**Kim and Sharon
by Tester86**

## Part 1

Kimberly looked at the Caller I.D. and cried. For the fourth consecutive day her mortgage company was calling and each message left was worse than the one before. The message yesterday told her that foreclosure proceedings would begin immediately if she did not pay the four months past due mortgage payments. It was money that she did not have.

The phone beeped indicating another new message.

Kimberly cried.

## Part 2

Six months earlier her husband of eleven years had left her for another woman saying that Kimberly was not adventurous enough in bed; that she did not satisfy him.  In Kimberly’s estimation it was a lie; an excuse.  While she was not a slut, she was more than brave enough and doting enough to try, and even enjoy, most of the thing he had wanted.  She dressed provocatively for him, stripped in public for him, even enjoying the feeling of knowing that she was not only exciting her husband, but anyone else who may have seen her performance.  Thanks to her husband, her ex-husband, she had a secret turn-on with exhibitionism.

She had participated in threesomes for him even though she had not enjoyed it. She had dressed in costumes for him; acted out his fantasies; spanked and been spanked by him and others at the swinging parties he would drag her to both willingly and unwillingly.

She was not a stupid woman; she could see the end coming.  It was the vindictiveness of it that surprised her.  He had emptied the joint bank account, removing his name from the account while she taught Freshman English at the local Junior College.  She had returned from work to find the furniture all but gone, the electricity and phone turned off and the bank account empty.  Her clothes were in shreds with the exception of the most outlandish and revealing items she owned; the clothes that he knew she liked to wear in private during their game time. It was not the type of clothes that she would wear to teach the young men and women in her care during the day.  Only her most revealing and humiliating clothing remained untouched by the scissors he left stabbed into their marital mattress where her head would normally lay.

It was an act of hate, the way he left her.  She did not cry that day.  That day she vowed to herself that she would land on her feet and do it with dignity.  She would prove that she was stronger than he was; that she was more man than he ever could have been.

It did not work out that way.

## Part 3

"Miss Turner," she cringed hearing the distaste in the voice of the unnamed woman on the answering machine. "This is our forth attempt to contact you this week.  As of today we have begun foreclosure on your property and unless full payment of the past due balance is made by the close of business..." Kimberly stopped listening. She had heard it before.   A certified check (they would not take a personal check they had told her) for the past due amount as well as the current payment that would be due in less than a week, must be presented to the bank or the bank would take her home.  Take the only thing she had.

Following her husband leaving and using the few dollars that had been stashed away in the house in their emergency fund for new work clothes, she had slowly rebuilt. She had purchased a new bed; theirs having a huge hole in the mattress and seeing it had made her cringe in shame and anger.  It meant nothing to him and it would mean nothing to her.

She was living paycheck to paycheck, her meager third year salary at the college just enough to make ends meet.  Then, as life will do, things went from bad to worse.  She’d had to buy a secondhand car as they had only had one and since she got the house, he got the car. The car she purchased froze up and refused to start one day and that turned out to cost her almost a full check to repair and she was now a month behind.

Then the refrigerator’s fan motor seized, making the house smell like a fire was about to erupt and a second payment got missed.  The first calls started then; polite ones.  We’ll work with you.  Pride stepped to the plate and Kimberly just knew she’d be okay. She would work it out.

Her newly fixed car got stolen from the teacher’s parking lot on campus.  Restitution... none.  Cost: another 2 months behind.

Kimberly looked at the ad she had circled in the paper.  Dancers wanted; nudity required.  She exhaled a sad, weepy sob and picked up the silent phone.  She needed another job, one that paid well and paid quickly.  She had taken dance when she went to college, and she knew she had an attractive body; her ex-husband told her often enough with both words and his obvious arousal at her provocative shows.  With her secret thrill of exposing her body and her desperate financial situation, she figured it would be a short-term solution for her monetary problems.

Dialing the phone, she made the call.

She cried when she hung up.  She had an interview that she did not want to make but knew she’d have to and she just knew she would get the job.

## Part 4

Kimberly looked at the black door that lead into Pussy Cats.  Why, she wondered, did these places always have such suggestive names.  Well, she supposed, it did draw customers.  With a sharp exhale she opened her car door and made her way inside.

The place was empty and the overhead lights were on.  She had, of course, been inside strip clubs with her ex-husband. She had even appeared on stage during an amateur night contest. She did not win but felt pretty good about herself coming in second to the nineteen year old strumpet that had won.  She had been twenty six at the time, twenty nine now, and she was certain it was just the age of the young woman that had won that put her in second place.

"Can I help you," a young man asked standing in the corner next to a wall of electronics that controlled the clubs sound system.

"Yeah, uh, yes," Kimberly said.  Her mouth was dry.  "I have a meeting, an interview." She was tripping on her words.

The man nodded his head, "Through there."  He indicated a maroon curtain hanging to the right of the main stage.

"Thanks," she said.

Kimberly walked through the curtain and peered down a short hallway with three more dark curtains, one to each side of the hall and one at the end.  "Hello," she called out in a small voice.

"In here."

She followed the voice through the back curtain and saw a fat man with a stained T-shirt and black shorts sitting on a stool before a large mirror.  There were about a dozen stools in the room, six spanning each side with two wall-length mirrors and along the back wall there was another curtain and twenty small lockers stacked two high, most of them having a small lock in the silver hasp.  To her left was a sink with a medicine cabinet above it.  "Can I help you?" The fat man asked.

"Um," she swallowed, "I have an interview."

"Can you dance?"

Kimberly nodded.

"Can you get naked?"

Again she swallowed.

"Show me."

She looked around the room seeing herself countless times as her reflection bounced between the twin mirrors.  "Here?"

There was no patience in his voice, "look, you want the job?"

No, she thought, I do not *want* the job.  "Yes."

"Then dance."

Kimberly wiggled her hips and slowly began to dance. She kicked off her sneakers and turned, pushing her ass out in an invitation to the man watching her.  She spun around and with a quick move pulled hem of her blouse out of the waistband of her jeans.  Kicking her legs she slowly unbuttoned her blouse and with a flourish she pulled the halves apart revealing the white bra that she wore.  She shrugged the shirt free of her shoulders and threw it to the sink behind her.

She felt a stirring in her crotch as she exposed her half-naked chest to this stranger. It was the same feeling she got when her husband had made her strip for him in the car or at the beach or once in a Macy’s fitting room.  Reaching up behind her she unfastened her bra and bending at the waist so that her breasts hung free she dropped the bra down her legs and to the floor. She swung her long, brown hair in a circle, almost hitting the fat man with her hair.

She stood up and still shaking her hips and now her naked breasts, she unfastened the snap of her jeans. Her breasts were not overly large, but were not tiny either; her husband... ex-husband... had called them perfect and seeing this man before her staring at them she knew her B-cub did indeed look good.  She turned again and inched her jeans over her ass revealing a small, black thong. She stepped out of the jeans and with a spin and a flourish kicked them away.

Her nipples were hard points and she knew it was not just because of the cool room; she was sexually aroused. She could see the excitement in the fat man, his black shorts not hiding his obvious approval at her revealing performance.  She could also feel her own excitement; her panties were damp with it.

Still, she danced. She turned two complete circles and then staring the man straight in the eyes she dropped her panties to her feet, stepped out of one side, and lifted them to her hands with the other foot.  She grabbed them, held them to her nose and inhaled the evidence of her arousal.  She then spun again and threw her panties behind her.  She stood before him, her hands at her sides not covering her breasts or the thin triangle of her pubic thatch and pussy.  She wondered if she had taken one breath during her dance.

The fat man just stared at her.  The seconds ticked by, slowly to Kimberly.  He was watching her. She needed the job and she could not help but wonder what he was thinking.

"You work Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays.  Start at nine, work till close at 1 AM.  All tips you split with the bartenders and they split theirs amongst the girls.  You keep all money you earn in the two private rooms behind the stage.  We pay you 100 bucks a night.  Sound good?"

Kimberly nodded. "Yes."

"Good.  You look good; you dance good. See you Thursday. Come in early to do some paperwork and meet some of the other girls.  Bring a lock for one of the lockers.  Be here at eight.  Any questions?"

She shook her head.

"Then you can go."

Kimberly got dressed, feeling how wet her panties were as she slid them up her legs.  She had definitely enjoyed the rush she had gotten stripping for her new boss, the thrill of it, the humiliation of it; she knew how red her face looked, she had seen it staring back at her in the mirror.

Dressed and with a second job Kimberly rushed home.

She masturbated to two satisfactory orgasms reliving the excitement of stripping for a stranger; hell, she thought, she didn’t even catch his name.  More importantly, she smiled, I can keep my house. With luck, I can keep my house.

## Part 5

"I really hate her," Sharon Reed said to herself as she watched that bitch Kimberly Turner enter her classroom.  She stared at the closed classroom door fuming over what she knew was going on in there.   Kimberly’s students were listening to her; being quiet; obeying her.  That was what bothered her the most, she knew.  Somehow little miss perfect tits had her students obeying her.  They would sit obediently listening to their young teacher. They would raise their hands and ask pointed, intelligent questions about the subject matter.  Sharon heard nothing but rude jokes and useless queries about irrelevant subjects and her kids, no her kids did not listen.

Sharon walked down the English Departments hallway and peered into Kimberly’s class.  There she sat behind her desk smiling as she engaged her students in their lecture.  The students participated and did not mock. How had the bitch pulled that off, she fumed.  Shaking her head and walking away in anger she could hear the commotion from her own classroom full of monkeys.

Again, as she entered her own unruly class she could only think, "I hate that bitch."

## Part 6

"Hi," she heard a young woman say as she entered the dressing room from the rear of the building, passing through a maroon curtain, "you must be the new girl."

"Yeah, hi. I’m Kimberly."  She had to really listen to the young woman as loud music poured into the room making it hard to hear.

"I’m Robin but everyone calls me Rascal, it’s what I go by on stage.  Have you picked your stage name yet?"

She shook her head, "no."

"Well, we need to think of something.  You don’t want people knowing your real name, do you?  I know one girl that did that and two days later she had to change her phone number. You wouldn’t believe some of that calls she got and at all hours of the day and night. People can be real sickies if you ask me."

Kimberly could not imaging receiving so many unsolicited phone calls all with her naked body being the topic of conversation.  She had never given any thought to why stippers always seemed to have names like Bubbles, or Candi and now she did.  "Thanks, Rascal," Kimberly said.

"No problem." She stopped and listened to the throbbing music die down from the main dance floor.  "That’s my cue," she said and dropped her robe so that she was stading there in just a small pink bra and panty set.  "Time to shake my thing." Rascal turned and walked out playfully shaking her ass as she did.

Kimberly opened an empty locker and pulled a small lock from her purse.  She locked her purse away and waited for her boss to come find her. She sat thinking of names, quickly discarding names like Bambi and Candi as too cliché.  Finally she opted for Jaybird; cute, playful and just a tad too descriptive she thought.

A few minutes passed and another woman entered from the rear of the building. She nodded a greeting and without pausing made her way deeper into the club.    A moment later the fat man entered the dressing room. "Good," he said nodding, "you’re here. You ready for the tour?"

A little too quickly Kimberly said, "yeah."

He showed her around the club, back up the short hallway past the two private rooms which he explained is where the girls made most of their money. The better they were at flirting and making eye contact as she had done during her interview, Kimberly remembered with a flash of heated shame, the more money you could coax from a customer, he explained.

He led her into the club where a girl Kimberly had not seen was tying her ankles together with her stockings. Her breasts were bare and her panties where pulled down to her knees.  She sat on her naked ass and danced with her bound feet pointing from one side of the stage to the other. Walking by Kimberly could see the thin line of her sex as the dancer raised her tied legs even higher.  There were four men sitting at the stage and Kimberly could see all of them men waiting anxiously to give the young dancer some money.

Kimberly blushed. All too soon she’d be taking her clothes off for money.  Without realizing it she grabbed the throat of the yellow blouse she was wearing.  You can do this, she chided herself, think of your house.

The fat man introduced her to Tommy, the guy who ran the sound equipment on weekdays. Shaking hands, Tom explained he’d pick songs for you based on what you wanted to do and judging from how the naked and semi-bound woman on stage shifted her legs with the beat, Kimberly reasoned he knew what he was doing.  She thanked him and followed the fat man across the darkened room, only the stage was brightly lit. They passed the main entrance to her left being guarded by two very large men that the fat man ignored, and stopped at the bar directly in front of them.

"This is Carlos," the fat main said and Kimberly shook his hand as she had Tommy’s. "He mixes the drinks. You share tips with him and he with you."

"I remember."

"Okay. This way."  He led her to the right of the bar and into a short hallway, behind and to the left of the stage. There were three doors in the hallway, one labeled Men’s, one labeled Ladies and the third marked as the office.  They entered the office.

The man sat as a desk and offered Kimberly as seat in front of him.  Behind the desk a large wall of computer monitors was hanging; 2 rows of four displays.  Each was showing a scene in the club, Kimberly could easily recognize the dancer as she stopped and stood up, her legs now untied and her black stockings hanging around her neck.  She could see the parking lot in one monitor, the stage and bar in another and two rooms she had not seen before, one empty and the other currently occupied by Rascal and a man receiving a very intimate dance in the other.

The fat man, David he said his name was, showed her the paperwork that she needed to fill out. She was surprised about an emergency contact page and about the W-2; she had not thought of paying taxes with this job.  David explained everything to her, telling her that her salary was indeed taxed but she didn’t really make any money with tips, right?

Kimberly understood.

Twenty minutes later, both private rooms empty and the parking lot filling up she was escorted back to Tommy where her first dance was arranged and her songs chosen. Finally she heard announced by Tommy in a surprisingly melodic voice, "let’s give a big hand to Jaybird."

Blushing, Kimberly approached the stage.

## Part 7

Sharon sat at Kimberly’s desk and imagined her students as well behaved as Kimberly’s.  She rummaged through the desk and found that most of the drawers were empty. The one in the center held pens, pencils and paper, chalk and a stapler. The drawer to the right held the course book and syllabus and a few hand-outs but the two drawers on the left were empty.  Sharon knew her desk was a cluttered mess. This realization made her mad, Kimberly’s life was simple and neat while Sharon’s was disorganized and cluttered.  The area under Kimberly’s desk was wide and empty and a kickplate descended all the way to the floor; it was a much nicer desk that Sharon had.

She stood up and slammed her fists against the desk, hurting her hand and making her even angrier. "The bitch," she muttered.  Turning around she grabbed a piece of chalk and with large block letters she wrote BITCH on the chalkboard and then in a rage snapped the chalk in half.

Slightly mollified Sharon spun from the desk and marched out the door into the vacant hallways. She returned to her own desk, finished grading some papers and made her way outside. The sun had set, she always seemed to work late while little Kimmie never seemed to have to.  Walking to her car she just fumed with anger. She’d get that bitch.

## Part 8

"Yes, ma’am," Kimberly said. "That is what I am proposing.  I know I did get behind but I have a second job now that pays weekly and I want to work this out." She listened and made the appropriate replies to the questions that she was being asked.  "Monday, no wait, Tuesday," she said knowing she’d be stripping on Monday.

Kimberly listened as the woman on the phone reiterated their deal. Kimberly would make a mortgage payment every 2 weeks instead of monthly with the first one coming on Tuesday and every other Tuesday following. The normal house payments would continue to accrue, each payment being assigned to the one most in arrears but with the double payments in four months she’d be current. If she missed one payment the foreclosure would continue and only payment in full could stop it then.  Kimberly planned on stripping for maybe one additional month to get a payment ahead and then return to single employment at the college.  Listening to the woman on the phone finish, Kimberly agreed.

She hung up the phone, satisfied her house was saved.

## Part 9

Friday morning Sharon watched Kimberly sit demurely at her desk in a tasteful skirt, matching jacket and white blouse, talking to her student who sat there and listened and participated.  The chalkboard was clean, nothing written on it. She had enjoyed the feeling of writing on it and wondered what she would write the next time she had the chance. She doubted that Kimberly had seen the word BITCH written there but she secretly hoped she had seen it. Wouldn’t that have been fun; little miss perfect reacting to being called a bitch...or worse.  Sharon could see it in her mind and the thought made her shiver. One day.

She just could not foresee that today was the day a plan would form.

## Part 10

Kimberly changed into some comfortable jeans and t-shirt and left her house towards the strip club. It was Friday night, her first Friday and the other girls, Rascal being the nicest, explained that Friday nights were the best nights. Carlos made the drinks stronger and with cash burning in men’s jeans it was easy to get them to agree to most anything.  All of the dancers agreed that each week, Friday was the most lucrative.

The day before had gone as well as could have been expected, Kimberly thought. She got through the first three songs, had a stiff drink (on the house) and a man had approached her for a private dance. After that, with her pussy wet from the exhibitionism and eroticism of her job and with the money flowing she had been able to don her clothes and once again take them off. Three times that night she had slid her damp panties up her legs just to slide them off during the second song.  That was how it was.  First song; strip to bra and panties. Second song, strip nude and third song strut your stuff. It was a choreographed act and she could feel her pulse in her pussy and the thobbing of the music in her ears.

Now, driving to the club, she had some extra outfits from home. The slutty and revealing clothing that her ex-husband liked to choose for her when they went out.  Just packing them for the ride to work had caused her skin to tingle and her clit throb.  She was surprised she was looking forward to stripping again.

She turned onto the main road that lead across town and only a blaring horn pulled her from her musings.  She looked around and waved to no one in particular, not noticing who she had just cut off.

## Part 11

Sharon recognized Kimberly and seethed, "that bitch!"  Turning right instead of left, Sharon followed Kim, today she would give that little whore the full weight of her wrath.

Watching Kimberly pull into the strip club and walk into the back door...the employees door... stopped Sharon in her tracks.  She didn’t work here, did she? Oh, if she did.  And Sharon’s mind went into overtime.

## Part 12

"Can I talk to you, Kimmie?" Sharon asked Kimberly from the doorway of Kim’s classroom.

Kimberly knew that Sharon did not like her, and she did not know why. She had always been polite and cordial, but after the first year teaching here she had given up trying to be friends and had simply stayed out of Sharon’s way.  Let each just get along without the other, Kimberly had thought.  "Sure, Sharon, what do you need, and please, I’ve asked you not to call me Kimmie."

Sharon stepped into Kim’s empty classroom, the students haven gone for the day, and shut the door. "You don’t like it when I call you Kimmie, Kimmie?" Sharon mocked.  "I think, with what I have planned for you, being called Kimmie will be the one thing that you probably won’t mind me doing? Do I have your attention, Kimmie?"

"Sharon, listen, I don’t know what your problem with me is, but..."

"Shut up, Kimmie!" Sharon shouted at her, the vitriol dripping off her tongue like poison from a snake’s fangs.  "Shut up you little whore." It felt good to wield this power, Sharon felt her nipples harden in excitement.

"Get out!" Kimberly stood in defiance.

"Why, Jaybird, is that anyway to talk to your new best friend?"

Kimberly looked at Sharon speechless; she knew. The woman that hated her knew? "Jaybird?" She asked, feigning confusing.

"Yes, your stage name. I have some great pictures of you.  And your boss, David, he let me have a couple of really nice video tapes. Did you know they tape everything done in the back rooms in case of a lawsuit? It’s really remarkable, the quality of the video. You’d have to see it. Or, maybe *you* don’t."

"Look, Sharon," Kim began.

"That’s Miss Reed to you. My little shit students don’t have to be respectful to me, but you do. Got it?"

Kimberly hung her head, her mind was racing, her heart pounding in dread.  This woman hated her and her tone of voice more than proved it.  Resigned, and a little desperate, she whispered, "yes, Miss Reed."

"That’s better. First, let me show you a few things. Then, we will go have a nice dinner, you’ll buy of course, as we talk about your future. How does that sound?"

Sharon crossed the room and held a stack of photographs out to Kimberly.  Her hands were shaking as she took them. She flipped through the pictures; all of them were of her. There were pictures of her removing a thin, see-through dress and revealing her naked tits and pantied crotch. She couldn’t believe it; this picture was from Monday night, two days ago. There were pictures of her walking into and out of the employee entrance, and there were more pictures of her naked and on stage, squatting with her feet nearly touching and her knees spread wide; in that picture you could see all of her, her pussy gaping and the thin line of her pubic hair pointing towards her open sex.

"Well, what do you think?"

"Sharon..."

"What?"

"Miss Reed, I can explain," it sounded lame, even to Kimberly.

"And I can’t wait to hear it.  Put the pictures in your desk and let’s go. Let’s hope no one goes snooping." She laughed at how pale Kimberly looked. If that embarrassed her, Sharon thought, she was going to have a rough time with what I have planned. Sharon so hoped leaving the pictures behind embarrassed her.

Swallowing hard, her mind racing with dread, Kimberly put the pictures in the center drawer, stood and followed Sharon out of the school and to the faculty parking lot.  "You’ll ride with me, of course. Can’t have you wandering off and getting lost, now can I?"  She laughed at Kimberly; enjoying the mocking tone she was using.

Sharon got into the car and as Kimberly opened the passenger side door Sharon stopped her, "you ride in the back, you don’t’ deserve to ride up here with me."

Kimberly shut the passenger door and climbed into the back. She looked up at Sharon and could see how pleased Sharon was with herself. How could I be so stupid, she thought. What was I thinking? Then, without warning, my house. I’m going to lose the house.  She choked back her tears.

Sharon nearly came as she watched the terror and nervousness play over Kimmie's face. It was too good, too perfect.  And, it was just going to get better.

## Part 13

The restaurant wasn’t crowded and Kimberly and Sharon had a booth in the back corner. They had finished eating and were now just chatting.  The closest table was a family of four three booth’s down.  Kimberly was wearing a cream blouse with orchids all along the let sleeve and a gray knee-length skirt and smart, black shoes with a modest 2-inch heel.  Sharon was dressed in a brown pant-suit with a white blouse.  They looked like two professional women having a business meeting; sadly, for Kimberly, the business was not kind.  "I have you by the sparse hairs, don’t I Kimmie?" Sharon asked.

Kim could only nod.

"So, why are you spreading your legs, you get off on it?"

"Yes," she said, paused, looked at the surprise in Sharon's eyes and stammered, "no, I need to... shit."

Sharon laughed at Kimberly and definitely heard her say yes to the question if she got off on exposing herself. We’ll see, she thought.  "Take your time, Kimmie."

She took a sip of water and said, "I need the money.  I don’t make enough working as a third-year teacher, you know, and with my divorce I got behind on my house payments. If I don’t pay a payment every two weeks they are going to foreclose on me and take the only thing I have.  It’s only part-time and only for a few months until I get caught up. Please, don’t tell anyone."

Begging, the little bitch was begging her. It was just perfect.  "Why not? What’s in it for me?" Sharon was toying with her, goading her, humbling her and Sharon was savoring the power.  "It’s not like I need the money, I’m actually pretty well off, thank you.  What do I get out of keeping your secret. Let me think."  She watched the tears threaten to spill from Kimberly’s eyes.

"Please, Miss Reed."

"Let’s see, third year, right?"

Kimberly nodded.

"You don’t have tenure. That can’t be good. You could get fired for this and then the only job you’d have is a stripper.  Seems a poor career choice for a college-educated woman like yourself.  I don’t like you, so you being gone," she shook her head with a loud smacking sound, "seems like a good thing for me. I don’t know.  What do you think?

Tears fell from her eyes as she pleaded, "Pease,please?" It was all she could say and hearing it Sharon felt her pussy throb with the power she had over Kimberly.

