Finally, a middle-aged man came into the reception area. He started to walk over to her and did a double take when he saw her outfit. Leslie jumped up, jingling all her bells. She wasn’t being polite, she wanted to get up before this guy came in front of her and saw between her spread legs.
“Hi, I’m Joe. I run this place. And you are?” Joe was not sure how to react with this virtually naked girl with the heavy makeup and bells. “Let’s go back to my office,” Joe said, watching the barely dressed Leslie stand up. He held the door for her and admired her ass as she walked through. He ushered her into his office and pointed to a chair. Leslie felt herself blushing even more, if that was possible. When she sat down, she was going to be facing this guy. She bit her lip and sat, opening her legs as required and feeling totally mortified.
“I have to say, that is a very interesting outfit you picked for job hunting. I can honestly say I’ve never seen an applicant wear less. What kind of work are you hoping to get?”

Leslie hadn’t thought about this. She had no idea how to answer this question. She had been so focused on her appearance that she never anticipated an actual job interview. “Um, anything you think I’m suited for would be OK with me,” she blurted out.
“Well, we do have an opening for a file clerk. I’m sure you could handle the work. I’m afraid it doesn’t pay much. We usually give the position to a college student with an interest in law. The low pay is offset by the opportunity to see a law office in action. I don’t see you as the lawyer type, though. Are you planning to attend college?” Joe asked.

“I wasn’t planning on it, sir. I really don’t know what I’m going to do with my future but I do need a job,” Leslie answered. Suddenly she realized that Jen now had much more control over her future then she did.

“Well, I do need to fill the position and there haven’t been any other applicants. You will have to do something about the way you dress, however. The position involves working in the back office and I’m sure my partner wouldn’t care if you worked completely naked. Hell, I don’t care if you work completely naked, either. Betty might have an issue
with it, though. I’ll have to check with her. You cannot, however, come and go dressed like you are today. We’re a respectable operation here and we can’t have client’s seeing you dressed like this,”

Joe said. Leslie was stunned. He seemed to be offering her a job! She didn’t like the discussion about her working naked but she would love to have a job and be safe from Jen during the day at least.

“Tell me, why are you wearing the bells? I should think that outfit would attract enough attention without the bells,” Joe asked. Leslie didn’t know how to answer the question and she paused to think.
“Well, no matter. It’s none of my business why you came here dressed like this or why you have the bells on. You’ll be doing menial work…filing, making coffee and things like that. Having the bells on will be helpful. It will make sure we know where you
are all the time. So, consider wearing those bells a part of your job duties. Do you plan on always dressing like you are today when you come to work?”
“Um, I don’t really know, sir,” Leslie stammered.
She didn’t know how to tell her future boss that she no longer chose her own clothing.
“Look young lady, I’ve been around. I’m guessing you’re into some sort of dominance & submission game and your boyfriend is making you do this. I don't care about that. You don’t need to tell me and I don’t want to know. All I want to know is that you understand that you will be decent when you arrive and when you depart or are in the reception area.
Back in the offices, your outfits won’t be an issue whatever they are. So, tell me, what do you think you’ll be wearing here?” Joe pressed.
“Um, I’m pretty sure…um, I will be in skirts and blouses. The skirts will be short, though I hope not as short as this one,” Leslie answered.
“So, someone else decides what you will wear. I thought so. You must tell this person that I expect you to be decently clothed when you arrive and when you leave. We’re not prudes here and you’re free to wear very short skirts, but don’t come through that door ever again with your pussy or tits showing. Are we clear?” Leslie nodded, humiliated. “Good. Now, I can’t help but notice that you don’t sit in a very ladylike fashion. Is that another thing we’ll be dealing with while you’re working here?”
Oh God! Leslie couldn’t believe this conversation! Her boss was asking her if she was going to be sitting with her legs spread at work! And she cringed when she heard herself answer. “Sir, that is a rule that I have to follow. I can see if it can be changed, though.” She couldn’t believe she had admitted this.
“No need, Leslie. You may have to work the phones from time to time but there is a modesty panel on the front desk. You shouldn’t ever have a reason to sit in any other chair in reception area, and even in the conference room, the table will cover you, so we can accommodate your rule. You are fortunate that we’re not expecting clients today, though.”

“Thank you, sir,” Leslie answered. Once again she was struck by the realization that she was arranging employment that was not going to change her new lifestyle. She didn’t want to be working naked or sitting with her legs spread here but it was much better than having Jen drag her places naked. She would find a way to deal with this.
“Ok, let’s get you back out to reception.” Joe picked up the phone. “Betty, we need to get an application and tax forms done for Leslie. Also, she has some rather unique job requirements regarding attire and comportment. I’m ok with what she wants and I’m sure Mike will be, too. She’ll explain them to you. If you’re at all uncomfortable with them,
let me know. Also, I need you to write up a quick employment agreement. Yeah, the standard one is fine with a few additions. First, I’m sure you noticed she’s wearing bells. Yeah, her employment is conditional on wearing the bells to work. Next, given her attire, I want her agreement to state that she will be dressed legally while arriving, departing, and in public areas of the office. Yeah, you heard right,” he chuckled. “Last, she needs to
acknowledge that any nudity on her part is voluntary. That should do it. I’ll send her out and she can do the paperwork before she goes home,” he said.
Joe hung up the phone and turned to Leslie. “You can start Monday. It’s minimum wage but you will get vacation, health insurance and all the other standard benefits. You need to be here at 8:30. Betty will show you around. Oh damn!” Joe picked up the phone again. “Betty, one more thing with our applicant. She’s going to be all over the film from the security cameras. Have her sign a model release, too, please. OK, thanks. She’ll be out shortly.” Turning back to Leslie, Joe said, “Betty will be putting together your paperwork. Explain your clothing situation to her and also make sure she understands your rule about sitting. I don’t think it will bother her, but we need to check. And, since we aren’t expecting clients today, you can fill all the paperwork out in the reception area. You can even sit like you’re supposed to out there. Any questions?”
Leslie was thoroughly humiliated by this job interview. She dreaded going out and explaining all this stuff to Betty. Still, she was hopeful that Ms Jennifer would cut her a break and she could have a normal job. Well, normal except for the bells. If that was the worst thing that came from this, she could deal. “No, sir. Thank you, sir,” Leslie answered. She got up and headed back to the reception area.
“Well, well, well, the naked girl gets a job! Congratulations!” Betty said. She placed a stack of papers on her desk. “Pull a chair up and we’ll get started. I’m dying to hear about your unique job requirements,” she said with a laugh.
The discussion with Betty was the most thoroughly degrading thing Leslie ever went through. Betty was very amused by all this and had a superior, condescending attitude just like Ms Jen. She felt like a naughty little girl as she explained that another person controlled her clothing and that she might be indecent at times while at work. She
mentioned that it was possible that she would be nude at times. Worst though, was sitting there facing this girl with her short little skirt and her legs open explaining that she always had to sit this way. She was silently cursing Jen for this humiliating rule. Betty laughed openly at her several times during the discussion. She set Leslie to work filling out the tax forms, insurance forms, and all the other paperwork needed to put her on the payroll. While Leslie was filling out all the forms, Betty went back to work.
As Leslie finished up, Betty handed her a sealed envelope. “I want you to give this to the person who controls your clothing choices. Do not open it. If I found out you’ve read it I’ll make sure you get fired. I’m going to love having you run around here barely dressed. I hope you have to work naked all the time. Nobody here knows that I will enjoy it. All I have to do is say it offends me and you’re out of here, so be nice to me, sweetie,” Betty said. Terrific, Leslie thought, another person who wants to take advantage of me.
Leslie left the office with her envelope and a promise to be on time Monday. She had been there for over three hours. She stopped into the ladies room and realized that her time was just about up for this humiliating assignment. She spent 15 minutes in the ladies room and walked out to her car right at 4:00, having followed Ms Jennifer’s instructions to the letter. She saw Betty from the law firm step into the parking lot for a smoke and was suddenly very grateful that she wasn’t required to drive home naked. She had had quite enough embarrassment in front of Betty for one day!

Chapter 56
Kim was eagerly anticipating her day. She had maneuvered herself into a very exciting position. She was wearing a skirt just as short as could be without revealing her pussy. She had promised to show herself off to her team members at work. She had almost accomplished getting the plastic dildo all the way into her throat and we sure that Ms Jennifer would let her have sex soon. She was so horny that she was literally dripping wet. Her nipples ached but that was pleasant, too, giving her a constant feeling that was only increasing her arousal. She was really looking forward to a very embarrassing day. She was required to do all this stuff, so she could act the total slut without guilt feelings. She had been fantasizing about being gang-banged by the entire crew on the drive over. She even resolved not to wipe the moisture from her crotch all day. She was reveling in the humiliation of it all, which was making her very horny.
Jeff noticed her shorter skirt right away. “Wow! I like it. I don’t think that could get any shorter!” Kim smiled. “You mean this?” she said, hiking her skirt up to her waist and showing Jeff, and about 10 other people her pussy. Jeff laughed. “I told you I’d show you everything whenever I could, didn’t I?” she asked.
“Yeah, you did. I’m still not sure how you flashing me is going to be a substitute for having sex, but it’s fun to watch,” Jeff answered. “I promise I’ll get that situation resolved as quickly as I can. I’m really not a tease, you know. I don’t know any other way to prove it to you!”
“Hmmm, you could prove your serious about it like this,” Jeff said. He took her skirt and tucked the front hem into her waistband, revealing her pubic area and most of her pussy.
“I’m surprised you didn’t just take it off!” Kim said, making no move to adjust her skirt.
“Would you let me do that?” Jeff asked, incredulously.
“I don’t know, what do you think?” Kim asked. She turned around with her butt facing Jeff. “Zipper is in the back, stud,” she said teasingly. As she did this she noticed the boss and several other crews coming out of the office. She quickly spun out of Jeff’s reach and pulled her skirt down. She figured Jeff would understand that she couldn’t lose her skirt right here. Jeff called to the crew and they piled into the truck to head to their first job.
Once there, Jeff took Kim to the back yard and pointed out her tasks for the day. “We were about to take your skirt off before, remember? Let’s have it.” Jeff demanded. Kim wasn’t sure about working at this house without a skirt on.

“Jeff, this top doesn’t come close to covering me up. What if someone comes out of the house?”
“See, you are a tease! Nobody’s home. You said you’d show me everything you had to prove you’re not a tease and now you won’t do it!”
“No, Jeff, I will! Anything you want. I just don’t want to get in trouble.” Kim said. She was very worried that Jeff would hate her now.
“Well, what I want is all your clothes. Give them over or just admit you’re a tease,” Jeff demanded. His tone of voice was very different than Kim had ever heard before. Reluctantly she stripped and handed him her clothes. She was enjoying the embarrassment of her enforced nudity but was terrified that someone would catch her. How would she ever explain this if someone saw her? Jeff took the clothes and walked out to the front yard, leaving Kim naked and no way to cover up. He returned at 10:00, the usual break time. He had the other crewmembers with him. Kim noticed right away that he wasn’t carrying her clothes. Kim sat naked through the break. It was obvious that everyone on the crew knew what was going on because no one person asked her why she was naked. At the end of break the crew went back to work. Jeff stayed behind.
“Ok, little miss tease, here’s what we’re going to do. Sometime between now and lunch, you’re going to blow me. If you don’t I’m going to cut your clothes into little pieces. When you’re ready, you just come out front and ask each person on the crew if they’ve
seen me. Make sure they all know why you’re looking for me. Got it, tease?” Jeff said. Kim was scared because it was obvious that Jeff was angry.

“Jeff, I told you, I can’t have sex. Please don’t do this.”
“Look, I don’t know what the hell is going on, but I do know that you’re physically capable of getting on your knees right now and sucking me off. You keep giving me this crap about not being able to. Well, if you don’t blow me before lunch, you won’t ever be
wearing those clothes again. And every guy on the crew is going to swear that you stripped and cut your own clothes up. Got it?” Jeff stormed away.
Kim didn’t do any work the rest of the morning. She knew there was no way she was going to disobey Jen on this. What Jen would do to her would be far worse than being seen naked, even if it was by all the people in the company. Jen wanted her fired, anyway. She was sure that Jen would laugh her ass off if she knew what was going on. And, the idea of having her clothes cut up was making her unbearably horny. She was a little sad that Jeff was doing this. She had really been looking forward to hooking up with him. That was before she knew what a jerk he could be. She decided what to do and marched around the front of the house completely naked.
“Look, Jeff, I am not blowing you or anyone else today! If you’re going to cut my clothes up, just do it. Otherwise give them back to me.” Kim figured calling his bluff would be her best option.

“Whatever you say, bitch!” Jeff went to the truck and fetched Kim’s clothes. Right in front of her he cut them to shreds. Kim was surprised. Jeff then got on the two-way radio and called the boss.

“Boss, I have a situation here. That crazy broad you put on my crew flipped out. She told me she was going to get me in trouble and she took her clothes off and cut them to shreds….yes, she’s standing here buck naked right now. She’s gonna try and blame this
on me. OK, thanks, boss.” Jeff put the radio down and looked at Kim. “He’s coming out to get you. I think you’re probably fired, tease.”
Jeff thought Kim would be freaking out by all this. Kim was thrilled by all this, though. She was naked and now had no clothes with her. She was going to be seen naked by who knows how many people! This was going to be so humiliating and when it was done, she
wouldn’t have to do this awful landscaping work anymore. Her biggest problem was trying to resist the overpowering urge to masturbate herself right there in some rich family’s front yard.
About 15 minutes later he boss, with two other men, pulled into the driveway. They hustled Kim into the car. She laughed to herself as they took off down the road without giving her any covering at all. It’s not like they didn’t know she was naked when they left the office. The boss fired her on the drive back to the office, of course. He told her that he would mail her last check. She swore at him and called him a pervert. When they got back to the office she jumped out of the car and went right to her car and drove home without ever getting anything to cover up with. She left a very large wet spot on the seat of her car.
Jen was home when Kim arrived. She laughed hysterically at the story Kim told her. When Kim told her the whole thing had made her hornier than she had ever been in her life, Jen even let her masturbate. Of course, she did this on camera for the Internet to watch. Kim spent nearly 45 minutes on camera fingering herself to 6 desperately needed
orgasms. She was just getting out of the shower when Leslie came home.
Kim and Leslie sat on the floor in front of Jen while Leslie described her job hunting and the incredible luck of finding a job dressed the way she had been. Between Kim’s story and Leslie’s story, Jen laughed so hard her sides split. She couldn’t stop laughing when she read the documents that Leslie had to sign for her job. She especially liked the part about being able to make Leslie dress any way she wanted to as long as she was decent for coming and going. She figured the girl could go to work naked as long as she wore a coat for her walk through the reception area. She nearly peed herself when she saw that
Leslie’s new boss made wearing bells a condition of employment. Life was going to change once again for the two bimbos.
Jen told the two girls they were going out to a bar that evening. She sent them to get ready. Since Kim was already showered, Jen assigned her the task of taking another 2 inches off the skirt Leslie wore for job hunting. This turned the skirt into a red plaid
belt. There was no point at all in wearing it. Jen dressed Kim in one of the schoolgirl outfits. She dressed Leslie the same way, but Leslie was given the now three-inch skirt. This skirt hem stopped fully three inches above Leslie’s pussy. It did nothing but draw attention to the bottomless girl.
“Ms Jennifer, I can’t wear this skirt out of the house! It’s too short!” Leslie pleaded.
“It’s ok, Leslie, I understand. You don’t have to wear it out of the house. Take it off and give it to me,” Jen answered. Leslie took the skirt off and stood there in a see-through blouse, knee socks and shoes.
“Ok, any more requests? No? I didn’t think so,” Jen laughed. She marched the girls out to the car. Kim’s skirt was a decent length. Short enough to draw attention but long enough to cover the important stuff. Leslie didn’t wear a skirt but when she got to put hers on it wouldn’t be much better. Jen looked dignified in jeans and a sweat shirt.

Chapter 57

Jen drove to a bar downtown. She had Leslie sit in the back and Kim sat up front holding Leslie’s skirt. Jen leaned over and whispered some instructions in Kim’s ear. Kim giggled and nodded. She spread Leslie’s skirt out on her lap and started picking at the thread holding the lowest button on with her fingernails. Leslie was preoccupied with thoughts of what was going to happen and didn’t notice. The girl feared that she was going to be Jen’s primary target tonight. Jen parked the car and they all got out. Jen ordered Kim to give Leslie her skirt, which Leslie put on in a hurry. She noticed the lowest button was loose. This was the only button that held the skirt up! She gave Kim a very dirty look but said nothing. She was more concerned about still being naked even though she had a skirt and blouse on.

The girls walked into the Raft. The Raft was a small pub in the downtown area. A small bar with about 20 bar stools and 20 tables with a pinball machine and a pool table, the Raft had a small but regular crowd. All eyes were on the trio as they walked in. Jen was dressed casually in jeans and a T-shirt. Kim and Leslie wore matching schoolgirl outfits. Kim felt self-conscious with her transparent blouse, tiny skirt that was just long enough to cover her in front and left her lower butt exposed, and her white knee socks and heels. She felt like everyone was staring at her and wondered how Leslie felt. Leslie was dressed identically with one exception,. Leslie’s little plaid skirt was dramatically shorter than hers and covered nothing. Kim looked around and blushed as she saw people were pointing at them and obviously talking about them. She was still angry with her friend Leslie and found herself hoping she was going to be the target of Jen’s attention this evening. She was fully aware that Leslie had intended her to be the one virtually naked in the ridiculously short skirt. Jen led them to three empty seats at the bar.

The bartender was a young woman. She was wearing a vest which looked about 3 sizes too big for her. Her name tag identified her as Robin. Most of her tits were in plain view under her vest. Below, she wore a spandex skirt which very short. Kim had worn outfits as revealing as Robin had on but never without coercion. Jen ordered drinks for all three of them. After a casual inspection of the girl’s fake ID’s Robin delivered three cocktails.

“That was quite an entrance, ladies. Are you two supposed to be twins?” Robin asked.

Jen paid for the drinks and laughed. “I can see these two sluts aren’t the only ones that like to show off. A friend of mine told me about this place and I can see she wasn’t lying to me.” Kim and Leslie squirmed uncomfortably.

To Jen’s left sat a couple. The young woman was dressed casually like Jen. Her middle-aged date was wearing a worn T-shirt and gray sweat pants. His sweat pants were bulging at the front and there was a large wet spot which Jen correctly guessed was pre-cum. The woman was casually rubbing the man’s crotch. “Hi, I’m Lora and this is Les. Nice outfits!” Fist time here?” the woman asked.

Jen made introductions and told Lora it was their first time. She told her that a friend had told her about the bar and that it was their first time in. All three girls had lived in Salem all of their lives and never knew the place was here.

“Well, you picked a great night to come in. There’s a little Friday night tradition that you’ll enjoy. At about 9:00 Robin will be kicking out all the non-regulars and locking the doors. I’ll vouch for you so you can stay.” The whole time she was talking she was rubbing Les’ crotch. He was fully erect and she was working on his erection methodically. She wasn’t making any effort to hide what she was doing and nobody in the bar seemed to think it was strange. Jen looked at Les. He was obviously uncomfortable but the look on his face wasn’t one of embarrassment.

“So, what goes on at 9:00?” Jen asked.

“Well, once the doors are locked, Robin will be peeling off her little outfit and entertaining everyone,” Lora answered with a laugh. “Judging by the way your friends are dressed, I’m sure the guys here are thinking they’re going to be part of the entertainment, too.”

“So, what’s she going to do, dance naked on the bar or something? I might have my girls join in that entertainment,” Jen answered.

“Well, she might do a little dance on the bar but the entertainment is going to be a bit more hard core than that. Robin is a slave. Her mistress lives far away but gives her orders by e-mail and chat and she follows them. She always dresses like a slut behind the bar but she’s a pleaser not a teaser, if you catch my meaning,” Lora said with a laugh,

“You mean she’s going to have sex with someone in here after she closes the bar?” Jen asked.

“Um, close. You’re right about the sex part. It’s more than just having sex with someone, though. Every Friday night she makes herself available to everyone in the bar. All of these guys and some of the women in here will do her. Some of them more than once. Well, all of these guys here except my boy Les. He never gets to fvck Robin, do you sweetie?” Lora answered. She emphasized her question to Les with a couple of firm strokes to Les’s cock. Les squirmed and blushed.

Jen laughed. All three girls were staring at Les and watching Lora manipulate him with great interest. “So, what’s his story?” Jen asked.

“Well, Robin’s been doing her Friday night gang-bangs here for about two months. Les never gets to participate, though. He just gets to watch. When Robin’s clothes come off, though, so do his,” she laughed. “If you really want to humiliate a man, you need to do it in front of other men,” Lora explained. “Isn’t that right, Les?” Les nodded, knowing better than to really answer this question.

“Les, these girls are curious about you. Let’s fill them in, shall we?” Lora said. She had been massaging his cock non-stop since the girls arrived. She pulled the front of his sweats down and tucked the waistband under his balls, completely exposing his cock. Les was wearing a vivid pink cock ring and his erection was dripping with pre-cum.

“When is the last time you had sex with a woman, Les?” Lora asked with a wink to the girls.

“August first, 1998, ma’am,” Les answered with a deep blush. His hips were moving in time with Lora’s manipulation and he seemed to be right on the verge of cumming.

“Let’s be clear, Les, that’s about seven years, right?” Lora asked. Les blushed and nodded. “When is the last time you had a blow job, Les?” she asked.

“That would be sometime in 1980, ma’am,” Les answered.

Lora laughed. “So, no blow jobs for about 25 years and no sex for seven years. Is that right?” The girls were laughing openly at him now. He nodded his head in agreement. “So, how do you cum?” she asked.

“I masturbate when given permission, ma’am,” Les answered. Jen was fascinated to see this middle-aged man calling this young woman, easily young enough to be his daughter, ma’am and accepting her teasing treatment of him.

“And when was the last time you were given permission to masturbate, Les?” Lora asked.

“April 3rd, ma’am,” he answered. All the girls started giggling. People sitting at the bar that overheard this exchange were also laughing now.

“So, you haven’t had an orgasm for, what, five months?” Lora asked.

“Five months, seven days and 12 hours, ma’am,” Les answered. His precise answer to this question brought another round of laughter from the girls.

“And do you want an orgasm, Les?” Lora asked. She had picked up the pace of her stroking and Les was clearly working to hold back from cumming.

“Yes, ma’am, very much!” he answered.

“Do you think tonight’s your night, boy?” Lora asked, teasingly.

“No, ma’am, I don’t think it’s likely,” Les answered, deeply embarrassed at being ridiculed like this in front of the 3 girls.

Turning to Jen Lora explained, “I got Les from my older sister. She met him when she was in college. He is usually locked in a very tight little cock-cage that prevents erection and doesn’t let him touch himself. He only gets unlocked for teasing. Sometimes I do it, sometimes I just have him do it himself. He hates that!” Lora said with a laugh. “Take over for me, will you, pet?” She let go of his cock and he obediently started to masturbate himself. He was obviously humiliated.

“My sister let him cum every month or so. I think they were together for 4 years. I’ve had him now for 3 years. I’m not nearly as generous with the orgasms. It’s been about 5 months for him and I’m working on extending his time between ejaculations even longer. I drain his pre-cum, or have him do it a few times a day by teasing him. It’s terribly frustrating for him but at least it keeps his nuts from exploding,” she laughed.

“So, what’s in it for him?” Jen asked, fascinated by the middle-aged guy openly stroking himself in the bar and looking like he could explode any second.

“Well, he gets to buy me things. He knows he’ll never get to cum if I’m not happy so he works very hard to make me happy. He’s a submissive and years ago he was really into orgasm denial. I think he’d agree that we’ve gone a bit beyond his original fantasy, though. Haven’t we, Les?” Les nodded.

“So, what kind of things does he buy you?” Jen asked, very interested in this whole situation.

“Oh, just about everything I want. He’s got a great job. He makes a couple hundred thousand a year and I’m his biggest expense!” Lora was beaming as she said this. “Did you see that neat little red BMW in the parking lot? It’s a gift from Les. He drives the 15 year old Chevy parked next to it,” she laughed.

Chapter 58

The girls chatted some more. Lora was very curious about Kim and Leslie’s outfits. Leslie filled Lora in on the story as the girls blushed.

“So, this one here…um, Leslie?…she seems to be getting the worst of it tonight. I mean, both girls might as well be topless, but Kim’s skirt covers her and she’s sitting modestly. Leslie’s virtually naked and I can’t believe she wants to be sitting with her legs open like that!”

“No, she hates that. She made that outfit herself. She thought she was making it for Kim, though,” Jen laughed. “And, she always sits like that. I’m sure she would love to have her knees touch but they won’t.”

“Well, she certainly has Les’ full attention!” All the girls laughed at this. Les was looking pretty pathetic at the moment.

“Think one of your girls would like to take over for Les? We can make it fun for everyone!” Lora asked.

“Sure. Since he seems to like Leslie, let’s let her stroke him a bit,’ Jen answered, giggling.

“Um, let’s fix Les up a bit first.” She took a small bottle of hand lotion out and poured some into her hand. She stroked Les and got his cock covered in the lotion. “Leslie, give me your hand.” Leslie obediently held out her hand and Lora squirted some lotion in it. She took a salt shaker off the bar and poured a bunch of salt into her palm. Les watched this in horror. The salt was a terrible irritant. Lora had spent hours practicing this and could make it hurt without rubbing the skin right off his cock. This girl Leslie had no idea what she was doing.

“Um, Leslie, the salt I poured in your hand is going to make our little wanker feel like you’re jerking him off with sandpaper. Be gentle, ok?”

Robin watched this from behind the bar and started laughing. “Les, you poor bastard. I just love it when you get salted. Let’s say we close up a few minutes early tonight!”

Leslie stood in front of Les and began stroking his cock. She had given a few handjobs to boyfriends in school, but she was tentative. Les was grateful. Lora had shown him how painful a handful of salt could be on a couple of occasions.