"On second thought, it would be fun to have a play-toy; a Barbie-Doll; a slave." Sharon snapped her fingers. "That’s it. You do what I say, when I say, where I say, with who I say and I’ll keep your secret.  I promise you, you won’t like it, but it’s not about what you’ll like is it?  You obey me, like I wish my students did," her voice turned hard, she was no longer playing with Kimberly, she was laying down the law, "and I will keep your secret.  You will never tell me no, got it. No matter how humiliating, horrifying or perverse you think I’m being, you will obey. You will wear what I tell you to wear, strip when I tell you to strip and anything else I can think of. You do this and I’ll keep the pictures and videos I have as well as the new pictures and video’s we’re gonna take a secret.  I will embarrass you, make you wish you had never seen me until I get sick of this game and then I’ll leave you alone, got it? You’ll be my dress up doll and my whore. You’ll be my slave. If you behave, I’ll mostly leave you alone on campus and if you disobey me I’ll punish you.  When you’ve had enough walk away and I’ll distribute everything I have on you to the Dean that day. Got it?"

Kimberly was openly crying now. How could this happen? Sharon hated her; she could hear it in her voice and could see the laughter in her eyes. What choice did she have? If she told Sharon no, she would lose her job and then her house. She couldn’t let that happen, not when she was working so hard to save it. She wiped her eyes with the sleeve of her blouse and nodded meekly.

"What was that, Kimmie?  Do I have a new slave?"

"Yes, Miss Reed." She choked on the words. She hated how weak she sounded.

"What color are you panties?"

Kimberly looked at Sharon, staring into the malicious eyes and knew what her life would be like. But, she reasoned, only until I have the house current, then I can quit my stripper job and maybe work it out. Maybe.  "Black, Miss Reed."

"Take them off."

Kimberly stood up and turned from the table.  "Where do you think you’re going?" Sharon asked with smiling eyes.

"To do as you said. To remove my... my panties."

"Did I tell you to get up? No, I’m pretty sure I didn’t. I said take your panites off. Since you want to show everyone that you’re doing it, then take them off there, standing up. Now!"

Red faced and scared Kimberly glanced at the table with the family eating. They were not watching her and since she had paid the bill, Sharon had insisted, the waitress probably would not be back. She exhaled, glanced around nervously, and shimmied her skirt higher.  She reached up under her skirt and grabbed the side of her panties. She slid them down her legs, stepped out of them and quickly straightened her skirt.  Her face burned with the humiliation of removing her panties and as had happened with her ex-husband, her panties were wet.

"Very nice," Sharon said her own crotch growing damp at watching the bitch humiliate herself, "now, have a seat. Put your panties on the table, spread out. We don’t want to hide what they are in a ball, no do we?"

"No, Miss Reed."

"Now, we are going to go to your house where we are going to lay down some ground rules for you to follow. And by we, I mean me of course. You will obey every one of them. If I find out you disobey even one rule you will be punished.  The ultimate punishment, of course, is your precious house.  Any other punishment will be bad, but you’ll have your home. Understood?"

Kimberly nodded.

"Let’s go, and the panties stay here. I’m sure one of the staff will masturbate with them tonight. Isn’t that fun?"

Red-faced and surprisingly horny, Kim followed Sharon out of the mall.

**Kim and Sharon
Chapter 2
by Tester86**

## Part 1

Kimberly sat in the back of Sharon’s car, Miss Reed’s car, and trembled with fear.  She had been both embarrassed and excited by removing her panties at the restaurant.  It was the same thrill she had gotten when she’d done the same with her ex-husband.  It was thrilling and scary, fun and horrifyingly humiliating.  And she enjoyed it.  In her first three days as a stripper, while it was fun, to Kimberly it was not particularly embarrassing; one was supposed to see naked women at strip clubs; it was just a job.  It was the risk involved with public exposure, where nudity was not supposed to happen that excited her and Sharon had let her know that for Kimberly, she was to expect it.

Could she?  That was the question that ran through her mind and the thought that she could terrified her. Not that Sharon would make her, Kimberly was certain that she would.  In her mind she heard Sharon say, "You will wear what I tell you to wear, strip when I tell you to strip and anything else I can think of." Kimberly knew she should not go along, that she should just take her chances with the Dean of the college. There were worse things that she could have been doing to get herself fired. Was a second job at a strip club offensive enough to the college administration to warrant her firing?  If she had tenure, a fact that Sharon had so gleefully pointed out that she did not, then this would just end with a warning with the promise that the stripping would end.  Still, would the same punishment not be issued to a non-tenured employee?  Kimberly was not sure.

Her house. That is what it came down to. No matter what, if she disobeyed Sharon, then the pictures would be distributed to the Dean and a decision as to her job would be decided and either way, fired from the college or not, she’d lose one of her two jobs and right now she *needed* both.

She raised her head from her hands and watched Sharon watching her. It was apparent that Sharon hated her and she knew that she’d suffer as Sharon’s play toy. Again, could she do it?  She knew she had to try, no matter how humiliating, she had to try.

## Part 2

Sharon drove back to the college to allow the bitch to fetch her car.  During the drive she watched Kimberly carefully in the rear-view mirror. She could see the questions, fear and doubt race through the woman’s mind as tears fell and wrinkles formed around her eyes and across her forehead. Kimberly was suffering and Sharon liked it.

While Kimberly was thinking could she, Sharon was wondering would she?

She had a few ideas and knew that plenty more would be forthcoming and it all come down to what Kimberly feared most; losing her house or losing her dignity.  She hoped the latter.

## Part 3

"Give me your skirt."

Sharon and Kimberly stood next to Kim’s car with the driver’s door standing open.

"But..."

"Shut up! Listen you little whore, this is not open to debate, discussion or consideration. You do what I tell you, got it. I thought we went through this.  We’re going to your precious house, I’m following you. Without a skirt, you’re not apt to go anyplace else, right? Give me the skirt.  Now!"

Nervously looking around, Kimberly unbuttoned her skirt and dropped it down her legs.  With her panties at the restaurant, she was naked from the waist down.  This was different than stripping at the club; to Kimberly, this was much worse. The parking lot was deserted save for their two cars and the only lights lit on campus were parking lot lights and lights at all the entrance points to the buildings. Still, she was respected here and this was a public venue where nudity was not the norm. She blushed as she picked up her skirt and threw it in her car.

"No," Sharon said to Kim, "give me the skirt. Can’t have you covering up for the drive home."

She bent over, her pussy peeking at Sharon from between her legs.  She grabbed her skirt, stood, and held it out to Sharon.

"Nice ass," Sharon mocked.  "And it smells like you like this."

Kimberly stepped back against the open car door and covered her pussy with her hands, her blush deepening at Sharon’s words.

Sharon laughed. "I’ll follow you to your house. Don’t drive too fast. I’d hate to see you get pulled over."  Still laughing, Sharon went to her car as Kimberly climbed in hers.

## Part 4

Sharon pulled in behind Kim’s car and laughed as Kim ran, half-naked, from her driveway to the front door.  She was enjoying Kimmie’s discomfort and humiliation.  She grabbed her camera from the glove box and walked to Kim’s door smiling as Kim hid just inside.  Sharon stepped into Kim’s house and laughed again as Kimberly quickly shut the door as if she could banish her shame with that one quick move.

"First," Sharon said as she pointed the camera at Kim, "strip off the rest of your clothes."

Kim stared at the camera, wondering how much worse that would make things. Here, inside her home, she figured not much.  She unbuttoned her blouse and dropped it to the floor as Sharon snapped pictures. She unhooked her bra and it fell to the floor and Sharon snapped more pictures.  Sharon took pictures of Kim from all sides and angles.

Kim, for her part, stood there motionless, her hands at her sides. She felt her shame increase with each artificial sound the digital camera made to indicate another moment was captured. Kim’s nipples were hard and she could feel the arousal in her wet sex; if Sharon were not here she would not hesitate to drop to the ground with her clothes and masturbate.

Sharon snapped a few more pictures and then said, "do you have a small rug?"

Kimberly nodded.

"Fetch it."

Kimberly ran through an archway behind her, deeper into the house and came back with a soft, white bathroom rug.

"Very nice," Sharon said pleased with how well this was going.  The bitch really did want to save her house and so Sharon figured that Kim would indeed obey her.  This was going to be so fun, she thought. "Now, set it down on the ground next to the door."

Kim obeyed.

"Let’s get a tour of the house, start here and end at your bedroom."

Kimberly looked at the rug, wondering what it was for.  Seeing Sharon stand quietly, with her camera held in front of her, Kim reasoned she’d know in time.  "This way," Kim said.

The foyer had three archways that led into the house. The first led left to a large living room that had a modest sized TV and a small loveseat. Sharon remembered that Kim had said she’d been recently divorced and that explained why there was not a lot of furniture to be seen. Off of the living room a small hallway led to two small bedrooms and a full-sized bath. Each of the two bedrooms had a bed, one twin and one queen, and each had a dresser; both rooms were clean.  The bathroom was tidy and an ocean scene adorned the shower curtain. A pair of doors stood open with a washer and dryer tucked into a tidy closet. This side of the house, Kim explained, was unused with the exception of the laundry nook.  Kim led Sharon back into the living room to an attached kitchen. The kitchen was well stocked with an island sink. The stove sat along the back wall with a small window overlooking a dark yard. Across from the sink one archway led back to the foyer where Kim’s clothes still sat. Trotting naked across the kitchen Kim pointed out the dining room that held a small dinette set and the third archway leading to the foyer.

Off of the corner where the kitchen joined the dining room a set of double doors stood. Kim opened them and escorted Sharon into the master bedroom.  A large bed sat along the back wall sandwiched by two end-tables.  A stately dresser with a large mirror sat to the right of the bed. Kim could see her naked body in the mirror with Sharon snapping pictures behind her. The contrast of her nudity against Sharon’s smartly dressed appearance caused her sex to pulse with need; she was both embarrassed and aroused.

Across from the bed a short hallway led to the master bathroom. Two walk in closets merged off the hallway and an open door led into the master bath. The bathroom had an enclosed toilet on one side with an enclosed shower on opposite and a large sunken Jacuzzi tub dominated the back wall.  It was a fairly nice house and Sharon understood why Kimberly wanted to keep it.

Sharon walked back to the bedroom and Kimberly followed.  "Are you horny?" Sharon asked.

Shamefaced, Kimberly nodded.

"Then lay down and masturbate for me." Sharon commanded and waited. This was going to be a great test, she thought. If Kim does this, then she is mine.  Sharon raised the camera.

Kim hesitated, stepped towards the bed, stopped and then with a small sigh climbed into bed.  Her hands dropped along her naked breasts, caressing them. They were firm, not small but not huge with dark pink nipples pointing upwards like a soldier at muster.  Kim caressed her breasts and pinched her nipples and then slid her hands lower. Her fingers reached her needy sex, her legs drifting wide apart, and Sharon disappeared from her mind as she quickly brought herself off with a noisy orgasm.

The entire four minutes, Sharon snapped pictures.

With her need reduced Kimberly opened her eyes and snapped her legs closed.

"Open them," Sharon commanded.

Kimberly slid her legs apart, her pussy staring at Sharon’s camera.

"You are very pretty," Sharon said, "and I am going to have so much fun showing you off."

Kimberly lay still, her legs parted, her hands at her side, waiting for Sharon to tell he what to do.  She was blushing still and while her immediate need had been met she could feel her arousal starting to climb again.

"In a minute we’re going to go through all your clothes. I will decide what you can keep and modify and what will be thrown away.  You are going to have a lot of new rules and a new dress code to keep up with.  If I find you disobey me, then these pictures," she indicated the camera, "will be posted all over campus.  I am going to make you do some very embarrassing things, things I know I’d not want to do to test you. If you want to keep these pictures private and if you really want to keep your house, I’d think twice before you disobeyed me, got it?"

Kim could only nod.

"Good. You’re going to help me humiliate you, too. Isn’t that fun? You are going to ask me very politely, starting with ‘Miss Reed, to humiliate me’ and ending with something humiliating and you’re going to do it every time we are together.  Got it?"

"Yes, Miss Reed."

"Now, that rug in the foyer. Do you know what it is for?"

"No, Miss Reed."

"That rug is the only place in this house that you are allowed to wear clothes. This is the first rule, so make sure you remember it.   When you get home, and assuming you have clothes on, you will step onto the rug, strip, and then you can step off it.  When you are leaving the house, you will carry your clothes with you to the rug, then you can get dressed and leave the house.  And this is only when entering and exiting the house. If the doorbell rings, you’re not leaving, so you’re not dressing. Now, what is your first rule?"

"That I am only allowed clothing in the house on my dressing rug and then only when entering and exiting my house," Kimberly shuddered with the exciting humiliation of it. And the words "assuming you have clothes on," made her pussy clench in nervous expectation.

"Dressing rug, I like it. Now, that pubic hair has to go.  When do you work at the club next?"

"Tomorrow, Miss Reed. I work Monday’s, Thursday’s and Friday’s."

"Good. Tomorrow, for your first act, you will come out with a chair wearing a bra and panties only.  For the first dance, you will strip to nothing. When the second song comes, I want you to grab a razor, a bowl of water, shaving cream and a towel and on stage with all those men watching, you are to shave your pubic hair all off. Got that?"

Kimberly surprised herself as she said, "Miss Reed, to humiliate me, can I please shave my pussy on Friday? There’s always more people at the club on Friday’s?"  It seemed a very tame start.

Sharon almost grabbed her own pussy with the power she was wielding over Kimberly. This was working out much better than she had hoped. She had not expected it to go as far as it had, to be perfectly honest with herself and to hear Kimberly obeying and actually within minutes, using the words she had been ordered to use, coming up with a way to add to her humiliation, Sharon almost swooned.  She knew she had dominant tendencies and now having a woman, one she did not particularly like, obeying her, it was almost too much.

"Yes," Sharon said.  "And that covers this time we’re together.  Very good, Kimmie." Sharon really hadn’t expected anything from Kimberly tonight; she thought she might be pushing too hard. Maybe not.

"Now.  Stand up; you look like a slut with your legs spread like that."

Kimberly shook at her words; Sharon was the reason her legs were spread so wantonly.  She bit her tongue and climbed to her feet.  Sharon sat.

"I want you to grab every pair of panties that you own, and be quick about it."

Kimberly knew where this was going; it was one of the games she had liked to play with her ex-husband. He often controlled what panties she wore, or did not wear. Kimberly made her way to the dresser and opened the top drawer. She pulled out all the panties inside, opened the second drawer and grabbed a few more pairs, the second set much smaller and more revealing. She placed the panties on the bed.

"Now," Sharon said. "We are going to make three piles. One will be your stripper panties. One will be your granny panties and the third will be your work panties.  Show me each pair and I’ll tell you one, two or three.  Begin."

One by one Kimberly held up the panties. The G-strings, thongs and boy short panties were all put in one pile, the conservative panties, the kind that Kim wore to the doctor, were in the second pile. When they were finished there were only two piles.

"Go grab some garbage bags and a gym bag if you’ve got one," Sharon commanded.

Kim obeyed.

"Now, put all these panties," Sharon indicated the colorful pile of sexy panties, "in the gym bag.  You will take these to the strip club. Put the rest in a garbage bag."

It dawned on Kim that there were no other panties, the ones that Sharon had said would be for work. "Miss Reed," Kim said, "what about work?"

Sharon laughed. The laugh instantly reminded Kim that Sharon was not her friend; that Sharon was not having fun with her. The laugh was full of malice. "That’s just it, Kimmie.  Panties are not something you get to wear, ever. Well, that’s not true. I find it more humiliating to let you wear panties as a stripper. Each night you dance, you can wear a pair of panties for the first song. Imagine how good they’re gonna feel as you slide them on. You’ll feel normal for what, five minutes? Then, you get to take them right off. I want you to remember what it’s like to wear panties, that way you can miss not wearing them the rest of the time. Isn’t that great? And it gets better. Your panties are gonna be souvenirs. After you take them off, with the music playing and all eyes on you, I want you to give your panties to a guy in the audience.  Not just any guy, the guy who tips you least during your dance. I wonder how long it takes for people to figure that out.  Don’t tip, get panties.  How much money will that make you?"

No, Kim thought, I am doing this because I need the money. "Please, Miss Reed, I need the money. Let me give them to the biggest tipper." She was debasing herself now, dropping to her knees and begging Sharon not to hurt her this way.

"No! That’s final. But you do beg nice. Maybe it won’t be too bad. Maybe no one will catch on and if they do, they’ll think you’re just trying to coax some cash from him."

Kim was really scared now, what seemed fun and just a tad risky was getting too real. But, she thought, choking back a sob, I can’t stop now.  Her pussy was dripping.

Sharon continued, "Next, bras are a thing of the past, throw them all away."

Kim scampered to obey, worrying about working at the college without a bra.  She kept quiet.

"Now, your legs.  They will not be covered again. All pants, shorts, jeans, sweats, anything with legs gets put in a trash bag. Got it?"

Kim was nearly in tears as she went through the dresser and then the dual walk-in closets, packing her clothes, half of which she got with her emergency fund after the divorce, into the white garbage bags. When she was done, she returned to the bed where Sharon was sitting.

"I don’t want you to get fired, actually," Sharon said, admitting it to herself for the first time, "where’s the fun in that?  So I’ll let you keep most of your tops for now, but from this day forward, we’re carpooling.  I’ll come by every morning and help you dress for work. Then I’ll drop you off after work unless I have some fun planned for us. Now, grab all your skirts."

To Kim, it just kept getting worse. She had started to warm to the idea of playing these games with Sharon, but now she realized that it wasn’t a game. To Kim it was something she had to do to keep her house. To Sharon it was a game; a game that only Kim could lose.  Kimberly gathered up all her skirts and spent twenty minutes trying them on for Sharon.  The skirts were sorted into three piles, unlike the panties that had only been divided into two. The first pile of skirts was thrown away; they were too long and conservative and that was not allowed.  The second pile contained exactly three skirts. Kim had blushed as she tried them on.  The longest of the three was twelve inches in length and while it covered her ass and pussy, she knew she’d consciously have to watch how she moved to prevent revealing what she was wearing, or not wearing, underneath, the other two were just a bit shorter with the third revealing the sweet curve of her ass.  The third pile was skirts that Sharon ordered to be taken to the tailor and have shortened to twelve inches.  Twelve inches, Sharon explained, was the maximum length her skirts could be.

"What about work?" Kimberly was shaking in fear.

"Don’t worry about it; there’s no dress code at the college. Well," Sharon was giggling now, "no dress code that the college dictates. But you definitely have a dress code. Stand up and put this on." Sharon handed her a skirt. With it on Sharon said, "With your hands straight down, you touch skin. That is your dress code. All skirts and you need to show me all your dresses next, will have this requirement; with your arms down, your fingers touch skin.  Got that?  What is your second rule?"

Tearfully Kimberly squeaked, "With my arms straight down, my fingers touch skin."

"Exactly. Now, like I said. I don’t want you to get fired, but I do want you to be humiliated and believe me, you will be. Your students will get an eyeful but only if you’re not careful. I’ll clear your attire with the Dean; I have tenure and am on the advisory board.  Besides, you have no choice."

They went through the dresses and Kimberly got to keep four dresses that met the second rule. Each was short and revealing; one was black and mostly see-through, Kimberly had only worn it once for her ex-husband to a swinging function.  One was bright green and tight, wearing it, Kimberly would definitely stand out. The third was basically two short pieces of velvet with a lattice-work of strings holding the front and back together and keeping the sides open. The last was totally see-through and wearing it Kim’s lack of panties and brassiere would be evident.

Besides, you have no choice.  Kimberly kept hearing that in her mind and her legs nearly buckled; that was the part that she got off on and why the strip club did not bother her. At the club, she had a choice, the power to remove and arouse. With Sharon, she had no power, she could only obey; she had no choice.  Her face flushed with arousal, not embarrassment over those words.

"Now," Sharon said.  "Put the bags in my car. Hurry up.  Put the clothes from the rug in the bag, too."

Kim grabbed the first bag when Sharon interrupted her, "Take that dress off. We’ve seen your clothes, and you wear nothing in the house, remember?"

Kim started to protest and then thought better of it.  She removed the dress and naked took the four bags of "garbage" to Sharon’s car including the blouse and brassiere by the front door.  She returned to find Sharon putting the approved clothes in the smaller of the two walk in closets. The larger one was now totally empty save as even Kim’s shoes were moved to the smaller closet. "Your clothes are so small; you don’t need the big closet do you?"

"No, Miss Reed," Kim said with her head bowed low. It would be another reminder of her place, Kim thought, like the panties at the strip club.

"Now then," Sharon looked at the blushing and still aroused Kim, "do you have a cell phone?"

"No, Miss Reed," Kim admitted. "I could not afford one and it’s just a luxury."

"Well then, I’ll pick you up tomorrow for work and dress you, my little Kimmie Doll.  Then, after work we’re going shopping and I’ll take you to the club and I’ll stay the whole time watching you, won’t that be fun? Don’t worry about the money, I am well off, as I said, and it’s only right that I buy the clothes I want my Kimmie Doll to wear."

Kim said nothing; she just sat there with her head bowed in shame and resignation. And, she hated to admit it, arousal.

"Third rule," Sharon said with a grin that hurt Kim, "no masturbating without an audience, even if that audience is just me.  Got it? What’s the third rule?"

"No masturbating without an audience," Kim choked on the words. Masturbation was so private, so personal; revealing it was worse to Kim than the revealing clothing.

"Very good."  I may not know tonight, Sharon thought, as she was certain that Kim was going to have an orgasm almost as soon as she left, but I’ll know for sure soon enough. Her mind was spinning with good ideas. "Now, walk me to my car." Sharon grabbed the gym clothes full of panties.

Kim walked Sharon out of her house still naked, looking around to see if her neighbors were watching.  The houses near her were quiet and still, but would they stay that way? She wanted Sharon to hurry.

"I’ll see you tomorrow morning. Be a dear and count to 100 before you go inside. Good night, Kimmie."

With that Sharon drove home and Kim counted to one hundred in less than twenty seconds. She then ran inside, locked the door behind her and sat on her dressing rug and masturbated.  Twice.

## Part 5

"Hi, Dean Waters.  Sorry to call so late."

Dean Waters was a patient man and dedicated to his job; a call this late did not surprise or bother him. The conversation did. When he finished listening he rubbed his temples and said, "How short are we talking?"

"Well, if she’s not careful, you could tell what color panties she has on.  I was surprised too, but you know, she just got divorced and has not been feeling sexy. That’s what she told me anyway over dinner.  I think she’s just trying to find herself again, to feel sexy again. The students here are young but almost all of them 18 or older, so they’re adults.   I think the young girls are not helping her ego; she’s nearing thirty.  And I looked; we don’t have a dress code per se." Sharon was rushing through her speech.

Dean Waters thought it over and reluctantly agreed, "We don’t have a dress code, you are right about that. She’s a good teacher; if she wants to show off, to feel better about herself, then I guess I’m okay with that as long as her students don’t complain and she keeps doing her job."

Sharon smiled a toothy smile of victory.  "I’ll let her know, Dean Waters. Thank you, sir."

"Good night, Sharon."

**Kim and Sharon
Chapter 3
by Tester86**

## Part 1

Kimberly was sitting on her bed, freshly showered, when the doorbell rang.  She looked at the clock on the nightstand. It was twenty till seven; Sharon was apparently anxious to start Kim's day.  She had not slept well, the day with Sharon running through her head.  She knew she'd obey Sharon but was uncertain as to the real reason.  She had been excited by her near exposure at the restaurant last night and just thinking about masturbating with Sharon watching was making her pussy moist.  Imagining the revealing clothing she'd be wearing aroused her and while she hoped her time on campus would be tame she secretly hoped it wouldn't be as well.  Was saving her house the icing on the cake or was it merely the meal before dessert? She wasn't sure and all night, with sleep just toying with her, she thought of what she'd be made to do.  She had wondered the day before if she could and as the doorbell rang again she reasoned that she could. She could indeed.