Robin went around hustling the few non-regulars out of the bar and locked the door. Once the door was locked Robin stripped naked and stood in the center of the bar. “Ok, people, most of you have been here before. There’s a $10 cover charge to stay. I’ll be around to collect. Exact change is appreciated. Now, let’s go through the rules. First, we have a dozen guys here so be considerate of others. Let’s not waste time with foreplay. Do your thing then get off me and let the next in line have his turn. OK? Anything you want is OK. No anal without a condom. And if you’re taking pictures, make sure you have the permission of anyone in the picture with me.” She looked at Jen. “Are your two whores entertaining tonight?”

Jen shook her head. “We’ll see how this goes. For now, they’re going to watch. They both agree to having pictures taken, though.”

“Ok, that’s fine,” Robin answered and walked from table to table collecting the cover charge from each person. Some men were stripping off and others were getting cameras out. Robin walked to the center of the bar and was instantly bent over a table, being taken from behind. Another man walked in front of her and stuck his cock in her mouth. Lora and Jen continued talking and Leslie continued tormenting Les with her handjob.

“Time for you to undress, too, Les. You can leave your undies on, though,” Lora said, chuckling. Les peeled of his sweats and stood there wearing a pink bra, pink garter and stockings. Standing there in women’s lingerie with a raging erection was quite humiliating. Some of the people waiting to get a crack at Robin snickered at him.

“Kim, I have an idea. Get your clothes off,” Jen said. Kim obeyed and soon was naked. “You always wanted to be a whore, here’s your chance.” Jen took a marker out of her bag and wrote, “Hand Jobs – $1.00 – No Tipping” on Kim’s chest. “Up on the bar, girl and spread those legs,” Jen laughed.

Lora and Jen laughed and took pictures. It only took a minute or two before Kim was giving her first hand job for money. She had a line in front of her for the next hour or so and had a small but growing stack of dollar bills next to her.

Kim was thoroughly humiliated by this experience. None of the guys she stroked were interested in cumming in her hand. She was being used to get them ready for their turn with Robin. While Kim was giving her hand jobs she watched Robin with a mixture of disgust and envy. Robin was on her back on a bar table servicing two guys at the same time with a third waiting his turn. She so wanted to be Robin at that moment. Imagining all these guys getting to use her was making her squirm. She realized that Robin was a true slut, though, and not doing it for the humiliation of it all. That girl just liked having lots of sex. She’s just a whore, Kim thought. Looking at the small stack of dollar bills on the bar next to her made her realize she was a whore now, too.

This scene went on for several hours. Robin did, in fact, take on all comers. Kim ended up with almost 20 dollar-bills, a tired hand, and the most intense sexual frustration she had ever felt. Leslie spent the entire 3 hours tormenting Les, who was on the verge of losing his mind and was no longer capable of coherent speech. She had milked a surprising amount of pre-cum from him and his cock was an angry red. He was quite sore.

Throughout the evening, Jen and Lora were the only two in the bar that remained decently dressed. The two had talked and laughed the night away. Jen had changed the memory card in her camera twice and had taken over a hundred pictures. She had about a dozen of Robin providing her intimate entertainment and the rest were of her two bimbos. She also had some of Les. At one point Leslie had almost stroked him over the edge and Jen got an adorable picture of him struggling to keep himself together. She couldn’t wait to post the pictures.

One by one, the men left the bar and soon it was just Lora, Les, Jen and her girls, and a well used Robin. Robin dressed and Jen allowed Kim to dress. Lora got a wet towel and some ice from behind the bar. She cleaned up Les’ cock and then had him stick it in the bowl of ice. After a few minutes she wiped him down and locked him into a very small leather cock cage. Poor Les now had his abused cock compressed to about 2 inches.

“Well, we should be going, I guess,” Jen announced. Jen, Lora, and Robin all exchanged contact information. As they were leaving Robin commented on how much she liked Leslie’s outfit.

“You really like it? I’m sure Leslie wouldn’t mind giving it to you. They’re pretty cheap and easy to make. Leslie, you wouldn’t mind giving Robin your outfit, would you” Jen asked.

Leslie hated this outfit that covered nothing and would be thrilled to get rid of it. “I could drop it off tomorrow, Ms Jennifer,” she replied.

“Well, that would be terribly inconvenient for you! Give it to her now.” Robin and Lora burst into laughter as Leslie obediently stripped and handed her outfit to Robin.

“Well, it’s been fun and we’ll definitely do this again! Nice meeting you all.” Jen announced. With that, Jen, Kim, with her $1 Blow Job writing very visible on her chest under her transparent blouse, and Leslie, wearing only her heels, left the bar.

Chapter 59

The girls walked to the car without encountering anyone. Jen had Kim strip off the skirt and blouse at the car and her clothes went into the trunk. Kim was more self-conscious about the writing on her chest than her nudity. Jen stretched out in the back seat and had Kim drive.

“So, did you two whores enjoy your night?” she asked.

“I’m not a whore, Ms Jennifer! Kimmy was the only one getting paid tonight,” Leslie answered.

“Not true, sweetie. That guy you spent all night jerking off paid your bar tab. You actually made more than Kimmy and you only jerked one guy off!” Jen laughed.

The girls arrived at the apartment and walked naked from the car. Jen smiled at the thought of the girls doing this once school started and the apartment building was fully occupied.

“Ok, whores, off to bed. We had fun tonight but being naked in that bar was not much of a challenge. Tomorrow we go back to the real world. Kimmy, when you get up, I want you to iron one of your denim skirts and a T-shirt. Leslie, your assignment is to cut a schoolgirl skirt to a suitable length. I want it just as short as you’re willing to wear it. If I decide it’s not short enough, I’ll cut 3 inches off it, so don’t be too conservative. Make sure you have a see-through blouse ironed. I want coffee when I wake up and I want you both showered and made up and ready to dress before I get out of bed. Go!” Both girls started up the stairs without a word. As they reached the top Jen yelled, “And don’t even think about touching those twats tonight!”

“Yes, Ms Jennifer,” the girls said in unison, bringing laughter from Jen.

The girls were ready for bed quickly. It was one of the benefits of living naked. They talked about the events of the evening.

“That guy Les was a trip, huh?” Leslie asked. “I felt dirty stroking his cock like that! He spent the entire night looking at my pussy. What kind of a guy would willingly put himself in that position? Still, it was fun teasing him. My hand is sore from rubbing all that salt into him. I bet his little dick is hurting something awful right now,” she laughed.

“Les is weird all right but I couldn’t believe that slut Robin! Imagine letting the whole bar do her like that. That was hot!” Kim said.

“You whore! You spent all night jerking dicks for dollars and all you can think about is whoring yourself out like that skanky bartender!” Leslie laughed. I should have known you were thinking about being the one getting fvcked by all those guys!”

“I’m so horny after tonight!” Kim announced.

“So, rub one off. Jen will never know,” Leslie said.

“If she found out there’s no telling what she’d do! You heard her tell us not to touch our twats!”

“So, how’s she going to find out? She’s probably busy fingering herself right now. Just cause she doesn’t let us cum, doesn’t mean she isn’t cumming. You’re horny? Rub one off!” Leslie encouraged.

“I don’t know…do you promise not to tell?” Kim asked. She was desperate to come.

“Who me? Why would I tell on you? I don’t care if you come, it’s that perverted bitch you got us hooked up with that cares, not me,” Leslie answered.

“Hey! I didn’t hook you up with her. You got into this all by yourself. If you remember, you started this whole thing by helping her make me look like an idiot!” Kim’s hand slipped between her legs.

“Yeah, I know. She likes you, you know. You’ll be licking her pussy before long,” Leslie teased.

“I know she’s started thinking about that. I don’t know how I feel about that. It seems gross but on the other hand...when she kissed me the other night I got so wet!” I think I’d do her. It’s not like I’m getting it any other way.”

Leslie laughed. “You think you’d do her? Haven’t you noticed that you do everything she tells you to? Don’t you see how out of control this has gotten? You set yourself up because you wanted her to make you wear your skirts too short and look what she’s done. You wanted people to get a peek up your skirt now and then and suddenly you’re naked all over town and all over the Internet. You just stripped naked in a bar and jerked off a dozen strangers because she told you to and you think it’s somehow your choice whether you’d do her? You really are a bimbo!”

Kim had been rubbing herself furiously during Leslie’s little talk. She cried out softly as she had a desperately needed orgasm. She immediately felt relief and guilt for disobeying Jen’s order.

“Have a nice come, sweetie?” Leslie teased. “I hope so! You are in so much trouble, girl!”

“Trouble? How will I be in trouble? I’m all done and you’ve promised not to tell her. She’ll never know.”

“Did I promise not to tell? You must have misunderstood me, sweetie. I’ll make you a deal, though. You tell her what you did first thing in the morning and I won’t have to tell her. You’re screwed either way but if I tell her I’m liable to exaggerate a little,” Leslie laughed.

Kim was terrified. Leslie had set her up and she fell for it. Jen was going to kill her! Or worse! And she would have to tell her first thing in the morning so Leslie wouldn’t make her problem worse.

Leslie went to the bathroom and discreetly masturbated to several orgasms. She couldn’t stop laughing at Kim. Kim had to be the stupidest bimbo in the world. Morning coffee was going to be fun. She couldn’t wait to watch that cow tell Jen she fingered herself without permission. She crawled into bed and drifted off to sleep listening to Kim cry herself to sleep.

Kim was awake most of the night worrying about how she was going to tell Jen she disobeyed her. She knew her punishment would be horrible. Worse than the punishment was the knowledge that she had disappointed Jen. Even after all the awful things Jen had done to her; no, because of all the awful things Jen had done to her, she felt compelled to please her. The sun was just coming up when she finally drifted off to sleep. It was less than an hour later when a gloating Jen woke her up to get started.

“Come on, cow, we have to be showered and made up and have our clothes ironed before her highness wakes up. I want everything to be perfect for your little confession!” Leslie laughed as she pantomimed rubbing her crotch.

“Leslie, please don’t call me a cow! It’s insulting,” Kim said.

“If I were you I’d be more worried about what Ms Jennifer is going to do to your ass then whether or not I call you a cow,” Jen laughed. “Tell you what, though, if you get on your hands and knees and moo like a cow for me for 5 minutes I might rethink having to tell Jen how you disobeyed her and got yourself off last night.”

“Really, you would do that? And all I have to do is act like a cow for 5 minutes?” Kim was so worried about the punishment she was going to get for having an orgasm that she was willing to accept almost any alternative, even this very humiliating one. Leslie nodded and Kim swallowed her pride and got on her hands and knees and started mooing like a cow. Leslie was laughing at Kim’s imitation of a cow as she did her assigned chores. An idea started forming in her head. By the time Kim had completed her 5 minutes of cow-imitating, Leslie had finished cutting and ironing her schoolgirl skirt.

“It’s been 5 minutes, Leslie. So, you won’t tell on me now, right?” Kim asked.

“Well, cow, you’re getting there. This is working, it really is. However, I underestimated how much time it would take to convince me. Maybe if you imitated a cow while I shower I’ll be convinced.” Leslie didn’t think Kim would be stupid enough to fall for this, but incredibly she got back down on her hands and knees.

“Now, whenever I stick my head out of the shower, I want to hear you, Ok? If you’re not mooing I’ll know your heart isn’t in this,” Leslie said, trying not to laugh in Kim’s face. She went off to the shower chuckling every time she heard Kim moo.

Fifteen minutes later Leslie was showered and Kim was still crawling around mooing like a cow. Leslie had to force herself to be serious as she told Kim she still wasn’t quite convinced but if Kim continued her cow imitation while she did her hair and make-up, that would certainly do it. Amazingly, Kim agreed and kept up her ridiculous behavior while Leslie finished getting ready. Finally, Leslie came out of the bathroom, made up, hair in pigtails, skirt and blouse ready and neatly ironed. Kim had been crawling around and mooing for nearly an hour!

“Well, sweetie, I have to say I’m almost convinced. I’ll tell you what. Just another 10 minutes and I’ll know you really did your best to behave like a cow,” Leslie told Kim. Kim groaned. She desperately wanted to avoid her punishment so she reluctantly agreed. Leslie left her to her mooing while she went to make coffee. She poured a cup for Jen and went into her bedroom to deliver it. Jen was awake and smiled when she saw the freshly scrubbed and made-up Leslie. She threw a robe on and headed for the bathroom. As she walked down the hall she heard Kim mooing. Curious, she walked in the room to see Kim crawling on the floor.

“What the hell is going on in here?” Jen asked. Kim was speechless. How could she possibly explain what she was doing?

“You were supposed to be all showered and made up and finished ironing your clothes for the day when I got up. Instead, you’ve done nothing and you’re mooing like a cow? I want an explanation now!” Jen was more curious than angry. She knew something was up. She could tell that Kim was deeply humiliated and she wanted to know what this was all about. Kim, unfortunately, was speechless. This was just too embarrassing for her and she couldn’t bring herself to answer Jen’s questions. Leslie watched Kim squirm for a few minutes and then volunteered some information.

“Kim was up quite late last night masturbating. I told her that she really should confess to you that she had disobeyed your order and somehow she got the idea that acting like a cow would be penance for her. She’s been doing this for an hour and a half now. I’m afraid she hasn’t done her ironing yet and you can see that she hasn’t showered or done her hair or make-up, either. I tried to tell her she was probably going to get punished for this but she just kept imitating a cow.” Leslie had a smug smile on her face. She had convinced this stupid bimbo to waste her morning mooing rather than doing her assigned chores and the bimbo didn’t figure it out.

Kim was horrified as she realized the trouble she was in. Jen was amused but tried to appear angry to rattle Kim. She didn’t know what had happened yet but it was clear that Leslie had taken advantage of Kim again. She gave Kim an angry look and her acting was so good that Kim nearly wet herself. She started to explain but Jen cut her off with a curt “Shut up!”

Jen turned to Leslie. “Get dressed. I have an errand for you. Now!” Turning back to Kim she said, “You’re going to get showered and made-up and you’re going to iron your clothes and you had better be quick about it. Do not get off your knees for any reason. And since you like to moo like a cow, you will continue to moo. Loudly! I want to hear you all over the apartment. Now, move, cow!” Jen stormed out of the room.

Leslie was chuckling as she finished dressing in her schoolgirl outfit. She knew Kim wanted to say something to her but she couldn’t talk and moo at the same time. She was mooing loudly, which made Leslie laugh hysterically. “Hey cow, nice job!” Leslie laughed.

Leslie put her newly shortened schoolgirl skirt and see-through blouse on. The extremely revealing outfit sobered her mood somewhat. It was still mid-morning on a Saturday and she was going to attract a lot of attention in this outfit. She hoped Jen would be happy with the length of the skirt. She couldn’t cut any more off it without showing her pussy lips and it didn’t fully cover her rear. She looked in the mirror and hated what she saw. The blouse might as well stay in the closet for all it covered. She hoped she wouldn’t get arrested but she knew she was going to be embarrassed. She went down stairs.

Jen inspected her outfit. It was a surreal inspection with Jen eyeing her skirt critically, making sure enough skin was showing, all the while Kim could be heard mooing in the background. Jen was laughing. “I don’t know what you said to her to make her pretend she’s a cow, but let’s go with it. Run down to the craft store and buy a cowbell. She’ll be wearing it for the rest of the day. Then, swing by the mall and see if your friend is working at the Gap. Find out how she likes your outfit. You can tell her you have my permission to date her but I’m still going to choose your outfits,” Jen instructed her. “Tell her you hope she likes the schoolgirl look! When you’re done, get back here so we can give Kimmy the cow her new bell.”

“Yes, Ms Jennifer,” Leslie answered. She was relieved that there were no additional embarrassing instructions for her. Both girls stood silently for a moment listening to Kim humiliate herself with her loud imitation of a cow. “So, you’re not mad at me for this?” Leslie asked.

“Not at all sweetie. All you did was take advantage of Kim’s stupidity. When you think of it, that’s what I’m doing, too. How could I be mad at you for that?” Jen answered.

“Wow, I thought you’d be pissed! So does this mean I can screw with her head and you won’t get mad?” Leslie asked.

“Kim is required to follow my rules. So are you. If you convince her to break a rule, she is still responsible for breaking that rule. Same goes for you if you let her convince you to do something stupid. Got it?”

Leslie laughed. “Fat chance of that cow convincing me of anything. I never realized what a bimbo she is!” Just as Leslie finished her statement Kim mooed loudly from the other room, as if punctuating Leslie’s sentence. Both girls laughed. “So, is she going to be punished?” she asked.

“For wasting her morning acting like a cow instead of getting ready? She’s already being punished. Don’t you think this,” Jen paused waiting for the next loud mooing sound from Kim, “is punishment enough? I imagine she’s getting quite tired of her cow routine. In a few more hours she’ll hate doing that with a passion,” Jen laughed. “As for masturbating without permission, she will be punished, quite severely, as a matter of fact. I want you girls to understand that my rules must be followed. When I’m done with her she will never, ever, touch her pussy without permission again. I’ve decided that she will get 100 with the paddle for her infraction. You’re going to watch it happen, just in case you get any ideas, young lady.”

Leslie smiled at the thought of Kim getting 100 with the paddle. The cow’s ass was going to be hamburger when her paddling was through. Leslie had mixed emotions about it, though. She thought about the half-dozen orgasms she had last night and this morning and realized that she would be in deep trouble if Jen found out. She resolved to be much more careful when she was sneaking an orgasm from now on. She left the house to go buy her friend a cow bell.

Chapter 60

Jen showered and dressed in jeans and a sweatshirt. She didn’t bother with makeup. After pouring herself another cup of coffee she went in to see Kim. Kim was finished with her shower. Her hair was done in pigtails and she had put her makeup on heavily in an obvious effort to please Jen. She was on her hands and knees with a neatly ironed skirt and T-shirt on the floor next to her. Every couple of seconds she mooed. She had been crying and while the mooing was humiliating her she was not sounding very cow-like. Jen stood at the bedroom door watching the naked girl crawl to the closet to put the iron away. She laughed at the sight before her.

“You know, you still look a little bit too dignified for my taste, Kimmy cow. I know just the thing for you, though. Keep mooing and meet me in the living room,” Jen ordered. She went to the kitchen and got a peanut out of the cabinet. She came into the living room just as Kim was entering on her hands and knees.

“Ok, little cow, you can stop mooing for a little bit. We’re going to have a chat. When were done talking you’re going right back to mooing like a cow, though. Understand?” Kim nodded. “Ok, the first thing is that your knees are much to close together. As nice as the view is from behind you, it could be so much better. Spread those knees!” Kim spread her knees as ordered. “Now, I want you to keep them wide apart while you’re crawling. Give it a try.” Kim crawled a few feet. It was very awkward crawling like this. She was very conscious of the spectacle she was making. Jen standing behind her laughing didn’t help much.

“Excellent, little cow. Now we just need one more thing to make this perfect for you.” Jen placed the peanut on the floor in front of the girl. “When you go anywhere, you push this peanut with your nose. You are not allowed to touch the peanut with anything but your nose. When you need to go up or down the stairs, you wait for me to help you with the peanut. Understand?” Kim was stunned. Jen couldn’t be serious. This was so degrading. “Get your ass over to the chair so we can talk.” Jen watched her crawl with her knees spread painfully wide, pushing the peanut with her nose. It was comical for Jen but very slow going for Kim. She was completely focussed on her humiliation and was concentrating on trying not to cry. After what seemed like hours, she had made her way to Jen’s chair.

“You can keep your nose on the ground for our chat. Now, tell me what happened. I know you didn’t just decide to play cow. And I want the truth. The whole truth,” Jen said.

“Ms Jennifer, I am so sorry! I was very horny and I couldn’t stop myself. I masturbated. Leslie said you would never know and promised not to tell on me. I masturbated and I will never do it again without your permission, I promise! This morning Leslie called me a cow and said she was going to tell on me and she was going to exaggerate to get me in deep trouble if I didn’t moo like a cow for her. She said I only needed to do it for five minutes but she kept changing her mind and making me do it longer. I did it because I was so afraid of what you would do to me if you found out. I am sorry, Ms Jennifer!”

Jen wasn’t surprised to learn that Leslie had set the girl up. Kim was so trusting and so easy to take advantage of. She couldn’t help but laugh at how silly Leslie had made Kim look. She looked at her watch. Kim thought she was going to spend five minutes mooing like a cow. She’d already spent two and a half hours doing it now.

“You were right to be afraid of the punishment you have coming to you for disobeying me. I believe you will never do it again. You’re still going to be punished, though. You will get 100 with the paddle and I’m going to make every one of them hurt. You’re going to get them all at once and I doubt you’ll sit for a week without thinking about it. I hope you enjoyed your orgasm, sweetie. It may be a while before you get another one.” Kim broke down crying at this point. Jen was glad she had Kim’s nose in the carpet so the girl couldn’t see her struggling not to burst out laughing at her. “I know this is hard on you, but you have to learn. Now, stand up,” Jen ordered.

Jen stood up and hugged Kim, comforting her. She ran her hands over Kim’s naked body, soothing her. Kim hugged Jen tight and sobbed. She kept mumbling, “I’m sorry, ma’am, I’m sorry.” Jen kissed her gently and then again with more passion. She wanted to take this girl to her bed right now but she knew the time wasn’t right. After a few minutes she broke off the embrace.

“Ok, sweetie, back on your hands and knees. I hate to do this to you, sweetie, really, I do, but you have to learn. You have to start mooing again.” Kim was on an emotional roller coaster. Jen had described a horrible punishment to her, then comforted her, then hugged and kissed her. Kim thought Jen was going to make love to her and she was surprised at how badly she wanted that to happen. And just when she thought it would happen, she found herself with her nose back in the carpet, mooing like a cow again. In just a few minute she had experienced total humiliation, fear, hope, happiness, and more humiliation.

As she began crawling away, displaying herself obscenely and pushing a peanut with her nose, Leslie walked in. As soon as she saw Kim she burst into laughter. At that moment Kim decided that she would never disobey Jen again, no matter what that meant. She would never feel this low again. She was convinced that she couldn’t feel any more humiliated when she reached the stairs. Jen came over and crouched down next to her.

“You can moo louder than that, cow. Put some emotion into it,” Jen said. She picked up the peanut and pushed it deep inside Kim’s pussy, working it in with two fingers. Kim was shocked and Leslie’s laughter burned in her ears. She mooed loudly even though she couldn’t think of anything else in the world that she would like to do less. “When you get to the top of the stairs Leslie will fish that out for you,” Jen said with a laugh.

Leslie had stripped while this was going on. She pulled a large cowbell out of her bag and showed it to Jen. “This was the biggest cowbell they had. I hope it fits her!” she said, laughing. “I went to the mall but Kelly wasn’t working. They tell me she is scheduled to work tomorrow. The bitch she works with took a picture of me so she’s probably already seen my outfit.”

“No problem, sweetie. You’ll be wearing it again tomorrow. You can put the bell on Kimmy the top of the stairs. Dig that peanut out of her and put it on the floor for her, too.” Jen said. Leslie was only too happy to oblige. Leslie decided to have a little fun with Kim. She hung the cowbell around her neck and then went after the peanut. She made believe she couldn’t get it and had four fingers in Kim before long. She kept “searching” for the peanut until she felt Kim’s hips start moving involuntarily. She reached down with her other hand and stroked her clit. She had Kim panting and on the edge of orgasm when she yanked out the peanut and left the girl on the brink of orgasm.

“I have some errands to run. Neither one of you can be trusted, so you’re both going to stay on camera while I’m out,” Jen announced. “The recording had sound and I had better hear mooing and nothing else!” Jen picked up a package at the post office and visited with her mom for an hour or so. When she got back poor Kim was hoarse from mooing. She had been at it for nearly 4 hours. She had also been in a fairly strenuous position for the last couple hours with her face in the carpet.

“Kim, you are finished mooing and you can relax for a while. You’re allowed to stand and walk again. Leslie, you could use a little quality time on your hands and knees. Get a bucket and sponge and clean the kitchen floor and both bathrooms. We’re going to meet up with Carrie tonight as she goes to her party in her bunny outfit. I want to get this on film and you’re both going to help. I’m working on a plan and we’ll discuss it at dinner. Get moving,” Jen said.

Leslie was pissed. She hated cleaning and couldn’t believe Jen was making her clean floors and bathrooms on her hands and knees. After watching the torment Kim had been dealing with all day, though, she decided it could be worse and began her cleaning chores. She was annoyed that she was on her hands and knees working and had to do all this cleaning by herself. She spent all afternoon cleaning. Jen had taken dozens of pictures of her doing it, too. Leslie had no idea that many people loved pictures of naked girls on the hands and knees cleaning. These pictures became the most popular ones on her Yahoo group.

Around 4:00 Jen called the girls together in the living room. In what had become a common scene, the fully clothed Jen sat in her chair and the two naked girls sat on the floor facing her. Jen admired the view and thought about how the girls were fighting against some of the rules while accepting others completely. The very widely spread legs of the naked girls proved they could follow embarrassing rules. She couldn’t wait to invite guests over to see this.

“Ok, we have a few things to discuss. First, I have a present for each of you.” Jen slid a shoebox to each girl. Inside each box was a pair of black stiletto heel shoes. The heels were seven inches. Neither girl had ever seen heels this big. “Try ‘em on, sluts! I want so see each of you walk around the room with your new shoes on.” Both girls put their new shoes on. Walking was a bit difficult as neither girl had ever worn heels this big before. Both girls immediately noticed that short steps were required and that walking in the shoes made them feel like they were strutting.

“Looks like they fit Ok. When we’re done here you will both gather up all your other shoes and bring them to the little shed out back. You won’t need them again. The first new shoe rule is that these are the only shoes you will wear from now on. Shoe rule number two is that there will be no walking in this apartment without shoes. If you want to walk, put the shoes on. If you want to take the shoes off, you crawl on your hands and knees. Kimmy learned a whole new way of crawling this morning and that is rule number three. Demonstrate for us, sweetie,” Jen said.

Kim scrambled to her hands and knees and began to crawl with her knees wide apart as Jen had instructed her to do earlier. She was very conscious of how exposed this made her. Crawling was very awkward and slow with her knees this far apart. It was a lot like waddling on all fours. She couldn’t imagine a more humiliating way to move around the apartment.