## Part 2

Sleep had eluded Sharon as well.  Like Kim, Sharon had masturbated to two wonderful orgasms. And, like Kim, she had lost sleep playing the day before over in her mind.  She was certain that she owned Kim and the feeling of power that swelled in her was enormous. The thought was exciting in a way she had never felt.  It was a drug that burned in her with the fury of a lightning strike. She owned the bitch; little miss perfect would obey her. If the thought of losing her house did not keep Kim in line, then the thought of releasing the pictures she had of her would.  The revealing pictures at the strip club were one thing, but the pictures from yesterday of Kimmie masturbating would definitely keep that bitch obedient. It was so personal that Sharon was certain Kim would want to keep those pictures secret, no matter the cost.

Smiling, nearly laughing, Sharon rang the bell a second time.

## Part 3

Kimberly stood naked at her front door and invited Sharon inside.  The street was empty and Kim held her breath until she shut the door behind Sharon.

"Good morning, Kimmie." Sharon was gleeful seeing Kim standing there nude.

Kim did not know what to say and so kept quiet.

"Is that anyway to greet me? I guess I won't have to take things easy on you today after all."

"Good morning, Miss Reed," Kim nearly tripped on the words trying to get them out.

"Too late."  Sharon was laughing now. It was just too easy.

Kim bowed her head.

"Now, what are your rules?"

Kim looked at Sharon and recited the rules that she'd been given.

"Very good, Kimmie," Sharon said and seeing the blush on Kim's face she knew that the bitch had broken the third rule the night before. "Now, let's go and decide what you're going to wear to work today.  Don't forget, we're going shopping this afternoon." Sharon led Kim to the bedroom and commanded Kim to stand by the bed.  Sharon remembered the clothing from the night before and immediately chose the black skirt, just about eleven inches in length. She rifled through the blouses and chose a light blue, long-sleeved blouse with a hemmed collar. Sharon bent and grabbed a pair of black pumps with a modest two-inch heel. "Here you go. Carry these to your rug and then get back here."

Kimberly grabbed the clothes with her nipples hardening at the thought of wearing the small pile to work.  Could she? She asked herself again. Her pulsing sex answered the question for her.  She placed the clothing on the rug and hurried back to Sharon.

"Now, put your hair in a pony-tail and do your make-up just a bit heavier than normal and be quick about it." She pulled her camera out of her purse and snapped a few more pictures as Kimberly hastened to obey. Sharon wondered how hard it would be to create a web page; she needed someplace to put all these pictures, she reasoned.  "Let's go," Sharon said as Kim finished with her make-up. As she had hoped, Kim looked younger with how she'd done her face and hair.

Kim stood on the white rug and pulled the skirt up her legs. She had only worn the skirt out at night, never during the day and she felt it was just too short! She ran her hands along the back and the skirt covered her ass completely and she was fully covered in the front, but she was very aware of her lack of panties and she was worried if the fact would be evident when she sat.  She pulled on the blouse; her nipples were standing firm and proud and even covered they were the most noticeable thing about the shirt.  "Please," Kim said, "this skirt is too short for the classroom."

"Is that any way to ask me to embarrass you?" Sharon mocked. "I think it's too long. Stand up with your arms straight down."

Kim simply hung her head; not wanting to meet Sharon's smiling eyes.   She held her arms down and as commanded the day before, her middle finger touched skin.

"See," Sharon said, "too long. I think all your fingers need to touch some skin. Yes," she was nodding now as if she were agreeing with herself.  "It's definitely too long. Put your shoes on and let's go."

Kim obeyed. She grabbed her keys and purse from a table in the foyer and followed Sharon outside, locking the door behind her. She could feel the cool air of the morning caress her bare legs and tickle under her skirt. Again she felt her ass, making sure it was covered. This was a clubbing skirt, she thought, not one to wear teaching students.

Sharon snapped another picture of Kim as the bitch waited to be let into the car.  Two more pictures captured Kim climbing in the back seat. Sharon climbed behind the wheel and turned to look at Kim. With her crimson face and hard nipples she was the perfect model of embarrassed arousal.  Sharon snapped another picture and grinned, "I have another rule for you, Kimmie."

Kim just looked at her.  "Yes, Miss Reed."

"Get in the middle of the seat and spread your legs."

Kim shifted positions and placed a foot on either side of the center console, her feet about a foot apart.

"I'm waiting. And move forward."

Kim shifted closer to Sharon, her ass nearly to the edge of the seat. She spread her legs a bit wider and watching Sharon she spread them further until her knees were about two feet apart and her feet nearly touching the two outer doors. Her skirt rode up her thighs and her naked pussy with the thin line of pubic hair was on display.

Sharon snapped another picture. "Very good. Now, every time I say ‘spread' this is how you are to move your legs, got it? I don't care where we are. If you're sitting, this is the view I want. If you're standing, then your feet had best be two feet apart. Got it? Now what's the rule?"

"When you said ‘spread', no matter where we are, then I spread my legs like this," she could feel her thighs burning with the position she was holding her knees and she could feel the cool air caress her wet pussy.

Sharon snapped on last picture and then started the car. She adjusted the rear-view mirror to watch Kim. "Don't close them," she warned. "I'd hate to have you sitting on your desk like that." The threat was evident. Sharon backed from the driveway.

Kim did not know where to look. If she looked down she could see her wet, naked sex staring up at her and if she looked outside she was certain that her face was scarlet and her shame and arousal evident and if she looked forward she could see Sharon watching her with malignant joy.  She simply closed her eyes, held her legs wide apart and chewed on her lips nervously.  She *was* nervous; what would her students think? Would they know that under her skirt her pussy was bare?  What would the rest of the faculty think? They respected her, would they after they saw how she was dressed today?  And what of Sharon's comment that her skirt was too long? Surely she would not have to wear shorter ones to class, would she?

And, Kim thought, I have to ask to be humiliated more.  It was almost too much. But, she reasoned with resolve, her house was worth more. "Miss Reed," Kim said, thinking of the previous night and her much needed and forbidden orgasm, "to humiliate me, may I masturbate?"

Sharon smiled. "I don't think I'm gonna count that one, Kimmie," Sharon said sounding both amused and annoyed at the same time. "I'm sure you snuck one in last night which violated the rule about having an audience when you masturbate and as you're such a slut it isn't really that humiliating to masturbate, now is it?"

Kim's face burned in shame as she whispered, "No, Miss Reed."

"No, indeed. Now, you need to come up with a better way to have me humiliate you. Chop chop." The blush on Kim's face confirmed what Sharon had thought, Kim had come the night before.

Kim swallowed, hesitated, and finally said, "May I take my top off?" She was in the car, she'd be safe.

"Is that how you ask?" Sharon's voice was cold.

"Miss Reed, to humiliate me, may I take my top off?"

"By all means."

Her face burning, Kim unbuttoned the blouse and pulled it off, baring her breasts to Sharon and whoever else happened to be looking in as Sharon drove to the campus across town. Her nipples were hard nubs and she could feel the cool air of the car against her damp sex.  Looking up she met Sharon's gaze.

"You enjoy this, don't you?" Sharon asked. "You said so at the restaurant when you took your panties off. Wanna tell me about it? No," she could see Kim hesitating, "I think you will. What do you think?"

"Yes, Miss Reed," was all she could say.

"You're divorced; did you do things like this with your husband? Did you strip for him in public places? Did he humiliate you?"

Still chewing her lower lip, Kim nodded.

"Where did he embarrass you the most, Kimmie?"

With a small voice, Kim replied, "Macy's."

Sharon smiled, "I can't wait to hear all about it, but it's show time." Sharon put the car in park. "Put your top on and close your legs. Do you want your students to know what a slut you are?"

Kim's legs snapped together audibly and she hastened to don her blouse, buttoning it closed all the way to her throat.  To Kim's delight, they had arrived on campus unseen. She straightened herself up and as she climbed from the car she could feel the cool morning air caress her thighs beneath her skirt.  She looked at the school, the car, Sharon, back to the school and then ducked down, "Please," she begged, "I can't. I tried, really, but I... I...."

Sharon bent down, her face inches from Kim's and hissed, "Listen to me you little bitch. I don't give a shit what you think you can and can't do. That is not up to you, anymore. Got it? You're going to do this or you're gonna lose your job and your house; either way I don't care. This is not a game; this is about me toying with you because I can. I tell you what to do, you do it. Deal with it. Now, stand up."

Crying, Kim stood.

"Undo the top two buttons."

"But..."

"Three buttons."

Again the fact that Sharon hated her slammed across her consciousness and with trembling fingers, Kim unbuttoned the top three buttons. She looked at herself in the car's window. The blouse was tidy and nothing untoward was visible except the spiked points of her nipples pushing against the silk.  Her legs were mostly bare but, again, nothing that should not be seen in public was displayed. She wiped her eyes with her palm, choked back a dry sob and whispered, "I'm sorry, Miss Reed."

Sharon's crotch pulsed with the submissiveness Kim displayed. "If you ever pull this shit again..." her voice trailed off; she did not need to elaborate.

Kim shook her head, "It won't."

"Now, meet me here after work. We're going shopping, remember?"

"Yes, Miss Reed."

Together, they walked into the English Department wing.

## Part 4

"Nice duds, Misses Turner."

The second class of the day began as the first; her students commented on her attire, laughed at her crimson face and then sat quietly as they continued their studies.  As the day progressed, fewer and fewer words were said but to Kim her students seemed a little more unruly. Normally they were quiet an well-behaved until she dismissed them, now they all seemed to be a little more liberal with their comments and twice Kim was certain she heard the word "slut" whispered from the back of the classroom.  Three times during the day she had had to admonish the students for their whispering.  Was it simply because of what she was wearing? Was her attire so much a part of her demeanor that when one changed so, too, did the other?  Feeling self-conscious about her bare legs and braless breasts, Kim was certain the answer was yes.

"Don't forget," she said to the final class of the day; her students eyeing her with almost predatory looks, "you all have papers due on Monday."  With that she dismissed them.

The day had not been too bad. She had sat at her desk where her legs were hidden by the modesty panel of her desk that ran to the floor and she had worn the top to work before. Typically her nipples weren't so obvious but she was able to hide them as well with her own book held vertical.  No; it wasn't too bad. She could do it.  She could.

## Part 5

"How was class, Kimmie?" Sharon taunted.

Sharon laughed, "See, I told you that skirt was too long. Don't worry. We'll fix that tonight.  Get in, we're going to your place and then shopping."

Without being told, Kim climbed in the back.

Pulling out of the teacher's lot, Sharon said, "Spread."

Kim obeyed silently.

## Part 6

Standing naked in her bedroom Sharon handed Kim the short, green mini-dress she had tried on the night before.  "Run this to the door and grab a pair of scissors."

Kim hastened to obey. She dropped the small dress on the white rug by the door, made her way to the kitchen to grab a pair of scissors and then walked back to her bedroom where Sharon was sitting on the bed.  "Here you go, Miss Reed."

Sharon laughed. "Those aren't for me, silly.  They're for you. In fact, it's a new rule.  Are you ready? Scissors will be carried in your purse at all times. Got it? You never know when an outfit you are wearing needs to be modified."

Blushing, Kim said, "Yes, Miss Reed."

"Now, tell me about Macy's."

Kim exhaled once and began to speak.

## Part 7

"Give me your panties."

Kim looked at her husband and giggled, "You like this, don't you?" She lifted her butt from the seat of the car and shimmied her skirt higher.  Her pussy was wet; she enjoyed how he looked at her.   She pulled her skirt higher feeling a spark of excitement as her fingers tickled along her thighs. She slid the skirt upwards until the white lace of her panties was visible to her husband. "These?" She was teasing him.  She hooked her fingers into the waistband and pulled her panties down her legs and held them on one finger to her husband while her other hand held her skirt, keeping her pussy exposed to his longing gaze.

He took the panties from her, held them to his face and breathed in her scent.  "Very nice," he said.

Kim trembled at the approving tone.

He hung her panties from the rear view mirror, "Looks and smells better than the dumb pine cone."

Kim laughed and fingered her pussy.  She ran her hands along her sex, pulled her wet finger from her pussy and tasted herself.  Looking at her husband she fingered her sex again and this time had him taste her.  She continued to rub her pussy, her eyes never leaving his. Her nipples were hard, happy points and her pussy was sloppy wet.  She enjoyed his reaction; his eyes were on her more than the road and his shorts did little to reveal a solid erection.  She tasted herself again and then reached over and grabbed her husband's crotch through the fabric of his shorts.  "What are you planning?"

She knew him; his mind was devious and seldom did she dislike the games he came up with.  Well, that's not true, she thought. Seldom did she dislike the games he came up with when they were alone and together; she didn't really like the parties with other couples that he would sometimes drag her to. Still she went for him; it made him happy.

"Remember college?"

How could she forget, she had met him during her sophomore year at a frat party. He had introduced himself as Mark and almost immediately they had hit it off. So much so that by the end of their second official date she was imagining their wedding.  He had not mentioned nuptials until date number five.  During their three years together on campus, they were inseparable. It was then that he had introduced her to the finer points of exposing herself and it was there that she found how much she had enjoyed it. Since then, he seemed to always find new and exciting ways for her to expose herself. The sex afterwards was always memorable.

Always.

"Yeah?"

"Well," Mark looked at the road, tearing his eyes from his wife's neatly trimmed pussy, "we're gonna one-up something from then."

That did not help Kim decide what they were going to do, but she knew she'd go along. Like it or not, she always did.

They pulled into the mall and walked arm in arm into Macy's through an exterior entrance.  Kim was conscious of her naked pussy under her short skirt.  She was certain others could smell how excited she was; she knew she could.  He led her through the store and grabbed a dress from a rack without looking at the size.  He led her to the fitting rooms and as no one was watching, scurried into the dressing room with her.  "Give me your skirt," he said with playful eyes.

Kim smiled at him, wondering what he was thinking and unfastened her skirt. She stepped out of it and handed it to him.  "You liked?" she asked playfully.

"I do." He took her skirt, stepped closer to her and cupped her naked pussy.  "I like very much."

Kim could feel the heat of his body as her knees buckled, dropping her sex harder against his probing hand.  She rotated her hips, begging with her actions for him to take her.

"Meet me in the car," he said abruptly, his eyes sparkling with mischief. He left the dressing room carrying her skirt and the decoy dress, leaving her naked from the waist down wearing only a small tank-top that barely covered her breasts.

"Mark," she screeched in a hoarse whisper.

But he was gone.

Kim stared open mouthed at the hanging double doors. Gone. He had walked out with her skirt, leaving her naked from the waist down in public. Her purse was in the car so she could not grab something and quickly don it and then pay for it. She'd have to run half-naked and shamed through the store and outside to the waiting car. She had streaked the mall parking lot once in college at Mark's request. No, not request, at his insistence. Then, as now, he had left her no choice. Her pussy throbbed. Taking a deep breath, Kim pushed through the double doors.

Kim ran.

She ran through the women's department. Past the skirts and dresses and shorts and pants; past all the items that would conceal her better than her hands. Her left hand held splayed did little to cover her naked ass while her right hand hid the thin line of pubic hair from the gazing and shocked looks of the other shoppers.  Voices rang out, taunting her, teasing her. She could feel the blush burning her cheeks and knew, without looking, that her face was scarlet. Catcalls and wolf-whistles attracted more attention to her nakedness.  Still she ran.

She darted out of Macy's and ran across the parking lot to where Mark was sitting in the car laughing at her. To Kim, it was an evil laugh; he was being mean. This was not a game, this was humiliation. She made it to the car and climbed in with her face red, her anger high and her pussy dripping.  The shame and humiliation had excited her.  Mark's response and laughter infuriated her.

There was no sex that night.

## Part 8

Sharon was laughing, tears streamed down her face. "That's priceless," she said. She coughed, gasping for breath.  She wiped her damp eyes.

"It was so humiliating. The looks, the catcalls. All of it.  I never want to do that again!"

Sharon bared a toothy smile, "I'll never force you to be bottomless in a Macy's." Totally nude, she thought, well, that's a different story, isn't it? Is tonight too early? She wasn't sure. "Let's go. We need to get you a phone and some more clothes before you go to the club." Sharon stood and led Kim to the front door.  She watched as Kim dressed and together they left the house, Kim locking the door behind them.

Sharon climbed in the car. She watched Kim get in the back seat.  Kim sat in the middle and kept her legs demurely closed, her knees clamped together. Sharon just looked at Kim through the rear-view mirror.  Kim did not notice, her eyes were downcast, the memory of her streaking Macy's still playing in her mind.  After a few moments, Kim lifted her eyes and seeing Sharon staring she parted her thighs, feeling the lime-green dress lift higher along her thighs until her pussy was exposed and open.

Sharon backed down Kim's driveway and wordlessly drove to the mall.  "Get out," Sharon commanded.

Kim followed Sharon into the mall. Her dress was short and tight and revealing. It followed Sharon's rule, all of her fingers touched skin with her arms hanging down. The dress ended just below the swell of her ass and there was only about two inches of material hanging below her pussy.  The top was tight, her breasts outlined perfectly. The color was lime green and bright and wearing it, Kim stood out like a flashlight in the dark.  Her head held low, Kim followed Sharon.

The first stop was Abercrombie and Fitch, the store known for selling clothes to young teenagers, not women nearing thirty.  The store was full of teens and photos of bare-chested boys adorned the wall next to pictures of bikini clad young girls.  Kim tried to hide amongst the racks of small, tight clothes, but Sharon would have none of it. "Get over here," she commanded, her voice loud enough to draw the attention of the other shoppers.  When they had entered the noise within the store had dropped, Kim blushed, knowing that they were being watched. No, she corrected, Kim knew that *she* was being watched.

"Try this on," Sharon said, holding a small, denim skirt up to Kim.

Kim grabbed it and turned towards the changing room.

"Again?"

Confusion played over Kim's face.  "Miss Reed?"

"Did I say go to the changing room? No. I said, try it on. Here. Now!"

Kim wanted to scream in frustration but instead she simply hung her head. She stepped into the shirt and fastened it around the waist of her dress. With the button fastened and the skirt zipped, she pulled her dress free of the denim, folding the hem of the dress upwards across her breasts.  She could feel the cool air of the store caressing her thighs and the hem of the skirt cut across the lower half of her now semi-revealed butt.  The skirt barely covered the apex of her thighs.

"Turn around and bend over."

Kim obeyed wanting this nightmare to end.  Let's go, let's go, let's go, her mind chanted. Oh, please, let's go.

Bent as Kim was Sharon could see Kim's pussy peeking from between her thighs, the skirt riding even higher on Kim's ass until leaving her totally exposed.

Kim's legs nearly buckled when she heard Sharon say, "Spread."

Kim inched her legs apart. Her pussy was wet and the air was cold against it.  Still she spread her legs, until she stood, bent over, her feet nearly three feet apart. She was displaying herself to whomever walked by. Her pussy was open and wet, arousal and shame kept her cheeks cherry with color.  Nothing was hidden from view; her private parts were no longer private and unlike the strip club, Kim was definitely *not* in control.

The store was silent, all eyes watching her lurid display and Kim wondered which was worse: the silence now, all voices rendered mute by her display, or the catcalls she had heard when she had streaked Macy's due to her ex-husband and his wicked imagination? She thought the silence was worse; there was nothing to distract the leering eyes from her nakedness.

"Stand up, you slut," Sharon teased.  She grabbed four more skirts the same size and one a size larger. She then told Kim to remove the one she was wearing.  Happily, Kim hastened to obey. She dropped her dress, and shimmied free of the skirt.

Sharon was enjoying Kim's distress. The look of terror that played in Kim's eyes made Sharon want to explode in delight. The bitch belonged to her.  There was no doubt about it, not after that display. Sharon knew Kim would do anything she was asked. The power left her light-headed.

Turning back to the racks of clothing Sharon grabbed a few T-shirts, some small, some as large as they could be. All had the letters A & F written on them. "What do you think?" Sharon asked. "A & F.  Ass and Flaps?"

Kim was too humiliated to blush any deeper.  "What ever you say, Miss Reed."

"Wait by the door," Sharon commanded as she turned towards the register. As promised, she would purchase the clothes for her little Kimmie-Doll.

Kim stood by the entrance to Abercrombie's, drawing attention from the passerby's along the wide hallway.  She stood, her head bowed, trying to hide her face.

"What was that?"

"She's a little show-off," Sharon said to the woman that was ringing up the purchase.  "She gets off on it and she finds it more exciting if she doesn't know what's going to happen. I'm just helping her out."

The young woman completed the sale and handed Sharon her business card. "If you want," she said looking around to make sure she couldn't be heard. She hadn't completely believed the woman's story, but she knew how to play along and enjoy opportunities when they appeared, "I'm the weekday manager and I could use a mannequin." She raised her eyes as if waiting a response.

Sharon looked at the card, turned it over to examine the blank back and smiled, "I think, Vera, we can work something out."

"Excellent," she exclaimed. "I look forward to it. I gave you a discount for the show."

Sharon giggled; she couldn't wait to tell Kim that her nakedness had once again made money.  She figured it would embarrass the little slut even more. Sharon asked for another card and gave Vera her phone number.  "Call me and we'll schedule something."

With the sale complete, Sharon walked from the store all smiles and let Kim know how lucrative her body had been.  Kim, for her part, just wanted to leave the mall, leave the state, hell, leave the planet.

They stopped next at Sharon's cellular provider and in almost no time and with Kim simply standing at the entrance, Sharon purchased a phone for Kim and added the phone to her plan.  She handed the phone to Kim. "You don't need to know the number as I'm going to be the only person to call you on this.  Anytime the phone rings you answer it with, ‘Yes, Miss Reed.' If you get a text message, it will be a command from me and you will obey. Got it?  You are a slave to me and to this phone."

Tethered always, Kim thought. Could it get any worse? Yes, she reasoned, it can always get worse. It was one of the great and mysterious truths about life; no matter how bad things got, it could always get worse. "Yes, Miss Reed."

Sharon looked at the time, "we need to get you to work.  You must be pretty uncomfortable standing there with all those clothes on."

All those clothes? She was wearing nothing more than a tiny, neon dress.  "Yes, Miss Reed," Kim said.

"Yes, you are uncomfortable with all those clothes on? Perhaps you should take the dress off."

Kim snapped her head to look into Sharon's dark eyes.  She couldn't be serious. Could she? "Please, no," she begged.

No, Sharon thought, it wasn't too soon. "Follow me," she was almost laughing at Kim's distress. She led Kim through the mall, Kim's face hung in fear. Sharon led her past the food court and shops and kiosks hawking jewelry and hats. Past the entrance they had came in and into Macy's.  Sharon took her to the fitting rooms, not grabbing a dress from the rack.  They entered the small cube together. "Give me the dress."

"Please," Kim said, falling to her knees to beg, really beg.

"Now!"

Kim choked on her words. "You... you said you'd never make me go bottomless in Macy's."

"You won't be bottomless. You'll be naked. Now, give me the dress or give up your house.  I'm sick of arguing with you."

Resigned, Kim pulled the straps of the dress off her shoulders and dropped the bright cloth to the floor. She stepped back, picked up the dress and handed it to Sharon.

"Now, what did your husband say? Oh, yes. Meet me in the car.  I'll be nice, this time. I'll meet you at the Macy's entrance.  Give me a few minutes." With that Sharon grabbed the dress, the bag from Abercrombie's and the bag with Kim's cell phone, leaving Kim naked and alone in the Macy's fitting room.

Time stood still for Kim. She didn't know what to do. She couldn't stay here, Sharon would only wait so long, but she couldn't run through the store naked. If she stayed, Sharon would surely leave. She would be stuck until the store closed and then how would she get home; naked with no I.D., no money? It would be a long and humiliating walk.  No, she reasoned, she had to once again streak Macy's. The short term shame outweighed the long trek.

Kim waited five minutes and then she ran. Reliving the streak her husband had put her through. This time she wasn't wearing a top; one hand held her naked breasts, the other covered her pussy. Her ass bounced as she ran, she couldn't conceal everything. She darted from the store, once again hearing the whistles and shouts and taunts burn in her ears. She pushed past an elderly couple as they entered the store, surprised and ashamed when the old man held the door for her.  Still she ran. She dashed into the parking lot, looking for Sharon's car.  She scanned left and right and finally spotted Sharon, not up by the door but at the far end of the lot. Kim was crying in shame as she streaked across the pavement in the bright daylight.  Holding herself, she ran.

Sharon was crying as well, savoring Kim's distress. She had never laughed so hard in her life, watching little miss perfect run naked across the parking lot.  She had almost left, thinking how much fun that could have been, but decided not to.  She didn't want to break Kim this early in the game.  She knew she would in time; she just wanted to enjoy the torment for a while longer. Watching Kim run made her pussy pulse with need.  She'd take care of that later.

Kim made it to the car and threw herself into the back seat, ducked below the windows and sobbed.

Sharon let her cry and drove Kim to work. She was giggling as she thought that Kim would get to reveal her body even more before the day was through.

## Part 9

Sharon watched, as promised, as Kim put in her full shift at Pussy Cats.

She had started each dance with just panties, not having any brassieres to wear.  As she had been commanded, Kim had dutifully doffed her panties at the end of her first dance and had given them away. The crowd seemed elated to see the souvenirs and by the end of the night, Kim had made more money than any previous night.  Saddened by her day, but unbelievably aroused by all that happened, during her last dance Kim had pulled a chair onto the stage and masturbated to a noisy orgasm in front of the whole audience. The tips and applause were impressive and even Sharon was amazed at how resilient her little Kimmie-Doll seemed to be.  The entire night, while not dancing, Kim served the men in the private rooms to the right of the stage.

At the end of the night, Sharon drove Kim home. Kim was wearing her green dress and just sat silently in the back seat, spread, her phone in her purse next to a large pile of cash.

Dropping her off at her house, Sharon said, "See you tomorrow, Kimmie."

"Yes, Miss Reed." Kim sounded weak, even to herself.

Sharon watched as Kim walked into her house and shut herself away from the world.

Kim stripped on her Dressing Rug and took a forty minute shower, trying to wash the day away. She traipsed naked to her bed and an hour after locking herself in, Kim was asleep.

## Part 10

Sharon masturbated to a delightful orgasm, decided it wasn't enough, and picked up her phone. "Jason," she said, "get over here and do me!"

Twenty minutes later, Jason Townsend, a senior at the local high-school arrived at her door and did as he was bid. Sated, Sharon sent him away. It will be easier, she thought, next year when he's a student at her college. The wait had nearly been too much; Sharon could be impatient.

Ten minutes later, Sharon was asleep.

**Kim and Sharon
Chapter 4
by Tester86**

## Part 1

Sharon arrived ten minutes before seven that Friday morning.  She carried her camera and a small plastic bag to Kim’s door and rang the bell.  Kimberly opened the door, nude, her brown tresses pulled back into twin pigtails and her face made up the same as the day before.  Sharon could see a small blush on Kim’s face and delighted in it. "Good morning, Kimmie."

Not repeating the mistake of the previous morning, Kim said, "Good morning, Miss Reed." She tried to sound happy and almost succeeded.

"I have something for you," Sharon said handing the small bag to Kim. "I picked it up at the drug store this morning just for you."

Kim opened the bag and pulled out a purple and white box labeled *Spa Wax*. Kim looked at it, her face lined with confusion. "Miss Reed?"

Sharon barked laughter. "You did not ask me to humiliate you yesterday while we were shopping.  I am sure you thought you were embarrassed enough, but that is not the way the game is played. This is your punishment. Tonight, instead of shaving your pussy, you are going to go on stage and wax yourself bald.  It’ll hurt, I am sure. At least I hope so," she chuckled at this. "You are also going to offer the little strips of pubic hair as souvenirs. I can’t imagine anyone wanting them, but it should be so embarrassing for you to offer them. I’ll probably come to the club to watch you do it."

Kim’s mouth hung open, praying she had misheard Sharon, but knowing she had not. She shut her mouth, swallowed and meekly said, "Yes, Miss Reed." There was nothing else she could say.

"Excellent. Now, let’s go see what you’re gonna wear to work today."

Kim followed Sharon to the bedroom carrying the wax with her. Sharon commanded Kim to spread her legs while Sharon grabbed a small white blouse from the closet. She poked her head out of the closet and asked, "Where are your new skirts, Kimmie?"

Kim’s head snapped to Sharon; surely she’d not have to wear those to work. Would she? "Please," Kim said, "don’t make me wear those to class. You said you’d take it easy on me on campus. Please."

Sharon’s smile faded from her lips. "You don’t like your new skirts, Kimmie?"

Kim’s face went from red to white to red again as shame and fear played equally across her mind.  How could she answer that question? If she said she liked them then Sharon would certainly make her wear one; and if she said she did not like them then what? Kim figured Sharon would have them modified with the scissors in her purse. Sharon would tell Kim why Kim did not like them. It was a lose-lose situation. "Whatever you say, Miss Reed," Kim said sounding broken.

"Well, then, I say have a nice day." She dropped the blouse on the floor and walked from the room. Her heels clicked loudly on the kitchen tile as she made her way to the front door.

Kim ran after her, darting through the dining room and into the foyer just as Sharon arrived. "I’m sorry, Miss Reed," Kim said, her head bowed. "Forgive me." Sharon’s intention had been clear. She was leaving and with her any hope of Kim keeping her house and both jobs. Kim could not allow that to happen. For the first time she realized how truly trapped she was.

"It seems I have to go through this every day," Sharon spoke slowly. "Yesterday you promised you’d not give me any more trouble and the first thing this morning, there you are, arguing with me. Why should I keep doing this?"

Kim was nearly in tears, "I’m sorry." She was apologizing to Sharon; that seemed to redden Kim’s cheeks even more.

"Well then," Sharon said. She took a deep breath, "Where are your new skirts?"

"In the laundry room, Miss Reed."  She had planned on washing them over the weekend and so had dropped then in the laundry room when she had gotten in from *Pussy Cats* the previous evening.

"Go get them and meet me in the bedroom."

"Yes, Miss Reed."

Kim returned to find Sharon sitting on her bed. "Put one on," Sharon commanded.

Kim placed the skirts down on the bed next to Sharon and grabbed the top one from the pile. She pulled the tags free, dropping them on the bed. She donned the skirt and as she had noticed the day before, the skirt was entirely too short. Her pussy was completely covered, but she could feel the skirt skimming her ass. She pulled her hand along the skirt, tugging the hem lower. She looked at herself in the mirror, with the skirt as low as she could wear it she could still see the curve of her ass reflected back at her; the twin swells were playing peek-a-boo with the hem of her skirt.

"Now," Sharon said, her eyes hard points, her voice iron, "this is what you are going to wear to class today." She stared at Kimmie, daring her to protest. Wisely, Kim remained quiet, but she could feel tears threaten to spill from her eyes. "And," Sharon continued, "you are going to grab the remaining skirts I let you keep including the ones that needed to be modified and we are going to drop them off at the tailors this morning. Because of your little outburst, this will be the longest skirt you will own. Got it?"

Shamed and scared Kim said, "yes, Miss Reed." Her voice was little more than a squeak.

"Now grab the blouse from the closet."

Kim obeyed.

"Put it on." Sharon watched as Kim donned the blouse. Before Kim’s outburst, the blouse was going to be the worst part of her outfit for the day, not the skirt. Kim’s little display had actually helped Sharon to speed things up; maybe a little too fast, she thought. Sharon secretly hoped Kim would defy her again.  The blouse was tight and thin and Kim’s breasts were covered, but their shape as well as the hard points of Kim’s nipples were perfectly outlined. Wearing it, Kim’s breasts were at the same time hidden, yet their shape and size fully revealed.

Seeing herself, Kim wanted to hide away. She would be clearly displayed in the outfit Sharon had chosen for her. Chocking back a sob, she knew she’d obey. Sharon would not hesitate to end Kim’s career and Kim losing her house did not bother Sharon in the least. Trapped, Kim thought, then, no, a stranger thought crept through her conscious thoughts. Owned. She was owned.

"Grab your wax, and *all* of your skirts and let’s go. Remember, we decided they were a little long." Sharon almost broke out laughing at the look on Kim’s face.

Kim did as she was told, grabbing every skirt she owned and walked, dressed in her breast-hugging blouse and tiny skirt, meekly behind Sharon.  She held the skirts in front of her with both hands, the bag containing her wax hung from her wrist.  She followed Sharon to the door, grabbed her purse with her phone, donned the same short heels as yesterday, and left the house with Sharon. She struggled to lock the door. "Get in and spread," Sharon said as she climbed behind the wheel.

Kim placed the items she was carrying down in the back seat, sat, moved forward and spread her legs. Her pussy gaped back at her. The skirt was so short that with her legs spread her naked ass was on the cloth of the seat, not the denim of the skirt.  She wanted to shut her legs, she wanted to cover up, and she wanted to flee. Instead, she meekly sat there and wondered how she could be any more embarrassed. She needed to come up with a way; the waxing would be horrible and it was a punishment for not asking for even more humiliation. Think, she berated herself, think.

Sharon backed from the driveway, watching Kim in the rear view mirror. Sharon’s pussy throbbed at the power she exerted over Kim. She wanted to watch Kim struggle with what she was being made to do. She enjoyed treating Kim poorly and from the looks of Kim’s swollen sex, she enjoyed it too.

"Miss Reed," Kim said, her voice little more than a whisper, "to humiliate me, may I have one of the skirts shortened even more?" Kim had reasoned that with the scissors in her purse, it was bound to happen anyway and thought that this would satisfy Sharon and not really be anything different than what would eventually happen anyway.

Sharon smiled, "I’ll take care of it. You don’t like the idea of the waxing, do you, Kimmie?"

"No, Miss Reed."

Sharon grinned, "well, then this will help you. The next time we are together and you forget to ask me to humiliate you, do you know what your punishment will be?"

Kim shook her head, "No, Miss Reed."

"Would you like to?"

Kim thought about it and decided, "Yes, Miss Reed." If it wasn’t that bad, she reasoned it would be like a ‘get out of jail card’; a free-pass. Maybe it would be tamer than any humiliation that she’d be able to come up with.

"Well, Kimmie," Sharon was giddy, "if you forget, you will move your Dressing Rug outside onto your front porch. Won’t that be fun?"

Kim gasped. If she were forced to strip and dress outside than the likelihood of being seen by her neighbors would skyrocket. She was fortunate they had not seen her yet but with Sharon leading her, Kim knew it would be just a matter of time.  And, as before, how do you answer such a loaded question. Shaking with fear and blushing with shame, Kim said, "thank you, Miss Reed." It wasn’t an answer, but Sharon said nothing.

Sharon drove to a drycleaners that opened early for the business community and parked the car.  "Hand me your clothes and wait here. Do not close your legs. Got it?"

Blushing, Kim said she understood. She handed the skirts to Sharon and watched as Sharon walked off with her skirts in her hands. Kim jumped when the car beeped, the alarm locking her inside like a puppy added more color to her crimson cheeks.  She sat there, legs obscenely spread, her pussy, wet with need staring up at her and whoever chose to walk by the car.  She covered her face with her hands and waited for Sharon to return.

Sharon walked into the store and handed the skirts to the man behind the counter. "I need these dry-cleaned," Sharon said, "and I would like to have all of these shortened by a full inch," she indicated the new skirts, "and this one," Sharon pulled one of the correct sized denim skirts free, the tags still hanging from it, "shortened by three inches." She picked through Kim’s original skirts and said, "And all of these need to be the same length as the denim ones."  Sharon was smiling. Kim had asked to have one of her skirts shortened and Sharon had gleefully had them all made shorter. The skirt Kim was wearing was her longest one, as promised.

The man politely agreed, marking the sales order, making a number of notes. "They’ll be mighty short," he said.

"It’s okay," Sharon agreed. "I’m counting on it."

The man looked at Sharon, wondering if she was kidding. Deciding that she was not he asked, "When would you like them?"

"Tomorrow?"

He nodded, "It’ll cost," he counted the thirteen skirts and said, "fifty-two bucks extra for next day."

"That will be fine."

He finished writing up the sale and handed the receipt to Sharon. "Tomorrow afternoon," he said. Sharon thanked him and returned to the car where her little Kimmie-doll was sitting, head hidden in her hands and legs spread wide, waiting for Sharon’s return.  The car beeped as Sharon unlocked the door and Kim jumped, looking around eyes wide, her knees bouncing at the sound.  Sharon laughed at Kim’s obvious distress. "Let’s head to class. I’m sure you will have your students’ undivided attention today."

Kim could only moan.

## Part 2

Looking from his office window, Dean Waters could not believe what he was seeing.  Kimberly Turner was walking behind Sharon Reed with her head bowed.  Kim was dressed quite provocatively and he wondered if his decision to allow her to find herself again was a good one. She looked less professional than any of the other faculty at the college and her skirt was nearly shameful. From his window he could clearly see the swell of her breasts bounce under the thin, white shirt that she was wearing. The only thing remotely demure about Kim was her sensible shoes. If the heels were any higher than Kim would look more like a hooker than an educator.  He took a deep breath and pinched the bridge of his nose.  He had to talk to Sharon and see what she thought and then he’d talk to Kim.

He stepped from the window and sat at his desk.  He jotted down a note to talk to Sharon and then stood up to once again look out the window.  The two had almost made it into the English wing and looking at them he pondered why Kim was walking behind Sharon and why was her head bowed? Was she embarrassed by her attire and if so, why was she wearing it? Was there more going on than he knew? He shook his head and picked up the phone.

"Sir?" The voice of his secretary rang in his ears.

"Have Sharon Reed meet me in my office after her first class."

"Yes, Dean Waters."

"Thank you, Carla."

And Dean Waters began his day as Sharon and Kim entered the building.

He was not the only one curious as to what was happening between Sharon Reed and Kimberly Turner.

## Part 3

Beep. Beep.

Kim sat at her desk, looking at her students looking at her. The walk into the building had been humiliating.  As she had climbed from Sharon’s car, her legs parted and her pussy gaped at Sharon.  Sharon had teased her. "Nice look, slut. I can’t wait to see you bare. Then you won’t have anything hiding your pussy from view." The laugh came next and shame-faced, Kim had dropped her head.

"Walk behind me, Kimmie," Sharon had said. "You’re not my equal." Her tone was full of malice.

"Yes, Miss Reed." What could she say? She was owned and she knew it. She followed Sharon into the school and as she walked down the crowded hall, her ass shaking below the edge of her skirt, she could almost feel the eyes on her.  The hem of her skirt tickled her naked cheeks softly, like a gentle caress. Kim found it both distracting and arousing and it reminded her exactly how little the skirt covered. Or, more importantly, how much of her ass was revealed. The cheeks of her ass was visible to the staff and students that milled in the hallway.

She had been relieved to climb behind her desk, to hide her body from the view of the young men and women that attended the college. As she had the day before, a book blocked her chest from the stares of her students and the modesty panel of the desk kept her lower body fully concealed. It was a welcome feeling, not being seen. But, her students were staring at her, some blatantly and some  a little less conspicuously.

Beep. Beep.

Kim dropped the book and eyed her students, wondering what the sound had been. The third time she heard it, it dawned on her that it was her new phone. She opened the left hand drawer, pulled her phone from her purse, flipped it open and read the display.

**Spread.**

Kim’s mouth fell open; her cheeks flared with color.  She looked at the screen in disbelief. Here? Sharon couldn’t mean here, could she? She looked at her students, half of them working on their assignment while the other half keeping their attention on the blushing teacher.  Kim turned her head and saw Sharon watching her from the hallway.

Reluctantly, Kim spread her legs wide. Nothing was visible to her students, the modesty panel of the desk made sure of that, but to Kim that was little consolation. To Kim there was a huge difference between the embarrassment she felt while exposing her naked bodies to others and this humiliation of exposing herself to no one.  This was worse. Nobody could see her undignified pose or her pussy, her desk kept her body hidden from view. Still, her pulse was racing and she found it hard to swallow. Her students were in the room with her, her pussy open and only her desk hid the shameful display.  Nothing was visible but she felt even more revealed than when she held the same pose in the back of Sharon’s car.  Did it come down to being seen or was it where she was that made the humiliation greater? Or was it something else, she wondered. She had felt humiliated in the mall the day before but not to this degree. Revealing herself to others had always been arousing to her which was why she had tolerated the games with her ex-husband.

Finally, when Sharon turned from her the window, it came to Kim why this was worse. It wasn’t the shameful pose or the blatant display; those things still aroused. It was the loss of anonymity that made this humiliation greater. These were her students, she knew them all by name and they knew her. It reminded Kim of what Rascal had said: use a stage name. You don’t want people to know who you really are. There was safety in being anonymous. She was shamed by her exhibitionism, but as long as no one knew who she was, she was safe and the mocking tones and hushed whispers, while adding to her embarrassment did not have a chance to get back to her later.  Being unknown, once the exhibitionism ended, so did the humiliation. But, being known, the whispers would continue long after her body was once again hidden from view.

Did Sharon realize this? If not, Kim wondered, should I tell her? Kim decided, keeping her legs wantonly splayed, that she would keep this knowledge from Sharon. If Sharon understood, telling her would change nothing, but if Sharon was unaware than Kim was certain that Sharon would force Kim to reveal her body to more people that she knew. It was, Kim knew, why the threat to move the dressing rug outside was such a good punishment; she wanted to remain anonymous. It aroused her to be seen naked by others, just not others that she knew.

She kept her legs wantonly spread, wondering when she could close them. Sharon had witnessed her obyeing and Kim did not want to be seen disobeying.  Still, she wanted to close them. Only fear allowed her to continue teaching in such a lewd position.

## Part 4

"Do you have anything to tell me?" Dean Waters asked Sharon who was sitting in a comfortable leather chair opposite his desk.

"About?"

Ted Waters ran his hand through his hair and with more calm than he felt said, "She looks like a whore. How can I have her teaching in such a scandalous outfit? You’ve spoken to her. Does she realize how she looks, how she comes across? When she was walking in," seeing the shamed trek in his mind, "she seemed to be hiding her face. If she’s embarrassed, why is she dressed like she is?"

Sharon looked at Ted, her mind spinning. She did not want Kim’s humiliation to end on campus; the bitch did not deserve a reprieve anywhere. She had to convince the Dean that this was important to Kim. She made a note to herself to tell Kim to keep her head up, to at least act like she was enjoying what was being done to her.  "Sir," Sharon said, speaking calmly, "she has convinced me that she needs this, and I believe her. It was just her first time coming to class dressed this way and her wondering what everyone would think that caused her to try and hide her face. She wanted to wear a shorter skirt but I convinced her that for today, to take it easy. Did you know that the skirt she is wearing is her longest one? She threw the rest away to not be tempted to change her mind." She paused, eyeing Dean Waters. Would he believe her? She continued, "As I mentioned to you, with her divorce she needs to feel sexy again. And you have to admit, she looks pretty sexy in that skirt."

The Dean nodded, which Sharon took as a good sign.

"If I hear one complaint about her attire," he said, exhaling sharply, wondering when dealing with the faculty became as difficult as dealing with students, "then I will send her home for a week so that she can purchase less revealing clothing. A second warning and I will release her. Make sure she understands this. I do not want to have to intervene, but I will." And, he did like seeing her, he thought.

"I’ll see to it, Dean," Sharon said.

"Okay."

Sharon knew she was dismissed. She stood, nodded politely and left the Dean’s office.  She walked from the Administrative Building, past the library and the Science Building and into the English Department Building. Each step closer to her empty classroom raised her ire even more. Kim was dressed like a trollop and it was Sharon that got the reprimand.  Sure, Sharon was the reason Kim was dressed like she was, but still, did that matter? That bitch even had the Dean on her side.  Sharon wondered briefly if she was being fair and dismissed the thought; it was easier being mean to Kim if she was angry with her.

She stopped outside the door to Kim’s classroom and smiled. The bitch still had her legs widely spread.  A thought entered Sharon’s mind and her anger dissipated where it was replaced with merriment. She pulled out her cell phone and made a call.

## Part 5

Kim slid her knees together. "Have a good weekend.  Don’t forget your papers due on Monday." She watched her students file from the room and when she was alone, the last period done, she stood and stretched her legs. She had been sitting all day, not wanting to stand and face her students in her horribly short skirt. Her chalkboard had remained clean, she had not turned her back on her class to write on the flat surface. Sitting, she had remained hidden. Standing would have been too revealing.

"How was your day, Kimmie?" Sharon called from the doorway.

"Embarrassing, Miss Reed," Kim admitted.

"Yeah? Good. I spoke to the Dean about you today."

Kim remained silent, waiting for Sharon to continue.

"He seems to think you do not like how you are dressed. I convinced him otherwise, but we have a new rule now. You are not allowed to hide your face. He says you were walking with your head held down and we can’t have that, now can we?"

Kim blushed as she whispered, "No, Miss Reed."

Sharon savored the look on Kim’s face. It was a look of fear and shame and even lust all intermixed and it made Sharon’s own face flush with growing excitement. "You will keep your head up. I don’t care how embarassed you are, you will not hide your face. You will let people see all of you. Got it?"

Kim hated those two words, words Sharon seemed to use at her expense entirely too often. "Yes, Miss Reed."

"Good. Let’s go."

Meekly, Kim followed Sharon to her car and climbed into the back. The order to ‘spread’ was not a surprise.

## Part 6

*I Think I'm Going Bald* blared through the club’s sound system. To Kim, Rush never sounded so vicious. Tommy had laughed when she had told him her plans but, as always, he knew just the right song to play. Her first three dance sets of the night had gone well, each of them getting her invites into the back. It was the largest crowd she had seen, the stage had only one empty seat and over half the tables that rested around the club were full with hollering and semi-drunk men. Carlos had said it was the busiest Friday he had seen as well when Kim handed him the wax kit to microwave for her last set of the night.

Sharon was sitting at the bar, her camera resting next to her martini, watching Kim. So far, Sharon was impressed with Kim’s performance. She had enjoyed watching Kim shimmy free of her panties and give them away to a man that had not tipped her, as Sharon had commanded. It seemed to actually help Kim make money. Sharon noticed the three other dancers working that night mingled with the crowd before being escorted to the back rooms for a private dance, while Kim had men approach her. Kim’s fear that she’d lose money by giving away her panties seemed to be unnecessary.

When the last set began, Kim pulled a chair and accessories from behind the maroon curtain, and danced across the floor to the bar.  The men were following her movements, and to Sharon they seemed almost tense, as if they were expecting something. Kim grabbed the warm kit from Carlos who had been nice enough to get it ready for her and with the music blaring and her hands full, Kim made her way back to the stage. She plopped into the chair, spread her legs as wide as she could and like a magician showing his audience the setup for a magic trick, Kim showed the crowd her intentions.