“Excellent, Kimmy. Pay attention, Leslie. Notice how far apart her knees are. Notice that knees, feet, elbows and hands are always on the floor. This morning Kimmy was crawling like this and also pushing a peanut along with her nose. Tell me, Kimmy, did you feel as ridiculous as you looked?” Kim nodded. “When ever you are being punished for anything, you will have a peanut and the peanut will go everywhere you go. Since Kimmy here is about to be punished, she gets a peanut.” Jen put a peanut in front of Kim. “Ok, back to your spot in front of my chair,” Jen instructed. Kim was mortified at being the center of attention as she slowly crawled back to Jen’s chair, pushing the damn peanut with her nose. (For readers that have never tried this, it’s both hard and frustrating to do! – Les).

“Now, before we get to Kimmy’s punishment, let’s talk about tonight. You both remember Carrie? You know that cute little teacher from the college we met at Fridays in the mall? Well, she lost a bet with one of her fellow teachers and as a result, she’s going to a party tonight in a bunny costume. She’s a bit of an innocent and doesn’t seem to understand that her friend Jacqueline is really trying to embarrass her. I also think she is a lot like you girls in that she’s going to love it,” Jen explained. “Anyway, she explained that Jacqueline, the teacher she bet with, is requiring her to park at the bank on Lafayette Street and walk to the party. She’ll be wearing a white bra and panty set with a cotton bunny tail on the panties. She’ll have bunny ears on and nothing else. We’re going to capture all of this on film, of course, and see it we can use it to…how should I put this…motivate her to become part of the entertainment around here,” Jen chuckled.

“Now, she has to be at the party at 8:00. That means there will still be daylight. And, there are no houses for a mile on one side of the bank. So, we know where she’ll be, when she’ll be there, and which direction she’ll be walking. It should be simple to get her on the video camera. Kimmy will work the video camera and I will work the digital camera. Leslie, you will approach her while she’s walking and talk with her. She knows you and is fascinated with you two girls performing your public stunts, so she’ll think we’re filming you, not her. I’m sure she’ll be very interested in talking to you. We’ll film the whole thing from the time she gets out of her car until she arrives at the party. Any questions?” Jen asked.

“I have some questions, Ms Jennifer,” Kim said meekly. “Why would she care about you having a video of her in her underwear? That’s not really blackmail material. And why will she assume we’re filming Leslie when she’s the one in her underwear? I don’t get it.”

“Good questions, bimbo! I guess I left out an important detail. Leslie will be naked,” Jen said laughing.

“What?!? You want me to walk around naked on Lafayette Street at 8:00 on a Saturday night? You have go to be kidding me!” Leslie exclaimed.

“Sorry, sweetie, I’m not kidding about this. You will be naked on Lafayette Street in a few hours, unless, of course, you want me to mail your videos to your mom. I don’t know if you’ll be walking or not. You could be crawling and pushing a peanut with your nose if you don’t watch your attitude!” Jen answered. “That’s really up to you. I would think walking would be better, but if you want to walk tonight, you’re going to need to accept this gracefully. I’m in no mood to argue with you!”

“Why can’t Kimmy be the naked one? She loves doing that kind of stuff?” Leslie persisted.

“Well, ordinarily I would use Kimmy for the bait on this little trap but her butt is going to be bruised black and blue in just a few minutes. Nobody’s going to want to look at her ass for a few days. Which brings me to our next order of business. Kimmy, go into the kitchen and fetch my paddle. You can take your shoes off since you won’t be walking. And don’t forget your peanut!” Jen answered.

Leslie decided this would be a good point to shut up. Kimmy was on the verge of tears as she took off her shoes and made the slow, difficult crawl to the kitchen to get the paddle. She hated pushing this damn peanut around would gladly kill the person who put this idea in Jen’s head! It took her 5 minutes to get the paddle and she was crying when she finally made it back to Jen’s chair. She knew what was coming and she dreaded it. Jen had already spanked her quite hard once, but that was not nearly as bad as what she had coming. She didn’t think she could take 100 with the paddle.

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Jen took the paddle from Kim with a gracious smile. “Thanks, sweetie. Now push your peanut over by the chair leg and drape yourself over my lap. We need to have a little chat,” Jen said sweetly. Turning to Leslie she said, “Go get the laptop and the web cam. I want this on tape for Kimmy’s Yahoo group.”

Leslie scrambled to her feet, returning moments later to set up the laptop and the camera. Jen had left Kim squirming on her lap but did not speak to her. “Ms Jennifer, do you want to tape this or do a live feed to her group? Or both?” Leslie added with a smirk.

“Hmmm, let’s do both. Why don’t you send a message announcing her spanking and I’ll give our little starlet some directions,” Jen answered. She leaned over and whispered some instructions in Kim’s ear. Kim gasped and shook her head. Jen brought the paddle down hard on her ass. The swat made a sound like a bullet being fired and Kim cried out instantly. She wasn’t expecting to be hit and the surprise made the pain worse. She thought her ass was on fire and couldn’t bear one more, much less 100!

“I’ll ask again and you really should give me a different answer this time, sweetie. She leaned over and repeated her instructions to Kim. This time Kim answered affirmatively. She immediately got off Jen’s lap and knelt in front of her.

“Leslie, please get the cam as close as you can while keeping my face and pussy in the shot. I have something to say, so please make sure the audio is right,” Kim said, blushing.

Leslie nodded and Kim began. “My name is Kim Landry and I live on Lafayette Street in Salem, Massachusetts. Most of you already know I’m a bimbo but you….um…you might…um….you may not know that I um…I can’t….um, I can’t keep my hands out of my em…my pussy,” Kim stammered into the camera. When she finished her embarrassing speech she started masturbating for the camera. Leslie couldn’t stifle her laugh. “I um…we’re going to… um…turn off the sound while I learn what my…um… punishment will be for…um…fingering my…um…fingering myself…I mean…um…fingering my pussy.

Jen leaned in with her face just off camera and said, “Kimmy’s punishment will begin in a few minutes. Enjoy her little show and maybe let your friends know she’s about to be punished live on camera.” She motioned to Leslie who cut the sound.

“Keep those fingers moving in your twat, bimbo. In a few minutes I’m going to take you over my knee and give you the paddling of your life. I have decided that you probably can’t take 100 all in a row, so I’m going to give you a choice. You can stop the paddling whenever you want but we’re going to do this every night until you’ve had your 100 swats. Until your paddling is complete you won’t have an orgasm, of course. You’ll also be pushing that peanut around the apartment until you’ve taken all 100. Oh yeah! Not only will you not be having any orgasms, Leslie gets to have all she wants…as long as she does it in front of you!” Kim couldn’t believe her ears! Her ass still hurt from the one hit she had already got. She knew she would be yelling stop immediately and this punishment would never end. Fortunately for her, Jen had anticipated this and told her she would get a minimum of 20 at every paddling. Anything over 20 was her decision.

“Remember, sweetie, this is a punishment and it’s not supposed to be fun. I’m going to hurt you. This is going to be horrible for you but you need to learn to never come again without permission. Since the urge is strong, the deterrent must be stronger. This will be awful for you, but it’s supposed to be awful. Now, when Leslie turns the audio back on, you tell the camera you hope everyone is ready, pull your fingers away and get over my knee. If we don’t get to 100 tonight, you will tell the audience to make sure they come back tomorrow night to see part 2. Got it?” Jen asked. Kim nodded and did what she was told. All too soon she was over Jen’s lap. Jen tugged her forward so her feet were off the floor and she needed to keep both hands on the floor to stay balanced and not fall off Jen’s lap. Kim heard the first swat an instant before she felt it. Jen had slammed her with the paddle and she screamed. Jen waited about 3 seconds and slammed the other cheek. Kim was crying before the 4th one hit her. She was begging for it to stop at 8 hits. The first 10 were delivered on alternating cheeks. Jen aimed for the middle of each cheek and had hit the same spot five times on each cheek. Kim was blubbering. Jen leaned over and told her to cry all she wanted and that she would stop at 20. After a 30 second break, Jen attacked with the paddle again. The last 10 were cruel. Jen aimed for the ‘sit spot’ where Kim’s butt cheeks joined her legs. She hit the left cheek five times in a row in rapid succession and then repeated it on the right cheek. Kim was nearly incoherent. Jen whispered in her ear.

“Compose yourself! Kneel up in front of the camera and get those fingers back in your twat. I want everyone to get a good look at your tears. We'll give your ass a few minutes for the color to come up and then we’ll show everyone your pretty bruises. Keep those fingers moving in your pussy until I turn the camera off.” Jen pushed Kim off her lap and she landed on the floor in a heap. She was sobbing as she got to her knees and started fingering herself as ordered. She made her announcement about a repeat showing the following night.

Leslie took some still photos of this scene while the camera was running. Nobody has ever looked quite so miserable while masturbating. Leslie announced that 26 people were logged in and watching. After a few minutes Kim was ordered to turn around to show her ass to the camera. Her ass was a mass of blue and purple bruises. As she was kneeling for the world to see her bruised butt, Leslie whispered something in Jen’s ear. Jen laughed and nodded her head.

“Ok, Kimmy, that’s enough for tonight. Go into the kitchen and wait for me,” Jen instructed. She pushed the peanut in front of Kim. Kim was mortified. The whole world was going to see her crawl like a worm and she would be pushing the damn peanut with her nose the whole way. Leslie focused the camera in on her from the side so it picked up a good view of what Kim was doing. Then, she moved the camera behind her and focused it directly on Kim’s obscenely spread ass. Her humiliating crawl to the kitchen took over a minute and the whole thing was broadcast live on the Internet.

“Bravo, bravo,” Jen shouted and both girls laughed. “Take one of the digital pics of her crying and fingering herself and make it the cover photo for her group,” Jen ordered. Kim was crying in the kitchen while Leslie posted the picture to complete the poor girl’s humiliation.

“Hey, we got an e-mail from that Carrie chick! She saw the whole show. She said it was hot!” Leslie reported. “Says she has her bunny party tonight but wants to know if we want to meet her tomorrow night at Fridays. She’s dying to talk to us after seeing Kim get her ass beat!” Jen smiled. This would help her plan work.

“So, I can really have as many orgasms as I want as long as I do it in front of Kimmy?” Leslie asked.

“Yes, sweetie, and I’d take full advantage of it, if I were you. I’ve been thinking about that guy Les that we met. He was so well behaved and he goes weeks and months between orgasms. Kimmy’s had one in the last week and I’d say she’s paying a steep price for it. You, on the other hand, have had a number of them. That will change shortly. Take advantage of your time. I don’t think Kimmy is ever going to take more than 20 swats a night, so you have four days to rub it raw, then you’re going on restriction. So is Kimmy!”

“Yes, Ms Jennifer,” Leslie answered. “May I please be excused?” she asked. Jen was amused at her politeness and knew exactly what she was thinking. She nodded her permission. Leslie jumped up and shouted, “Hey Kimmy-cow, I want to show you something!” She ran into the kitchen and had several orgasms as Kim watched. Kim was very, very horny, but after that paddling she’d rather stick her fingers into a campfire than stick them in her pussy!

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It was around 7:00 when Jen called the girls together. Jen sat in her customary chair. Leslie was already seated on the floor in front of her. Despite sitting naked on the floor with her legs spread wide apart as required by Jen, Leslie couldn’t help feeling superior as she watched making her way into the room awkwardly on her hands and knees, pushing a peanut along with her nose. She laughed at Kim. Crawling on hands and knees was hard enough. Trying to do it with your knees that far apart made it that much harder. And that whole peanut thing was hysterical! It was hard to imagine that Kim ever had any dignity watching her crawl like this. When she came around Leslie to take her place on the floor Leslie realized the view from behind was even less dignified. Not only was the girl displaying her pussy and ass in the most blatant way imaginable, her ass was deeply bruised. She couldn’t wait for tomorrow night’s paddling.

“Ok, bimbos, here’s the plan for getting our little friend Carrie on video. We’re going to be at the bank where Carrie will be parking before she gets there. Kim will work the video camera, I will have the digital camera, and Leslie will walk up to her as she gets out of her car and strike up a conversation. I’m sure Carrie will be anxious to get off the street considering she will be dressed in her underwear and bunny ears. Still, she watched Kimmy’s spanking and will want to know more about it, so she’ll want to talk. I’d like to find out which house this party is at, so Leslie, you will try to keep her walking to her party while you talk to her.

“Yes, Ms Jennifer,” Leslie answered. She was hoping this was going to be fun. Jen hadn’t mentioned anything about her being nude this time. She really did not want to be standing around on Lafayette Street naked.

“We’ll film her walking all the way to the party. She probably won’t realize she’s the subject of the filming until we get to the party house. At that point, when the camera is no longer on Leslie and is trained on her, she’ll probably figure it out. By then, it will be too late. We’ll have her on video in her underwear/bunny ears talking to a naked woman on the street. I can’t imagine she’ll want people seeing that video!”

Leslie’s heart sank. Jen was still planning on having her out on the street naked. “Ms Jennifer, is it absolutely necessary that I be naked for this? I’m afraid I’ll get arrested. Lafayette Street is a very busy street!”

Jen laughed. “Absolutely necessary? Not at all, sweetie. In fact, it’s entirely up to you. If you don’t want to be naked for this, just say so and you don’t have to be. In fact, you don’t even have to go with us. You can wear whatever you like and go visit your mom and explain all about the video tapes she’s going to be receiving. Or, you can strut your stuff on Lafayette Street while we video Carrie,” Jen answered.

“But I could be arrested, Ms Jennifer!” Leslie was terrified. She had good reason to be. Jen’s plan would involve her standing around for 15-20 minutes, totally naked. And she was correct. Lafayette Street was a very busy street.

“Sweetie, you chose a lifestyle that involves considerable risk. One of those risks is that you will get arrested. It’s inevitable. If you spend a lot of time out in public naked, you’re going to get arrested. The time to think about this was before you made the video for your mom. Now, I’m afraid it’s a little late. I don’t know if tonight’s the night you’ll be arrested, but some night you will be. And then we can worry about your second arrest…which is also inevitable,” Jen laughed. “So, what will it be, do I send your mom some video or are you coming with us”?

“I’ll come with, Ms Jennifer,” Leslie answered. She had long fantasized about going through her normal day naked. Those fantasies always ended in arrest, being handcuffed, brought to the police station, booked, photographed and finger printed and locked up without a stitch of clothing. That was just a fantasy that the teenaged virgin used to masturbate. The reality was different and terrifying. Still, she could not help being a bit aroused by the situation.

“Good. Now that we have that little unpleasantness out of the way, let’s continue. Kim, you will get close with the camera. Don’t talk, though. I want audio on this film and I want it to be Carrie and Leslie talking. Got it?” Kim nodded. “Ok, since you’re not walking, I’ll give you a little extra time to get ready. You’re wearing the denim skirt you ironed this morning and a white T-shirt. Just bring your clothes to the front door. Leslie will cut the T-shirt for you.” Turning to Leslie, “I want her nipples covered, but not her whole titties.

“Ms Jennifer, can we please talk about my outfit?” Leslie whined. She knew this wasn’t likely to get her anywhere but she was very unhappy about her upcoming public nudity.

“Sure, sweetie. I want you in a pair of black thigh-highs and your new shoes. Put your hair up and load up on the makeup. I want you to look cheap for the camera, sweetie,” Jen giggled.

Leslie sighed. “Yes, Ms Jennifer. What should I bring with me for clothes?” she asked.

“Oh, you don’t need to bother with bringing any clothes. You won’t need them,” Jen answered.

Leslie didn’t like this at all! It was bad enough she was going to be on a public street naked, but to be away from the apartment with no clothes at all, not even for an emergency was scary. Granted, they were not going far from home, but this seemed very dangerous to her. She thought about arguing but decided against it. She glanced at Kimmy crawling away pushing her peanut and didn’t want to get Jen angry with her. She’d get through this somehow.

Just over a half-hour later the girls were nearly ready to go. Leslie had made several trips to the car and had all the camera equipment loaded up. Kim’s clothes were folded neatly by the door and the two girls watched Kim’s agonizingly slow progress crawling to the door. Jen realized how inconvenient it was to always be waiting on Kim. She resisted the urge to tell her to stand up, though. She figured it was much harder on Kim to do the crawling then it was for her to wait for her. Kim was remarkably well behaved since this morning. Leslie couldn’t help but wonder how much of that was due to her severe spanking and how much was due to the simple peanut.

“Ok, bimbos, let’s not blow this. I suspect Carrie’s friend Jacqueline is doing much more than simple embarrassment for Carrie. When you think of it, making her attend a party with her coworkers in her underwear is pretty severe. I think that’s more than embarrassing, it’s humiliating. And Carrie doesn’t seem to mind. I’m sure she likes it! She’ll be fun to play with if we can set her up. Leslie, when you talk to her arrange to meet her tomorrow night at Fridays.”

Kim stood on her feet for the first time in over 8 hours and dressed. The three girls headed for the car. Just as they hit the parking lot a car with two young girls pulled in and parked near Jen’s car. They were out of there car just as the girls reached it. A conversation ensued where Jen learned that the two were going to be renting an apartment in the building. Jen explained that they were in a bit of a hurry but gave the girls the apartment number and suggested they drop by sometime. One of the girls asked if they made a habit of walking around outside naked. “As a matter of fact, both of these bimbos do just that. We’ll talk later,” she said. She made Leslie drive the short distance to the bank where they parked the car and waited for Carrie to arrive.

At about 10 minutes before 8:00 Carrie pulled in. She didn’t notice the girls, but Jen saw the bunny ears as Carrie pulled in. Carrie nervously got out of the car. She looked adorable! She wore a white bra and thong, white thigh-high stockings, white heels, and floppy bunny ears. Her thong had a cute cotton bunny tail stuck to it that did little to conceal her naked butt. The girls piled out of the car and intercepted her at the sidewalk.

“Oh my God! Leslie! You’re naked! What are you doing here?” Carrie exclaimed. She had momentarily forgotten about her own embarrassing attire when she saw the very naked Leslie.

“Well, Ms Jennifer wanted some pictures and film and I was selected as the model, so here I am. Nice costume! I take it tonight’s the party?”

“Yes, this is so embarrassing! I’m glad you’re here. You’ll attract all the attention. Walk with me. I want to get off the street and into the party. I’ll still be embarrassed, but I’ll at least be out of the public eye. I’m scared to death a student will recognize me. Hi Kim! Loved your spanking video! Was it painful? Hi Ms Jennifer!” Carrie was excited to see the girls.

Leslie played her part perfectly. She put her arm around Carrie and walked down the street with her. They set up a meeting for the following evening at Fridays. They both did their best to ignore the screeching brakes and blowing horns from the cars passing by. Two blocks from the bank they came to a house with several young women standing on the porch. One of these was Jacqueline.

“Well, look who’s hopping down the street. And she has friends with her.” The other girls on the porch looked and started laughing. Several men came out from inside the porch when they heard the commotion. Carrie stopped just at the edge of the driveway. She began blushing even more deeply. “Come on, Carrie, you remember the terms of the bet and I expect you to follow them to the letter. Carrie hesitated for a moment and everyone got quiet. Slowly she reached around her back and undid her bra. She removed the bra and tossed it up on the porch. She was covering her chest with her hands.

“Um, Kim, can you turn the camera off, please, this is embarrassing!” she asked.

“Leave it running, Kim. This is private footage Carrie. Leslie is naked and she won’t want anyone seeing this,” Jen said.

“Come on, Carrie, never mind the camera, you have to pay your bet!” Jacqueline told her. Carrie put her hands up in front of her as if they were paws and began hopping like a bunny down the sidewalk and up to the porch. The group on the porch laughed and applauded her. A small group of on-lookers had stopped to stare at the naked girl and the nearly naked girl. Aside from Kimmy’s very revealing clothes, everyone else was decently dressed. Jacqueline held the door open and Carrie hopped right inside. “I’d invite you in but this is a private party,” Jacqueline said. With that, the partygoers all went inside. Jen stepped up on the porch and grabbed Carrie’s discarded bra.

“Might as well keep the camera on Leslie as we head back. In short order the girls were home and the video footage and still pictures had been downloaded onto the computer. The girls reviewed the video.

“This is excellent. We’ll print up a couple of stills for tomorrow night. I’ll send her an e-mail with some instructions and attach a few of her topless bunny hop.” The girls had a nice laugh about the footage. Jen knew Carrie wouldn’t want to see this get out. It was embarrassing enough to have your fellow teachers see this humiliation. Jen and Kim would be students in the next couple weeks! This was excellent.

Jen couldn’t wait to send an e-mail off to Carrie.

Carrie, it was great to see you again last night. You looked adorable in your white undies and bunny ears. I bet you had an embarrassing time at the party! You looked so cute doing the bunny hop, too! By the way, I have your bra. I’ll give it back to you at Fridays.

The video we made came out great! You really should see the expressions on your face as you were taking your bra off and hopping down the sidewalk! I’m guessing this is the kind of video you wouldn’t want a lot of people seeing. Let’s talk about how we can keep it private. Be at Friday’s at 8:00. Wear the same outfit you wore the last time we were there together. I just love that little plaid skirt!

See you then, Ms Jennifer.

Chapter 63

“Ok, we have the rest of the night free so let’s have some fun. Leslie, go into the kitchen and get me seven peanuts, please,” Jen ordered. “Kimmy, you’re not going to like this much but in the end it will be good for you,” Jen giggled. Leslie returned with the handful of peanuts and gave them to Jen. “Kimmy, you have 80 more swats with the paddle coming for last nights indiscretion. I have seven peanuts here and you have one in front of you. Now,” Jen plopped the handful of peanuts in front of Kim, “when you want to go someplace you will have to herd all these peanuts along with your nose. Tomorrow night you’ll take at least 20 of those swats and I’ll take away two peanuts. I suspect you will be so annoyed by having to push all these peanuts around that you’ll want more than 20. Every 10 swats you take will be one less peanut for you to move around.” Kim was shocked! Obviously Jen had no idea how hard it was to push a peanut on the floor with your nose. It would take her forever to crawl anywhere if she had to push eight peanuts! The look of disappointment on her face was obvious. “Hey, I said you would hate it, didn’t I? But there’s more. Over in the corner is a yardstick. Go get it for me, please.” Kim turned and began crawling. It was very difficult to keep all the peanuts together and every time she inched forward it took about a minute to get all the peanuts nudged forward. Her nose was beginning to hurt from rubbing on the carpet, too. The yardstick was at least 8 feet away. It took her a full 10 minutes to go get the damn yardstick and bring it back to Jen.

“This yardstick is about three and a half feet long. Nice of them to include a little space for the advertising, isn’t it? Anyway, you need to keep this with you all the time. Anytime I tell you to freeze you will stop and hold whatever position you happen to be in. If I ever catch you at a point where that yardstick will not fit between your knees, we will start your punishment again with 100 swats of the paddle and 10 peanuts. Now, just for fun, why don’t you crawl over to the door and back for me,” Jen said. Leslie and Jen giggled as Kim struggled to the door, bringing her yardstick and peanuts along. She concentrated on keeping her knees as wide apart as possible and couldn’t imagine a less dignified was to move across the room. Jen snapped a picture of her with the digital camera as she was heading to the door. “Oh, dear! Kimmy, it’s a good thing you like humiliation! Hurry back so you can see what a show you’re putting on. Even your gynecologist has never seen you spread out quite like this,” she laughed. Obviously, Kim knew about the view from behind but the humiliation of seeing it on film hit her like a ton of bricks! She resolved to take the 80 remaining swats tomorrow night, no matter how much it hurt.

“Now that we’ve got that established, let’s move on. Leslie, bring me your dildo, our little cowgirl’s dildo and the harness I have in my bedroom. I’d let Kimmy fetch them but I want it tonight, not tomorrow,” Jen laughed. “Oh, by the way, Kimmy-cow, when you have to use the stairs you can pick the peanuts up with your mouth. Did I mention that you’re never to touch them with your hands?” Leslie went off to do as instructed. She didn’t like wearing the high heels all the time but she sure liked them better than the alternative. She found herself getting angry with Kimmy, though. Sure, the bimbo had the most degrading instructions imaginable and it took her 10 minutes to cross a room but why should that make Leslie be the step and fetch girl. It wasn’t like her feet didn’t hurt from these ridiculous shoes! She held her temper, though. Watching Kim’s punishment had a chilling effect on her and she obediently handed the items to Jen and resumed her seat on the floor in front of her.

“Now, I know you girls are both anxious to start giving blow jobs. I’ve watched your practice sessions. Leslie, you had better pick up the pace. You’re technique is pathetic. Kimmy-cow, on the other hand, looked pretty good the last time I saw her.” Jen was strapping the harness over her jeans as she spoke. “Ok, cow, up on your knees and show me what you can do.” For a moment Jen thought she had tricked Kim into moving without her peanuts and yardstick. Kim almost fell for it but didn’t. She herded the peanuts the small distance and when she was directly in front of Jen she placed the yardstick between her spread knees.

“I think we can dispense with the yardstick for this test, Kimmy. Pull your knees together and get as comfortable as you can. What you’re going to do is simulate a blow job for me. I will play the part of the guy,” she giggled. “Begin!” Kim approached the rubber cock as if it was real, planting gentle kisses on it and gradually taking it into her mouth. Soon she was taking all of it. Jen was surprised that she took the whole large dildo into her throat without gagging. Of course, it was unlikely that a man would sit calmly and not move during his blow job. Jen began thrusting her hips. At first she was fairly gentle with Kim and just tried to throw off her timing. Kim passed this test without gagging. Jen let her suck for almost 10 minutes, the whole time making comments like, “Oh baby! What a good cock sucker you are!” When it was obvious Kim was getting tired Jen grabbed a hand full of Kim’s hair and began forcefully pumping the dildo into Kim’s mouth. Kim gagged and sputtered but kept on sucking, determined to do whatever it took to please Ms Jennifer. She was afraid she would puke but she kept on sucking and after a few minutes Jen yelled, “Oh baby, I’m coming!” and rammed the dildo all the way into Kim’s throat and held her by the hair while she bucked her hips. Kim held on even though she couldn’t breath.