The music seemed to fade as the applause started.

Kim used the wooden stick, it reminded her of a tongue depressor, to spread the hot wax over her pubic hair.  She pulled the first white strip of cloth from the box next to the chair and pressed it over the wax. She rubbed it and looking left to right, he toes bouncing to the music, she grabbed the edge of the cloth and pulled as quickly as she could.

The applause dwarfed the music.

Kim had not realized how much pain she would feel in her pussy as she plucked her pubic hair free, but each painful tug seemed to quicken her pulse and make her pussy swell with lust. She was thankful, as she grabbed another strip of cloth that she only had a thin line to wax and not a full pubic bush. Kim took eight painful pulls to denude herself of her pubic hair. With each tug, the audience clapped and when the last strip gave way, Kim dropped her hand over her bare pussy and felt the heat rising from her sex. The excitement she felt from her exposure as well as the pain in her sex had caused her sex to throb with need. She shut her eyes and brought herself to an orgasm that could not be heard over the cheering audience.

Sated, Kim climbed to her feet and picked up the pieces of hairy cloth. She held them in front of her, showing them to the audience. The tables were empty, every man in the place was standing shoulder to shoulder at the stage. Kim flashed the wax strips coated with her pubic hair and was amazed to see how much money was being offered for them. Kim had been told to offer them as souvenirs, did that mean she could not sell them?  Sharon had not said and when it was all done, she had made nearly three hundred dollars for the eight sheets of cloth that held the remains of her pubic hair.

Sharon had snapped pictures of it all. The pictures, Sharon thought, were going to be important very soon.

At the end of the night, as they were getting ready to leave and with Kim still beaming from how much money she had made, she turned to Sharon, "Miss Reed, to humiliate me, may I ride home naked?" After the night she’d had, it did not seem very humiliating.

"Of course. Leave your clothes here and let’s go."

Sharon took Kim home and as Kim opened the back door to run inside, still nude, her clothes locked safely away in her locker at the strip club, Sharon said, "I’ll be over in the morning. We’re going to have fun tomorrow. Well," she grinned an unfriendly smile, "I will anyway. Good night, Kimmie."

"Good night, Miss Reed," Kim said and ran inside to lock the day behind her.

**Kim and Sharon
Chapter 5
by Tester86**

## Part 1

The ringing phone pulled Kim from her slumber. She stretched, rubbed her eyes and reached to answer the call.  Sounding sleepy she said, "Hello?"

"Yes, Kim. It’s David from the club."

She recognized his accent, "Yes?" He sounded less gruff than he did during her interview. He was a nice guy, Kim knew after having been at the club for a bit now; the tough exterior was an act to rule out dancers who were not serious when they came responding to the seemingly constant newspaper ads.

"Well," he paused, "I want to change your work days if that’s okay with you. Instead of Mondays I want you to come in on Saturdays. I know it’s too short a notice for today, but, well, you’ve made some fans and the crowd last night was the biggest we’ve had in a long time and I want to give you the best work nights instead of the starter’s nights. So, Saturday instead of Monday?"

Kim sat up, her covers falling from her breasts and said, "Sounds great." She liked the idea of not working when she had to teach class the next day. And, she thought with astonishment, I have a fan club. The idea made her nervous and excited at the same time.  "So I won’t come in on Monday, right?"

"Right. The show you put on is great and the guys love watching you masturbate. We never had a girl do that before. Keep it up! Really, good job."

Kim was blushing at the praise and it was a welcome change to blush from kind words as compared to humiliation. "Thanks, David."

"Thank you," he said and to Kim his sincerity was evident. "See you Thursday."

Kim hung up feeling good about herself.

## Part 2

The doorbell announced Sharon’s arrival.  Kim glanced at the clock above the stove; it was twenty past noon. Kim felt a small pulse of happiness that Sharon started her day so late; it was good to spend time alone, away from Sharon and away from prying eyes.  She padded, naked of course, to answer the door. She had been obeying Sharon’s rule to remain naked in her home. She had done so with her ex-husband and it was... safer?  She wasn’t confident, but Kim was certain that Sharon would know if she disobeyed; she had always been a lousy liar.  Naked, Kim opened the door, "Good afternoon, Miss Reed." To Kim her voice sounded cheerful.

"Hi, Kimmie," Sharon said.  "Let’s go get your outfit for the day. We’re going to have so much fun."

Sharon’s tone had Kim worried. Fun for Sharon was certainly not going to be enjoyable for Kimberly. "Yes, Miss Reed," Kim said, shutting the door and blocking her naked form from view.

Kim followed Sharon through the kitchen and into the master bedroom.  Sharon was smiling as she eyed her naked pet. "Well," Sharon began, sounding almost gleeful, "what are you going to wear today/" She looked in Kim’s closets and dresser drawers, "We don’t seem to have much, do we?  All of your skirts are at the tailors and you definitely need a skirt today.  Well, I guess you’ll just have to wear the one you wore yesterday. Go fetch it and grab your t-shirts."

Kim hastened to obey, returning from the laundry room with the Abercrombie shirts and the same, short skirt she had worn to work the day before. "Here you are, Miss Reed."

"Go grab your scissors and a marker." Sharon began picking through the shirts as Kim ran off to grab the requested items.  She picked up the largest, dropped it, grabbed another and then finally settled on a tiny t-shirt just as Kim returned to the bedroom. "Put this on," Sharon ordered.

Kim donned the shirt and while it was snug, it felt good to be covered.

"Very good," Sharon said as she picked up the marker. "Now, grab the hem and tug the shirt down as hard as you can."

Kim did as she was told without argument. She pulled the shirt down tight across her breasts.  "Perfect, hold it there," Sharon said. Sharon then marked the shirt with the marker just below the rising swell of Kim’s tits.  She made two additional marks, each on the side of the t-shirt. Sharon made a final mark along Kim’s spine.  She set the maker down, picked up the scissors and held them out to Kim. "Now, take the shirt off and cut the bottom off. Use the marks I made as a guide."

Kim did as she was told.

"Great," Sharon said. "Grab your shirt and skirt, put the scissors in your purse and meet me at the car."

Kim did as she was commanded and stood naked on her dressing rug. She pulled the skirt up her legs and once again felt the material tickle her ass. She was covered but knew from the day before how close she was to being revealed. She pulled on the shirt and gasped at how short it was. The rough edge ended with the underside of her breasts displayed. Her nipples stood proud and pushed against the thin fabric.  She looked at herself in the mirror by the door and blushed; she looked like a slut in her outfit; the word Fitch nearly cut in half from where she had doctored the t-shirt.  Kim realized that by tugging the shirt down as she had, it had raised the modified edge. It was a humiliating outfit, one that would attract attention to her, and Kim reluctantly donned her shoes to meet Sharon outside.

Sharon was laughing at the way Kim looked. The slut’s tits were bouncing and each step caused the lower rise to dance with the jagged hem of the shirt, revealing and then concealing just a pinch of Kim’s breasts. Well, Sharon thought, more than the lower edge will be seen today. She was still laughing as Kim climbed in the back of the car and spread her legs, her now naked pussy gaping up at Sharon’s gaze.

Sharon backed from the car and drove across town. She pulled into a long L-shaped strip mall and parked the car near the center of the L.  Kim jumped in surprise, her head darting to look behind her as Sharon popped the trunk.  "Okay, Kimmie," Sharon said with a grin that would make the Cheshire Cat envious. "Here’s our first stop."

Kim glanced around, wondering what humiliation Sharon had planned for her. It was something she seemed to be giving a lot of thought recently.

"You are going to carry the bags containing your clothes into Goodwill.  Make sure you get a receipt for tax purposes." Sharon could see Kim’s eyes growing moist and a surge of power swelled within her. She loved the feeling she got by dominating the bitch. The receipt, of course, was just to increase the amount of time Kim spent displaying herself in the tiny outfit she was wearing.

Kim looked at Sharon and then said, "Miss Reed, to humiliate me, may I carry the bags in one at a time?" Kim had thought about her requirement to ask to be humiliated and had come up with the idea to just take Sharon’s idea and make it just a little worse. In this case, the task would take a bit longer, but the exposure would be the same. If she was asked to flash her breasts to five men; how much worse would ten men be? It was like taking back a little bit of the control Sharon held over her. If it worked, she was confident her Dressing Rug would remain inside.

"That is a great idea, Kimmie," Sharon said still smiling.

Kim climbed from the car, tugged the hem of her skirt as far down as she could and grabbed the first of four bags. She walked into the store and lifted the bag onto the counter. "I’d like to donate these, please," she said with all the courage she could muster. She could feel tears threatening to spill from her eyes and struggled to keep them from falling.

A heavy-set woman of about forty looked at Kim. A look of disgust flared in the woman’s face so briefly that Kim wondered if she had really seen it. "Okay," was all the woman said.

"I have a few more things," Kim said, struggling to sound happy.  "Just do what you need to do." Kim left the bag on the counter and left the store. She made three additional trips, walking past open stores and various shoppers as they went about their business. Heads turned and countless eyes followed Kim as she repeated the trek from Sharon’s car to the store and back again.  She could almost feel the stares; she could almost hear the taunts. She burned with shame as she witnessed men pointing her out to their friends and women turning their heads in disgust.

With the last bag, the one containing her old panties and bras, in her hands she shut Sharon’s trunk and made the humiliating walk back into the store. She could feel the warm afternoon air caress her breasts and the wind of the day tickled her bare pussy. She was barely covered and she was giving away the only clothes she had that offered any modesty. It was humiliating and humbling and Kim hated Sharon for it.  It won’t be forever, she reminded herself as she walked back into the store. It won’t be forever.

Kim stood at the counter as the woman pawed through her clothes and rifled through her underwear. The woman punched numbers into a calculator and when the four bags were empty, the clothes lying as a lump in a large cloth basket, the woman said, "four hundred dollars; you want that in store credit?"

Kim couldn’t believe the number, she knew what she had paid and it was considerably more than that, "No. Just a receipt please."

The woman nodded, filled out two pieces of paper and handed one to Kim. Her voice was hard as she said, "Maybe you should have kept some of them. Don’t you have any shame?"

Kim wondered if the woman was color blind; her face had been crimson the entire time. Instead, Kim said, "Thank you." She left the Goodwill store, her receipt in her hand, and walked back to the car where Sharon was gleefully waiting for her.

"Wasn’t that fun?"

Kim hated the loaded questions. "I have the receipt, Miss Reed," was her answer, showing the paper to Sharon.

"You keep it," Sharon said. "I’m hungry. Let’s go get lunch."

Sitting in the back seat, her legs spread like a drunken whore, Kim could only wonder what else she was going to have to do today. She wiped her eyes with the back of her hand and was not surprised when her hand came back wet.

## Part 3

Kim sat opposite Sharon. Sharon was enjoying her day so far and knew that Kimmie was not going to like the trip she had planned to the mall. The thought of it made her giddy. She looked at Kim and said, "Spread." She took a sip of her lemonade and watched the pain and shame and fear that danced across Kim’s face.

Kim blanched and looked around nervously. When they had entered the restaurant she had witnessed heads turning to look at her shameful attire.  Eyes followed her as they were shown a table and now, with their drinks served and lunch ordered, peering eyes were still staring her way. Men were openly ogling her and it seemed that each of the wait staff made it by their table; the word of her appearance had made the rounds through the restaurant.  Her naked ass was sitting on the seat but at least the hem covered all of her, but now she would be more than revealed. She swallowed and moved her knees apart. Even with the table hiding her blatant display she felt that the only thing visible was her bare pussy and blushing face.

Sharon peeked under the table. "Wipe yourself, you slut," she teased. Her voice hardened, "And no matter what, you do not close your legs until I tell you to. Got it?"

She could barely speak, "Yes, Miss Reed."

Sharon smiled at Kimberly, "Monday, when you are at the club, I have something you need to do."

"I no longer work Monday’s there, Miss Reed. David called and changed my working days to Thursday, Friday and Saturday." She sounded so weak and Kim hated herself for it.

"Well, then," Sharon said, "that’ll be good. Thursday then. When you come out in your little bra and panties, you are going to take off your panties and bury them inside that moist hole of yours. Then, for your second dance you’ll masturbate and finally pull them out and give them away for the last song in the set.  You should have fun with that one." Sharon was openly laughing at her.

Wanting to hide, wanting to disappear and afraid to admit that she probably would enjoy it, Kim meekly replied, "Yes, Miss Reed."

Their waitress, a thin, young woman approached their table carrying their meal; a salad for Kim and a turkey club for Sharon. The waitress set the food down, looked at the flush on Kim’s face, to the amusement on Sharon’s and shook her head.  "You have an audience," the waitress said.  "You," she looked at Kim, "are the talk of the restaurant. How could you go out in public dressed like that?"

Kim burned with shame. Can’t you tell I don’t want to be dressed like this? Look at my face. I know I have an audience. Thoughts as these raced through her mind as she lowered her head.

"Remember your rules?" Sharon asked.

Kim raised her head. She wasn’t allowed to hide her face.

Smiling, Sharon looked at the young woman. "You know how some people are. Did you know she’s not wearing panties? Look."

Kim wanted to close her legs, wanted to hide her pussy and wanted to flee. Instead, with her hands shaking, she took a bite of her salad.

The waitress stepped back from the table and crouched down as if to tie her shoe. "Holy shit," she muttered. She stood back up and asked Kim, "Have you no shame? You’re flashing your kitty to the whole restaurant."

Kim swallowed and remained quiet. How did you answer that question?

Sharon spoke for her, "She’s just a little exhibitionist; she likes showing off. Make sure you let everybody know." She was smiling as she spoke.

The waitress turned away and returned two minutes later with her phone. "Can I, uh, take a picture? My friends won’t believe me when I tell them this."

Sharon answered for Kim, "By all means."

Kim was staring at Sharon, begging with her eyes to not allow this indignity to continue. Please, her mind screamed, no pictures. Please. Her legs were twitching as she struggled to obey, instinct made her want to close her legs while fear kept them widely parted.

The waitress dropped down again and snapped a few pictures of Kim’s open legs and denuded pussy.  With each click the camera made, Kim felt her shame intensify and her resolve slipping. Please, let’s get this over with, she thought.  Her hands were shaking, her breathing shallow and her eyes damp.

"Thanks," the waitress said and turned from the table.

Sharon broke out laughing, "This is just too much fun!" She took a bite of her sandwich and a sip of her drink. A moment later two more members of the wait staff approached the table with their phones held up like a back-stage-pass and each time Sharon allowed them to snap pictures of Kim’s open pussy. Surprisingly, no one took a picture of her face. The parade of staff to their table kept the eyes of the other patrons focused on Kim and her widely parted legs. Even though it was dark, how she was sitting was evident to just about all people present. Whispers burned her ears.

They finished their meal. At the end Kim’s sex had been photographed roughly forty times by strangers and the manager had come by to say he had "comped their meal" in exchange for the show. "But," he admonished, "next time, have her facing away from other tables. This is a family restaurant."

Kim wanted to run screaming from Sharon and the restaurant. How had she let herself get in this position? And, please, she thought, don’t let there be a next time.

"Close your legs, Kimmie, and let’s go."

Shame-faced, she walked from the restaurant. She noticed that everyone was watching her leave.

## Part 4

"Ready for the next game?" Sharon asked.

They were sitting in Sharon’s car, Kim’s legs spread wide, with Sharon facing her. Sharon was parked outside the Sears attached to the same mall she had streaked twice now, once with her ex-husband and once with Sharon just a few day’s earlier. She figured by the end of the day she would be streaking it again.  "Yes, Miss Reed." She wasn’t really, but knew she had no choice.

"Get out of the car."

Kim climbed from the car, flashing her naked sex to Sharon as she did. Sharon stood next to her and locked the door.

"This game is called, tits, ass or pussy. You are going to walk through the mall, all by yourself.  Don’t worry, I’ll be following close enough to snap some lovely pictures," she held her camera up to Kim. "You are going to approach as many people as it takes to finish the game. The only words you are allowed to speak are ‘tits’, ‘ass’, or ‘pussy.’ If they say ‘tits’ you are going to grab the edge of your shirt with both hands and pull it straight up and flash your tits. Do it now."

Kim stared open mouth at Sharon, not wanting to believe what she was hearing. Surely Sharon would  not make her do this, would she? She opened her mouth to protest and then shut her mouth with her hands clenched in impotent fists. She swallowed hard, opened her hands and grabbed her tiny t-shirt. She pulled the shirt up, flashing her breasts to Sharon and the parking lot. As quickly as she could, she lowered the shirt again.

"No, no, no, no, no," Sharon said. "You are going to flash them while you count, slowly, to five. Now, try again.  Tits."

Kim hesitated, shaking with dread. She grabbed the edge of her shirt with both hands again and raised the shirt higher, pulling it free of her breasts. She counted to five and it was the longest five seconds of her life before hiding her breast behind the fabric of the t-shirt again. It was funny, she thought, the t-shirt that was too short when she left the house was plenty long enough now to provide her with a small amount of dignity.

"Perfect. Now, if they say ‘pussy’ or ‘ass’, what will you do? Show me. Pussy."

Kim knew what she had to do. Trembling she grabbed the edge of her skirt and raised it with both hands until the whole of her waxed pussy was visible to Sharon. She counted to five and wondered how the long seconds she had endured baring her breasts seemed short to the five count of flashing her pussy. As quickly as possible, she dropped her skirt and smoothed it down.

"Ass."

Once again Kim grabbed the hem of her skirt. She spun around, yanked the skirt up and counted to five as she mooned Sharon. At the end of the count, she lowered her skirt once more.

"Perfect. Now, the game ends when you have flashed all three twenty times. I imagine that it won’t be an even distribution, men are such pigs after all, although you can approach women too, if you’d like. I would bet that most would want to see your pussy.  I wonder how long it will take for you to get through this? Oh, and you can only ask each person once."

Kim wanted to cry as she listened to the game she was going to be playing.

"Won’t this be a fun game?"

Rebellion flared in Kim and she muttered, "You do it, if you think it’s fun."

Sharon grinned, "Let’s make it twenty-five times. Care to go for thirty?"

"No, Miss Reed," she said and as she had thought before she realized that no matter how bad things are, they can always get worse.

"Wonderful. Let’s go."

Kimberly walked into Sears with Sharon following behind her about forty feet back.

## Part 5

The tool department was full of shoppers; men browsing for tools and lawn equipment, hammers and chisels, saws and drills, pliers and wrenches. Kim was walking slowly, trembling in fear. This was going to be shameful and she wondered if she could do it. It was the hardest thing Sharon had ordered her to do so far. Spreading her legs in her class with her students a few feet away, but she had been hidden. Here, she was to shame herself and it took all of her will power to walk up to a man, browsing electric drills and croak out the three harsh choices, "Tits, ass, or pussy?"

He looked at her confused, not sure if he had heard her right. He eyed her indecently clad body and said with a raised eyebrow, "Excuse me?"

"Tits, ass or pussy," she choked on the words.

Was it an offer? "Tits," he said.

Shaking, Kim grabbed the jagged edge of her t-shirt and pulled it up, revealing her breasts and the hardened nubs of her nipples to the stranger. She counted to five and over the man’s shoulder she could see Sharon snapping pictures.  When she reached five, she lowered her shirt and her eyes and spun quickly from the stunned shopper. One down, and, Oh God, seventy-four to go. Kim agreed with Sharon, there was bound to be duplicates as she neared the end of the task. Still, she had to get this over with if she was to make it home. She had no doubt that Sharon would keep her here until she finished her degradation or until the mall closed. And then what? What would the punishment be if she hadn’t finished? Kim did not want to find out. She spun around and walked further into the tool department.

Two men were standing looking at socket sets, talking about which set to purchase when Kim turned into the aisle. They took one look at her and stopped talking, their eyes taking in what Kim revealed. Trembling in anxiety, Kim looked at the men and asked, "itts, ass, or pussy?"

They looked at each other and back at Kim. The one on the left said, "pussy," as the other said, "tits."

Kim was uncertain what to do. Would it count as one or two, and did she have to do both or wait for the two men to come to an agreement. Deciding to speed her day along, Kim grabbed the edge of her shirt and pulled it up, nearly concealing her face from the two men. She counted to five, dropped the shirt and hiked her skirt above her waist, flashing the two guys her hairless sex. She could feel how wet she was as the cool air of the store blew across her nether lips and she wondered if the men could see her arousal. At the count of five she dropped her skirt, thankful that the humiliating display was over, and left the aisle.  Three down, seventy-two to go; it seemed an impossible number.

She looked back and could see Sharon following her; she was far enough back to see and hear everything but to not look like the two of them were together.  Kim walked further into the store. She made her way into the appliance department and approached an employee standing next to a dryer all alone.  She walked up to him and repeated her shaming query, "Tits, ass, or pussy?"

"Huh?"

"Tits, ass, or pussy?"

"What are you talking about?"

Sharon had instructed her that those were the only words she could utter during this game and so she repeated them, "tits," she thrust out her chest, "ass," she spun around revealing the shortness of her skirt, "or pussy?" With the last word she thrust her hips forward.

"Pussy," he said, blushing himself.

Of course, she thought. She grabbed the hem of her skirt and hiked it upwards, once again baring her naked sex to a stranger. She counted to five, each number feeling like an eternity and then quickly dropped her skirt. She turned, saw Sharon watching her with a smile on her evil face, and went looking for more humiliation.

## Part 6

Sharon was enjoying the game immensely. The little bitch was baring her naked form to complete strangers with no prompting from her. She just set the game in motion and then sat back to watch it unfold. She got the enjoyment of Kimmie’s humiliation with no effort. She followed Kim through Sears, surprised at how well Kim seemed to be faring. It was funny; the slut was so intent on her task that she seemed oblivious to the secondary display she was giving. She would flash her pussy to a man and behind her, her naked ass would be visible to three, four, and once about a dozen others. By the end of the first half hour, with Kim only about one third of the way through her task, she had flashed twice that inadvertently.  Sharon snapped about thirty pictures before Kim left Sears and made her way into the central corridor of the mall.

## Part 7

The game was horrible, each time she flashed her body it was not Sharon doing it; she was humiliating herself alone. A couple of times she looked for Sharon when she was done and Sharon was nowhere to be found. Was she hiding or just moving to get a better shot. She was worried about the pictures that Sharon was taking, certain that no good could come of them. Still, she had to continue. The walkway was crowded, shoppers bustled from store to store, some with their hands full of packages and others with their arms empty. Mothers shopped with their children; teenage girls shopped in groups and gossiped loudly to each other while talking on their cell phones. Why, she wondered, did they put cameras in phones? She remembered seeing a story on the news about pictures appearing of women in various stages of undress that the women themselves were not aware of; the small devices were easily concealed in the hands of the unscrupulous.

She glanced around the central walkway and concluded that it would be easier to continue her task within the confines of the many stores than out in the open. Exposing herself to others was horribly humiliating but with the small amount of control she had, she did not want to display her naked form to children.

She turned into a store that sold music CD’s and Video tapes and inched along the aisles of music until she came to a young man browsing through a display of video’s that read ‘ACTION’. She walked up to him, and whispered her humiliating query.

He had seen her coming and he liked what she was showing, "ass," he said. It was the fourth time that request had been made; it was coming in last place. Kim spun around and pulled her skirt up, baring her ass to the young man and displaying her naked sex to a couple that were sharing a diet coke. She counted to five and then hurried from the store feeling like a slut, feeling ashamed and feeling aroused. One more down.

## Part 8

"Is Vera here?"

"Yeah, she’s in the back. I’ll get her for you." The girl, who could barely be seventeen walked slowly through a parted curtain and came back a moment later. "She’ll be right with you."

"Thanks," Sharon said. She turned from the register and walked to the front of the store just in time to see Kim leaving Waldenbooks and cross the hall and enter a men’s shoe store. Kim was doing very well, Sharon had to admit. She had quickly figured out that it was less humiliating to perform her show in private stores as compared to the bustling center walkways. Next time, Sharon smiled, I’ll add that the stores were off limits. It was funny how easy it was to make up games when she was not the one having to display her naked charms.

"Hi," Vera said, recognizing the woman that had been here the previous Thursday. "Are you here to take me up on my offer?"

Sharon nodded, "Yes, I am. How about Monday nights; it seems my," she paused, trying to remember what she had previously revealed. Finally, "slave has Monday nights free and she would be glad to be your mannequin."

"Wonderful," Vera exclaimed, surprised and genuinely pleased. "What time?" Did she sound too anxious?

"Six o’clock."

"Great. I’ll see you both then."

They shook hands and with the deal done, Sharon went to find her little Kimmie.

## Part 9

Kim was working her way through a men’s clothing store when Sharon found her. Her skirt was up around her waist, her ass being shown to an old man in a wheelchair with an oxygen tube attached to his nose. It made Sharon laugh seeing Kimberly debase herself and her sex throbbed with rising heat. She savored her power over this woman and could understand the adage about power corrupting; she did not want it to end. She snapped a few pictures of the man reaching out to caress Kim’s ass and then stepped back as Kim approached yet another man to ask her demeaning question.

## Part 10

Kim was numb by the time she finished. It had taken nearly two hours and at the end she could only hope the men she approached would say ‘ass’ as she still had to bear her naked backside eleven times after the other two were completed. But, still, it was her breasts and twat that men wanted to see. It took and additional forty-five minutes to get through the last eleven requests to see her round ass.

Finished, she approached Sharon and reported the completion of her humiliating task. Her body was wet with perspiration and she didn’t think the color would ever fade from her face. She was happy to have the chore behind her and anxious to leave the mall; the safety of Sharon’s car was preferable to the open chamber of the mall.

"Very good, Kimmie," Sharon said. "I have some wonderful pictures of you." She loved how Kim shook at the mention of pictures. "I bet you’re ready to go home now, aren’t you?"

Was it a loaded question? "Yes, Miss Reed."

"Well, let’s go. We have one more stop to make."

Kim could only follow Sharon to her car.

## Part 11

Sharon stopped at the tailors and as before, she ordered Kim to stay in the back seat with her legs spread wide. Kim simply obeyed. She replayed the day in her mind as Sharon picked up her dry cleaning. It had been the most humbling, degrading and humiliating day of her life. She had shamed herself over and over with no prodding from Sharon, everything she had done she did on her own. Sure, she tried to reason with herself, she had been ordered to and she obeyed so as to keep her secrets and her house. But, she hated to admit it, she had enjoyed herself. She had felt a sense of power as the men she flashed shifted uncomfortably as they tried to adjust their pants. She had aroused these strangers and now, sitting in the back of Sharon’s car, she felt safe. The men did not know who she was; her humiliation had ended and with it only the memories remained. Memories that made her pussy leak.

Her nudity held power: the power to arouse others; the power to shame and arouse her, even the power to save her house. It was, to Kim, an interesting thought.

Sharon returned to the car and draped the wrapped bundle of clothes on the passenger seat. She got in and started the car without a glance back at Kimmie. She drove Kim home, neither of them speaking until Sharon pulled into Kim’s driveway. She looked at Kim who seemed to be lost in thought and smiled at the blush that still adorned Kim’s cheeks. "I’ve only got one thing for you to do tomorrow," Sharon said.

Kim looked at her, "Yes, Miss Reed."

"You need to make sure there is nothing in your car you can use to cover up. Empty your trunk as well as the interior, this includes the floor mats. There is to be nothing you can use to conceal yourself in your car.  You’ll be following me to work on Tuesday. I’m going to inspect your car and if I find even one thing," she held her index finger up, "well then, you’ll be dressing on the porch, got it?"

A day away from Sharon sounded like Heaven. "Yes, Miss Reed."

"See you Monday."

**Kim and Sharon
Chapter 6
by Tester86**

## Part 1

In all of history there have been countless examples of luck changing people's lives. Good luck could turn a battle, change fortunes and save lives while bad luck could end marriages, force ruin or cause the death of millions. Sunday morning, Emily Bradford had the fortunes of luck smile down upon her as she sat eating Rice Chex in her bedroom. Her luck came as a picture message. A gentle tone announced the arrival of the picture and Emily could only stare at it in silent disbelief. The picture was of Kimberly Turner wearing an extremely short skirt holding her tiny t-shirt up to her chin. In the picture, Kim's breasts and the hard points of her nipples were clearly visible as was the crimson flush on her face.

Emily pushed her cereal bowl away, the Chex growing soggy as they sat uneaten in the bowl. Her eyes were glued to the picture in the small display. Why would Ms. Turner do that, she wondered? The blush on her face implied that she was at the least embarrassed by what she was doing. Was she coerced? Forced into the lurid display? It looked exactly like the skirt she had been curious to see Kim wearing on campus Friday and she could not help but wonder if there was a connection. Countless questions raced through her mind. It was, she knew, the best story a second year Journalism student could happen upon. She pressed a button, saw who sent the message, and dialed the phone.

## Part 2

Sharon Reed stood next to Jason Norgan, her boy-toy, as he crouched beneath Kim's desk. "So can you do it?" She could hear the excitement in her voice.

Jason nodded, "easily. Are you sure you want to do this? It seems, I don't know, wrong?"

Sharon loved how naïve the boy was. Sharon moved closer, pressing the crotch of her jeans into his face. "It'll be okay," she said.

He glanced at Sharon and ran his arm up her jean-clad leg to cup her ass.

She slapped his hand away, "First, finish what you're doing and then you can do teacher on her desk."

He needed no further encouragement.

## Part 3

It took Kimberly Turner less than twenty minutes to empty her car.  She could not help but wonder where she would be driving; she knew she'd be naked. Why else would Sharon insist that there was nothing in the car that could be used to shield her body from view? Sharon had said she'd by driving Tuesday but Kim doubted that with her car clean it would be the only time she'd be driving. But, really, she wondered, how bad could it be? Could it be any worse than riding in the back of Sharon's car with her legs obscenely spread, flashing her pussy to whomever could peer into the confines of the car? Kim thought driving herself would be tamer and was actually looking forward to the solitary embrace of her car. At least, if she was driving, her legs would be closed.

## Part 4

Jason donned his shirt and watched Sharon fasten her jeans.  He picked up his pants and slid them on.  He wondered if he was the luckiest man alive; and he had to be a man, didn't he? He was having sex regularly, with a woman nearly twice his age, and doing things that could be considered illegal, conspiratorial and was definitely immoral. Doing it, he felt powerful. He felt like a man.

Sharon finished dressing, "Show me how it works."

Jason sat in Kim's chair and opened the lower left hand drawer of her desk. When Sharon had searched Kim's desk, the drawer had been empty, now a laptop computer sat there, its lid folded and four wires snaking out the back. Jason lifted the lid and the blank screen cleared and the log-in prompt appeared. Jason typed the password Sharon had chosen and a small black video screen appeared.

"The program is always running," Jason explained. He pointed under the desk and Sharon crouched down to look where he indicated. "This switch here," he touched a tiny footswitch, "starts things up." He pushed down on the switch with his right foot. Under the desk a tiny lamp illuminated the recess under the desk and on the computer screen the black window changed to show Sharon looking at the switch and Jason sitting in Kim's chair. He nodded to the screen, "As long as the switch is pressed, the video camera is on and recording and the video is being uploaded to a web page, just like you asked."

He had enjoyed making the web page and more than once he had masturbated to the pictures and videos that Sharon had given him.  On the screen Sharon watched everything that Jason was showing her. She was elated at the quality; the light helped to obscure any shadows. Jason released the switch and the video display on the laptop's screen once again went black and the running counter in the video window stopped incrementing.

Jason reached into the open drawer and opened the web browser on the laptop. He typed in the URL and the page he had created opened. On the screen a picture of Kim appeared, one from her dancing at the club. Her legs were spread and her arms above her head. Her breasts were displayed, only a small box concealed Kim's pussy. On the box a caption read, "Open me up and come on in." Jason clicked the box and the main page appeared. Across the top were icons labeled "Pictures," "Video," and a third labeled "Live." Jason clicked the "Live" tab and the screen changed to a black box.

Sharon stared at the screen.

Once again Jason stepped on the footswitch and after about a twenty second delay Jason's legs and Sharon's face appeared in the box. Jason pulled his foot from the switch and Sharon watched the display go black.  "As long as this switch is pressed, the video will be running and whoever is sitting here will be live to the world." He did not know the woman's name but he knew what she looked like. "I will take the live feed and turn it into videos that can be downloaded and saved." To Sharon he sounded like an excited child. "It shouldn't take too long until there are lots of people seeing this page."

Sharon stood up and pulled Jason to her. She kissed him, her hands pulling his hair. She was wet, the thought of Kim's humiliation fueling her desire. She plunged her hands into Jason's pants and within ten minutes of dressing they were naked again.

## Part 5

Sharon arrived as Kimberly's house at twenty before seven Monday morning. Kim greeted her at the door with her brown hair still wet from the shower. "Good morning, Miss Reed," Kimberly said with a subservient tone in her voice. She hated the way Sharon made her feel; owned, abused and small.

"Good morning, Kimmie," Sharon said with a grin.  She looked at her little dress-up doll, standing naked in her own foyer. It must be humbling to be so out of place in your own home, she thought. The thought made her grin expand. "Let's get you dressed, shall we? We need to get to class early today. I have a surprise for you."

Kim knew she would not enjoy it. "Yes, Miss Reed."

Sharon led Kim into Kim's bedroom. It was amusing how things just clicked into place, Sharon mused. Kim was acting as the slave she was, taking a submissive tone and following Sharon as a pet should. Sharon reveled in the power; it was better than sex.  Sharon poked through Kim's skirts and grabbed one of Kim's original skirts made of black cotton. She handed it to Kim and pawed through the blouses and grabbed a white blouse with a soft lace collar. "Here you go," Sharon said as she left the bedroom. "Hurry up. We don't have much time."

Kim followed Sharon to her Dressing Rug and donned the skirt. Her face fell and her mouth opened in shock at the length of the skirt. The skirt she had worn on Friday and Saturday had been short, the edge of the skirt playing peek-a-boo with the rise of her ass. This skirt was a full inch shorter, but to Kim it felt a mile more revealing. Her ass was not fully covered; a good portion of her naked backside was displayed. The front was hardly better, the fabric ended just below the apex of her thighs. Looking at herself in the mirror, Kim's face was white with shock. Her pussy, while covered, was just barely hidden from view, the fabric of the skirt ended at the edge of her sex. Any movement on her part and her sex would be revealed. She wanted to scream, she wanted to hide, and she wanted to flee the evil grin that crossed Sharon's face. But she couldn't. Her home depended on her going along. Swallowing heavily she pulled on the blouse and with a forced smile she followed Sharon from her home.

The warm air caressed her pussy like a lover and her skirt rubbed teasingly against her ass. Her head was bowed in shame until Sharon called her on it and with the harsh words she raised her blushing face to the world. The sounds of the morning went unnoticed, only how she was dressed crossed her mind.

"Get in and spread," Sharon commanded.

Kim climbed into the back seat. The first thing she noticed was that the skirt pulled up as she sat and even with her legs held together her pussy was displayed as was her lack of panties and pubic hair. The skirt was too short! Sitting demurely still revealed her sex. Red-faced, Kim parted her legs, her nakedness displayed, and her pussy gaping and demanding her attention. Kim's pussy opened with her legs in its own parody of a smile.

Sharon watched her struggle with her pose and savored the humiliated look on her face. Grinning with how easy things were, Sharon said, "New rule, Kimmie. You are not allowed to cross your legs. Got it?"

Kim hated those two words. "Yes, Miss Reed." Dressed as she was, she could not wait to get to class to hide behind the safety of her desk; it wasn't as preferred as her home or the strip club, but at least it was one of the few places she felt hidden from view. The humiliation was still there, only the exposure was absent. She wondered at the realization that a strip club, naked in front of countless strangers, was a reprieve from her almost constant embarrassment.

Sharon backed from the driveway and drove to the campus. "Remember, keep your head up. If I have to tell you, you'll pay for it. Got it?"

"Yes, Miss Reed."

It took ten minutes to get to work and when they parked Sharon was almost bouncing in joy. She was looking forward to showing the bitch her surprise and she had not asked to be humiliated. Monday was shaping up to be a very good day. She parked the car and barked, "Let's go."

Kim followed Sharon into the school, tugging her skirt lower with almost every step just to keep her pussy covered. Her nether lips peeked from beneath the skirt with each step. Sharon watched her and on the spot made up another rule, "Kimmie, stop tugging at your skirt. In fact, you may only adjust your skirt at each end of a trip. So, you can adjust it when you get out of the car and again when you get to class. Or you can adjust it when you put it on till you get into a car. Got it? You will not adjust it while you are walking. What is the rule?"

She enjoyed the humiliation as Kim repeated, "I am not allowed to adjust my skirts while walking."

Sharon smiled cruelly, "Let's change that to clothes, shall we?"

Kim nodded with her eyes wide, "I am not allowed to adjust my clothes while walking."

"Perfect."

Sharon led Kim into the English wing of the campus. There were few students around to witness her humiliating walk. Kim could feel the skirt riding higher as they ascended the few stairs into the building. She could tell without looking that her pussy was clearly visible to anybody that happened to be present. It took all her concentration to not tug her skirt lower and cover her naked pussy. She could feel the skirt tickle her ass and knew that half her ass was on display to the world as well. Her face was crimson and tears tickled her eyes. She breathed a sharp sigh of relief as she entered her classroom and was able to tug her skirt down over her sex, even if it was just barely covered.

"Sit down," Sharon commanded.

Kim sat.

Sharon opened the lower drawer of Kim's desk and logged into the computer that Kim was surprised to see there. The small black video screen appeared, "This is gonna be so much fun," Sharon exclaimed and the tone in Sharon's voice frightened Kim. "You see this?" she indicated the footswitch.

"Yes, Miss Reed."

"Well," Sharon was smiling broadly. She savored the power she was feeling and knew it would be a long time before she tired of toying with this proper little bitch. "When you are sitting, you will keep your legs spread as wide as you can, and one foot will be pushing down on that switch. Try it."

Kim inched her chair forward and spread her legs as far apart as the desk would allow. With her right foot she pressed down on the awkwardly shaped pedal. She could feel the cool air of the classroom caress her sex and the fabric of the skirt bunch at her waist. The desk hid her from view but she still felt exposed. She glanced at Sharon and seeing the picture on the computer screen she pushed back from the desk and stood up. It was too much. Filling the screen had been an image of her wide-open and naked pussy.

"Sit down!" Sharon's voice was iron. "You are going to sit her every day with your legs spread like a woman about to get laid. There is a counter and if the time doesn't add up to at least ninety percent of your day, then kiss your house goodbye. Got it?"

Crying now, the last bit of control she may have had slipping away like time, Kim replied, "Please?"

Sharon just grinned her evil little I-own-you grin. She waited, her eyes raised, for Kim to retake her sinful position at her desk.

Kim sat back down and slid her chair forward. She parted her legs, feeling the burn in her thighs and the walls of the desk hitting her knees. Once again she stepped on the footswitch. As she did the light under the desk came on and the video camera captured the image of the open pussy. On the screen Kim could see her nakedness and she could feel her face burn with shame. She shifted in her chair and on the screen she watched her body move. It was a video, she knew and the view was obscenely blatant. Once again she tried to reason with Sharon with a simple, pleading, "Please?"

Kim Turner went live on the internet.

Sharon just smiled, "It's just so I can keep track of you," she lied. "The counter," she pointed to the run time that incremented on the screen, "will show me that you're obeying me. You're students won't see anything."

Kim wiped her eyes, struggling to stop the tears, knowing her students would be arriving shortly. She tried to calm herself, her eyes never leaving the computer screen and the humiliating display of her naked sex. She was desperate to close her legs but knew the counter that Sharon had shown her would reveal her disobedience. First Sharon, then the phone and now a computer; each day she lost more of herself and sunk further into slavery. She struggled with the knowledge.

"Enjoy your day," Sharon mocked. She walked from the room and paused at the door to watch the bitch struggle to hold her pose. Smiling she looked at Kim and said, "Oh, when you get home, move your dressing rug onto the porch. Got it?"

Shit, Kim cussed herself, how could she have forgotten. With the humiliation of holding her legs so wantonly spread she was surprised she could blush even more. "Yes, Miss Reed." The tears threatened to return.

They did.

## Part 6

Emily sat at her desk staring at the picture of Ms. Turner flashing her naked breasts. She could not shake the feeling that the attractive teacher's exposure was not voluntary. Was it the flush on her face or was it the tension etched around her blue eyes? Emily wasn't sure but she knew she'd do what she could to find out. Journalism appealed to her; it seemed the perfect career choice for her inquisitive nature and now, a story (and she knew it was a story) fell into her lap. All day as she struggled though her four classes. She found it hard to concentrate on anything other than the picture on the tiny screen of her phone.

She had called her friend Theresa the day before and asked her the probing questions that Diane Sawyer and Barbara Walters would ask; she felt like a journalist. "So, where did you take the picture?"

"The mall."

"What time was this?"

Theresa was short with her answers, "I don't know. Early afternoon, maybe?"

Then, "was she alone?"

"Yes." Theresa paused, "I may have seen Miss Reed there too, but I don't think they were together."

And just like that, part of the story unfolded. She felt goose pimples race up her arms. She was a journalist getting to the bottom of a story. She never felt so alive.

## Part 7

Kimberly Turner could not concentrate on her lectures. Her mind was on her parted thighs and the computer that sat in the drawer to her left recording her shame. She had no idea that her pussy was being displayed live on the internet and by the time her lunch hour had arrived nearly forty different people had logged onto the free web page and had watched the open pussy stare back at them. Her students had asked if she was okay, commenting that she seemed distracted and distant as if she was not there with them.  And she wasn't; she was hiding away inside herself, trying to will herself away from the college campus and out of Sharon's life. She could not imagine things getting worse than they already were.

She skipped lunch; she had not brought a meal and the thought of walking across campus to the cafeteria dressed as she was caused her to lose what little appetite she had anyway.  How was she going to get out of this? She couldn't keep doing what Sharon commanded; each day seemed to be worse than the day before, but if she quit, if she walked away then Sharon would, without hesitation, ruin her teaching career and with it any chance she had of saving her house. But, she wondered, would it really? She had begun making a lot of money at the strip club. Was that the norm? She didn't have any more pubic hair to sell, but if she did lose her teaching job, why could she not sell her panties? She'd no longer be under Sharon's thumb. Could she make enough money stripping to afford to lose this job? David seemed to think so. Still, uncertainty kept her legs widely spread.

And arousal. She was embarrassed by her display but part of her; the kinky, sexual creature buried inside her was extremely aroused at the humiliation she was feeling. She was not able to expose herself at her own bidding, she could always back out of that, but being forced into it seemed to pull some of the shame away and make everything tolerable and even exciting. She had enjoyed the public games with her ex-husband more than she did with Sharon, but admittedly, Sharon was better at it and a lot more cruel. Perhaps her ex-husband really had loved her.

For the entire lunch hour, Kim sat, shamefaced and spread at her desk, unknowingly baring her sex to the world.

## Part 8

Sharon had a busy lunch. She left the campus and drove into town. She stopped at the post office and paid eleven dollars for a small post office box. With the key in hand she made her way back to the car and drove to her house. She logged into her computer and pulled up the web page with Kim's brazen display. There in all her color and glory was little Miss Perfect's naked, nude and gaping pussy. Sharon smiled at the screen and made a note to ask Jason if it was possible to find out how many visitors the site was getting and if it was possible to advertise the site on search engines. If anyone would know, Jason would.

Satisfied that Kim was still obeying her, Sharon drove from her house to the opposite end of town. This time she pulled into a different post office and as before she purchased a post office box. She had such a fun game in store for little Kimmie that her pussy was dripping by the time she made it back to campus for her last class of the day.

## Part 9

The last class ended and all her students left for the day. Kim sat at her desk reading the papers her students had turned in. Her legs were still held apart in a lurid display, part of her had forgotten about the video camera until Sharon arrived and logged into the computer. She checked the counter and was impressed, Kim had kept her legs spread and her pussy visible for more than five hours, almost the entire day. Sharon wasn't sure it was ninety percent; still it was close enough that she decided to not comment about it. "Stand up and lets go."

Kim climbed from her chair and tugged her skirt as low on her hips as she could. She knew she was not allowed to adjust it during the trek to Sharon's car and she wanted to be covered as long as possible during the journey.

Sharon could only laugh. She thought of telling Kimmie about her web page but then thought better of it. She decided that after a few more pictures and videos were posted, she'd have the address of the web page distributed around the campus. Let rumors get the information to Kim, she thought with malicious glee, that should be much more humiliating for the little bitch.

Kim climbed in the back and spread her legs; she knew she'd be ordered to anyway. Sharon watched her and drove them across town to the mall where Kim had played horrible game of "tits, ass or pussy," and where Sharon had made her streak naked from the Macy's dressing room. It was turning into Kim's least favorite place on earth.

"You're working here tonight," Sharon informed Kim.

"Miss Reed?" Kim was confused.

"Follow me and you'd best do as you're told."

"Yes, Miss Reed." Kim followed Sharon through the mall back to the Abercrombie's they had shopped at the previous week. Kim could only look around, thankful she did not recognize anyone. Her display in the store had been humiliating and she worried that she'd be reliving it today.

"Hi," a voice called out. "I am so happy to see you two!"

Sharon shook Vera's hand and said, "Pose her however you want. If she disobeys you in any way call me and," she looked at Kim, her eyes hard points, "she'll be homeless in the morning." The threat was evident even if the young woman did not fully understand the comment. "You have my number, Vera," Sharon said. She looked back at Kim and said, "Don't make her use it."

Vera stood next to Kim and said, "Follow me." She led Kim past the register and into the back of the store. Stacks of boxes and racks of clothes stood in cardboard boxes waiting to be put out on the main floor. Various fashion magazines were stacked on a small table next to a small bathroom. Vera looked at Kim and said, "Take your clothes off and put them in there," she indicated the bathroom.

Kim thought of refusing and knew that no matter what happened; tonight she was this new woman's plaything. Vera stood nearly five feet tall with light brown eyes, small breasts hidden behind a white halter top. Her jeans were tight and revealed a small, perky butt.  Kim sighed in resignation and pulled the blouse over her head and stepped out of her tiny skirt. She stood naked save for her shoes on the concrete floor amidst clothes that she wished she could wear.

"Wait here." Vera darted into the store and came back after about four minutes carrying two t-shirts. Vera looked at the blush on the woman's face and wondered what the woman was feeling. She'd give anything to be doing what she was about to have this woman do but she lacked the courage. This was an opportunity that she just couldn't pass up even if it cost her her job. She would get her shameful exposure even if it was at another's expense.

Vera handed Kim the two shirts. "You'll hold one in each hand. Don't drop them, okay?"

Kim nodded.

"Good follow me." Vera walked into the store.

Kim stood motionless. She couldn't mean it? Could she? Did this stranger really think she'd be able to walk naked that easily into the store where who knew how many shoppers were present? Her face flashed red and still she remained in the back. Vera returned a moment later and said again, "Follow me. Hurry, it's not busy now."