“Congratulations Kimmy-cow! You’re a great cock sucker. You’re ready to give real live blowjobs! You must be very proud of yourself!” Jen said. Kim knew that Jen was mocking her but the fact was that she really was proud of herself. She knew Leslie wouldn’t do nearly as well and she knew that the dildo she just swallowed was much bigger than any real cock she might encounter. She was proud. Also, she hated not being able to engage in any sexual activity. With the way she dressed, she had to do something or be branded as a tease. She’d already lost one hot guy because she wasn’t allowed to do anything. In the past couple days she gave hand jobs and now could give blow jobs. She needed sex. She wasn’t getting any at home, even though Ms Jennifer seemed to want to experiment, and she wasn’t getting any away from home. She hoped that would change soon.

“Ok, Leslie, your turn. I don’t expect you to be as good as Kimmy. She wants to be a whore way more than you do! But you have been practicing, so let’s see what you have. Leslie took her place in front of Jen and her showing was less than spectacular. To begin with, she showed none of the imagination Kim did. She just plopped her mouth on the dildo and got it about a quarter of the way into her mouth. She gagged repeatedly and Jen stopped her.

“That was truly pathetic. You need to practice and I want it done on camera. Live feed and tape. Two hours a day, every day. Starting right now!” She handed the dildo to Leslie and told her to get going. “Kimmy, you passed your test so you don’t need to be on camera. You can go up to my bedroom and that way you won’t be bothered by all the gagging sounds,” Jen said.

Jen was very horny! Watching Kim take all the humiliation she could dish out had really excited her. Watching her performance with the simulated blow job was awesome. At her instruction Kim had practiced and learned to do that. For her. Kim’s obedience made her hot. She enjoyed forcing Leslie to do things she was reluctant to do, too, but Kim’s total obedience no matter what was asked of her was so hot. She resolved to test that obedience and humiliate her even further. She also resolved to have her first real same-sex experience and she was going to have it right now! Well, not right this minute, she chuckled to herself. It would take Kim a few more minutes to get to the bedroom. She looked over at the gaping pussy and asshole crawling away from her and decided tonight was the night.

Jen took Kim to her bed. Neither girl had much experience with sex beyond masturbation. Aside from the big kiss at Fridays, this was the first girl-girl encounter for each of them. Jen ordered Kim to make love to her and Kim did just that. It was a little clumsy and a bit awkward but thoroughly satisfying for both of them. After, the girls cuddled up, Jen’s arm around Kim possessively and slept till morning.

Chapter 64

Carrie was beside herself. She was worried about the e-mail Jen sent her. Ever since she met these girls in Fridays the first time, she had fantasized about being forced to obey a young woman like Jen and to be forced to exhibit herself blatantly like Kim and Leslie. She masturbated constantly while thinking about it. She bought a short plaid schoolgirl skirt for when she met the girls a second time. She did it to add some realism to her fantasy of dressing like a slut and following orders like Kim and Leslie. Since then, she had been chatting with a guy on line about her fantasies. She had shortened that short plaid skirt until it didn’t quite cover her butt. She hadn’t had the nerve to wear it out of the house. She had become obsessed with her fantasy and even set rules for her self. She had stopped wearing anything but short skirts. She had stopped wearing underwear, too. She had even been completely naked at school several times. When she was chatting with her on-line friend she seemed powerless to resist his suggestion that she strip. The last couple of times he had insisted that she lock her clothes in her desk. And she had done it! She knew this behavior was reckless. She knew it would not go unnoticed at school. The limited number of people that were around the school, getting ready for the next year had already noticed a change in her wardrobe. She knew she would be the topic of gossips when the full staff started.

Her fascination with her fantasy all but disappeared with the party last night. She had learned the hard way that, while this erotic humiliation may arouse her, it was still humiliating. She was mortified by the whole evening from the moment she stepped out of the door of her apartment. The reality of having to attend a party in nothing but panties, stockings, and bunny ears was frightening but she had to go through with it. As embarrassing as it was, she would never have been able to face her coworkers if she didn’t honor the bet she made. Initially, she was ecstatic that she lost that bet. She was eagerly anticipating it. She had even told Jen about it! And now she can’t shake the feeling of embarrassment. She spent the night with her fully dressed coworkers wearing only panties. Most of them had seen her take her bra off on a public street and bunny hop topless into the house. Worse, she had a totally naked girl and a girl dressed like a hooker with her when she showed up. And, of course, there was the girl videotaping the whole scene. She had rubbed her pussy for hours after that party. Now, the sexual arousal was over and all she could think about was the laughter of her coworkers. They were laughing at her, not with her. She was dreading facing them again.

Then she received the e-mail from Jen. Jen didn’t come right out and say she was going to blackmail her but the implication was clear. She wasn’t concerned that her peers see the video. A good number of them saw it live and she was sure the story would be all over school anyway. She was worried about students seeing it. And, of course, Jen herself was going to be a student in a couple weeks. This was bad. She pondered her choices.

Defying Jen wasn’t an option. She knew Jen would have that video on the Internet instantly. And with a couple of students already knowing about it, everyone would know quickly. She’d be fired, of course, and her prospects of getting another job would suffer greatly. She couldn’t defy her. She realized her only option was to minimize the whole thing. She would surely suffer some embarrassment at the hands of Jen but she was hopeful Jen wouldn’t ruin her life. She understood the young woman had the ability to ruin her life easily, so she would approach her with caution and try to go along with her to get through this.

Her first decision was her outfit for the meeting at Fridays. Jen had asked her to wear the same skirt she wore last time. That skirt was dramatically shorter than the last time Jen had seen it. She wasn’t a good liar and was afraid she’d get caught if she bought another skirt and wore it instead. She also worried that she hadn’t worn any underwear the last time. Did that mean she should go without underwear for this meeting? She thought she could argue this point but she remembered the sight of Leslie’s underwear on the bar table for all to see and she decided that wasn’t going to happen to her. Rationalizing that Jen would make her remove any underwear anyway, she decided to go without. She decided to make a good impression so she did her hair in pigtails and added white knee socks to her outfit. She cringed at her appearance in the mirror. She could feel herself getting aroused but she knew the arousal would fade long before the embarrassment. She dressed exactly as she was required to dress for her meeting with Jen in the hopes of convincing herself that it wouldn’t be so bad. Looking in the mirror she realized that she had made a mistake. It was bad! She looked like a hooker. And she had hours left to think about this and anticipate her humiliation. She thought about the walk into the mall in this outfit and the reaction Jen would have when she saw it. Her hand went between her legs.

Leslie woke and made coffee. She noticed Kim wasn’t in her bed and wondered where she was. It was very early. When the coffee was ready she brought a cup to Jen’s room. The door was partially open and she peeked in to see if Jen was awake. The first thing she noticed was a pile of peanuts at the foot of the bed. Next she saw the two girls entwined as they slept. The covers had slipped off the girls and she saw Jen’s naked backside, the side of her face, and her arms wrapped protectively around Kim. “Those dykes!” she thought to herself. She dashed back to her room and got her cell phone and snapped a couple pictures of the sleeping girls. She had downloaded them to the computer and secreted them away before she heard stirring from Jen’s room. She hurriedly deleted the pictures from her phone and brought coffee to Jen’s room, where she “discovered” that the two girls were in bed together.

“Well, it looks like you two had some fun last night,” Leslie observed.

Jen took the coffee from Leslie. “Nothing like an awkward moment to start the day! Since we all live here and can’t hide this, let’s just say that Kimmy took on some new duties last night,” Jen smiled. She reached down and pinched Kim’s nipple. “And she will be performing those duties on a regular basis.” She gave Kim a quick kiss. “Why don’t you freshen up and get yourself a cup of coffee, sweetie,” Jen said to Kim.

Kim crawled out of bed. She looked down at the peanuts on the floor and back at Jen. She was hoping last night had changed things for her. She knew from the look on Jen’s face it had not. “Sorry, sweetie, but the peanuts go everywhere with you. Run along. Or, should I say, crawl along,” Jen said with a laugh. Kim blushed as she began the frustrating task of herding the peanuts along with her. She used the bathroom and headed for the kitchen for coffee. Oh how she hated the stairs! She could just barely get all those peanuts in her mouth and it was really hard to pick the last of them up with her mouth full already. She crawled down the stairs, deposited the peanuts on the floor, and began pushing them to the kitchen. She saw her yardstick and realized that she hadn’t carried that with her last night! She hoped she wasn’t going to be punished for that. She really hated this peanut thing. She felt this was the worst punishment she could get and she didn’t want to add to it. In the end, she made it upstairs with her coffee growing cold. It had taken 25 minutes for her to complete this simple act of getting coffee. The peanuts were now disgusting after having been in her mouth and then pushed across the carpet a couple times. Eventually, she made it back to Jen’s bedroom and took a place on the floor next to Leslie. Jen, of course, was still in bed, sipping her coffee. Kim wondered what the girls were talking about while she was gone.

“So, put a message on Kimmy’s group. Her spanking today will be at noon. Then, I want you to send a reminder to Carrie that we’re meeting at Friday’s tonight. Attach a couple of her pictures to the message. We’ll bring the laptop to the bar so we can play her video for her,” Jen instructed Leslie. Leslie hopped up and left the room.

“I enjoyed last night, Kimmy, but it doesn’t change anything between us. You may become my lover, but we’re never going back to the old days. I’m still going to own you. Is that clear?” Jen asked. Kim nodded. She needed time to think about all this. She needed to figure out what all this meant. She had loved sharing Jen’s bed last night and hoped she would be allowed to do it every night. How could she be Jen’s lover and still be toy? She didn’t know but she was sure she would rather be her lover and toy than just her toy. They would figure it out.

“Let’s see. It’s been about a week since you had an orgasm, not counting the one you stole that got you in all this trouble, right?” Kim nodded. “Well, we can’t even think about another orgasm for you until you’ve finished your punishment. Leslie told me how much she enjoys watching you push your peanuts around. I know it’s hard. In a few days it will all be over, though, and you can go back to walking again. Just keep thinking about how good that orgasm will feel when you’re all through being punished!” Jen said.

The girls spent about an hour getting ready for the day. Leslie masturbated a couple times. She was horny but she also wanted to tease Kim. It worked. Kim was having trouble concentrating on anything given her constant state of arousal and watching Leslie freely get herself off was annoying. All too soon it was time for her spanking. Jen had already ordered Leslie to get things set up and the laptop and camera were already set up in the living room.

Kim heard some whispering and some shuffling around as she crawled into the room. She didn’t see what was going on because it’s hard to look around when you’re herding peanuts with your nose. She knew she was being video taped and she was pretty sure the feed was going out live. She wanted to get this over with. Her ass was still sore from yesterday’s paddling but she needed to get through this. She pushed her peanuts to the chair set up in the middle of the room.

“I’ve decided to let Leslie do the honors of giving today’s spanking,” Jen announced. Kim knew this wasn’t going to be a good thing. “Get up on her lap. We have a big audience for this so let’s get it moving. Kimmy, remember, you have to take at least 20 and every 10 you take is one less peanut you have to bring with you. Be strong, girl!” Kim got over Leslie’s lap and let Leslie position her. Once again she found her legs off the ground, balancing on her hands. She felt vulnerable.

“Look at the bruises here!” Leslie said. She was circling two spots on Kim’s ass, right where her butt and legs meet. “That’s gotta hurt, sweetie. In a few minutes, it’s going to hurt a bit more. Ms Jennifer, can I start?” Leslie asked. Jen nodded and Leslie smashed the paddle down as hard as she could, hitting Kim right on the center of the deep bruise on Kim’s right butt cheek. The paddle made a sound like a gunshot and Kim screamed. Leslie didn’t give her a chance to regain her composure and hit her again in the exact same spot.

Leslie wanted Kim on her hands and knees pushing those peanuts for as long as possible. It was funny to watch Kim degrade herself crawling around like that and she had free orgasm privileges as long as Kimmy’s punishment wasn’t complete. She decided that every swat of the paddle would land in the same spot. She wasn’t going to let this bimbo finish this punishment today. By the time she had delivered 10 swats Jen figured out what she was doing and ordered her to hit the girl someplace else. Kim was incoherent at this point. She was a mess of whimpering and tears between screams. Leslie went to work on the deepest bruise on her left cheek. Kim got 10 centered on that bruise, too. She had never felt such pain.

Jen knelt down and stroked Kim’s face as she lay across Leslie’s lap. “That’s your 20, Kim. I’m taking away two peanuts from your pile. Do you want to try for 10 more? You still have 60 to go.” Kim was in a daze but she nodded her head and agreed to 10 more. “If you need it to stop, we’ll stop. None of these will count until you take the full 10. Do you understand?” Kim nodded. Leslie immediately brought the paddle down on the same spot she had placed the last 10. Kim screamed. She was still screaming when Leslie hit her again on the same spot. Leslie kept up the rapid pace, not giving Kim time to catch her breath. After the seventh hit to the same bruised, tender spot on her ass she screamed for Leslie to stop.

“OK, that’s enough!” Jen said. Leslie put the paddle down. Kim was motionless over her lap. “I’m sorry, Kimmy, those last ones don’t count. You still have 60 to go and you still have 6 peanuts.” Turning to Leslie, “Let’s keep her on camera till she stops crying.” Jen got up and left the room. Jen pushed Kim off her lap and she fell to the floor on her stomach in a heap.

“Spread your legs, dyke!” Leslie snarled. Kim did as she was told. Leslie positioned the camera directly between the crying girl’s spread legs, giving the viewers an excellent, close up view of her pussy and her bruised ass. “Just think, bitch, we get to do this all again tomorrow,” she laughed.

Chapter 65

Jen got the girls ready for the ride to Friday’s. She wanted to be there early enough to watch Carrie’s entrance. She didn’t know how the girl was going to respond to her veiled blackmail threat. She knew Carrie’s outfit would tell her everything she needed to know, though. She dressed the girls in their now standard outfits. Leslie wore the schoolgirl look with a skirt just barely long enough to cover her pussy and Kim wore a cutoff denim skirt which was also dangerously short. Leslie was once again in the see-through blouse. Kim wore the hated halter top that barely covered her chest. Both girls wore their ridiculously high heels. Jen chose her typical jeans, sweatshirt, and tennis shoes. She brought along her laptop computer with Carrie’s video and pictures loaded up.

As usual, there were two young teenage girls working the hostess stand at Fridays. They gave the trio a warm welcome, remembering them from the prior week. All the restaurant staff had been talking about the show these girls had put on. And, the way these bimbos were dressed, there was sure to be more fun tonight.

The girls took a seat at one of the high tables in the bar area. The table overlooked the dining area and provided great exposure for the girls. Kim winced as she sat down, her butt still feeling the effects of the paddling she got earlier. “Don’t be shy girls, spread those legs nice and wide,” Jen said with a laugh. Reluctantly, both girls opened their legs, aware that everyone in the dining area was getting an eyeful. The waitress came over to take their order. She grinned when she saw them.

“Hi ladies, can I start you off with some drinks this evening?” she said in her most professional waitress tone as she looked the girls over and smirked.

“I’ll have a beer. The bimbos will drink Diet Coke. They’re both packing on a little extra weight,” Jen answered.

“OK, I’ll be right back with your drinks. I’m glad you’re here. Sunday nights can be kind of quiet and this place could use some livening up,” the waitress said.

“Hmmm…it’s a little early for table dancing but I’m sure we’ll be providing some entertainment before the night’s over,” Jen answered. Just then she saw Carrie walking into the bar. “Oh my!” Jen exclaimed.

Carrie was all dolled up like a schoolgirl. Her red plaid skirt was extremely short. She was aroused and her nipples were threatening to bust right out of her blouse, which was unbuttoned enough to show a large expanse of chest and make it plain that she wore no bra. She had gone all out with her outfit, including knee socks and Mary Janes. Her hair was in pigtails and she looked adorable. She was also obviously embarrassed. Even with the heavy makeup she wore you could see her blush. She took a seat at the table with the girls. Jen looked on with amusement when Carrie lifted her skirt in the back, sitting her bare bottom on the chair. It was interesting to watch her do that even though there wasn’t much skirt for her to be sitting on to begin with.

“Nice outfit! I’m impressed,” Jen exclaimed. Carrie nodded nervously but didn’t speak. “Tell me, did you dress that way to impress me?” Jen asked.

“Look, Jen, we both know what you’re into and we both know I can’t have students seeing those pictures you took of me. You win, ok? You don’t need to be mean to me. I’ll dress anyway you want outside of school. You just can’t make me do this stuff in school. Ok?” Carrie blurted out all at once. It was obvious she had rehearsed what she was going to say earlier and in her nervousness she made all her points all at once.

“Well, it sounds like we can reach an understanding here but there’s a couple things we need to get straight right away. First, it’s not ‘Jen’, it’s ‘Ms Jennifer’, and second, you’re not really in a position to negotiate.” Jen booted up her laptop. As it was starting up, the waitress came over and got Carrie’s order. She smiled when she saw Carrie. She had seen this girl in the bar lots of times but never dressed like this. She certainly looked like she belonged with the other bimbos. At least this one didn’t have her legs splayed open like the other two.

“Before we talk about what you’ll do to keep your video confidential, let’s take a look at it, shall we?” Jen asked in her best condescending voice. She started the video and Carrie looked on in embarrassment and horror. She wanted to crawl into the ground when the waitress came back with her drink and saw the video. Naturally, Jen had set the video to repeat and as soon as it ended it started again from the beginning.

“Ms Jen, can we turn that off now. I’ve seen enough!” Carrie pleaded.

“No, I think we’ll leave it running for a while. I think you look adorable in your bunny ears and panties. You have nice tits and I love watching them bounce while you’re hopping around. Now, I appreciate your offer to dress anyway I want you to outside of school. I will definitely take you up on that! However, your condition about not making you do anything in school is unacceptable. The only thing you have to decide is whether you want your students to see a little leg in class or your bouncing titties and bunny ears in their e-mail,” Jen stated.

“Please Ms Jennifer, you have to be reasonable about this. I can’t dress like Kim and Leslie at school, I’ll get fired!” Carrie pleaded.

“I don’t want to get you fired. What fun would that be for me? In fact, I plan to be very reasonable. I’m even going to allow you to research the school dress code. If there is a dress code, I’m sure it’s on the Internet somewhere. So, you find it, print it out, and we’ll discuss it. I’ll make sure you don’t violate it. Ok?”

“Yes, Ms Jennifer,” Carrie answered. She was defeated and she knew it. She couldn’t deny the arousal she felt but she also felt certain this whole situation was going to come to a bad end.

“Good, then we’re in agreement. I want you to come over to my apartment tomorrow. Come around noon and plan on spending about two hours. We need to get some pictures of you. We’ll take a video of you, too. When you get home tonight you are to strip completely and you are not to get dressed again until after your photo shoot. I don’t want any clothing marks on your body. Just throw a robe on for the ride over.” Jen instructed.

“You want to take pictures of me naked?” Carrie exclaimed.

Jen laughed. “Of course I want to take pictures of you naked! You’re one of my bimbos now and I have thousands of pictures of these two,” Jen answered.

“But, naked pictures is how I got into this mess. Why would I pose for more?” Carrie whined.

“You’d pose for more so the whole world doesn’t see this,” Jen answered, pointing to the video running on her laptop.

Carrie sighed. There was no way out. “Yes, Ms Jennifer. I will be at your house at noon tomorrow. May I please use the rest room?”

“I need to go too, Ms Jennifer, may I?” Leslie said. Jen nodded and the two girls headed to the ladies room, conscious of the fact that every eye in the place was on them as they walked across the floor in their micro miniskirts.

“So, what’s your story, girl? When I saw you walk in with that little outfit I figured you like this crap like Kimmy does. But you seem uncomfortable with the whole thing. Do you want to be a bimbo for that bitch? Does it make you hot?” Leslie asked.

“This is so hard to explain. Yes, it makes me hot. I can’t help it. But I know how dangerous this is. It’s just started and it’s already gone further than I want. She has the same hold on you as she does on me. And look at you! She has you sitting there with your legs spread a mile apart. Do you realize that people can see your pussy from the mall??? I don’t know how you can just sit there like that and I’m afraid she’s going to make me sit like that, too. And I’m terrified of doing it. I don’t think I can just spread my legs like that in this little skirt. But what choice do I have?” Carrie was starting to panic. Whatever fun this was for her was now forgotten. She was just starting to understand how vulnerable she was.

“Jen is a pervert. She’s going to try to destroy your self-esteem. The whole spread legs thing is just part of that. Unfortunately, it’s very effective. You know it will be bad but you have no idea how bad until you do it. I can’t believe the places she makes me do it and when she does, it’s always horrible. You can’t get used to it. All I can think about is the what people must think about me. This restaurant is full of people that don’t know anything about me and you besides what they’ve learned by looking at us. And look at us! We’re dressed like hookers! And I’ve been sitting with my legs a mile apart, as you say. And she’s going to make you do it, too. You won’t have to wait long, either.” Leslie was just telling Carrie about how things were but the result was an even more terrified Carrie.

“But I can’t do it! I just can’t! But what choice do I have? See? This is terrible!”

“We have a choice, Carrie. There’s always a choice,” Leslie answered.

“What choice? Let her distribute my nudie video? Some choice!” Carrie whined.

“Carrie, I’m getting out of this and I can get you out, too,” Leslie said.

“How? If you can get out of this why are you here dressed like that and showing yourself off like you are?” Carrie asked.

“I have pictures of the queen bitch naked and having sex with Kimmy. I’m going to confront her, I just haven’t done it yet,” Leslie answered.

“Oh, I don’t know. It sounds risky and I’m already in enough trouble.” Carrie was deeply afraid of Jen.

“Well, suit yourself. I’ll e-mail the pictures to you but don’t say anything about them if you’re not going to use them,” Leslie said. Looking in the mirror at her reflection she swore. “I might as well not have this blouse on. She makes me wear this damn thing everywhere!” She smoothed down her skirt and the two women returned to the table.

“Carrie, you’re one of the bimbos now so you need to follow the bimbo rules. Knees open, sweetie,” Jen said. Carrie blushed but slowly spread her legs as ordered. She felt that everyone in the room was looking at her crotch. Most people were doing just that. Jen looked at the three bimbos. Each sitting there so obedient in their extremely revealing outfits and heavily made up faces. And best of all were the three sets of widely spread legs. It was a stunning show of obedience that filled Jen with a sense of power.

Chapter 66

The girls stayed at Friday’s for another hour or so. Jen was tired so she didn’t do much to cause a scene. She did have each girl unbutton and unzip their skirts. This didn’t dramatically alter their appearance, but it really made them feel vulnerable. Jen talked about the changes that had occurred in Kim and Leslie’s life and talked about the changes coming for Carrie. She started calling Carrie Professor Mini-Skirt. She thought this was hysterical. Carrie found it terrifying. Eventually she dismissed Carrie and then she and the girls left for home. Leslie had to work in the morning at her new job, so it was an early night for the girls.

In the morning Jen sent Leslie off to work in her standard outfit with a coat over it. Just for fun, she had Leslie wear her bells. She chuckled at the thought of Leslie starting her new job nearly naked. She wondered if the office staff was going to strip her down once she arrived. She made a mental note to go visit Leslie at work one day this week.

Kim had another horrible day. She started the day on her hands and knees pushing 6 peanuts wherever she went. Jen gave her a paddling around mid morning. She went a little easy on Kim and Kim managed to take 40 swats. She had 20 remaining for the next day. Her butt was on fire but she was grateful to now have just two peanuts to deal with. It would be hard for anyone to understand how much happiness she felt when Ms Jennifer picked up four of the peanuts!

Kim was just crawling into the living room at noon when Carrie arrived. Carrie was blushing deeply but had obeyed orders and come dressed only in a robe. Jen naturally took the robe from her. She saw poor Kim pushing her peanuts and felt sorry for her. Before she became part of Jen’s twisted sisterhood she would have laughed hysterically at this sight. Now, she felt sorry for the girl. She also felt an unwelcome arousal. She had never seen a girl expose herself so effectively as Kim as doing with her crawl. She was so open and totally free of any dignity. She groaned inwardly to herself. She knew this photo session Jen wanted was going to be very personal and the last thing she wanted was to be aroused for it. She just couldn’t seem to catch a break.

Jen was methodical and took about 100 pictures of her. Each picture was nude, of course, but also featured her face prominently and her widely spread legs. These pictures were much, much worse than the original pictures she so desperately wanted to keep private.

“Ok, Carrie, time for your video. Sit on the stool there. Face the camera and smile. Spread your legs wide. When I start taping you’ll tell us your full name, address, phone number, and where you work. Then you’ll tell us how you’re doing this video voluntarily and that you love showing off. Then, you’ll masturbate. I’m going to tape for a half-hour. You should have as many orgasms as you can. Once the camera turns off, you will never masturbate again without permission. It will be at least a week before you come again, so finger that thing like you mean it.”

Carrie was stunned! She did not want to do this! She was going to refuse but she knew it was pointless. She also didn’t want to get paddled. Kim’s butt was a mess of black, blue, and purple bruises and she wanted no part of that. She was in a daze as she complied with Jen’s instructions. She had several orgasms while the tape was running but she couldn’t say they were enjoyable. After 30 minutes Jen stopped the tape. She went through a short list of rules Carrie was required to follow and sent her on her way. Carrie cried as she drove the short distance to her home.

Carrie stripped as soon as she got home. She was used to spending time alone naked. She had been doing this since she started fantasizing about being blackmailed like Kim and Leslie. Now that it was real she didn’t enjoy it like she had before. It was one of Jen’s rules, though, so she followed it. She knew she was a horrible liar and she would never be able to look Jen in the eye and lie about following the rules so she was stuck. For now, the rule about being naked all the time at home was not a problem for her. She was worried about Jen’s warning that there were no exceptions. She didn’t get many unannounced visitors but it was inevitable that she would at some point and she had no idea how she’d explain her nudity. Her more immediate problem was with her clothing rules.

She rummaged around the kitchen and found a measuring tape. Next, she pulled all her short skirts out of her closet. She sat on the bed and measured the little plaid skirt she had worn to Fridays. Jen told her she was not allowed to wear anything that was more than one inch longer than that tiny skirt. The plaid skirt was 9 inches long. Suddenly she blushed, remembering that she was supposed to keep her legs spread wide at all times at home. She sat on the edge of her bed, naked, legs spread, measuring her skirts and wondering how her life had gone so wrong.