The last sentence made Kim feel a little bit better; Sharon would not care how many people were present. Slowly, almost inching along, Kim walked naked, carrying the two t-shirts into the store. As Vera had said the store was not busy, Kim could see only one shopper. She spotted Vera near the front of the store and made her way to the small woman, hiding her naked body behind the racks of small and over-priced clothes.

Vera pointed to a chair in the window that faced into the central corridor of the mall. "Sit in the chair and hold the two shirts in your hands, one in each. Look at one of the shirts and don't move. People walking by will think you're a mannequin."

Kim read a sign that read, ‘decisions, decisions,' that Vera had placed in the window next to the chair.

"People will just think you're a display. Don't move too much and you'll be fine." Almost as an afterthought, Vera said, "Don't cover up or I'll make it worse." It was definitely not an afterthought; Vera was nearly bursting in horny need.

Why, Kim wondered, was she always being threatened? She climbed into the open window, conscious of the motion beyond the glass and sat in the chair. She kept her knees clamped together and held the two shirts out in front of her as Vera had commanded.  It seemed oblivious shoppers did not notice her climbing onto the cold plastic chair and she was happy for that. She did indeed look like a store display, one where a plastic figure had been posed as if trying to decide what to wear. But she wasn't a mannequin to be posed and surely plastic did not have as much color on their cheeks.

Kim's face burned at her display. She was naked, sitting in a storefront window, staring out at the countless shoppers that raced by. Very few took notice of her and for that she was thankful. Staring out into the mall she watched, trying not to blink and struggling not to move, the shoppers rush around like ants on a mound. Most were seemingly oblivious to their surroundings; men would rush from one place to another with a single destination in mind, all other shops and kiosks as invisible as air while women would typically be with friends, chatting and gossiping and laughing and not really paying attention to their surroundings. It was a small consolation but one that kept her sitting naked and posed as the model in the window.

Vera raced to the employee's bathroom and masturbated herself to a wonderful orgasm. She wished she had the strength and courage to do what Kim was doing, or she wished she had someone forcing her to. That was better, she thought, to be forced into it. She wondered if she could convince Sharon to do things like this to her.  Twice before she had stocked the racks in the store after hours naked, but there was no risk. It was the risk and the humiliation that excited her. She almost wished she was brave enough to ask Sharon to help her. She seemed so capable of doing what Vera needed to be done.

The thought fueled a second orgasm and with her pussy throbbing she picked up the phone, horniness and arousal overruling rational thought and before she could change her mind and reconsider she dialed Sharon's number. Sharon answered on the second ring, "Hello?"

Breathlessly, her fingers still buried in her pussy, Vera made her request.

Sharon was speechless. She had recognized the number and was certain that she'd be giving some photos to Dean Water's in the morning. This conversation took her totally by surprise. "Are you sure?" It was all she could manage.

No, Vera thought, "Yes," she said.

"We'll talk about it after I take Kimmie home." She was speaking slowly.

With weak knees at what she'd just done, Vera hung up the phone, pulled up her jeans and went to see how Kim was doing.

Kim sat as motionless as she could even when people stared at her through the glass. It was obvious that she was not a mannequin and when people did happen to notice they lingered as long as possible a few even snapping pictures with their phones. The first time the flash had gone off; Kim had nearly dropped the t-shirts and if she had the ruse that she was trying to pull off would have been revealed. Still she sat, knees held together, breasts exposed to the world beyond the glass; her face the color of Mars.

Vera walked up behind her and whispered, "You're doing great."

And she was. She sat in the window for two hours before Sharon appeared in front of the glass. She raised her camera and snapped a dozen pictures of Kimmie sitting naked in the store window holding the two shirts beside the sign reading "decisions, decisions." Sharon was happy with how well Vera had done and she wondered what Vera would say if she were ordered to take Kim's place. What was she going to do about Vera? The funny thing was, the answer was yes, she would take control of Vera and force her to expose and humiliate herself. She got such a rush out of dominating little Kimmie, that the thought of refusing Vera never even crossed her mind. It was how to make her obey that troubled Sharon. Kim obeyed because she knew if she crossed Sharon then she'd lose her house. What would it take to get Vera to obey? That was what occupied her thoughts as she retrieved Kimmie from her window display.

Vera was shaking as Sharon entered the store, Sharon could see the look of fear on the young woman's face. It was a look that made her pussy throb; power was an incredible aphrodisiac. "Get her out of the window and get her dressed."

Vera obeyed and within moments a thankful Kim stood in her tiny skirt and white blouse by Sharon's side. Sharon looked at Vera, "I'll be back in an hour. You'll be here, right?"

Vera nodded.

"Let's go," Sharon said to Kim.

Kim followed Sharon from the mall, wondering about the flushed look on Vera's face and the humorless tone in Sharon's voice. What, she wondered, was going on between those two?

The sun had dipped below the horizon, another day passed. Kim sat in the back seat, her legs spread wide and her eyes closed, thankful that the day was spent. She knew she'd be driving herself to work the next day and was looking forward to the time alone and away from prying eyes. She was nearly smiling when Sharon stopped the car in Kim's driveway. "I'll see you in the morning," Sharon said. She stared at Kim, "Don't forget to move your dressing rug onto the porch."

Kim climbed from the car, "Yes, Miss Reed." There was nothing else she could say. She grabbed her purse and made her way into her home, shutting the day away.

## Part 10

"This will be the last time I ask this. Are you sure?"

Vera nodded, "I am." Her voice was small.

"Here's my dilemma," Sharon was speaking slowly, trying to piece together what was happening as she spoke, "I don't know how to get you to obey. It's all well and good that this is something you want to do, but if I do this, I will have you doing things you will most certainly not want to do. What's to stop you from just stopping, saying ‘nope, I'm done,' and just giving up?"

"I wouldn't do that," Vera said sounding shocked at the suggestion.

Sharon continued, "You may think that, but I need a guarantee." She exhaled. "Okay. Tomorrow I'm going to come by and you are to give me something that will ensure your compliance. It had best be something that if I reveal it, the consequences to you would be worse than anything that I'd have you do? Is that understood? If it's too tame, then I will withdraw my offer to help you and you'll never hear from me again."

Vera was trembling; Sharon took it as a good sign.

"Okay."

"Call me Miss Reed."

"Okay, Miss Reed," Vera said. She knew just the thing. "I already know what it'll be; I just have to get it for you."

"Then I'll see you tomorrow. All of you."

Vera knew what she meant and smiled.

**Kim and Sharon
Chapter 7
by Tester86**

## Part 1

Early Tuesday morning, five minutes after Sharon arrived at Kimberly’s house across town, Emily Bradford snuck into Kim’s classroom. She was so nervous, the building did not officially open for another thirty minutes, that she felt like she had to pee, but she wanted to have time to find evidence that something was going on before anyone else arrived. Her story was just too big to stick to the rules. She inched her way to Kim’s desk and sat in the teacher’s chair. On the ground next to her foot sat a small black box. She crouched down and pressed the pedal that actuated the footswitch. Immediately the small light under the desk turned on, illuminating the small confines under Kim’s desk. Emily could see the video camera staring back. She stood up quickly, banging her head on the underside of the desk. She cussed in pain and once again sat in Kim’s chair, absently rubbing her scalp.

Emily opened the top drawer of the desk and picked up the stack of photos that Sharon had told Kim to place there. She scanned the photos of the naked woman, dancing, entering, and exiting Pussy Cats strip club. The story she thought she knew just got more interesting and she put the pictures in her purse. She opened the rest of the drawers and found nothing in any of them save for the laptop. She could see the wires snaking out the back and reasoned they connected the light, camera and switch to the computer. Was Miss Turner such a show off, she wondered, that she made it a point to always be on camera? The length of her skirts was no mystery to the students and Emily figured that if she sat and pressed the switch her charms would be recorded. But, she thought, why the blush on her face and why was her head so often hung low in shame? And why were the skirts so short now? Kimberly had always dressed much more conservatively on campus.

The thought that she was being coerced returned. Theresa had said that Miss Reed was at the mall the same time that Miss Turner was flashing her breasts and she herself had seen the two of them carpooling even though everyone knew that the two women did not particularly care for one another. ‘No,’ Emily thought, ‘Sharon Turner is definitely involved.’ Emily lifted the lid of the laptop and stared at the Windows log-in screen. She didn’t know the password and so she lowered the lid once again. She thought of pulling the wires free from the back of the computer but uncertainty stayed her hand. If she changed anything, then her snooping could be found out, and right now she needed more evidence to piece together the story.

She stood up and made her way from Kim’s classroom to Sharon’s. After a few minutes she gave up her search; there was nothing to be gleaned from Sharon’s classroom.

Ten minutes after sneaking into the English Wing, Emily Bradford slid unseen from the building.

## Part 2

Sharon knocked on Kim’s door, grinning at the white rug that seemed to now serve as a welcome mat. She was amazed at how easy it had been to capture Kimmie and how much fun she was having tormenting her.  And, with Vera, it was just getting better.

The door opened and Kim stepped back to let Sharon in.  "Good morning, Miss Reed."

"Morning, Kimmie," Sharon said. She knew how much the little bitch hated the childish play on her name and so delighted in using it every chance she got. "Let’s get you dressed." Sharon led Kim into her bedroom and opened the smaller closet. She pulled one of the denim skirts from a hanger and grabbed a long-sleeved purple and white striped blouse with large cuffs and a pointed collar. "Here you go," she said, handing the clothes to Kim.

Kim took them and carried them into the foyer. Sharon followed behind her, looked at Kim’s brown hair done up in the pony tail and decided she still liked the way it made Kim look even younger than she was. "Let’s go." Sharon stepped outside to watch how Kim handled dressing outside on her porch step.

Kim took a deep breath, grabbed her skirt, blouse, shoes and purse and stepped naked onto her porch. She was glancing around, eyeing the empty street. ‘Please,’ she pleaded to whoever could head her addled thoughts, ‘don’t let my neighbors see me.’ Once again she understood that anonymity was the only way she was able to enjoy the thrill of exposure; there was safety in it. She dropped the shoes and skirt and hurriedly donned the blouse, buttoning only two buttons before grabbing her skirt. She was rushing; trying to minimize the time she could be seen by neighbors. She pulled the tiny skirt up her legs and only realized she had been holding her breath when the skirt was fastened. She slipped into her shoes as she buttoned the blouse to her neck.

Sharon was laughing and to Kim she looked like a demon sent from the depths of hell to torment her for some unknown slight. She would love to turn the tables on the laughing hyena, put Sharon under the microscope of shame that she now seemed to live under. Sharon told Kim to open her purse and to cut the top two buttons off of her blouse.

"Miss Reed," Kim hated saying the words, "to humiliate me, may I make it three?" There, that was done.

"Four and yes." So easy, the thought returned.

Kim pulled the scissors from her purse and snipped the top four buttons off of the blouse. Again, something so simple was eerily effective. The first time she had only had to unbutton the blouse, but the buttons were still there and therefore gave her piece of mind; in an emergency she could conceal herself. Now, with the buttons lying like potato bugs in her hand, they were useless. She could feel the morning sun on her cleavage, the blouse folding open to the day. Her breasts were covered, as was her pantiless crotch, but she could feel how close she was to not being covered. The feeling was frightening and arousing rolled into one. Taking a deep breath, Kim stepped off the porch and approached Sharon.

"You’re driving yourself today," Sharon said as if Kim was daft and had forgotten.

"Yes, Miss Reed."

"See you on campus." Sharon climbed into her car and backed out of the driveway. Only when Kim had backed into the street did Sharon pull away.

Kim had a stop to make before heading to class and was thankful for the opportunity to do so. She headed towards the college and with the campus still two miles away she pulled into the drive-through of her bank. The bank was not open, but the A.T.M. was. She made a deposit, hating running cash through the machine, but she needed to make a mortgage payment today and this was the first chance she had had to put the funds into her account. Satisfied and with her receipt in hand, Kim drove to work.

She walked into the English wing, her bare breasts bouncing under the less than confining shirt, her ass playing peek-a-boo with the too short skirt. She felt like a trollop and figured that was exactly how she looked. A few early students watched her shameful stroll towards her classroom and their silence was all Kim needed to realize exactly how blatantly sexual she looked. She was thankful that this was a college campus where a more liberal, more open-minded mindset prevailed. She reasoned here her attire would raise fewer eyebrows. Still, she knew that even if silence followed in her wake, rumors and discussions were happening elsewhere. Her cheeks burned with the thought.

Sharon stepped from her classroom as Kim passed, "Give me your keys." When Kim hesitated, Sharon hissed, "Now! I didn’t check if there was anything you could use to cover up and I intend to." Her real reason was more fun, but Kim would find that out a little later.

Kim relinquished her keys.

"Enjoy your day, Kimmie." Sharon, Kim’s keys in hand, returned to her classroom.

Kim watched Sharon and then finished the trek to her own classroom. Her phone beeped from her purse before she even sat down. Kim looked at the display.

**Don’t forget to spread.**

Kim sat, spread her legs with her right foot pressing on the pedal, and awaited her students.

## Part 3

Vera watched as the chain gate blocking the entrance to Abercrombie’s rolled into its case, opening the store. She was wearing a beige knee-length skirt and a white blouse. The blouse was thin enough to reveal the lacy bra she wore underneath, the skirt thick enough to hide the fact she was without panties. She typically went without panties; it was nothing new. She had worn the blouse without a bra before, always getting a tingle at the exposure. She wondered how she feel after Sharon started with her. She was both nervous and eager to meet with Sharon again even if the fear of the encounter was making her palms sweat. You can do it, girl, she chided herself. And, after tonight, you’ll have no choice. Her knees were weak at the thought.

She ran through the checklist by the register, making sure the store was ready for customers. Satisfied, she walked into the back of the store. She stared at the sign that read, "Decisions, decisions," and wondered what it must have been like to sit naked in the store window.  It had been one of her first ideas at forced exposure, an idea she had been incapable of making herself do. The fantasies she had were wonderfully humiliating and thinking of them usually made her so wet with arousal that she would have to rush and take care of the growing need. Once satisfied, her craving would diminish and then slowly return, one fantasy being shoved aside and in time another would take its place.  It was a cycle she had played over and over and she had never felt more anticipation than she did now as her day started with Sharon coming to turn her fantasies into reality.

All day she could barely concentrate. Coworkers asked if she was okay; her distraction evident to all and she kept responding with polite smiles and positive assurances. By lunch she was so nervous that she could barely stand without trembling. She wondered what fueled her nervousness more, fear or arousal? She wasn’t entirely sure and truthfully she didn’t care. She had never felt so alive. She had lunch in the back of the store, her sandwich going mostly uneaten. She volunteered to close and with two hours left before the end of the day she sent the two women who would normally be there home; she would meet Sharon alone.

Time inched forward.

Vera could hardly wait.

## Part 4

The students had left for the day and for that Kim was thankful. It was the first time she had ever had to tell her students to be quiet. *Ever*. Starting with her second class, the students had been unruly.  Murmurs and whispers became outright conversations and sitting there, her legs spread and the computer recording her shameful display, she did not feel confident enough to stop them and her tone must have represented the fact. No matter how many times she told them to hush or to pay attention, it would only be a matter of minutes before her authority evaporated and the conversations resumed.  Finally she had shouted, "Be quiet!" and a ripple of shock raced through the students. They looked at her, finally seeing her as a teacher and not as a cheaply dressed slut and shut their mouths.

Kim hated Sharon for making her raise her voice to her students. Once again Kim thought of Sharon’s statement that she’d take it easy on her on campus. Did Sharon really think this was easy? Sitting so exposed with the most intimate places of her anatomy being recorded on the computer to her left? Her body tense and her mouth dry? It was the most difficult thing she had ever had to do. Even sitting naked in a store window was easier than having to deal with your students in an authoritative manner when you were dressed so cheaply and your body so easily exposed. Half her breasts were uncovered by her blouse and she had heard more than one student comment on it.

Sharon stepped into Kim’s classroom and shut the door behind her. The students had been gone over an hour and Kim had to simply wait for Sharon to bring her the keys to her car. She was not sure where Sharon had gone, she only knew that she had walked to Sharon’s classroom and found it empty before returning to the relative comfort of her own classroom. Outside the sun was still about two hours away from dipping below the horizon. Sharon stood in Kim’s classroom, looking comfortable in her pants-suit; looking professional. That’s the word Kim had been hunting for; she was not dressed as a professional and that is what made her feel the most out of place.

"Hi, Kimmie," Sharon was beaming.

"Miss Reed."

"We’re going to play a new game. Take off your clothes."

Kim opened her mouth to protest and thought better of it. Her home was still Sharon’s collateral and until that was saved she knew she’d have to play along. And, realistically, she knew ultimately she’d end up obeying anyway only Sharon would make the game worse. She stood up, thankful that one exposure was ending even as a new one began. She stepped out of her skirt and unbuttoned the five remaining buttons on her blouse. She pulled her blouse open and set the two garments on her desk. She kept peering behind Sharon at the windowed door that led into the hallway, praying that nobody was milling around out in the hall. Even with most of the students gone, some lingered. There were after school activities, extra assignments and even diligent students studying. A college campus was never truly vacant.

"Give me your shoes and your purse as well."

Kim kicked off her shoes and placed them on her shirt. She opened the drawer above the damnable computer and placed her purse with her clothes.

Sharon took everything and said, "Wait here." With that she turned and left Kim standing stunned and naked in her classroom with nothing to cover herself and until Sharon returned her keys, the only way she’d have to get home was to trek naked across town on foot or to take the bus and neither idea was one she’d be willing to undertake. Sharon had said it was a game; Kim could only wait until Sharon returned to explain the rules.

She walked to the door, her hands shielding her breasts. Behind her, even with the room empty, she could feel imaginary eyes peering at her naked ass. Sharon always found a way to make her feel worse. First wearing ultra-revealing clothing in her classroom, now even that luxury was absent. She peered into the hallway, watching for Sharon to return. Her eyes darted left to right and back again, each minute passing feeling like a snails crawl.

Ten minutes passed before Sharon returned. "Here you go," Sharon said. Kim could hear malice laced with amusement in Sharon’s tone.

When Kim had relinquished her keys, there had been three keys and the electronic fob on the key ring. Now, Sharon handed Kim the keyless entry fob to her car; the other three keys were absent. She took the fob and it felt like a small victory; her imagined threat of walking home or taking public transportation fading away; she could get into her car and that was a start. She clutched the fob in her hand and asked in a small voice, "What about my keys?"

Sharon laughed, "Well, that’s part of the game.  See you tomorrow, Kimmie. You’ll ride with me; I missed not seeing you while I was driving." Her laughter burned Kim’s ears. Sharon walked from the classroom, turned and said, "Don’t worry. There’s nothing in your car you can use to cover up. I looked."

Five stunned minutes later Kim could still hear Sharon’s laughter. She was standing naked in her classroom with only the remote to unlock her car in her hands. She needed to find her keys and get home. She imagined the drive would be the easiest part; first she had to force herself to leave the relative comfort of her classroom and to walk naked through the halls and outside. Her chance of doing this unseen seemed minute. She thought about waiting until the sun had set and each passing minute made that seem like the best way to start.

She stood by the door and waited; nervous that at any time students, faculty or even the janitorial staff could wander by and find her. What could she say to them? Nothing came to mind. Minutes turned slowly and outside shadows elongated and the day slowly faded as dusk settled in. She took a deep breath and with her fob clutched in her hand like a talisman to ward off vampires, Kim stepped naked from her classroom and into the hall. She was shaking with fear, her palms clammy and the air felt cold.  Her head moved non-stop as she tried to see everywhere around her at once; her eyes darted left and right and every two steps she spun around to peer at the empty hall behind her. Her footsteps were silent as she walked barefoot through the English wing.

She picked up speed, nearly running now, wanting to get to the relative safety of her car. She passed Sharon’s classroom, passed the ladies room and rushed outside. The night air was still warm and the evening breeze caressed her naked skin. In a normal situation, the breeze would have felt comforting, now it felt like it was mocking her, reminding Kim that she stood naked on the concrete steps that led from the building.

Not pausing now, Kim ran to her car, staying on the grass instead of the sidewalk as the ground felt softer on her naked feet. She ran to the parking lot and before she even reached the car, she mashed the button and was thankful to hear the doors unlock. Hurrying, praying that there were no eyes about to witness her embarrassing trek, Kim opened the door and climbed into her car. She shut herself in and swallowed heavily; her heart was racing in her chest.

She spied the envelope on the dash at once. With her hands shaking she ripped open the envelope and pulled out a hand written note.

*Hello, Kimmie!*

*I hope you’re enjoying the game so far. Was it fun running to your car? I bet it was. Anyway, you may have noticed that you still don’t have the key to start your car. Well, let me tell you where it is. Ready? It’s in an envelope sitting in the middle of the football field, right on the 50 yard line. I had to wait until practice was over to put it there. You should have no trouble finding it. The track that encircles the field closes at ten, so I’m sure if you wait around long enough, there won’t be any joggers. Anyway, have fun*

*Sharon*

Kim wanted to scream in rage and frustration. It took all her willpower to sneak from her classroom to get to her car and now she’d have to leave it to run across campus to get to the football field to get her car key and then run back. She looked in the back seat and as both she and Sharon had confirmed, there was nothing there she could use to cover up with. She figured she had two options; get to the football field and continue Sharon’s evil game or sneak back into the building and look for something to cover up with. She was sure based on what Sharon said that she would get home and looking for clothes to steal was both dishonest and uncertain. No, she’d have to go along.

Mustering up her will, Kim climbed naked from her car to continue the game that Sharon had put into motion. She ran back across the parking lot and slid along the outside of the English department. Ducking and hiding in shadows Kim slowly made her way across the campus, her hands hiding her breasts and pussy if she was facing forward or concealing her ass if she was blocked from view by buildings in the front. She made her way past administration thankful that the building was dark.

She heard voices approaching and nervously ducked behind a hedge until the young couple, walking hand in hand passed. Her pulse was racing; she could hear her own heartbeat. Wind whispered through trees, the sound peaceful but it did little to calm her racing nerves.

She inched forward again, darting between buildings and past the gymnasium where the locker rooms were. She raced across another parking lot and slipped under the bleachers on the visitor’s side of the football field. The field was surrounded by a track but, luckily, there were no runners present. She took a deep breath and ran across the field coming to rest on the fifty-yard line. As Sharon had said, there was an envelope resting under a small stone. Kim thought that even Sharon followed the rules. She was standing in the middle of the field; no cover anywhere around her and her mind imagined the stands full of spectators. The thought got her running.  Once again she made her way across the college campus, her fob clenched in one hand and the envelope from Sharon in the other.

She unlocked her car and climbed behind the wheel. Once seated, she locked the door and tore open the envelope. She pulled out her car key and a key she did not recognize as well as another hand written note. Nervously, her mouth dry and her body tense, Kim read the note.

*Kimmie,*

*Wasn’t that fun? Well, you have your car key so you’re probably thinking you can just go home. Wrong! You may have noticed that you don’t have your house key yet. And, yes, I know you can just break in, but if I find that you did that, well then let’s just say it will be the bank’s house you’d be breaking into and not yours. So, the game continues. Across town, just off of Chesterfield Parkway there is a Post Office. You have the key for box number 219. You’ll need to drive there, go in just as dressed as you are now, and unlock the P.O. Box and retrieve the next item in the game. Have fun.*

*Sharon*

Kim could feel the color that seemed to be burned onto her face drain away. How much worse could this game get? How many stops would Sharon have her make before she was allowed to slink home and hide away? And, she wondered, would she ever want to leave her house again? She wasn’t sure but she knew that the quicker she started the sooner she’d be done. She placed her car key back on the fob’s chain and started the car. She adjusted the seats as low as she could; she may not be able to cover up, but she could hide as much of herself as possible. Naked, she left the campus and started the next leg of the game.