Carrie had been gradually shortening her skirts as part of her fantasy life. Most of her skirts had started out as standard 16-inch skirts and many of them had already been shortened to about 13 inches. She selected three skirts and hemmed them to the required 10 inches. She tried one of the newly shortened skirts on and blushed deeply. While it covered her completely, it did no more than just barely cover her. She realized that the skirts would attract a lot of attention at this length. She couldn’t imagine going into school with a skirt this short. Unfortunately, she was about to do just that. Most of the teachers stopped by the school daily to check e-mail, work on lesson plans, etc. It was pretty late in the day but there were bound to be some teachers in the teacher’s lounge. She hoped she could get in and out of school without anyone commenting on her outfit. She had no idea what she would say in response. Deciding she should get this over with, she pulled on a blouse, leaving the top four buttons open (another rule Jen had given her) and headed to the college.

Carrie was delighted to see that the parking lot was deserted. She couldn’t believe her luck at being alone in the lounge. She sat, leaving 12 inches between her knees (another rule from Jen) and checked her e-mail. She saw the pictures of Jen that Leslie had e-mailed her. They quite clearly showed Jen naked in bed with Kim. She thought about what Leslie had said. Could these really get her out of her predicament? Carrie was not an assertive person and had real doubts about her ability to confront Jen with these pictures. She was staring at the picture on her screen and day dreaming about going back to the life she had enjoyed just a few days ago. Suddenly a voice startled her.

“Carrie, what on earth are you doing? Why are you looking at porn at work and what the hell is up with your clothes?” Jacqueline asked. Carrie spun in her chair to face Jacqueline. “Oh my God! Look at you!” Jacqueline said. She stared, taking in the whole picture of her younger co-worker with the mostly unbuttoned blouse, very short skirt, open legs and obvious lack of any underwear. She laughed. “I have got to know what is going on with you today, bunny! Give me all the details,” she said laughing.

For the next half-hour or so, Carrie explained everything. She told Jacqueline about her first encounter with the girls. She told her about her fantasies about being one of them and how she had told them about the party and the stupid bet with the bunny ears. Jacqueline had seen the girls when Carrie arrived at the party, of course. She had asked Carrie who the naked girl in the street was but Carrie’s answer at the party was evasive. Carrie told her about the humiliating trip to Friday’s, the blackmail, the photo session and video she had made earlier, and the rules Jen had imposed. Jacqueline could see Carrie was aroused by all this since she was sitting there with her legs open. She could also see how frightened and upset Carrie was. Her emotions ranged from amusement to anger as Carrie explained how badly bruised Kim’s ass was and how reckless Jen was in displaying and humiliating her girls. Finally, Carrie got to the subject of the pictures and Leslie’s comments about being able to get out of the whole thing.

“So, which of these sluts is Jen and which is Kim?” Jacqueline asked. Carrie showed her. “Hmmm, send those pictures to my e-mail and delete them from your computer. I have an idea,” Jacqueline said. Carrie did as Jacqueline asked. Jacqueline logged on to her computer and printed out a couple of the most explicit pictures. They were low quality pictures but the girl’s faces were clearly identifiable and there was no mistaking what they were doing in the photos. They would work for what Jacqueline had in mind.

“I don’t want you to confront Jen with any of this. You just keep following the rules and doing everything she tells you to do. I have to figure out a plan. In the meantime, I’ll stop by your place each evening to check on you to make sure you’re OK,” Jacqueline said.

“Um, Jacqueline, can we meet somewhere instead of you coming to my house? Jen insists that I not wear clothes at home under any circumstances. I’d feel uncomfortable.” Carrie asked.

“Don’t be silly, girl, you’re practically naked right now. You’ve been showing me your kitty since I got here and the blouse is only just leaving anything to my imagination. I’ve seen your titties before, remember?” Jacqueline teased. “And don’t tell me that there isn’t a part of you that isn’t enjoying all this. I can see it and I can smell it,” she said with a smile. Carrie blushed crimson.

“Oh, one more thing. If Jen decides to take you out in public again I want to know about it. I’d like to get all of you together to see what happens for myself.” Carrie agreed to this instantly. She was hoping Jacqueline could help. It was embarrassing for her to have Jacqueline know about this, but she was comforted by any offer of help.

“Come on, sweetie, you’ve had enough for today. I’ll walk you out,” Jacqueline said. The two women walked out to the parking lot. Jacqueline walked Carrie to her car. She grinned when she saw Carrie lift her skirt in the back before getting in. “Drive safe, sweetie. I’ll see you tomorrow. Don’t worry, we can fix this!” Jacqueline called to her as she was leaving.

Jacqueline took out her cell phone and dialed a number. “Chris! You’ll never guess what our little Carrie has gotten herself into,” she said, laughing. She recounted some, but not all, of the story Carrie had told her to Chris, another teacher at the college. “Meet me for a drink so we can talk,” Jacqueline said. The two women met at a nearby bar for a cocktail and laughed at Carrie’s plight. Jacqueline told her most of the story but had omitted the part about Carrie not being allowed to wear clothes in her apartment. “I told her I’d stop by to check on her tomorrow. Want to come with?” Chris said she did.

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The girls spent Monday evening at home. Jen had decided to go away for a couple days with her family. Her parents had a place at the beach and she was going to visit with them for a few days. She would have preferred to skip this annual event but her parents really wanted her there. In light of all the things her family had done for her since graduation, including the apartment and a very generous allowance, she didn’t want to disappoint them. She called the girls into the living room to break the news. She sat in her regular chair. Leslie, wearing only her high heels, sat on the floor before her and both girls waited patiently for Kim, struggling across the room pushing two peanuts and dragging her yardstick with her. Eventually, both girls were in position. Jen loved how these two girls no longer hesitated to sit at her feet and spread their legs for her. It was an impressive display of submissiveness and it made her hot.

Jen made Leslie describe her first day at work. She was disappointed in the story. The folks in the office had put her to work, but nothing else. While her tiny skirt and see-through blouse embarrassed Leslie, she was not stripped or humiliated by anyone in the office. She had filed papers all day. Jen decided she’d send a note along with Leslie to work one of these days with some suggestions on it. She told the girls she would be visiting with her parents for a few days.

“Kimmy, you’re punishment is over. If you ever masturbate without permission again, I’ll add the 40 you didn’t get to whatever punishment I decide for you. You won’t get off easy again, though. You can go back to walking in the apartment. Remember you have to wear your heels at all time. I want both of you to understand that while I’m gone all the rules still apply. In this house you wear only your heels. Keep your legs spread, too. Leslie, since Kimmy’s punishment is over your freedom to finger yourself is over, too. I’m going to allow you to masturbate once a day provided you do it on camera. Kimmy, I think its time for you to have an orgasm, too. I’ll supervise it personally. Finally, I want this place spotless when I return. Leslie, you can get started on the cleaning right away. Kimmy, come with me.” Jen told the girls. She brought Kim to her bedroom.

Leslie heard the sounds of Jen and Kim having sex. She wanted to get more pictures of them but didn’t dare. In the end she decided the pictures she had would be enough and busied herself with cleaning and tried to shut out the noise coming from Jen’s bedroom. Eventually she heard Kimmy screaming and smiled. Poor Kimmy hadn’t had an orgasm for a week and it was obvious she really enjoyed getting some relief. They went to bed early that night. In the morning Jen came down stairs with a small suitcase. Leslie was dressed for work. Kim sat on the floor wearing her high heels and drinking coffee.

“Be good bimbos while I’m gone. Follow your dress code when you go out. Leslie, make sure you go to work every day. You can go visit your friend Kelly at the mall if you want. I’ll be back in a few days. I think we’ll go to dinner at the Mall Friday night. We cheated those nice people out of a show last time but I’m sure we can make up for it. I’ve already sent Carrie an e-mail telling her to meet us there.” She kissed Leslie on the cheek and kissed Kim on the mouth and she was out the door.

Leslie had not decided whether she would tell Kim about her pictures and her plan to get out from Jen’s control. She showed up for work and endured another boring day of filing. Aside from being treated with contempt by the receptionist and secretary she may as well have been dressed normally. She paid little attention to her work, though. Her thoughts were consumed with gaining her freedom from Jen.

Carrie faced another day living with her new dress code. She had called Jacqueline and told her about the dinner plans for Friday. She knew they’d be going to the mall and assumed it would be Friday’s again. She managed to make it into school to check her mail without hearing any comments from coworkers about her extremely short skirt. She was a bit worried about her lack of a bra, too. She had been focused on how she would be able to teach in the tiny skirts Jen insisted on and had somehow forgotten to consider that she would be without a bra, too. She struggled with the conflicting emotions about her situation. She couldn’t deny that she was aroused by the thought of living under Jen’s rule. She was also terrified.

Jacqueline met Chris for coffee around 10:00 that morning. Chris had seen Carrie’s embarrassing display at the party. Jacqueline was bubbling with amusement when she recounted how Carrie had blackmailed and couldn’t stop laughing about it. “This is so perfect! Her blackmailer is intending on making her wear extremely revealing outfits everywhere. You should have seen her yesterday. I came in to get my mail and she was sitting there in a mostly unbuttoned blouse and a very, very short skirt,” Jacqueline said. Both women laughed. “I didn’t tell you the best part! When I saw Carrie sitting at her computer she had her legs open like this!” Jacqueline spread her knees about a foot apart to show Chris what she meant.

“Oh my!” Chris exclaimed as she burst out laughing. “That must have been embarrassing. I can’t imagine getting caught like that!” Chris couldn’t stop chuckling at Carrie’s situation.

“Oh, that wasn’t the best part, though. I confronted her and asked her what she was doing. She spun around to face me and kept her legs open like that. Seems it’s a rule she has to follow all the time.” Jacqueline said. Both women erupted into laughter again. “I’m telling you, Chris, her skirt was tiny! And with the way she was sitting she might as well have been naked! At the party when she was running around in her panties you guessed that she shaved down there. You were right. She doesn’t have a single hair there! That is apparently another rule!” Naturally, this comment brought more laughter.

“So, how long does this go on for her?” Chris asked.

“I don’t know. I don’t think there’s a time limit for it. Her blackmailer is a young woman named Jennifer. She will be a student here in September. She calls Carrie Professor Mini-skirt. If she still has Carrie dressing like I saw her yesterday that name is going to stick!” laughed Jacqueline.

“Well, it’s already stuck in my mind!” laughed Chris. “Why doesn’t she go to the police? Blackmail is illegal, isn’t it?” Chris asked.

“Well, I think there are two reasons. First, she doesn’t want her pictures shown around and they will get out if she goes to the police. Second, I think she likes this. When I saw her at school she was so horny you could smell it!” Jacqueline answered.

“Eeewww!” Chris answered, holding her nose with two fingers and making a face. “I can’t wait to see this for myself!” she laughed.

“Well, we’ll go over and check on her around 6:00. I’ll meet you at the school,” Jacqueline answered. She didn’t tell Chris that Carrie would be stark naked when they went to check on her. Why ruin the surprise? Both women would be surprised. Carrie would probably hate the fact that Chris knew all about her secret. Chris was not good at keeping secrets. Jacqueline couldn’t believe her good fortune at stumbling onto this. Carrie was going to be a laughingstock when school started. She was going to make sure of it. The women said their good-byes and Jacqueline started working on her plan to change Carrie’s situation a little bit. She would put that plan into action on Friday night.

Later that evening Leslie and Kim had a talk. Leslie had decided to fill her in on the pictures and her plan to get out. “I’m going to use these pictures to get all of mine back. Do you want in?” Leslie asked.

Kim thought about it for a minute or two. “No, I don’t. I know you don’t understand me and I know this whole thing got way out of hand. I understand how you would want out. Jen has gotten carried away with this and I’ve absolutely hated some of the things she’s done to me. I still can’t sit down without thinking about her and I’ll never eat another peanut again. Still, I don’t want to be free of her. In time, I’ll talk to her about some of the things I don’t like, but I don’t want it to stop.” Kim explained.

“Unbelievable! You can’t be serious!” Leslie said. Deep down she understood, though. She didn’t object to being controlled by another. She simply didn’t like Jen’s type of control. She wanted more than constant nudity and humiliation. She thought about the slut from the bar. That was more her style. She wanted desperately to lose her virginity. She didn’t mind being made to dress provocatively. She just thought it was silly to strip a girl down and then not do anything with her. She spent all her time spreading her legs for Jen! She wasn’t getting any sex at all. Not even the girl-girl stuff Kim was getting. She was becoming obsessed with fantasies of being a huge slut and getting gang-banged. She also wanted to wear normal clothes a lot more often. Instead of being always naked or nearly naked, she wanted to dress normally until it was time for her to be used and then she wanted to be used by everyone.

“Well, if you like this, you should stay. I’m getting out! I’m sorry that your naked pictures will have to come out if this doesn’t go well. It’s not like you don’t have tons of nudie pictures on the Internet already, though. I bet you’ll have lesbian pictures out there soon enough, even if it’s not the ones I have. Promise you won’t rat me out or ruin my plan?” Leslie asked.

“I promise I won’t say a word. If you want out, you should get out,” Kim answered.

“Well, I’m out as of right this minute. Jen has taken all my pants, so I’m going to the mall. Wanna come?” Leslie asked,

“Sure. I could use getting out of the house.” Kim answered.

“Well, I’m going to find the longest skirt in this place and that’s what I’m wearing. You should follow your rules, though.” Leslie said. Leslie found a denim skirt that hadn’t been cut yet and added a blouse with buttons to her outfit. She found her ratty old tennis shoes and got dressed. Kim wore a cutoff T-shirt and a cut denim skirt. You could see her bruised ass under the skirt. She also wore her skyscraper heels. The left the house and drove to the mall.

In an impressive display of power shopping Leslie had purchased bras, panties, socks, some new tennis shoes, jeans, a sweatshirt and some conservative blouses. The girls ducked into the ladies room and Leslie stripped off her hooker clothes and put on jeans and the sweatshirt. She had almost forgotten what it was like to have underwear on. In a few minutes she was dressed like a typical teenager and the two girls took the packages and the clothes Leslie had worn to the mall out to the car.

“So, since you like being ordered around in that outfit, are you interested in some fun?” Leslie asked.

“I, um, I…sure, I guess so,” Kim stammered. Leslie laughed. She hugged Kim. “I hope we can go back to being friends, sweetie.” She grabbed the waistband of Kim’s skirt and tugged up. “Ok, here are the rules for you, Kimmy.” Leslie said. “No touching your clothes. Keep your hands behind your back no matter what. And, when you sit, open ‘em up just like Jen makes you do at home,” Leslie chuckled. She ran her hand over Kim’s crotch and laughed at the wetness. “You really do love this, don’t you, sweetie?” she asked. Kim blushed and nodded her head.

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Kim’s skirt was sitting high on her waist and wasn’t covering her down below. She wasn’t worried, though. She knew she could adjust it without touching it so she just walked across the parking lot with her bits on display. She left her skirt that way as they approached a group of people walking in the other direction. She heard comments about her short skirt and reveled in the humiliation of it all. As they neared the mall entrance they encountered people she knew, however, and she took a deep breath, sucked her tummy in as far as she good and wiggled her hips a little bit. The skirt dropped lower on her hips and she was covered again. Leslie watched the whole thing in amusement. Leslie led Kim straight to the Gap. She stopped just outside the door. The store was empty except for Kelly and another clerk. Kelly saw them and waved. Leslie waved back and motioned with her hand to tell Kelly she would be just a minute. She faced Kim and put her arms around her. “Remember, sweetie, no touching your clothes. And make sure you smile. There’s tons of security cameras in here and these girls will have pictures of you on the Internet before we even get home.” She lifted the front of Kim’s skirt and tucked it into the waistband, completely revealing Kim’s pussy. Leslie whispered in her ear. “We have a small crowd of admirers watching us right now. When I say, you’re going to give me a nice long kiss. When I release you, I want you to do a nice slow pirouette. When you turn around I want a nice big smile, too. Kiss me!” Leslie instructed. They held the kiss for a full minute and it had the effect that Leslie had hoped for. There were a dozen people staring at the scene. She broke off the kiss and stepped back. Kim was very nervous but she fixed a smile on her face and spun around to show the onlookers her lifted skirt. Leslie was laughing as she grabbed Kim by the hand and dragged her into the Gap. Kelly stood there applauding. Kim blushed deeply but left her skirt up just as she had been instructed.

“Hey, bimbo! What’s up with your clothes and who’s your under-dressed friend?” Kelly asked, grinning.

“I’ve decided to stand up to my blackmailer, so I’m dressing myself now. This slut is Kimmy. She’s decided she likes being blackmailed, so she’s still wearing her uniform. You don’t mind if she shows off a little bit, do you, Kelly”? Leslie answered with a laugh.

“Not at all. I haven’t heard any complaints about the times you were running around naked in here. The boss even looked at the security tapes a few times,” Kelly laughed and made a motion with her hand simulating a man jacking off. “Does your little bimbo friend know she’s on camera?” Kim blushed but kept her hands behind her back as ordered. The other clerk had approached and was watching her stand there with her skirt up.

“Oh, she’s a bit of a star on the Internet already. I’m sure she doesn’t mind being filmed. In fact, she’s way more dressed now than in most of her pictures on the ‘Net. And trust me, she’s been in this mall wearing far less than this!”

“So, you’re dressed much differently than the last time we saw you. What’s up with that?” Kelly asked.

“Well, Jen, the bitch that’s been blackmailing us, is out of town for a few days. I have a huge surprise for her when she comes back. I’ve acquired some pictures of her naked and having sex with a teenage girl. I’m pretty confident that she’ll think keeping those pictures confidential is more important than controlling little old me.”

“So, you’re taking your anger out on this one? Is that why you have her showing her kitty to the whole mall?” Kelly asked.

“Not at all. We’re friends. I offered to get her out of being blackmailed, too. She doesn’t want out, though. She likes being made to do shit like this. Don’t you, Kimmy?” Leslie pinched Kim’s cheek, causing her blush to deepen.

“So, she’s doing this voluntarily? What else will she do? I have some ideas. I was hoping I’d get to try them on you! Looks like that isn’t going to happen now, though,” Kelly answered.

“Well, if you play your cards right you’ll get to see me naked again. You asked me if I’d go out with you and now I’m going to be free so I stopped in to tell you my answer is ‘yes’. I’ve only been out of my hooker clothes for about 10 minutes, though, so don’t plan on me getting naked here,” Leslie laughed. “Kimmy, on the other hand, is open for pretty much anything. What kind of plans were you making, anyway?”

“Oh, just one in particular. I met a law student at a party and I was telling him about how you were running around the mall practically naked. We got talking about what has to be covered so you couldn’t get arrested for indecent exposure. After that conversation I came up with a great idea for an outfit for you to walk the mall in,” Kelly laughed.

Leslie laughed, too. Kim was fidgeting as she listened to this. Part of her wanted to go home right away but part of her wanted to hear more about this embarrassing outfit.

“Kimmy would love to do that! Kimmy, the dressing rooms are in the back. Go get naked while I talk to Kelly. You can fold your clothes up. I don’t think you’ll be needing them again for a while.” Leslie ordered. Kim nodded and walked to the back of the store.

“So, what’s this outfit?” Leslie asked.

Kelly went behind the counter and came back with a pair of scissors, some cotton balls, and a roll of duct tape. “This is going to be funny. According to my friend, nipples, pussy opening and butt hole need to be covered. We can even leave part of her slit uncovered! A little piece of tape covering her from her clit hood to her butt hole and a couple circles for her nipples and she’s street legal,” Kelly laughed.

Leslie laughed, too. “But what’s the cotton for?” she asked.

“Well, the slut is bound to be wet and we don’t want the tape to fall off exposing her, do we?” laughed Kelly. The two women went into the dressing room and found Kim sitting there. Ever obedient, she was naked and had her legs spread wide. “I see someone has an embarrassing rule for sitting down,” Kelly teased. She cut two little circles out of the duct tape and covered each of Kim’s nipples with the tape. “I ordered some pasties for you, bimbo, when I thought I’d be dressing you like this. They look just like big nipples. They meet the legal definition of a covering but you’d have to look close to know they weren’t your own nips!” She had Kim lean back on the bench and started pushing the cotton into her pussy.

Kim was trying to figure out how this was going to be turned into an outfit. She figured the tape over her nipples would make them more prominent under whatever top they made her wear. She could not imagine what the cotton being pushed into her would be for. Kelly used her finger and thumb to measure the distance between Kim’s clit hood and butt hole. She cut a piece of tape from the role. She eyed the spread girl’s crotch critically and cut a bit off the width of the small piece of tape she had cut from the role. Satisfied with the result, she put the tape over Kim’s crotch and smoothed it down. Kim couldn’t help herself and began lifting her hips to meet Kelly’s hand. Kelly laughed in her face. “Down, slut! We’re not fvcking here, we’re getting you dressed!” she laughed. Kim didn’t think it was possible to blush more than she had been.

Kim looked down at the tape between her legs. She was sealed off down there but she still had no idea how this could contribute to her outfit. It was more covering than she’d had under her skirt for a long time. This didn’t make sense to her.

“You know what? I just got an idea! Wait right there, slut!” Kelly said. She went out to the front of the store and came back with a couple markers. Using a brown marker, she colored silver tape on Kim’s nipples. Up close, you could easily tell it was brown colored duct tape. From a distance, it would appear that Kim was topless. Kelly took a red marker and drew a pussy slit on the tape covering Kim’s crotch. Both Leslie and Kelly laughed hysterically at this.

“There! All dressed!” Kelly announced with a laugh.

Kim’s heart missed a beat. What did she mean ‘all dressed’? She was wearing a tiny piece of tape! She felt completely naked! There must be some mistake. She was on the verge of panic when she heard Leslie tell her to stand up and look at herself in the mirror. She complied and groaned at the image reflecting back at her. She was not ‘all dressed’! She was completely naked with some tape stuck to her. They couldn’t be serious about this being her outfit!

“You can take her anywhere like this and she won’t get arrested. She’s legal!” Kelly was saying. “My lawyer friend told me we don’t really need to cover her nipples, either. There’s some case that was just decided in court and technically, girls can go topless just like men can. The guy told me she would probably get arrested if her nips were uncovered because the rule is so new, but she would win in court. I’d be careful, though. She’s gonna cause a scene when she goes out like this and the cops will be looking for a reason to bust her. Covered like this, though, she’s safe.”

“So, you’re saying she can go out in public like this? That’s incredible. She looks totally nude!” Leslie exclaimed. Kim did not like the direction of this conversation.

“Yeah, she might get tossed out of the mall, but she won’t get busted. Cool, isn’t it?” Kelly answered. “Just think, bimbo, if you didn’t get those pictures of your blackmailer naked and having lesbian sex, you’d be in this outfit right now,” Kelly teased. “By the way, who was the bimbo your blackmailer-what’s her name? Jen? – was having sex with in the pictures you have?” Kelly asked. “Can we have some fun with her?”

“It was Kimmy here. And I’d say we are having some fun with her!” Leslie answered.

“Well, how about we send her to the Starbucks in the Food Court. I’d love a pumpkin latte!”

“No, I don’t think so, Kelly. Look, Kim is my friend and I am only doing this to her because she likes it on some level. I know just walking out of the mall like this is going to be hard enough on her. How about this? We can have her walk around the store while I go get your latte. She’ll show up on all the store security cameras and you’ll get some good pictures to put on the Net. I’ll walk her out of the mall like this but I don’t want to be too hard on her. Ok?” Leslie suggested.

“You’re way too nice to her but yeah, that will be ok,” Kelly agreed. “Let’s go, sweetie, you can look at all the nice clothes we sell while you wait,” Kelly giggled.

“And when I come back, let’s set up that date. I have plans for Friday night but my, er, situation should get resolved then. How about Saturday night?” Leslie asked.

“Sure! Saturday night works. I have to work during the day but I get off at 6. And, plan to wear something sexier than jeans. Just cause you don’t have to wear whore clothes doesn’t mean you can’t wear a nice mini skirt. I love a girl in a short skirt,” Kelly winked. Leslie nodded and headed out to the Food Court. When she returned with the latte Kim was still pacing the sales floor of the Gap. A small group of people were watching her and laughing at her. She was blushing deeply and it looked like she was struggling to keep from crying.

“Ok, it’s time to go. Do you have a bag for Kimmy’s clothes?” Kelly handed her a bag and she put Kim’s skirt and T-shirt in it. “Ok, I’ll call you Saturday! Let’s go, Kimmy, it’s show time!” Leslie guided the extremely embarrassed girl out into the mall.

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The walk out of the mall was excruciatingly embarrassing for Kim. She heard laughter, catcalls, derogatory comments and more from the people they passed. She saw numerous people taking her picture with their camera phones. She knew this adventure was going to be chronicled on the Internet very soon. Above all else, though, she was horny. She knew Jen would kill her if she slept with Leslie but she was thinking about it anyway. When they arrived home she went directly to the computer and turned on the video camera. She was beyond caring what she looked like as she masturbated. She didn’t know it at the time, but her performance would become a classic and, eventually, millions of people would see this video.

Leslie checked her e-mail and saw a note from Carrie. She replied back and asked Carrie to call her. Minutes later Carrie called. Leslie asked her what she intended to do and Carrie explained how Jacqueline had caught her in her tiny skirt at school and now knew everything. Leslie told Carrie about Jen’s trip to the beach and how she decided to break free from Jen immediately on her return. Carrie suggested the girls come over so they could all talk about it. Leslie thought that was a good idea and said they’d be over around 5:00. She got the address and realized that Carrie lived just a couple miles down the road. Leslie filled Kim in on the plans for the evening. Leslie spent the afternoon scouring the two computers in the apartment, removing every picture of herself she could find. She left the Yahoo Group Jen had insisted on but she removed all the material in it and put a link to Kimmy’s group.

Next, she made a whole lot of copies of the pictures of Jen that she had. In addition to the ones on disk, she made several CD’s. She hid several CD’s around the apartment. She even went to the extreme of driving one of the CD’s to her parent’s house. She was determined to retain possession of the incriminating pictures of Jen no matter what. She hoped that Jen had not made copies of the material she had. If they each had incriminating material on each other, this would end in a draw and Leslie would be out. If Leslie got lucky and was able to destroy all of the pictures of herself she would have the upper hand on Jen. If that happened, Jen would really be in big trouble. Leslie masturbated and then took a long bath. She nodded off in the tub, luxuriating in the warm water and thinking about Jen naked and handcuffed to a urinal in the men’s room at the bus station.

Later that afternoon Leslie and Kim were having coffee in the living room. They were almost ready to go meet with Carrie. Kim’s clothes were folded and placed by the door. Leslie was back in her jeans, sweatshirt and underwear. Kim sat naked on the floor, legs spread as always. Leslie was in the chair Jen always used.

“Are you sure you don’t want your freedom, sweetie? I mean, look at you? Is this how you want to live your life?” Kim was lost in thought and didn’t respond. “Look, I know you like doing crazy stuff like we did at the mall today. I can give that to you, you know. You could have a normal life and be the little slut you want to be. It doesn’t have to be all or nothing, you know.” Leslie explained.

“I appreciate what you’re trying to do, Leslie. Really, I do. For me, it does have to be all or nothing. I can’t turn this off and on. I need to be forced or I’ll never do any of this. If I had a choice there is no way I’d have walked through that mall naked except for a couple inches of duct tape. I wouldn’t be able to. But I had no choice and when I got home I had some awesome orgasms. And the whole time I was masturbating I was thinking about being made to go out wearing just that little strip of tape again. I know you don’t like Jen anymore and you want your freedom. I promise I won’t interfere. Just don’t ruin this for me, ok?” Kim answered.

“I won’t ruin anything for you, Kimmy. I understand how you feel. I really do. Now, are you sated for the night? Do you need more rough treatment? Do you want to go to Carrie’s naked?”

“You see, Leslie? That’s a great example of why it would never work with you and me! You just asked me I wanted to go visit Carrie naked. I have never wanted to go anywhere naked! I crave being made to do it, not having the choice to do it.”

“Yeah, I get it. Well, I’ll tell you what. Let’s just say that you have to do everything I tell you to do until Jen gets home. That way, we can play and I won’t have to ask you if you want to. Will that work for you?” Leslie was genuinely interested in making sure Kim was happy for the next couple of days.

“That would be perfect, Leslie. And remember I won’t break. I could have gotten Kelly’s latte at the mall today. I would have hated you for a few minutes, but I would have gotten over it,” Kim said with a smile.

“I hear you, girl,” Leslie said with a smile. The girls finished their coffee.

“Ok, Kimmy, grab your clothes. You can get dressed in the car,” Leslie said. A few minutes later the girls were parking the car at Carrie’s apartment building. Neither girl was surprised to see Carrie naked when she answered the door. Carrie blushed a little and invited them in.

“So, nice apartment here. This is going to be a little rough for you, though, if you’re being controlled by Jen. She’s a big fan of making us come and go completely naked. It’s not too bad if you’re on the first floor. It’s going to be nerve-wracking going up and down in the elevator naked, though,” Leslie said.

Carrie shuddered at the thought. “I think Jacqueline is going to get me out of this so I won’t have to worry about it.”

“So, how does it feel to live like a nudist, Carrie?” Leslie asked. Carrie was too embarrassed to tell Leslie that she had been living naked in her apartment for a month already. She was feeling self-conscious about sitting with her legs spread and dreading the arrival of her friend Jacqueline.

“It takes some getting used to,” Carrie answered. “I’m sure after what you’ve been through for the last couple weeks, wearing jeans takes some getting used to.”

Leslie smiled. “Oh, I adjusted quickly. Speaking of clothes, Kimmy, do you really think you’d be wearing anything if Jen was here? Strip. And, just because you see Carrie sitting on furniture doesn’t mean you’re allowed to. Fold the clothes and get on the floor.”

Carrie’s face went white. She thought back to the little discussion Jen had with her about the rules. She couldn’t remember whether she was told not to use furniture or not. She guessed that she wasn’t allowed to since Kim and Leslie weren’t allowed to. She immediately took a spot on the floor. Soon, both Carrie and Kim were on the floor in front of her chair.

Leslie looked them over and was suddenly seeing this sight for the first time from an outsider’s view. She had to hand it to Jen. This little technique was effective. Nobody could look at the two girls on the floor and think anything but ‘bimbo slut’. She wondered how Carrie would handle it when her friend showed up. It would be interesting, for sure.

As it turns out, she didn’t have long to wait. Shortly before 6 Jacqueline and Chris showed up. Poor Carrie had been bracing herself for Jacqueline to witness her humiliation. She couldn’t believe it when Chris walked in with her. Chris was just about the last person in the world Carrie wanted to see her like this. She managed to get through letting them in and getting them a drink. She hesitated before sitting down. Both Jacqueline and Chris had an idea what Carrie was hesitating for since Kim was on the floor holding her legs as far apart as she could get them. Carrie turned as red as a tomato when she finally took her place beside Kim. It didn’t help that her coworkers were openly laughing at her.

For the next hour or so, the girls filled Jacqueline in on everything that had transpired. Kim started the story with a retelling of her stupid bet on the weather. Leslie told her part about fantasizing about this stuff and not really liking it. She did not tell the girls about her fantasies for real rough sex. She let them assume she didn’t like all the exposure. Carrie really embarrassed herself when she was made to recount how she had been imposing rules on herself as part of her fantasy life. Jacqueline and Chris were fascinated and very amused by all of what they heard.

Jacqueline questioned Kim closely about her desire to continue being under Jen’s rule. After about 10 minutes she was satisfied with Kim’s responses. She questioned Carrie about her fantasies and her activities since meeting Jen, Kim, and Leslie. When Jacqueline was though Carrie could honestly say she had never been more embarrassed in her life. Lastly, Jacqueline questioned Leslie about her plans to get out of all this.

“Ok, I’m going to confront this Jen girl. I’m going to let her know I have pictures of her. I will tell her that she is to let Leslie go immediately and to never bother her again. I’ll let her know she can continue to own Kim, of course.” Turning to Kim she said, “I look forward to seeing you in school. I’m sure you’ll make quite a scene in the outfits this Jen will be making you wear.” Finally, she turned to Carrie. “Naturally, I’ll take care of you while I’m confronting her, Carrie.” Nobody noticed that Jacqueline gave no specifics about what taking care of Carrie meant. For her part, Carrie just assumed it meant a total rescue.

“Now, Jen will be back on Friday and she has plans to take you to the mall. I will be there and I will have my discussion with her then. Leslie, you can’t let on about this. If my plan is going to work, Jen cannot know about the pictures. I’m afraid that means you’ll have to dress like these other bimbos.” Carrie winced at being called a bimbo by her colleague. She thought about what she must look like to Jacqueline, though, totally naked and so exposed, and decided she was in no position to complain about the slight.

“And Chris, you will keep this quiet?” Carrie asked anxiously.

“Carrie, dear, I have no part in this. I’m just along for the ride. Jacqueline and I are having dinner later. That’s all. There’s no need to question me. And besides, just who would I tell about this foolishness?” Chris answered. Her words were evasive but her tone left no doubt that she didn’t care for this situation. In reality, she was struggling to prevent herself from laughing hysterically. She couldn’t believe how silly these two naked girls looked. And, she thought, it was quite a serious predicament they had gotten into. She couldn’t decide which one was sillier, Kim for not choosing to take a chance to get out, or Carrie, for looking so forward to getting into it. It didn’t matter. The plain truth was that she thought they were both bimbos and they deserved everything they got.

“So, we’re going out to dinner. Would you girls like to come along?” Jacqueline asked. Carrie refused. She couldn’t imagine going out with her coworkers given the way she would have to dress. Leslie and Kim refused, too. Neither girl was sure they liked the superior attitude these two women possessed. They would find some other things to do this evening.

The group parted ways with a round of good-byes and wishes for good luck on Friday.

“So, Kimmy, you seemed to think the naked elevator rides that poor Carrie faces are no big deal. Why don’t you head to the car now and I’ll bring your clothes down in a few minutes? I want to have a word with Carrie,” Leslie said with a smile. Kim blushed and headed out the apartment door naked but for her heels. She didn’t remember saying that naked elevator rides were no big deal! She was terrified someone would get on the elevator with her. How would she explain her nudity? Fortunately, her biggest problem was killing about 5 minutes in the parking lot. This is a lot harder to do when you’re naked, but Kim had dealt with far worse in the last couple weeks.

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The girls carried on through Jen’s absence. Friday morning came around and Leslie knew she would have to give up some of her recent changes in order to protect the plan. Since neither girl knew when Jen was due home, Leslie did not dress Friday morning. She was surprised to see that after only two days of wearing clothes, walking around the house naked felt awkward. And, in Jen’s absence Leslie had begun to feel more equal than subservient to the woman and she resented the preparations she needed to make for her arrival. She hid all the clothes she had purchased and spent extra time in the shower shaving away the stubble that had grown around her crotch. In two days time, pubic hair had become very important to Leslie and she told herself that this was the last time she was going to shave or even trim her pubic hair for a very long time. She even masturbated on camera with a live feed going to her Yahoo group. While she had ignored Jen’s orders and had been quite free with her self-loving during Jen’s absence, she realized that Jen would expect to see the files. She hated doing this on camera. She resolved that appearing nude on the Internet was not going to happen to her again after today.

Around noon Jen arrived. Both Kim and Leslie were there naked to greet her. She jumped right into her role as soon as she arrived. Just inside the door she demanded a glass of iced tea and then sent both girls out to her car to fetch her bags. Kim took this in stride but Leslie was very unhappy about this public exposure. She hoped Jen would not be able to do her much damage in the remaining hours she had control over her. Jen announced that they would be having an early dinner and told the girls to be ready to go at 6:00. She informed both girls they would be going to dinner in schoolgirl outfits. She wanted hair and makeup to match and each was to wear her shortest plaid skirt. Both girls winced at this command since each of them had plaid skirts that did not fully cover them in the front or rear. Kim was told to select an appropriate white blouse and Leslie was told to wear her see-through blouse. Jen’s final instruction was to make sure Carrie was e-mailed and given the same instructions.

Leslie was annoyed by the clothing choices Jen made. First, she didn’t like the idea that all three girls would be dressed alike. She figured this would be as bad as wearing a sign telling the world that she didn’t choose her own clothing. Next, she had been singled out again with the see-through blouse requirement. Her blouse was not subtle and she would, again, be effectively topless. Jen had been making her wear this damn blouse everywhere and was showing no signs of letting up. Kimmy might enjoy being the one with her tits in plain view but Jen always made Leslie wear the see-through blouse. And finally, the casual way Jen had ordered each girl into her shortest plaid skirt. It wasn’t like Jen didn’t know just how short these skirts were. She was resigned to wearing the damn skirt in the bar. Hell, she’d probably have the skirt hiked up in the bar anyway, not that it would matter. She figured this was going to be another night of sitting with her legs spread anyway. Why couldn’t this bitch at least let them wear something decent to walk into the mall? Was it absolutely necessary that everyone see her pussy on the walk in, too?

Carrie had a similar reaction to the schoolgirl outfit order. She was in better shape than Kim and Leslie, though, as her shortest plaid skirt was a full nine inches long. She would be embarrassed to be seen wearing this outfit in public by her friend Jacqueline, but she would deal with it happily if Jacqueline could get her out of this situation. Carrie e-mailed Jacqueline with the time Jen wanted her at the mall. Everything was in place for the big confrontation. Carrie was very nervous about what was going to happen.

Jacqueline had printed pictures in several different sizes. She had Jen’s full name and address and several key entries from her e-mail address book (supplied by Leslie). She also had Jen’s parent’s names and addresses. It could be better, but she felt it would be an effective blackmail package. She went over her plan a few more times. She called Chris and arranged to meet her at Friday’s at the mall. Jacqueline and Chris would arrive early enough to see Carrie, Jen, and the girls arrive. She was ready and couldn’t help but smile to herself at the expected outcome of the evening’s meeting.

Jacqueline arrived at Friday’s first. She picked a table at the bar. Jacqueline was dressed casually in slacks and a blouse. She looked like every other patron except for the manila folder she had with her. Chris, also dressed casually in a knee length skirt and blouse, joined her shortly. The two women exchanged greetings and Jacqueline showed Chris the little portfolio she had put together. She explained that the small picture would be used to make sure Jennifer was willing to come over to their table for a discussion. The remaining photos were on full size paper, as was the listing of names, addresses, and e-mail addresses.

“So, you’re going to blackmail the blackmailer and be Carrie’s shining knight? It’s too bad you’re so intent on rescuing her. I was really looking forward to her making a total fool of herself when school started. Already people have been talking about her miniskirts. I would love to see what a few months of being blackmailed does to her reputation!” Chris said.

“I have no intention of rescuing Carrie,” Jacqueline laughed. “She will be obeying this Jennifer woman for the foreseeable future. I’m looking forward to watching her make a fool of herself, too. I rather like the idea of watching Professor Miniskirt struggle with her blackmailer. I’m going to use these pictures to make sure that struggle is thoroughly entertaining,” Jacqueline said.

“I don’t understand. Exactly what is your plan?” Chris asked.

“It’s simple, really. I’m going to blackmail the blackmailer just like you said. Only I’m not demanding that she leave Carrie alone. In fact, I’m going to demand that she continue to harass Professor Miniskirt and that she doesn’t let up until I tell her to. I have a few other demands of Jennifer as well,” Jacqueline answered with a smirk.

“Oh? Do tell!” Chris encouraged her.

“I don’t want to ruin the surprise. I am going to get Leslie out of this situation, though. She seems to want out pretty badly. The other girl, Kim, has chosen to stay under Jennifer’s control, so she’s on her own. And Carrie seems to like this treatment on some level. Keep in mind that she was doing some of this to herself all on her own. And when I confronted her with it she was visibly horny. So, she’ll get a little of what she wants, probably way more than she wants, and we’ll get some entertainment out of it. Everyone wins! Well, everyone except Jennifer. Her life is about to change and I doubt she’ll see the changes as positive,” Jacqueline laughed.

The two women enjoyed their drinks and talked about work for a bit. There was a bit of a commotion at the door and both women watched Jen, Kim, and Leslie make their entrance.

“Holy shit! Look how she has those girls dressed! Leslie’s blouse is completely see through! And those skirts are tiny! They can’t be more than 6 inches long! Look! They don’t even cover them! And look at those high heels!” Chris couldn’t believe what she was seeing!

“Yeah, she’s ruthless, isn’t she? I especially love the way she’s made them do their makeup and hair to go along with the outfits. They’re a couple of naughty schoolgirls, aren’t they? Can you imagine our poor Carrie being made to dress like that? This is going to be so good!” Jacqueline answered.

Every eye in the place was on the three women as they made their way into the bar and sat at a high-top table. Several camera flashes went off as they walked through the crowded bar. Jen chose their seating positions, naturally. “Ok, sluts, you know the drill. Everyone wants to know what you girls have on under those cute little plaid skirts. Let’s show them just what kind of girls you are. Spread those legs wide for your adoring public,” Jen ordered.

Each girl complied. Leslie was having trouble with this order, though, despite having done it frequently before and knowing in advance that it was coming. She felt so exposed. She made eye contact with Jacqueline. She was hoping the woman would get her plan started right away, but Jacqueline made no move to get up. Leslie gritted her teeth and tried not to think about the obscene display she was putting on. The waitress came over to take their order.

“Hi girls, nice to see you again!” she said with a smirk. She made a point of looking directly at the exposed crotches of two girls. “You just can’t see enough of the good customers, you know,” she said with a wink at Leslie and a laugh. “So, what will it be tonight?”

Jen ordered a beer for herself and Diet Coke for Leslie and Kim. “We’re waiting for one more girl. You’ll recognize her when she comes in. Can you make sure she finds us?” Jen asked.

“I think she’ll find you. Everyone in the place knows you’re here! I’ll watch for her. Will she be dressed or naked?” the waitress laughed.

“She’ll be dressed like these two. Well, more like this one,” Jen answered, pointing to Kim. Leslie fumed at the obvious reference to her see-through blouse.

“Ok, so a schoolgirl, top covered but bottom exposed? I’ll watch for her,” the waitress laughed.

“Um, she’ll be dressed as a schoolgirl but she’ll be in a longer skirt. And her top might not be covered. She will probably have a lot of open buttons on her blouse. At least she better have,” laughed Jen.

“Oh my God! Look how she has those poor girls sitting! Chris exclaimed. Oh! How degrading! I felt sorry for Carrie doing that the other night at her apartment in front of us. These girls are doing it in front of a whole bar. Everyone is looking at them. How utterly humiliating! Is she going to make Carrie dress like a schoolgirl, too? And make her sit like that here in the bar in front of everyone?”

Jacqueline saw Carrie arrive before Chris did. “Well, your first question has been answered. Here comes Professor Miniskirt now. I suspect we’ll know the answer to your second question any minute now,” Jacqueline answered.

Carrie’s skirt was long compared to Leslie’s and Kim’s but very, very short compared to any skirt you’re likely to see worn in public. She was covered below, but just barely. And her blouse wasn’t see through but it was unbuttoned to her navel. Unlike Leslie, you couldn’t see her tits from across the room, but you could see a lot of chest and those near her were undoubtedly seeing most of her titties as she walked past them.

“Oh my God!” Chris was speechless at first. When Carrie was close enough so she got a good look she burst into laughter. “She looks so embarrassed! She also looks like she’s enjoying herself. This is priceless.”

Carrie climbed up on her chair. Unfortunately, her chair was facing directly at her friends. She kept her legs tightly together. The women watched as Jen leaned over and spoke to Carrie. You could see Carrie’s face get a shade redder. She slowly opened her legs. Just as the women were commenting to each other that it was an unenthusiastic spread, Jen got up and spun Carrie’s chair to face her. They could see Jen adjusting her clothing but couldn’t tell what she was doing. In a few minutes she spun Carrie back to her original position. The girls were shocked back to silence by what they saw. The first thing they noticed was that Carrie now had her legs as far apart as she could possibly get them. Next, they saw her tits! Jen had pulled Carrie’s blouse out of her skirt, unbuttoned the remaining buttons, and tied the tail together in a very loose knot. She had also pulled the blouse open so both of the blushing girl’s nipples were exposed.

“Well! Look at Professor Miniskirt now, will you? I’m impressed! If the cops come in, all she has to do is close her legs and tug that shirt together and she’s fully dressed. But now, she’s completely naked in a public place. She must be totally mortified!” Jacqueline said.

“I didn’t realize this was going to be so severe! Aside from Kim’s tits, everything those girls have is on display right here in the bar. I bet people in the mall can see them, too. Are you sure you want to make Carrie go through this? This Jennifer woman could be crazy!” Chris asked.

“I didn’t put Carrie in this position. She put herself there. I’m just not going to get her out of it. And yes, I’m looking forward to seeing Carrie live with whatever this woman does to her. Don’t you find this funny? I think this is hysterical!” Jacqueline answered.

“I suppose so. Actually, no! It is funny! I keep thinking about how I’d feel in her shoes and it’s scary. But, since it’s her in those wide apart shoes, not me,” she chuckled at her own joke, “it really is funny!”

“Well, let’s get this thing started. I’ll be right back.” Jacqueline said. She got up and approached the girl’s table.

“Hi Carrie, nice look!” Jacqueline said as she approached the table. Turning to Jen she said, “And you must be Jennifer. I wonder if I could have a word with you in private at my table?” Jacqueline asked.

“Um, like, who are you? And why would I want to go over to your table when I’m already sitting here with these bimbos?” Jen asked.

“I’m a teacher at the college. I work with Carrie. And I have something to discuss with you privately. It’s a subject matter I’d prefer not to discuss with you in front of your er…friends. I think you’ll agree,” Jacqueline answered.

“No thanks. I’m not sure what you want to discuss, but I don’t have any private matters to discuss with you. Sorry,” Jen said, dismissing the woman.

Jacqueline took the small print from her folder and put it on the table, face down. “Well, if you change your mind, we’ll be here for a few more minutes. If not, we’ll see to it that this,” she tapped the picture she put on the table, “gets sent to some key individuals and gets posted to some high activity sites on the Internet.” Jacqueline whirled around and walked away. She was smiling when she left, knowing that Jennifer would be more than interested in hearing her out as soon as she turned that picture over. She was correct, of course. In fact, she had only just returned to her seat when Jennifer appeared.

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“Where did you get this?” demanded Jen.

“Well, that’s really beside the point now, isn’t it? I think the more important question is what am I going to do with it?” Jacqueline answered. “Actually, though, I don’t think I’ll do anything with that particular picture no matter what you decide,” she continued. As she spoke, she removed several pieces of paper from her folder and casually placed them on the table. She continued to search through her folder while Jen looked at what she left out. She was horrified as her eyes were drawn to her name and address. She also recognized her parents names and address and several other names of people important in her life. Just then Jacqueline brought out a stack of 8 and a half by eleven photos of Jen nude and in bed with Kim. “I think it’s these photos that you should be concerned about.”

“Look lady, I didn’t know she was a friend of yours. I’ll lay off of her right away. I’ll give her back her pictures and never bother her again. Can I get those back from you?” Jen asked, reaching for the papers.

“Oh sure, you can have these. These are just a few of the prints. I have more, and I have all the pictures electronically, too. Please, take these as a souvenir.” Jacqueline smiled. “As far as laying off Carrie, that’s exactly what you won’t do. I’ve talked with all the girls you have sitting over there showing themselves off so shamelessly. I happen to know a lot about you and what you’ve done to them. And, as far as Carrie is concerned, and Kim, too, you’re going to keep it up. If you stop, I will publish these pictures. Leslie, on the other hand, really doesn’t like playing your game at all. You will release her as soon as we’ve finished discussing the terms of our agreement,” Jacqueline said with a smile.

“Our agreement? You mean there’s more?” Jen asked, suddenly very nervous.

“Of course there’s more. These pictures would have a large impact on your life if they were to come out, wouldn't they? No need to answer, it was a rhetorical question. So, given the large impact to you if they came out, doesn’t it make sense that keeping them private would also have an impact on your life? An impact more severe than giving up one of your three Barbie dolls? That was another rhetorical question and I don’t need an answer.” Jacqueline was enjoying herself as she toyed with Jen.

“But, what do you want?” Jen asked. She was nearly panicking at this point. She feared the worst.

“Hmmm, you know what? Negotiation is so boring. Let’s do this. I’ll tell you what it will take to keep these pictures private and you can listen quietly. At the end, I’ll tell you what you need to do to signify your acceptance of the terms and you can give me a simple yes or no. Doesn’t that sound like fun?” Jacqueline said in a very condescending tone of voice.

“Well…” Jen started to answer but Jacqueline cut her off.

“How did you ever get accepted into college not knowing a rhetorical question from a question that requires an answer? And how did you not understand my suggestion that you listen quietly? Now, don’t say another word until I ask for your answer. Nod if you understand me, bimbo,” Jacqueline said. Jen fumed at being called a bimbo but her fright was in command of her actions at this point and she nodded.

“Excellent. Well, as I mentioned, you are going to give Leslie her freedom. You get to keep Carrie and Kim. You can do everything you want to them except no more beatings like the one you gave Kim. I’m not saying you can’t spank them. I’m just telling you no deep bruises. Welts are ok, purple bruises are ok, black bruises are not ok. And you can keep embarrassing them in public. Actually, let’s say you must keep embarrassing them in public. You seem pretty advanced. The fact that there are 2 sets of tits and 3 pussies in plain view in a public bar is evidence of that. You will need to escalate things regularly, though. I want to see how far you can take these girls!”

“Is that all? I’m ready to agree to that right now. I don’t suppose you’d be willing to destroy all the pictures?” Jen asked.

Jacqueline laughed. “Wrong and right, sweetie. Wrong about this being all I want and right about me not willing to destroy the pictures. You will not like the rest, though.” Jacqueline paused to let the tension build. She could see Jen was extremely nervous. “I’m familiar with the technique you use when you capture a new girl and it seems to work very well. So, I decided to follow the same technique with you. Understand that you have been captured by me just exactly like Kim and Carrie were captured by you. I’ve added a little twist, though. I have given all these pictures to a friend. I’ve also given her the address information you see here.” Jacqueline pushed the paper with all the address information for the people most important in her life in front of her. She also put a full size picture of Jen naked in front of her. “Please look only at these two items while I talk. Don’t take your eyes off them for any reason.” Jacqueline continued.

“So, as I was saying, a friend has all the information needed to ruin your life. She also knows what I’m going to ask you to do. There will be three things you need to agree to. As you agree to each one, we will pass your agreement on to my friend in the form of a photograph. She will be expecting a photograph this evening, and two photographs tomorrow. If she doesn’t receive three photographs in the poses and attire we decided upon earlier, she will start notifying your friends and family of your perversion. Nod if you understand me,” Jacqueline paused. Jen nodded her head but kept staring at the awful picture of herself.

“You should understand that it’s in your best interest to agree with everything I ask. If I don’t take a picture of you in a predetermined pose tonight, you’ll be ruined by morning. In order to get tonight’s photograph, here’s what you need to agree to. First, you agree to release Leslie and you agree to continue to blackmail Carrie and Kim. You further agree to escalate your control. If either one fails, I fully expect you to send their blackmail material to their friends and families. If you are disobeyed and do not send their material, I will send yours, instead. Next, you’re going to agree to a photo shoot and video taping tomorrow at your place. I am going to get the same types of photos and video of you that you collected from each of the three bimbos over there.” Jen gasped when she heard this!

“You are also going to agree to a new dress code that will be very similar to the one your bimbos are observing now. You will earn your first photo, the one that will prevent your pictures from being sent tonight, once you have agreed to these terms and have removed all the clothes that do not comply with your new rules. We’ll take it here in the ladies room.”

Jennifer was stunned! “But, these are the only clothes I have. You can’t expect me to go naked in here can you? Please!” Jen was literally begging for her life at this point.

“No, silly bimbo, I don’t expect you to go naked. Look at your girls! You’re going to be releasing Leslie in a couple minutes. Does she look like she’s dressed to be free? I think you’re both dressed wrong for your current status! You certainly don’t look like a woman who desperately wants to keep her pictures private. The obvious solution is that you two will change outfits. Once Leslie is dressed in the clothes you’re wearing now, we’ll send her on her way and you can dress in what clothes she has on,” Jacqueline smiled. You may wear her outfit to get home but that’s all. Once you get home you will strip naked and you will stay that way until we have sent all three of the pictures to my friend.”

“Your second photo will be taken after we’ve completed your photo shoot. You will collect your third photo when you have disposed of your non-complying clothing in an appropriate way. Once you have dismissed Leslie, you will ask her to go to your apartment and take any clothing of yours she likes for herself. Tomorrow, after your photo shoot, I’ll go through your remaining clothes and we’ll bag up all the stuff you can’t wear anymore and you’ll take it to the Good Will place. The third photo will be you standing next to the bags of clothes at the Good Will outlet. Do you agree to these terms?” Jacqueline concluded her pitch to Jen.

Jen was overwhelmed by all that had been said. She knew full well what her life was going to become and she was terrified. She was being treated exactly like she had treated Kim, Leslie, and Carrie. She thought this was unfair, though, because those girls had wanted this treatment. She never did. She suddenly realized how Leslie felt when she asked to be let off the hook and was refused. Leslie was an unwilling pawn and now so was she. While her mind whirled, she grasped the seriousness of the situation. She had not comprehended the immediate problems, though. She was going to go into the ladies room of this bar in her jeans and top and come out in the hooker clothes she had made Leslie wear. In between, she was going to pose for a nude picture which was going to be mailed to some unknown person. She wanted to cry. Instead, she just nodded her head.

“Excellent choice! Now, I want you to go over to your own table. Tell Leslie she is free to go and that you’d like to meet her in the ladies room to switch outfits. In the ladies room you will strip everything. What Leslie wants she may put on and what she doesn’t want goes into the trash. You will ask her to bring her outfit to me. When I have the outfit we will take your picture and you can get dressed. Understood?”

“But, what will I do while she’s wearing my clothes and bringing her outfit to you? I’ll be naked! This is a public place!” Jen was now panicking.

“Oh hush up! The bar is public but the ladies room is still private. Well, at least only half the people here can go in there. Either way, that’s the deal, bimbo. Take it or leave it. I can’t believe you can have those broads sitting here effectively naked and you’re complaining about being naked in the ladies room. And speaking of sitting naked…when you come back to your table, you know how I want you sitting, don’t you?”

Jen had thought this couldn’t get worse and yet it kept getting worse all the time. She knew the pictures that caused all this had to come from Leslie. And, instead of spanking her ass and dropping her off buck naked on Lafayette street as a punishment, she was going to switch clothing with her. She had been beaten and now was facing the same humiliation she had inflicted. And her very first assignment was to publicly humiliate herself in front of one of the girls she victimized.

“Come on, bimbo, get moving. Oh, by the way, from this instant forward, I’m Ms J and this is Ms Chris. You’re about to change outfits with Ms Leslie. Always show proper respect to your betters.” The laughter of the two women was echoing in Jen’s ears as she made her way back to her table. She was visibly upset. All the girls knew the subject of Jen’s conversation with Jacqueline and they could tell the results of the conversation from the look on Jen’s face. Instantly, three sets of legs closed together and Leslie and Carrie were smiling broadly. Carrie began buttoning her blouse. Kim was concerned for her friend/mistress. She could see how upset Jen was.

“You all knew about this?” Jen asked incredulously. Leslie nodded and the other girls remained silent. “Well, nothing’s changed for you two!” Jen said with venom in her voice, pointing at Kim and Carrie. “Get those legs spread wide and unbutton those blouses, both of you! Every button! Now!” Carrie was confused. What did she mean nothing had changed for her? Jacqueline had obviously already confronted Jennifer. Kim meekly spread her legs and began discreetly unbuttoning her blouse. Carrie, not knowing what else to do, did the same.

Ms Leslie, you are free as of this moment. Would you accompany me to the ladies room, please?” Jen choked out the words.

Leslie smiled at the acknowledgement of her freedom. “If I’m free, why would I go to the ladies room with you? Why would I do anything you say?” Leslie asked. She did not know yet about the plan to switch clothing with Jen. Jen realized this and stammered out an explanation. Leslie laughed in her face.

“So, let me get this straight. We’re going to switch outfits here in Friday’s? Right now? You’re going to give me those clothes in the ladies room? This is priceless! And you’re putting on these hooker clothes?” Leslie couldn’t stop laughing. She caught Jacqueline’s eye and gave her a thumbs-up. Jen explained the plan exactly as Ms J had laid it out to her. She felt her face burning in shame.

The two girls went into the ladies room and stripped. Jen hid in a stall as Leslie dressed in her clothes. She put everything on but Jen’s panties. “Yuck! These are kind of messy! I think I’ll pass. Now, what to do with them? Oh, I know!” Leslie whipped open the door to the stall where the now naked Jen stood. “Open your mouth, bitch!” Jen didn’t want to but she realized just how vulnerable she was to Leslie at this moment. She was naked and Leslie was about to walk out of the room with her clothes. She hesitated.

“Bitch, if you don’t open your mouth right this instant I’ll rip this plaid skirt to shreds and flush it down the toilet. What’s it gonna be?” Jen opened her mouth and Leslie unceremoniously stuffed the panties in Jen’s mouth. “Ta ta for now, bitch!” Leslie laughed as she gathered up the plaid skirt, see-through blouse, knee socks and skyscraper heels she had worn in and left the naked Jen in the ladies room without a stitch of clothes except the panties in her mouth. She went immediately over to Jacqueline’s table and tossed the clothes on it.

“Well, whatever you said seems to have worked! Jen is hiding in the last stall down,” she laughed. “Thanks for your help. I have a question, though. Jen told Kim and Carrie that nothing had changed for them and, as you can see, she demanded they both unbutton their blouses. I thought you were going to get Carrie out of this? She was expecting it, at least!” Leslie asked.

“No, I never said I would get Carrie out. I told her I’d take care of things and I have. Now, they’re just the way I want them.” Jacqueline answered.

“She’s going to make her life a living hell, you know. She’s really pissed about this!” Leslie said.

“I’m counting on it,” Jacqueline answered with a smile. “Did Jen mention that you’re welcome to whatever clothes she has at the apartment? She has a new dress code and I doubt much of her current wardrobe is permitted.”

Leslie laughed. “No, she failed to mention that little tidbit of information. Thanks, though. She has some nice clothes. I can take anything I want?” Leslie asked.

“Anything you want, sweetie. You’re free and you can go anytime you want.”

“If you don’t mind, I’d like to stick around for a while. That bitch has displayed me in this bar too many times and I’d like to see her find out how it feels,” Leslie said.

“No problem, sweetie. In fact, let’s have a drink. I think poor Jen is wondering if anyone is coming back to give her some clothes. I’m sure the thought of being left naked in a bar ladies room is a sobering one and it will do her attitude good to contemplate it for a while,” Jacqueline said.

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“I gotta tell you, girl, this is pretty impressive,” Chris said. “I mean, at this moment we have two virtually naked girls giving the whole bar a look at everything they have and another girl cowering in the ladies room stark naked, and everyone is waiting for you to do something. And what do you do with this power? You sit back and calmly have a drink,” she laughed.

“I’m impressed, too, Jacqueline! Now that I’m fully dressed I can really appreciate the humor in this! Take all the time you want. I’m sure every minute seems like an hour when you’re standing naked in the ladies room,” Leslie laughed. “And the bitch deserves every minute of it!”

“It’s nothing, really. Those two,” pointing at Kim and Carrie, “are plainly submissive. They’re in a pretty degrading position but they’re both getting off on it. They’re both cute young women and I’m sure they’ll get plenty of opportunities in the future to show off just like they’re doing now. Jennifer, on the other hand, is just a mean, stupid girl who really needs to be taught a lesson. I can’t imagine how someone in her position could have been so careless to let these pictures be taken,” Jacqueline pointed at the nude pictures of Jen still spread out on the table. “In life, you always end up paying for your stupidity. In this case, we get to collect the bill,” Jacqueline laughed.

Just then the waitress came over to see if anyone needed a drink. She spotted the pile of clothing on the table and chuckled. “Ok, fill me in. Where’s the person who was wearing these clothes?” It was obvious she was enjoying waiting on these two groups of women.

“Actually, I was wearing them but I changed into these clothes,” Leslie answered with a smile.

“Ok…this is what the other girl you came in with had on, right? You know the one who is always completely dressed? If you’re wearing her clothes, what’s she wearing now?” the waitress asked.

“At the moment, I suspect she’s wearing a very worried expression on her face,” Jacqueline said and everyone laughed.

“She’s safely in the ladies room and once we get a picture of her we’ll let her put on her new clothes,” she explained. The waitress was obviously confused and Jacqueline and Leslie explained the whole story to her. By the time the explanation was through the waitress was laughing so hard her eyes were tearing up.

“So, the nearly naked girls are blackmail victims and the blackmailer is now naked in the ladies room? That’s so awesome! Does she know you’re not letting her get dressed until she poses for a picture?” the waitress asked.

“Yes, she’s rather anxious for us to take the picture, too. I think we should go ahead and do it, too. Leslie here would love to see how her former tormentor enjoys sitting in a public bar in her new outfit,” Jacqueline said.

“So, where are you going to take this picture?” the waitress asked.

“In the ladies room. We need a full frontal nude of her, so that seems the only available place,” Jacqueline answered.

“Hmmm, maybe not. If you wanted to have her step out of the ladies room, that little area by the door is only visible to five or six tables. If the people at those tables don’t object to a little nudity, you could take the picture there. If you’re interested, I can have a quick chat with those customers to see if they’d mind,” offered the waitress.

“Oh, please do! I think it would be a much better picture out in the restaurant,” laughed Jacqueline.

“I can’t wait to see this!” Leslie added, getting her camera phone out.

“Um, Jacqueline, if you bring her into the restaurant won’t other people take pictures of her, too?” Chris asked.

“I suppose they will. It’s unfortunate for her, isn’t it?” Jacqueline answered.

“But, your control of her comes from pictures that she doesn’t want people to see. If there are suddenly lots of naked pictures of her on the Internet…and you know she’ll be on the Internet within hours…won’t she stop worrying about the pictures you have of her?” Chris asked. Chris was looking forward to watching her fellow teacher get tormented by this woman and didn’t want anything to screw up the arrangement they had just established.

“Jennifer is a very beautiful young woman and she’s going to pose for a number of nude photographs tomorrow. Also, she will be wearing some very revealing outfits in public places where people can photograph her freely. It is inevitable that her pictures find their way to the Internet. Our power over her comes from knowing who she most wants to hide these pictures from. Just look at Leslie here. Jennifer even had Leslie posting her own pictures to the Internet and it didn’t loosen her control,” Jacqueline explained.

Just then the waitress returned. She was smiling broadly. “Ok, you can have her step out of the ladies room for the picture. I checked with every table nearby and everyone is anxious to see this. People have their camera phones ready,” she laughed. “I also noticed that we don’t have any kids in here. I’ll let the girls at the hostess stand know what’s going on and they’ll hold any families coming in and let us know to wrap it up. So, as long as you keep her near the back of the restaurant, you can take your time and move her around a bit, too.”

“Won’t the manager have issues with this?” Jacqueline asked the waitress.

“Our manager? He’s a 25 year old kid and he already has his camera out,” the waitress laughed.

“Ok, then, let’s go see if Jennifer is ready to pose for her picture,” Jacqueline said. She stood up and the other women followed suit. There was an air of anticipation around the women and everybody in the bar followed them to the back of the restaurant. This left poor Kim and Carrie alone at the bar, sitting with their skirts up, legs spread, and blouses completely open. Jacqueline wondered if she would see the same level of obedience from Jennifer.

“Please wait out here while I go inside and talk to Jennifer. I’ll bring her out in a minute,” Jacqueline said. She entered the ladies room. As Leslie had said, Jennifer was hiding in a stall. Jacqueline called her out of the stall.

“Where are my clothes? Did you bring me clothes?” Jen asked. She was in a state of near panic after spending 20 minutes totally nude in a public restroom.

“Hush! I know this must be hard for you. You need to understand just how easily I can ruin your life. I don’t want to do that, but I will if you disobey me. I’ll send those pictures of you along to your friends and family and never give you another thought. Now, you need to treat me with respect and you need to understand that you have one job tonight. Your future depends on a picture being e-mailed to my friend. If she doesn’t get it in the next hour or so, she will send your blackmail material along. Only I know the pose for the picture she’s expecting so it would be very foolish to annoy me. If you were paying attention to me earlier, you would know that I didn’t bring clothes for you. I’m sure I mentioned that the picture would be of you in the nude. You do remember me telling you that, don’t you?” Jacqueline was talking to Jen as if she was a child. Jen fumed but she knew she was stuck and had to do whatever this woman demanded,

“Yes, Ms J, I remember. I’m sorry. Could we take the picture now, please?” Jen asked. She wanted nothing more than to get this over with and get dressed so she could get the hell out of there.

“Yes, dear, we can. We’ll be shooting it in the restaurant. I’d give you some time to freshen up but I’ve already given you 20 minutes, haven’t I?” Jacqueline asked.

“What? In the restaurant? I can’t go out there naked! Please, Ms J!” Jen stammered. Jacqueline laughed at her reaction. There were two virtually naked women sitting in the bar this very minute because of Jen and she thought the idea of her being naked in the restaurant was outrageous.

“The picture will be taken in the restaurant and there will be an audience. There will be no negotiation. If you do not follow me out of the ladies room I will be annoyed. If I get annoyed I’ll leave and you can figure out how you get home naked. Of course, your family and friends will know you’re a dyke by the time you get home. Ready or not, it’s time,” Jacqueline told her. Jen began crying. She was trapped and she knew it. “Oh, and by the way, you need to look like you’re enjoying yourself in the picture. I better see a smile on your face,” Jacqueline added. She turned around and left the ladies room. There were about 20 people gathered around, waiting expectantly. She noticed most had camera phones at the ready. This was going to be fun.

Jen took a deep breath and stepped out of the ladies room. The number of people waiting for her just outside the door shocked her. She heard laughter and catcalls. She was more concerned about the flashes that were going off everywhere. She was totally naked in a public place and she was being photographed by strangers!

Leslie was at the front of the group of people and she was snapping pictures as fast as her camera phone would allow. The commotion the naked girl had made coming out of the ladies room had the attention of the entire bar. The only people still in their chairs seemed to be Kim and Carrie.

Jacqueline walked Jen around the back of the bar and finally settled on a spot for the picture. She had Jen stand next to a table with three couples at it. She instructed Jen to clasp her hands behind her back and smile. She got the picture she wanted and several more with Jen and the people watching this spectacle.

“Ok, sweetie, you’re all through. Your clothes are back at my table. You can come up and get them in a couple minutes,” Jacqueline told her. Jen was in shock and nodded numbly. Flashes continued to go off around her.

“Ok, folks, you have two minutes left and then our model is getting dressed,” Jacqueline yelled to the crowd and walked away. Chris and Jacqueline returned to the table. They couldn’t help but laugh at the two girls still obediently sitting with their blouses and legs open. Leslie stayed with the crowd taunting Jen and enjoyed every minute of it. After too long minutes Jen pushed her way through the crowd and came to the bar to get her clothes. She picked up the hooker clothes and looked back towards the rest rooms. The crowd of people that watched her naked photo session had followed her. Seeing no point in pushing her way through the crowd to return to the ladies room she quickly put on the skirt and blouse right there in the bar.

“Ok, you’ve had your fun. Can I go now,” Jen asked. She was thoroughly humiliated and still half-naked because of the see-through blouse she had made Leslie wear. She wanted nothing more than to get back to her apartment.

“No, I don’t think you can go just yet,” Jacqueline answered. “You’ve brought these young women here several times and made them display themselves for everyone’s amusement. I think you should spend a little time on display, too. An hour should do it. And remember, sweetie, I want your legs wide apart, just like the other bimbos at your table,” she laughed.

Jen sat and reluctantly spread her legs. Jacqueline, Chris, and Leslie all came over to the table and took photographs of the girls. The crowd of folks that had gathered when Jen stepped out of the ladies room naked all got pictures of the three very embarrassed girls. Jen was convinced that this evening was as bad as it could possibly be. She was almost correct.

Jacqueline stood behind Jen and spoke softly into her ear so the others couldn’t hear her. “Oh my, there are quite a lot of people staring at you. It must be terribly embarrassing to be sitting like you are. You’re so completely exposed. This is how you’ll sit for the camera tomorrow, too. Won’t that be fun? And the video, too. I’ll come over in the afternoon. I’m sure you’ll have all the video equipment ready, won’t you? Oh, and one more thing. All that pubic hair you have detracts from the view. I want it all gone when I arrive tomorrow. If I find a single hair on you down there I’ll shave it for you and shave your eyebrows off as well.” While Jacqueline was speaking to Jen she was tugging lightly at the girls nipples. “In case I forgot to mention it, I expect you to be naked when I arrive. That won’t be a problem for you, will it, sweetie?”

“No, Ms J, it won’t be a problem,” Jen answered. Kim and Carrie sat silently through this discussion.

“Good. We’ll discuss your future tomorrow, then,” Jacqueline said. “Remember, I want you to stay here for an hour and don’t cover up a thing.” As she finished her instructions to Jen she pinched both nipples quite hard and was rewarded with a scream from Jen. Jacqueline walked away leaving Jen sitting there aroused and with very erect nipples.

She returned to her table. “That is one confused dyke,” she laughed. She isn’t sure if she wants to shoot me or sleep with me. Nice titties, too. You ready, Chris? I’m hungry.” With that, Jacqueline and Chris left. Leslie went back to the table with the three blushing girls. She couldn’t resist taunting Jen a little about her new situation. She also taunted Kim a little. After all, Kim was sitting there by choice. She could have been free and on her way to dress normally right now if she wanted to be. Leslie delivered her final jab by reminding Jen that while she was exposing herself to everyone at Friday’s she would be going through her clothes and keeping everything she liked.

Chapter 73

“Carrie, can you give Jen and Kim a ride home when your time is up? I want to go check out my new clothes,” Leslie asked. Jen shot her a dirty look but didn’t say anything. Carrie nodded her head. “I’ll ask the waitress to let you know when your hour is over,” Leslie said. She pulled her phone out of her purse and snapped a photo of the girls. “I just want to preserve the memory, sluts!” she said as she took the car keys off the table and left.

“Wow! I didn’t expect this!” Carrie said as Leslie walked away.

“Here’s something else you didn’t expect. Get your ass into the ladies room and get out of those clothes right now.” Jen got up and looked at Carrie, who hadn’t moved. She grabbed the girl by the ear and literally dragged her into the ladies room. “We’re switching clothes. Get them off right now!” Carrie didn’t know what else to do so she obeyed. Jen quickly stripped off the micro skirt and see-through blouse and threw them at Carrie’s feet and took her blouse and longer skirt. She buttoned the blouse to a decent level and smoothed down the skirt. Poor Carrie was now very exposed. Jen walked back to the table. Carrie hesitated a bit, but realizing she couldn’t stay in the ladies room all night she walked back to the table.

“I don’t know how bad this woman is going to make it for me, but it will be worse for the both of you. You will always be wearing less than me. Whatever she makes me do, you two will do worse. So, you can both be just as worried as I am. Now, we have nobody here to protect us so close your legs. Kimmy, button that blouse. We’re going to leave here the minute our damn hour is up,” Jen told the girls.

“Ms Jennifer, I just want to say I’m so sorry about this. I didn’t mean to tell Carrie what was going on but she caught me at school in my short skirt and asked me what was going on. I was sitting with my legs spread as you ordered and she knew I wouldn’t be doing that on my own. I’m a terrible liar so I just told her the truth. She said she could help me!” Carrie felt a range of emotions. Jacqueline, a woman she had considered a friend, had betrayed her. She was realizing that Jacqueline was responsible for her getting into this predicament in the first place. She had confided in her and was having difficulty facing the truth about her.

“Well, you are going to pay for this, don’t worry,” Jen answered. She turned to Kim. “And what do you think about these developments, Kimmy?”

“I don’t know what to think, Ms Jennifer. I think you’re in a lot of trouble! I can’t believe she had you pose for pictures completely naked in here! I hope this turns out all right. And I hope it doesn’t change things between us, too,” Kim answered.

“Me, too. It won’t change things between us. I will be asking Leslie to move out, of course. We’ll have to see what that bitch is going to demand from me before I decide if we get another roommate. I can’t plan anything with this hanging over me!” Jen answered. She couldn’t stop thinking about the unknown. She was not looking forward to tomorrow’s photo session but she desperately wanted to talk to Jacqueline and find out what was going to happen to her.

“Don’t worry, girls, I’m not mad at either of you. It looks like we’re all in this together now. It’s Leslie that I’m mad at. She took those pictures of me, I’m sure of it,” Jen said.

It was a long hour but finally the time had passed and the girls left. They went straight to the car. Jen was far too worried about her own future to toy with the girls. Carrie dropped them off and went home. She was not happy about her revealing outfit! When Kim and Jen got inside Leslie was sitting in the living room. She laughed at the sight of the two girls stripping off their clothing just inside the door. Jen hadn’t planned on stripping but she didn’t know what Leslie’s relationship with Jacqueline was and figured she would probably tell Jacqueline everything that went on. Jen was on her way to her bedroom when the phone rang. She answered it.

“What? Oh my God! No, it’s a long story. Please don’t tell anyone, ok? What? Julie knows? She heard it from Cheryl? Oh God! Ok, look, can we talk about this later? Bye.” Jen hung up the phone. She was white as a ghost.

“What is it, Ms Jennifer, what’s wrong?” Kim asked.

“That was Paul telling me he saw pictures of me naked on the Internet. Apparently Cheryl found them and she’s telling everyone! Shit!” Jen said. Leslie burst out laughing as she watched Jen storm up to her room. She sat down on her bed and cried for about 10 minutes. She was overwhelmed at how badly this evening had turned out and was terrified of the future. Eventually she pulled herself together.

Jen saw that her closet had been rifled and some of her favorite outfits were missing. She sat down on her computer and quickly discovered that all the pictures and videos of Leslie had been deleted. She wondered whether Leslie was planning anything further. She had a camera phone full of pictures of her naked. At least she had the CD backup of all of Jen’s photos and videos. She would think of a way to get back at that bitch. Reluctantly she went into the bathroom and drew a bath. She delayed it as long as she could. The water started to get cold. She drained some off and refilled the tub with hot water as she gathered up scissors, hand mirror, and razor. 20 minutes later she looked like a little girl without a single hair between her legs. She cried herself to sleep.

Jen woke up early and made coffee. Technically, she was supposed to remain naked. She wore a robe. She had come up with a plan to get revenge on Leslie and she would have to dress to put it into action. She figured she could only get in trouble for wearing clothes once, anyway. She didn’t need to worry about it. She showered and dressed in jeans and a sweatshirt. She couldn’t help but wonder what her new dress code would be. She doubted she’d be wearing jeans and sweats again any time soon. By 9:15 she was on her way to the mall. She parked the car and headed for the Gap.

As soon as she entered a clerk greeted her. “Hi, I’m looking for Kelly. Is she here?” Jen said to the clerk. The clerk nodded towards the back of the store. Jen saw a young girl, no more than 18, wearing a slutty outfit. The girl looked like trailer trash. Jen introduced herself. She showed Kelly a picture of Leslie, nude, naturally. “You know this bimbo, right?”

Kelly laughed. “Yeah, I know her. She’s a lot of fun. Why do you ask?”

“Well, she was a lot of fun because she was being blackmailed…by me. She has gotten out of my control, though,” Jen said. She saw the inquisitive look on Kelly’s face and was annoyed. “How it happened isn’t important. The important thing is that she’s no longer the barely dressed fun girl you know. The last time I saw her she was dressed like this,” Jen pointed to her outfit.

“But, why are you telling me this? And what is it to you?” Kelly asked.

“Look, I don’t have a lot of time and I shouldn’t be here at all. Here,” Jen handed her a CD. “On that CD is all the blackmail material I had on her. She doesn’t know this copy exists. You take it and you can make her do whatever you want her to do. I have to go,” Jen said. She glanced at her watch nervously and left the store. She was almost running when she got to the mall exit. She desperately wanted to get home just in case Jacqueline came early. She made it into the house while Leslie was in the shower. She gritted her teeth and stripped and quickly put her clothes away. When Leslie got out of the shower she would see that Jen was obeying Jacqueline’s instructions to the letter. She hated parading around naked but it couldn’t be helped. She was having way more trouble with her nudity than Kim was.

The rest of the morning was awkward for Jen. She was embarrassed about being naked, especially with Leslie walking around wearing clothes…her clothes. Leslie had an attitude going, too. Unfortunately, Jen couldn’t blame her. Leslie was actually treating her much better than she would be treating that bitch Jacqueline if the tables were reversed. Still, it was a difficult wait for Jacqueline’s appearance. She finally did arrive around 1:00 in the afternoon.

Back at the Gap, Kelly popped the CD into the computer in the back room. She was amazed at what she saw on that CD. She watched the video Leslie had made for her mom. The whole situation made sense now. She had been worried that she had pushed Leslie too far by having her naked so much in the store. Now that she realized what Leslie was trying to hide, she understood that she could do just about anything she wanted to/with this girl. And that’s exactly what she intended to do. She was eagerly anticipating her date with Leslie tonight.

Chapter 74

Jacqueline walked in to the girls’ apartment with a big grin. She didn’t really know how badly Jen wanted to keep her pictures private. She had considered the possibility that Jen would decide to let her send the pictures. She could decide to just tell her mom she had been experimenting with lesbianism, or the pictures were fakes, etc. She was delighted to see that Jen was totally naked and had shaved her pubic hair off as ordered. Jen had followed her orders to the letter. There was even a tripod with a video camera and a PC set up in the living room with a little barstool surrounded by lights.

“Get me a soda, sweetie, and we’ll get started. I’m sure we have lots to talk about but let’s get our little photography session out of the way first. Jen, turn those lights on and go ahead and sit on the stool. Kimmie, I’ll need you to operate all this equipment for me,” Jacqueline ordered. Both girls gave a quick “Yes, Ms J” and did their assigned tasks. Just then Leslie came down stairs. She saw the scene in the living room and burst out laughing.

“I wish I could stay and watch this! Unfortunately, I have some things to do,” Leslie said.

Jen bit her lip to fight back the urge to scream. Leslie was fully dressed and wearing Jen’s favorite jeans while she sat here naked, surrounded by video equipment.

“Why Leslie, I didn’t expect to see you here. You look nice today,” Jacqueline said with amusement in her voice.

“Oh, didn’t you know, I live here,” Leslie answered. “At least for now.”

“Well, it’s too bad you can’t stay. I’ll make sure Jen shows you the pictures from our little session today,” Jacqueline answered. She turned to Jen who was sitting uncomfortably on the stool. “Spread your legs, dear, as wide as you can get them. Today you are to display your body as explicitly as possible at all times, especially when the camera is operating.” Jen complied. Kim took a seat on the floor, waiting for instruction. Leslie left to do her errands.

“Let’s start with the video, shall we? This is going to be embarrassing for you, sweetie. On the bright side, if you do what you’re told, nobody will ever have a copy of it but me. I can’t say it will be private, though. I do plan on letting some people see it. I just won’t let them have a copy of the file. I wrote up a little script for you to follow. You don’t need to say these exact words, but you do need to convey these ideas.” She handed the script to Jen.

Jen read the short script. She was horrified at what she saw there. Jacqueline expected her to admit she was a slut that she had been sleeping with everyone she could lure into bed, male or female. She was also expected to say that she wanted to be an adult film actress and that she hoped she could land a job in the adult entertainment industry as quickly as possible. Worse, every few minutes she was expected to say how horny she was and how hard it was not to touch herself while making the video. She could only imagine what people would think of her if they saw this file.

“Now, when you get to the end of the script, you will masturbate. Here, you will need this,” Jacqueline said with a smirk as she handed her a long necked beer bottle. “I will expect to see a good portion of that label disappear up inside of you. We have all day to do this and you’ll be doing yourself on camera for about an hour. I want lots of orgasms and I want you to be enthusiastic and vocal with each one. This video is supposed to be embarrassing. If I don’t think its embarrassing enough, we’ll do it again. If we have to do it over, the unacceptable video goes on the Internet. I suggest that you just put your ego aside and humble yourself so I don’t have to do it for you. All clear, sweetie?” Jen was in shock and could only nod. “Good. Take a few minutes to re-read the script and we’ll get started,” Jacqueline said. She instructed Kim to get the video equipment ready. All too soon, Jen was saying the horribly embarrassing script for the camera. Her spoken portion lasted about 10 minutes. Reluctantly, she picked up the beer bottle and began masturbating. Once she began masturbating Jacqueline took Kim into the other room for a chat. Jacqueline already knew a lot about the girls’ relationship but she wanted to know everything. In the course of the hour that Jen was embarrassing herself for the camera, Kim told Jacqueline everything she could think of.

Jacqueline and Kim sat in the kitchen and talked. Every couple of minutes they heard Jen cry out, moaning and yelling ‘I’m cuuuummmmming.’ As the end of Jen’s hour approached, Jacqueline walked into the living room to observe the action. She couldn’t help but chuckle at the sight before her. Jen was a mess and she had a shocking amount of the beer bottle up inside her.

“And cut!” Jacqueline laughed. Jen had a lot of orgasms during her video humiliation. She was just about to have another one when Jacqueline cut her off. She looked like she had just run a marathon.

“Ok, let’s get some stills of you with that ‘freshly fvcked look’ and then you can freshen up. We’ll take some more pictures, about 100 or so, and then we’ll talk about the future.” Jen was worn out from her hour of self-abuse. She was thoroughly humiliated by all of this. She realized that she was cooperating in her own debasement. There was no way that she could ever let people see this video. She knew it and Jacqueline knew it. She had just handed a guarantee of obedience to a woman that wanted nothing from her but her continued humiliation. She realized that Jacqueline was only doing to her what she had done to Kim and Leslie. She recognized the tactics and only hoped that the video would be kept private. She was under no illusion that the pictures she was about to pose for would be kept private. If Jacqueline continued to follow her tactics, these pictures would be on the Internet in hours.

“Ready, sweetie?” Jacqueline asked in her most condescending voice. Jen nodded meekly. “Good, let’s get you off that stool and onto the floor. Lets start out with a few pictures of you playing hide the beer bottle, shall we? I want a big effort from you, sweetie. Push it in as hard as you can. If you get it in far enough, I won’t have to help you,” Jacqueline laughed. Jen wanted to rebel more than anything in the world but she couldn’t. Instead, she spent the 10 most humiliating minutes of her life forcing the beer bottle into herself. The entire time she was doing this Jacqueline was laughing, yelling encouragement to her, and calling her a good slut. Later, when Jen saw the pictures, she was amazed at just how much of the bottle had gone up inside of her. She wondered how long it would be before she could look at a beer bottle and not think of this afternoon.

“Ok, sweetie, let’s put your little glass lover down and freshen up a bit, shall we?” Jacqueline said. “I want fresh makeup and lots of it. Do something with your hair, too, slut. You want to look nice for your pictures, don’t you?” While Jen was freshening up Jacqueline had Kim move the pictures from the camera’s memory card to the computer. Kim was shocked to see that Jacqueline had taken 20 pictures of Jen and the beer bottle. Watching Jen’s humiliation in front of the camera had excited Kim and seeing these pictures got her all worked up. She figured there would be a beer bottle photo session in her future and she couldn’t wait. There weren’t words to describe this humiliation.

Jen composed herself and redid her makeup and hair. She was determined to get through this ordeal with no more tears. She was so focused on her current humiliation she had stopped worrying about her future for a few minutes. She returned to the living room all made up but still looking miserable. Kim jumped up and ran to her and gave her a hug and a long kiss, trying to console her. Naturally, Jacqueline snapped several pictures of the two naked girls together.

“Ok you two, break it up. You’re not going to war you’re just posing for some pictures!” Jacqueline ordered. She posed Jen in a variety of poses. True to form, each picture had Jen holding her legs wide apart and naturally, her face was visible in all. Three times she paused to give the camera’s memory card to Kim for emptying into the computer. When it was over, she had taken 120 pictures. She instructed Kim to burn the video and still pictures onto a CD and to make 3 copies of the CD. While Kim was burning the CD’s Jacqueline snapped a picture of Jen on her cell phone camera and mailed it off.

“You’ve done well, sweetie! You have two of the three required pictures to keep your nasty photos from being sent to your family and friends. Of course, the stakes have gone up a little with all the new material you just provided me. You really would have been better off just letting me send the original pictures, don’t you think? They were pretty mild compared to the stuff we got on film today. Well, no sense worrying about what is already done, is there?” Jacqueline laughed.

“Before we get your final picture, though, we should talk. I think you realize by now that I can truly ruin your life if I choose to. Do we agree on that?” Jen nodded. “This may surprise you, but I’m really not interested in ruining your life. I’m assuming you don’t want your life ruined,” She continued. Jen nodded again. “Good! Now we’re getting somewhere! Spread your legs a bit wider, sweetie. That’s better. Now, as I was saying, I don’t want to ruin your life. I just want to have a little fun and I want to see Carrie taken down a peg or two. She’s a beautiful girl, don’t you think? All the people at school just love her and she isn’t above using her looks to her advantage. She’s also a closet exhibitionist and she’s really going to enjoy some of the stuff you make her do. Of course, she’ll hate some of it, too. At least you better hope she does, because if she doesn’t, all your nudie pics will become very, very public. I’m also going to enjoy watching you play with Kim. That one is a natural submissive and she loves what you do to her. Did she tell you her biggest fantasy is to be used sexually by many people? Not only that, she wants everyone to know that she is sexually available to everyone. I expect you to make that a reality for her. Do we understand each other so far?” Jen nodded.

“I have no intention of micro-managing your life. I’m going to leave you alone for the most part. I will play with you from time to time, but for the most part you will be free to live your life. You will have a dress code, of course. I’m sure you won’t like it, but you’ll get used to it. I’ll give you more specifics on that in a few minutes. Don’t worry about it, though, it won’t be too bad for you. I’ll also be making you, um, shall we say, available sexually, from time to time for certain individuals. I’ll admit that may not be pleasant for you, but it won’t happen often. Other than that, you just need to keep me entertained with what you do to and with Carrie and Kim, and I’ll leave you alone. That doesn’t sound so bad, does it?”

Jen was stunned. “Not so bad? I have to be your whore? And I can just imagine what my dress code is going to be! Why are you doing this to me?”

“Well, I’ll answer your last question first. I’m doing this because I can and because I want to see Carrie embarrassed and humiliated. I don’t want to take part in her humiliation. I just want to observe it. And yes, you will be my whore but it won’t happen often. Finally, your dress code is going to be ok. You are very pretty and I enjoy looking at you. I’ll make sure you outfits show your beauty off. Also, your dress code will help you remember that you, for all intents and purposes, belong to me now. Lets not worry about being a whore right now. It may be months before we go there. I can see you’re worried about your dress code, so lets go look at your clothes right now,” Jacqueline said, neatly dismissing Jen’s concerns. The two women went to Jen’s bedroom.

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“Ok, lets start with the easy stuff first. Please gather up all your underwear and every garment that has a crotch and put them in a pile on your bed,” Jacqueline ordered. Jen reluctantly complied.

“Ms J, do slips count as underwear?” Jen asked.

Jacqueline laughed. “You can keep your full slips. Half slips go into the pile.” Jen guessed as much. She had gone through this exercise with Kim and Leslie. She was quite sure Jacqueline knew exactly what Kim’s dress code allowed and didn’t allow.

Jacqueline and Jen went through her closet and her dresser. When they were done Jen had very little clothing left. What remained consisted of several dresses, some skirts, and some blouses. She had to get rid of everything else. She was allowed to keep one pair of heels. They were 3-inch heels. Jacqueline allowed these only until higher heels could be acquired.

“I don’t have much left for clothes, Ms J,” Jen said glumly. She hated to see her clothes go, but she wasn’t surprised at what she had to trash and what she was allowed to keep.

“You can buy more clothes. I would recommend keeping the receipt until I ok your choices, though,” Jacqueline answered.

“I don’t have the money to replace my entire wardrobe!” Jen shot back.

“Well, I understand your parents are very generous. If not, there are always men willing to pay for sex and you have your own body and Kim and Carrie that you can sell, too. Or, you can go naked for all I care. This just isn’t my problem,” Jacqueline answered. Jen considered the irony of whoring for cash to buy more whore clothes. She was sure her father wouldn’t object to some clothing charges on the credit card. She would survive.

“Now, for your dress code….naturally, you won’t be wearing underwear. Nor will you be wearing pants, pantyhose, slips, sweats, sneakers, or sweaters. You will be restricted to dresses, skirts, and blouses. You’ll need to buy a garter belt and you can also wear thigh-high stockings. You should buy lots of stockings. After today, you will not be permitted to leave the house without stockings. I’m partial to dresses, so I want those to be a staple of your wardrobe. In fact, let’s say you can only wear dresses to school. Got it?” Jacqueline paused. Jen nodded. “Hemlines will be quite high, but manageable. Stand up and hold your hands at your side.” Jen did as she was told. “Perfect! When you’re dressed, all four fingertips on each hand must extend below your hemline. That looks to be about 3 inches below your crotch which is a more than ample length to protect your modesty.”

“Is that all?” Jen said, hopefully. She wasn’t happy about the fact that she would be completely without underwear, but the hemline wasn’t nearly as bad as it could be. She would attract attention, of course, but she would certainly encounter girls with shorter skirts on from time to time.

“Not exactly. I expect you so dress to show off your body and your sexuality. It’s hard to quantify, so you really should save your receipts for anything you buy and you should have me OK it before you shorten and skirts or dresses. I also expect you to display your tits to the best of your ability. I won’t give you lots of specific rules about that. I will punish you if you fail, though. Speaking of rules, I don’t intend on giving you any silly rules like not sitting on your skirt or sitting with your legs spread. I encourage you to load Kim and Carrie up with rules, but you won’t have anything like that. Are we clear on clothing?” Jacqueline asked.

“I have one question, Ms J. You allowed me to keep several slips but you told me that slips are not allowed. What do you expect me to do with them?” Jen asked.

Jacqueline laughed. “Sweetie, those used to be slips. Now, they’re dresses. I hope you didn’t get the idea that my dress code was too easy. I fully expect people to see you and immediately think slut. You’re just not going to be as big a slut as Kim and Carrie,” she answered.

“Kim, get a couple trash bags and gather up all these clothes. We need to drop them off for the less fortunate,” Jacqueline ordered. Kim scurried to do as instructed.

“Now, let’s talk about Carrie and Kim. I think the next time I come over I’d like to see that girl treat me with a bit more respect. Please instruct her to curtsy each time she enters or leaves my presence. In fact, I would like Carrie to do that too, in private. I can’t have her curtsying to me in school,” Jacqueline said with a laugh. “I understand you already require complete nudity from the girls in private. I like that. I will expect Carrie to be nude when I drop in on her at home. I also expect an immediate change in Carrie’s public attire. I want you to be tough on her with clothing rules. I want everyone at school talking about her. Is that clear?”

“Well, we may have a problem with that. Carrie is concerned about losing her job if I make her violate the school dress code. I will have to allow her some reasonable clothes for school. I can make up for it by insisting on extremely revealing clothes outside of school, though,” Jen answered.

“She told you that, did she? Interesting. There is no dress code for students or professors at Salem State College. I agree that you can’t have her going to school in an outfit like Leslie had on last night, but she can gradually work up to it. She will get spoken to by the dean and department chair people for wearing clothing too revealing, of course. That will be a humiliating experience for her and one I intend to watch her endure. I want that to happen gradually so she has plenty of time to anticipate it and worry about it. I also want students and staff to start noticing her lack of panties immediately. I want everyone talking about her and I want that to be topic number one!”

“Don’t worry about getting her fired. Ultimately, she will get fired and you’re going to make sure of it. I want it to be a slow, agonizing process, though. From time to time, I will give you the name of a student or coworker that I want Carrie to seduce. Ultimately, having sex with a student will be what gets Professor Miniskirt fired. I want at least a full year of tormenting her first, though. Part of that torment will be dealing with persistent rumors that she is having sexual relations with a female student. The student in question will be Kim and you will make sure that their behavior at school makes that rumor believable.”

“I realize that Kim is your girlfriend and I couldn’t care less that you’re sleeping with her. You’re going to have to tolerate her publicly displaying affection to Carrie at school. You’re also going to have to tolerate her sleeping with lots of boys at school. She wants that reputation for some reason. It suits my purpose to let her have it. You can have her but you have to share,” Jacqueline said.

“It sounds like you have thought a lot about this, Ms J,” Jen observed. “Does this go on forever? How long to you plan to blackmail me?”

“Good question, sweetie, and yes, I have thought about this. I’ve been thinking about how to take Carrie down a peg or two for a long time. You merely provide a convenient vehicle for the inevitable. I will release you when certain things have happened. When Carrie is fired and you have graduated I will return all your blackmail materials. If you behave well, you come out of this with a reputation for being a slut and a couple hundred nude pictures on the Internet. That’s not what every little girl dreams of, but it could be a lot worse. You come out better than Kim or Carrie,” Jacqueline answered.

Jen agreed that it could be worse. She wasn’t happy with this situation but it wasn’t as bad as it could have been. She could have ended right along side Kim and Carrie. Jacqueline was right about those two getting the worst of this.

“Ok, so, what would you like me to wear to go donate these clothes?” Jen asked, anxious to get this over with and to get dressed.

“Oh, I guess I wasn’t clear about that. Over the last day you’ve experienced much of what you put Kim and Leslie through. You still need to experience the feeling of being sent out of the house on an errand in the nude. You will not be wearing clothes for your donation. Your final picture is of you, completely naked, posing with the bags of clothes at the collection bin. It’s not far and you’ll be back home in about a half-hour. Once you’re done, you can dress and I’ll be on my way,” Jacqueline answered.

Jen was stunned. She honestly never gave much thought to sending Kim or Leslie out of the house nude. Now that she had to do it, it seemed huge! She knew better than to complain, though, She wanted this done. She needed a break from Ms J already.

“Can I bring Kim?” Jen asked.

“She is yours to do with as you see fit. Feel free to bring her along,” Jacqueline said with a smile.

“Kimmy, get your shoes on and get these bags down by the front door. We’re going to drop this stuff off at the Good Will collection box and you’re coming with us.” Kim quickly jumped up and brought the bags to the door. A few minutes later Jacqueline left the apartment followed by two very naked young girls carrying trash bags of clothes Jen could no longer wear.

They made it to the collection box and unloaded the car. Jacqueline took the required picture with her phone camera and mailed it off. “Ok, sweetie, you’re free to go on about your life. I’ll be in touch when I need you,” Jacqueline said. She got into her car and drove off. The two naked girls got in Kim’s car and drove home. Fortunately, they were not confronted by anyone though both girls were sure they had been spotted. Once home Jen dressed in a blouse and one of her few remaining skirts. She and Kim talked for hours trying to make sense of the latest change in their lives.

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Jacqueline drove over to Carrie’s apartment. Carrie was nude as required and very embarrassed about it. Even though she found it humiliating she sat with her legs open as required, too. She was mortified by this but she was very unsure of her relationship with Jacqueline now.

“I thought you were going to help me get out of this! I seem to be in even deeper now. I can’t imagine what Jen is going to do to me now. You really humiliated her last night! I’m afraid she’s going to blame me!” Carrie was all worked up.

“Oh, hush up, you twit! I did the best I could. It’s not like we had pictures of her naked and in bed with a barnyard animal. I’m surprised I had the success I did with her. I expected her to let me send the pictures to her mom. It’s not like she’s the first girl to ever experiment sexually with another girl. I bet even you have done it,” Jacqueline answered.

“So, I’m to just let her blackmail me?” Carrie asked. She knew it was unreasonable, but at some level she was still expecting Jacqueline to fix all this for her.

“Interesting choice of words, Carrie. I wonder how much of this is due to you letting it happen. I know that some of this is right in line with your masturbation fantasies. Not that it matters now. For now, I think you need to do whatever she tells you and we’ll look for something to get you out. I spent all afternoon talking to her. She’s a crazy bitch and this might get rough for you. Kim will get the worst of it, of course, but you should be prepared for some tough days. I tried to talk her into leaving you alone while you’re at school but she wasn’t going for it. I’m afraid you’re going to be wearing some rather short skirts to school…even shorter than the ones you’ve been wearing all summer. I’m sorry I couldn’t do any better,” Jacqueline told her younger coworker.

“Oh God! This is bad! I can’t imagine wearing the skirts I’ve worn in the summer when the students are back. Is there no way out of this?” Carrie asked. She was embarrassed because she was becoming aroused and sitting as she was, there was no way to hide it from Jacqueline.

“We’ll find a way. In the meantime, just obey her and do the best you can. I don’t think it would be wise to anger her. With a little luck, she’ll concentrate most of her energy on Kim. That poor girl is going to be the talk of the school in September,” Jacqueline said. Carrie believed she was sincere. She desperately wanted to believe.

“Well, I have to get going. If you need me, call me, sweetie. Hang in there. You’ll get through this,” Jacqueline said, successfully keeping the amusement out of her voice. She was really going to enjoy watching this naïve, innocent bitch get victimized in the most humiliating way.

Leslie walked into the Gap to see Kelly and arrange their date for later. “Hi girl!” she said to Kelly.

“Wow! Look at you. You’re dressed!” Kelly said with a laugh.

“Yeah, and it feels great! There have been some developments in my personal situation. I’ll tell you all about them tonight,” Leslie laughed.

“So, is that what you’re going to wear tonight?” Kelly asked.

“Yep. I think these jeans make my ass look hot, don’t you?” Leslie said, doing a little twirl for Kelly.

“They do, but I was hoping for something a little sexier, babe,” Kelly answered.

“Sorry girlfriend, I’ve been walking around half naked or worse for two weeks. I’m wearing jeans tonight. I’m also wearing a bra and panties and if you want to get them off me you better be planning a private party,” Leslie laughed.

“We’re going out but I’ll make sure we have some private time, sweetie. You can count on me getting you out of those undies tonight!” Kelly answered. She was going to enjoy showing Leslie that she had all the blackmail material now. That Jen broad had no idea how to exploit someone. Leslie was going to take her underwear off tonight. She just didn’t know that it would be years before she would ever wear any underwear again.

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The rest of the summer passed quickly. Leslie moved out of the apartment within days of being released from her blackmail. Neither Kim nor Jen had heard from her but they knew she had moved in with her friend Kelly from the Gap.

Jacqueline didn’t bother Jen much. She dropped by a couple times and Jen and the girls had met her at Friday’s a couple times. True to her word, she was more interested in seeing how Jen treated Kim and Carrie than anything else. Jen didn’t disappoint in this regard. She had Carrie wearing skirts every bit as short as Kim’s. Carrie had moved in with the girls at Jen’s insistence. Most of her furniture and most of her clothes were in storage. Carrie never had much of a social life and it hadn’t got any better since she started spending two thirds of her life nude. The third of the time she spent dressed was almost as bad as being naked.

At Jacqueline’s insistence Carrie and Kim attended the first day of school in matching schoolgirl outfits. Carrie became the topic of conversation in the teacher’s lounge from day one. Everyone had an opinion about her scandalously short skirt and one male teacher swore he was sure she wasn’t wearing underwear. It wasn’t long before teachers and students alike were constantly trying to peek up Carrie’s skirt. With the short skirts Jen made her wear, she couldn’t possibly get through the day without someone getting a glimpse of her shaved pussy. Jacqueline was delighted that people knew that Carrie wore nothing under her tiny skirts. Almost everyone was calling her Professor Miniskirt.

Kim had become quite a hit with the boys at school. Word had gotten out that the freshman that dressed like a hooker put out for just about everyone. By the second week in September she was giving blow jobs in the parking lot at lunch time and on free periods nearly every day. Jen decided that sucking dick was more important than going to classes and Kim started missing lots of classes.

Jen had taken to making Kim wear tube tops. Nothing said trailer-trash quite like a tube top. The brilliant part of this was that the colder the weather got the more ridiculous Kim looked in her tube top. She had a little white one that had the word SLUT written across the front that she had to wear at least one day a week. It didn’t take long before Kim had the reputation she thought about when she masturbated.

Jen met a girl that was a stylist at a salon in the mall. She told her all about Kim. The stylist mentioned an idea for a look for Kim that sounded really hot. She suggested the theme would be “too”…as in too much makeup, too long nails, too high heels, too short skirt, too low-cut blouse, too big hair. She went to the mall to check out the idea. In the parking lot she saw a girl leading another girl on a leash. The girl being led looked completely naked. Jen stared for a moment and saw that it was Leslie and she wasn’t naked. She wasn’t wearing clothes and she had a small piece of duct tape covering her pussy. Her long hair had been cut to shoulder length and she appeared to have a large tattoo on her ass. Jen couldn’t make out what the tattoo was, but it was big. Leslie was led to a van. The girl holding her on the leash talked to the driver for a minute. The driver handed her some cash and she handed him the leash and walked away. Finally, Jen recognized the girl as Kelly, the young woman she gave Leslie’s blackmail material to.

Jen arranged for an appointment for Kim’s make-over into the “too” look. The girls in the salon were anxious to work on Kim. Jen made sure they all understood that she wanted the girl to look cheap and easy. They assured her Kim would look cheap when they were done with her and suggested that Jen send her in the most revealing clothes she could get her to wear. Jen also let them know that Kim was an accomplished pussy licker and let them all know they were free to take advantage of her services. She agreed to send Kim the very next night.

Jen instructed Kim to go to the salon in the mall. She wanted to meet with Jacqueline to see if she was happy with the way things were going and she didn’t need Kim knowing about it. She told Kim she needed to stay at the mall until closing. Carrie had papers to grade so Jen had a little time to herself. She arranged to meet Jacqueline at her apartment.

Kim pulled her car into the mall parking lot 20 minutes ago and still did not have the nerve to get out and do her assignment. She knows she has to do this but she just can’t make herself get out of the car and walk into the mall. Strutting into the mall in this outfit will be hard enough. It will be nothing, though, compared to the embarrassment she will feel before this assignment is completed! It didn’t help that Jen picked the mall closest to campus. Many of her fellow students have part-time jobs in this mall.

“I’m never going to finish if I don’t start”, Kim thinks to herself. Blushing deeply, she gets out of the car. “This is so embarrassing!” she thinks. Of course, her assignment is supposed to be embarrassing. Jen outdid herself with this one! Kim is wearing a white tube top. It’s an 8-inch band of material hugging her breast. It’s a size too large and she is constantly adjusting it to keep it from falling down and showing most of her tits. Across the front of the tube top, in large red letters, is the word SLUT.

Her skirt is actually another tube top. This one, too, is white. It fit her well before, but she is stretching it out by wearing it as a skirt. By necessity, she has this tube top slung very low on her hips. This tube top is also 8 inches. Low on her hips, she has managed to barely cover herself in front, but there just isn’t enough material to cover her butt completely. She grimaces as she tugs the skirt down once again. Jen has already told her she is wearing this as a top to school tomorrow. Every bit of stretching she does this evening will be paid for in constant top adjustments tomorrow. Still, it can’t be helped. She can’t walk into the mall with her pussy hanging out, can she?

The rest of her outfit consists of black 6-inch spike heels, little white lace anklets, and some jewelry. Not elegant or flattering jewelry, though. She wears a small chain bracelet on each wrist and ankle. Each bracelet has 6 bells on it and every movement causes an annoying jingle. She also has large hoop earrings on. There are bells on her earrings, too. This jewelry is not designed to enhance her appearance; it’s designed to attract attention to her. As if the big red SLUT on her chest and the tiny skirt weren’t enough!

She puts her car key in the magnetic holder and sticks it to the underside of her fender. She has a small purse with her that holds her credit card, driver’s license, cell phone and a dozen condoms. The purse is new and she is using it for the first time on this assignment. It is made of clear plastic. This is just one more humiliating aspect of this assignment.

Ordinarily, Kim would be looking forward to a trip to the salon. Not this time, though. She is getting her long brown hair styled, make-up, and a manicure and pedicure. Her instructions are to be at the salon by 6:00. Jen has already made an appointment for her with a particular stylist. She has to keep this appointment before completing the rest of her assignment.

Taking a deep breath, she walks towards the main entrance of the mall.

End