It took her about fifteen minutes to drive across town. Six different lights stopped her journey and the time it took for the lights to change from red back to green seemed an eternity. Most people could not see how she was dressed, only her head and shoulders were visible above the door, but that did not lessen Kim’s discomfort. At the third light, a large pick-up pulled alongside Kim’s car and the driver smiled at her; leering down at her from her right. The horn of the car behind the pick-up saved Kim from longer scrutiny.

Pulling into the Post Office, Kim could see two cars were in the parking lot. She sat in her car, close to the entrance and waited to see if there were any other people picking up or dropping off mail at this late hour. Another five minutes past before Kim could gather the courage to leave the safety of her car. Nobody had come in or left and so she reasoned that the cars in the parking lot belonged to employees sequestered in the back and were not additional shoppers. She opened the door, the early evening darkness helping her, and sprinted into the Post Office. She looked left and right and spotted the line of P.O. Boxes. She ran along them, her breasts bouncing and face awash with color until she spotted number 219. Using the key Sharon had given her she opened the tiny box, grabbed the envelope contained within, and sprinted back to her car. Once seated the tore open the envelope and pulled out a ten dollar bill and another note from Sharon.

*Kimmie,*

*Did you happen to notice the video cameras? Someone is going to have fun reviewing tonight’s tape. Your next stop is the Chevron Station at the corner of Park and Ninth. There is a friend of mine working tonight, her name is Cindy, and she has the two things you need. You may have noticed that you are running low on gas. You are to get ten dollars worth and I expect to see a receipt tomorrow or you’ll be dressing for work on campus from here on out. Don’t worry, Cindy will give it to you after you pump your gas. Of course, as it’s getting pretty late, you’ll have to prepay. Won’t that be fun? So, go in, pay for your gas. Walk back out. Pump the ten dollars worth and then go back in the store where Cindy will give you your receipt and the next envelope in your little scavenger hunt. Have fun!*

*Sharon*

No! It was one thing to drive around town naked and sneak into places, but to now have to include someone else in this game was too much. How could Sharon do this to her? And she had not noticed the cameras but realized she should have; there were ubiquitous these days, you couldn’t hide from their gaze.

Nervousness and anxiety kept her tense as she pulled from the Post Office and drove to the Chevron Sharon had mentioned. It was only about five miles away and it took her little time to reach the brightly let gas station. Unlike the Post Office, the gas station was busy. It wouldn’t be just Cindy that she’d be exposing herself to but the other patrons as well as the busy streets that skirted the station.

She steeled up her courage, clasped the money in her hand and opened the door. Sound of the night greeter her ears; cars racing by on the busy streets; shoppers filling their cars and two men chatting in front of the store. Their conversation ended as Kimberly walked by them into the store trying desperately to shield her breasts and pussy from view with her hands. She could feel their stare and as she approached the counter, a tall woman wearing a nametag that read "Cindy" cackled at her.

"I guess I was wrong."

"Ten dollars on pump seven, please." She was shaking and was certain if this got any worse she would wet herself on the spot, so nervous was she that she had to pee. She couldn’t keep herself covered any more than she could keep the fear from her voice. She sounded childlike as she handed the money to Cindy who took it smiling.

Kim turned and ran from the store, back across the parking lot where every man and woman pumping gas was staring at her. She lifted the nozzle and placed it in the car and as the gas pumped in she crouched down between her car and the pump, trying to hide from the curious and gasping onlookers. She was shaking in fear. Mocking words drifted to her and on the street horns sounded as her naked body was witnessed by even more strangers.

The pump clicked off. Kim stood, returned the nozzle into the pump and made her second humiliating journey into the store. There was a couple waiting at the register in front of her that was kind enough to let Kim skip ahead. Cindy was waiting for her. "Here you go," she said handing Kim her receipt and another envelope. Kim took them, uttered a polite and involuntary, "Thank you," and ran from the store. Cindy’s words made her crimson face burn even more, "Next time," Cindy said, "try wearing some clothes when you come in."

She could hear the laughter of the other patrons as she climbed in her car and sped off, away from the brightly lit station and into the comfort of the dark. Two miles ahead she pulled over and opened the envelope, pulling another note and yet another key from the paper embrace.

*Kimmie,*

*I would love to see your face right now. I bet it’s as red a Rudolph’s nose! Do you know the Post Office near your house? Well, this key is for P.O. Box 1187. I figured since you now knew about the camera’s you’d have more fun posing for them; you did say you liked showing off as I recall. Have fun.*

*Sharon*

‘How much longer?’ Kim wondered. She’d been doing this for almost an hour now and she felt as if she’s been up for days. Her body was tense, her heart racing and she couldn’t seem to sit still. She wanted this game to end. She took a deep breath, another, and by the fourth she was driving again.

Unlike the first Post Office, there were no other cars in the parking lot. She took that as a good sign and after parking she opened the door and ran into the building. Nobody was present and in less than thirty seconds she was once again sitting in the comfort of her own car with another envelope in her possession. She had seen the video cameras this time and hated Sharon all the more for pointing them out to her; ignorance certainly was bliss. She tore open the envelope and this time there was no key. There was only another hand written note.

*Kimmie,*

*Last stop; I bet you’re happy to hear that. You’re other two keys are sitting securely in the top drawer of my desk on campus. See you tomorrow! And have fun!*

*Sharon.*

Kim shook her head in fury. She was heading back to where it all began. She drove back across town, back to the campus where the day had been so horrible both with her student’s non-stop chatting and Sharon’s evil game. She was starting to wonder if maintaining her job here was worth the aggravation she had to endure to keep it. When her house was safe and the mortgage current, she’d quit the job as a stripper and then put Sharon in her place. It would only be for a few months, she reasoned. The thought made her shake all the more; she had been Sharon’s doll for what, a week now? Already she wanted out. Could she handle it for months? Some of the things had been exciting but that was not Sharon’s doing. She knew Sharon didn’t care if Kimberly enjoyed herself. To Sharon it was all about abuse and power.

She pulled into the parking lot not certain if she’d be able to handle her current situation for the time required. Pondering her future, she parked and quickly entered the English wing. There, in Sharon’s desk drawer as the note had promised, were Kim’s two remaining keys. The knowledge that she had been so close to them when the game had started was brutal and it gave Kim a sense as to the kind of person Sharon really was.

Twenty minutes later Kim was crying in her shower unable to wash the day away.

## Part 5

Right about the time that Kim was streaking the second Post Office, Sharon was walking into Abercrombie’s. She spotted Vera standing bored behind the register and when Vera spotted Sharon, Vera’s face lit up like a child receiving their first puppy. She really did look like she wanted this to happen, Sharon thought. She crossed the store and stood next to Vera. "You have something for me?" She thought it was wise to start with a dominant tone and not let Vera change her mind. The smile still etched on the young woman’s face showed that Vera wasn’t about to.

"Yes." She pulled out her purse, opened it, and handed three folded sheets of paper to Sharon. "Here you go; everything you’ll need for your guarantee." She coughed when she finished speaking.

Sharon took them and walked from the store. Five minutes later she returned, the papers locked in her car. She had realized what they were and while she wasn’t certain it was as bad as Vera thought, the young woman thought it was and that was what mattered. Returning to Vera’s side, Sharon said, "Do you really think that’s enough?"

"Oh, yes!" Her tone convinced Sharon that Vera really did believe what she had just conceded would be enough to ensure her compliance. She looked around and spoke softly, almost conspiratorially, "If my mother found out I had an abortion, she’d kill me. The papers are the proof of it and my mother’s work and home numbers. I’d do anything to keep that secret from her."

Sharon took a long look at Vera. She had long brown hair and dark eyes and a color about her that showed some nationality that Sharon could not define. She had full lips and full eyebrows and a small, pert nose. Her breasts were smaller than Kim’s and Vera stood a good three inches shorter than Sharon’s five foot nine.  She looked comfortable in her body and when she smiled her face seemed to glow with happiness.

"Very well. We’ll talk after the store is closed."

Twenty minutes later, the chain gate that Vera had raised at the start of the day once again blocking the entrance to the store, Vera and Sharon were sitting in the back at a folding table on ugly folding chairs with thin brown padding. Vera was nervously drinking a bottle of water while Sharon sipped a Diet Coke she had purchased from the food court right before they closed. Sharon watched as Vera struggled to sit still; the young woman was obviously nervous. Well, Sharon thought, she’s mine now.

"So, you want this to happen right?"

Vera nodded her head up and down like a hungry baby bird.

"When was the first time you realized that you liked exposing yourself?"

Vera spoke, her eyes vacant as if she wasn’t there; she was in the past, reliving the experience, "I remember the first time I went naked where I wasn’t supposed to. I was in seventh grade and it was after the last period of the day; the school was mostly empty. I had stayed behind to finish some assignment when the idea came to me. I am not sure where the thought came from, maybe from TV, from something I had read? I don’t remember. So," she sounded excited and Sharon could see her trembling slightly, "I just pulled my shorts and panties off and sat, naked from the waist down, at my desk. I remember the feeling of the cold plastic on my butt and how I couldn’t seem to sit still. I was nervous; you have no idea. My eyes were riveted to the door, imagining that at anytime someone could come in unannounced and then what would I do? I had never been more excited in my life. The idea that someone could catch me, that’s what hooked me. If I were spotted, seen, what would I do? That thought appealed, certainly, but the idea that seemed to resonate the most was that I wanted to be seen. How crazy is that?"

She paused and looked at Sharon who had remained quiet. She waited, wondering if Sharon was going to say something. When she didn’t, Vera continued. "So, I stood up and carried my shorts and panties to the front of the classroom and put them on the teacher’s desk. Before I could convince myself I was nuts, I pulled my blouse over my head, dropped it with my skirt and unfastened my bra. There I was, naked save for my shoes and socks, standing in the front of the classroom, shaking like mad and as aroused as I had ever been. But I wanted to see how far I could push it. I walked back to my desk, sat down, and tried to finish what I was working on. I kept glancing at the door, at my clothes sitting twenty feet away and then down to my paper where the writing was more jagged lines than my normal handsome penmanship."

She took a sip of water, "It was too much, I was so excited that I got up, darted to the desk and dressed. I had wanted to continue but at that point there was something more pressing I had to deal with. A few minutes later I masturbated to orgasm for the first time outside of my bedroom."

Sharon took a sip of her drink. She was looking at the flush on Vera’s cheek; she was aroused at the memory. "Were you caught?"

"Not then, no."

"When were you witnessed the first time?"

Vera laughed a nervous little chuckle, "Two days later doing the exact same thing. One of the other students came by to see if the teacher was in and saw me sitting naked at my desk with my hand in my kitty. I don’t know who was more embarrassed me or her; but I was the one that had an orgasm in the classroom and she was the one that ran out the door."

Sharon licked her lips, "I see. What was the most embarrassing thing you’ve done?" It was the answer she wanted to hear; it was the experience she planned to top as quickly as she could.

"Wow, you don’t waste time." She smiled as she spoke and it made her look even younger. "That’s an easy one. Two years ago I got an idea in my head to lose my bathing suit; I had read a story like it online I think. I went to the local Y.M.C.A. and spent a good hour working on my tan and trying to get the courage up; this was going to be the biggest thing I had done. I had not brought a change of clothes with me; if this worked then I’d be going home naked. So after an hour of sunning myself I jumped in the pool and swam around a bit, doing a few laps. I swam right up to the skimmer port, that part of the pool that pulls water into the pump. Well, I dove down, stripped off my clothes and came back up with my suit in my hand. Before I had a change to change my mind, I pushed my suit into the skimmer and watched it get sucked in. I had done it; I was naked in public with no change of clothes. I nearly came on the spot! Instead I shrieked, climbed from the pool and with all those eyes on me I ran into the locker room, grabbed my keys from the locker and ran out to my car."

"Are you wearing panties?"

Vera shook her head. "No."

"I think I told you to call me Miss Reed."

"No, Miss Reed."

"Good. You’re going to have a new dress code," Sharon began, "and I have a homework assignment for you. First, did you imagine that scenario with Kimmie for you or for her?"

"For me, Miss Reed."

"I thought so. What would you have done differently?"

She pushed back from the table and with a quick intake of breath Vera unfastened her skirt and stepped out of it. She set it on the table and sat back down, the brown fabric sticking to her naked ass. She parted her legs, spreading them wide until her open pussy was visible to Sharon’s gaze. "I’d have wanted to sit like this in the window." She made a confession then that surprised her, and that she’d soon regret. "This is what you want to keep hidden," she rubbed her sex, "so this is what needs to be the least covered."

Sharon watched Vera sitting exactly as she forced Kim to sit in her car and at her desk and was amazed at Vera’s admission that it should be seen. Vera was digging herself a nice, deep hole. "I see," Sharon said. "Do you live alone?"

"Yes, Miss Reed."

"Then take off the rest of your clothes, you won’t need them tonight. You’re leaving her naked, got it?"

Vera shivered in excitement, "Yes, Miss Reed."

"Okay. I’m going to follow you to your place where we’re going to lay down some rules for you to follow as well as your dress code. This dress code is a *permanent* part of your life now, or mommy finds out about the abortion. Expect your co-workers to see a lot more of you, too. Tonight, after I leave your place you’re going to write up a list of five things like the mannequin trick that you’ve always wanted to try but were too afraid to. If they’re too tame, then I’ll just make them that much worse, got it?"

Vera could only nod, her voice was stolen from her as her fantasies played out.

"Wonderful. Let’s go."

Sharon followed Vera out the back door.

## Part 6

Emily sat in her car parked outside Sharon’s house with a large camera sitting next to her in the passenger seat. She had been there for three hours now and still the English professor had not returned home. ‘No matter,’ Emily thought, ‘there is always discomfort in thing worth pursuing.’ She reclined her seat a little more and settled in for the evening. She would spend the night here if she needed to, the story was that big. She could feel it.

## Part 7

Vera’s lived alone in a quite apartment complex with neighbors above her and to her left. She had bravely walked into her apartment, her nudity barely fazing her and Sharon got the impression that Vera routinely stepped outside her apartment naked.

Sharon sat on Vera’s bed exactly as she had as Kim’s. She smiled at Vera and said, "Do you have any garbage bags?"

Vera rushed to get them, her bare breasts bouncing as she ran.

"Good. Now, throw all your panties and bras and slips away, anything that’s considered underwear is a thing of the past, got it?"

Blushing, Vera said, "Yes, Miss Reed."

Sharon smiled. She was having fun with this. When she had done this with Kim it had been spur of the moment and she hadn’t had the time to savor the power. Now, she knew exactly what she was doing and she was enjoying it. She watched as Vera placed all her underwear in the garbage bag. She remembered some of the rules she had put out for Kimberly and repeated the second one. "Now, you’re no longer allowed to wear pants, sweats, shorts; anything with legs is a thing of the past. You’re a skirt and dress girl now; we want easy access to your no longer hidden parts. And every skirt or dress you wear will be short enough so that when your arms hang down, all your fingers touch skin."

Vera was trembling; her nipples were hard points as Sharon’s words fueled her arousal.

"Go get a chair."

Vera ran from the bedroom and returned with one of the four chairs that made up her dinette set.

"Sit down."

Vera sat, her legs demurely crossed, one over the other.

"Now," Sharon was toying with her, "do ladies run around without panties?"

Confusion washed across Vera’s face, "No, Miss Reed."

"No. That’s right. And since you do run around without panties, that means you’re not a lady and so you are not allowed to sit like a lady. Uncross your legs."

Both of Vera’s feet hit the floor with an audible thump.

"Spread your legs. Come on, wider than that."

Vera inched her knees apart. First her knees were parted about two inches and still Sharon made a motion with her hands for her to spread them wider. Six inches and Sharon kept watching her. Finally where her knees were a foot apart, Sharon stopped her, "That is as close together as your knees are ever allowed to be. Remember, you’re the one that said your pussy needed the least amount of covering. If you’re sitting, you spread your legs that wide. Same thing if you’re standing. I may tell you to spread them wider." She made Vera open her thighs as wide as possible. "Like that. If I say ‘spread’ you open your legs as wide as you can, otherwise, you’ll keep them open just like you had them. Show me."

Vera closed her legs but kept her knees parted the required foot.

"You got it. Now, that pubic hair has to go. We don’t want anything to distract roaming eyes from your pussy, now do we?"

"No, Miss Reed."

"Exactly. Do you have a cell phone?"

Vera nodded.

"Give me the number." Vera obeyed and returned to her seat. As required, she spread her legs. "Any text message you get from me is an order and I don’t care where you are, you’ll obey. I promise I’ll be spying on you to make sure. Got it?"

Again, Vera could only nod.

"Good. It’s getting late." ‘And I’m very horny,’ she thought, "So I’m going. Skirts or dresses only, no underwear and keep your legs parted. I’ll drop in on you tomorrow at work to get your suggestions."

"Yes, Miss Reed."

Vera escorted Sharon from her apartment and as Kim had done the first night Sharon had made her box up her clothes, Vera dropped to the floor and masturbated to a loud and satisfying orgasm.

On her way home, Sharon made a phone call.

## Part 8

A loud car pulled into Sharon’s driveway. ‘Finally,’ Emily thought excitement bubbling within her. She hoisted the camera up and snapped a few pictures of the young man that stood on Sharon’s porch. He looked confident and comfortable and Emily got the impression that it was not the first time he had been to Sharon’s home. A minute or two later, Sharon pulled in aside the car and nearly ran to the porch. She kissed the young man passionately and before she could open the door to her house, Sharon had pulled the young man’s shirt off to reveal his strong, hairless chest. Emily snapped pictures of it all and wondered who he was and what he had to do with Kimberly Turner.

Forty minutes later, standing on the porch, Sharon kissed the young man again. She was wearing a bathrobe and the man was standing in the doorway wearing a pair of boxers, his jeans and shirt in his hands. As he slipped on his sneakers, Sharon kissed him twice more. He made his way to his car as Sharon closed the door.

Emily snapped pictures of it all.

The man pulled from the driveway. Emily set the camera in the seat next to her and followed Jason from Sharon’s home.

**Kim and Sharon
Chapter 8
by Tester86**

## Part 1

Vera stared at the computer screen, the blinking cursor mocking her, wondering what to reveal. Her thoughts were jumbled and fragmented; fantasies intermixed with past experiences raced through her mind and the still blinking cursor taunted her, each pulse of the blinking line like another dagger of laughter. Did she give up all her secrets, or did she leave the darkest, most humiliating things she wanted to try trapped inside her to fester? Her mind wandered and she could feel her body respond. Her racing thoughts were arousing her; her nipples hardened and she could feel her tidy sex growing damp as her fingers dropped to the keyboard.

*Miss Reed,*

*I was not entirely certain what to type. It took me nearly an hour after I started to put the first word down. How silly is that? This is what I wanted and I am still hesitating. See why I need to be forced; left to myself I seemingly always find a way to stop short of the thing I want the most. I've been that way my whole life I suppose; maybe that's why I don't have a boyfriend to do this with. Maybe I stop myself from obtaining that happiness, too.*

*Anyway, that's not what you wanted to hear. You asked for a list of the things from my fantasies that I have imagined and would like to experience. At least, I think that's what you wanted. Last night is still such a blur that I woke up feeling hung-over and I hadn't had a single drink. The mannequin trick that, what's her name, Kim I think, did in my stead, was one fantasy that I have wanted to try. I actually sat in the window naked after the mall had closed; too much of a coward to try that alone. See? Force me.*

*I read and reread those last two words and almost deleted them. But, I'm being truthful here and so I'm going to leave them in the hopes when I'm done you'll understand me a little more.  That's not one, I mean it was but I guess you want five new ones. So, here goes.*

1. *I have imagined taking a flight from one city, heading back home. I Imagined going through security in nothing but a small bikini, I can just see all the stares that will garner. Then, after the plane takes off, I get up, and flush my bikini in the plane's toilet. Can you picture that; naked, in the air with no clothes and no way to cover up as you fly home and then you have to get from the airport to your apartment after you land. Something along those lines; I haven't worked through all the details.*
2. *I have imagined taking a one week or maybe a two week vacation where you fly there and your suitcase that you have with you is packed with very little clothing or, maybe, no clothing at all. A week naked, even if you didn't want to be seen you would be. Checking into a hotel, going to eat, all with a very limited and revealing set of clothes if any clothing at all.  Like what if I arranged a trip and you packed for me; then I'd have no idea what I'd be wearing until I got there. This one has played into the top one for more than one session with my vibrator.*
3. *As you may have guessed I have imagined working in the nude, but in such a way that I had to. Maybe my employment was tied to my nudity. If I worked even once dressed I'd be fired. A little weak but it has the possibility of lasting a long time. It would be like the mannequin but I couldn't hide as I'd be working and I wouldn't be able to pretend I wasn't there.*
4. *Driving as far from home as I can; discard my clothes and then driving home. This one's kinda tame, I guess, but I've done things similar with clothes locked in the trunk and I can tell you how vulnerable you can feel even with the safety net so close.*
5. *Visiting my friends naked and having them see me and maybe order me around. This one would probably be the worst of all! I have flashed myself countless times and I have gone naked where I shouldn't more than most people but I have never been able to cross this barrier. There's something safe in being anonymous. You flash a guy and he thinks he's having a great day and then when you and he are separate you'll never hear from him or about it again. But, if you say, go to a party with people you know or are close to and they take control of what you wear and what you blatantly reveal, then that will come up again and again until, hell, maybe forever! I have given that a lot of thought and this one is defiantly the worst. You should ask Kim about it, I bet you she's given the matter a lot of thought!*

*I hope this is what you wanted.*

Vera printed it out and then signed her name at the bottom. She read it once, reread it, and then folded the note in thirds and placed it in an envelope that she quickly sealed. She did not want to edit what she'd written with afterthoughts. She wrote Miss Reed on the envelope and shoved it in her purse.

Ten minutes later, lying on her bed with her vibrator humming steadily within her sex, Vera came with thoughts of her fantasies finally coming true.

## Part 2

Emily Bradford stared at the computer screen, the blinking cursor marking her place, and wondered about the rest of her story.

She had stopped Jason the night before. He had pulled into his driveway and she had swung in behind him so quickly that he had had to jump out of the way to prevent her from hitting him. Her pulse had been racing as she climbed out of her car; her tape recorder spinning unseen in the purse clutched in her hand, and confronted Jason. Her words, when they came, were louder than they needed to be, "How long have you been having sex with Sharon Reed?"

He had stared at her, looking scared. It had reminded Emily about the time her little brother had stolen money from their grandma's purse and when he had been called on it he had had a similar expression on his face, it looked like he was about to piss his pants. It was the same look that was etched on the young man's face staring at her. "I, uh."

"What's your name?"

"Jason." He own name stuttered from his lips.

"How old are you, Jason?"

The young woman before him was pretty and frightening and he didn't know if he should run away or ask her for her number. He felt tense and when she began questioning him, standing so close that he could smell the sweet fragrance of her perfume combined with the sour smell of her feminine sweat, he couldn't concentrate. He stammered out his age, "Eight... eighteen."

Emily stepped back; the story about Kimberly Turner seemed to wane in importance. She had evidence with the tape recorder and the camera in her car that the senior, tenured instructor on campus was having sex with a young guy. The reality was mind-boggling. Her mouth fell open at the scope of her discovery. Thinking quickly, so as not to lose her advantage, she continued, "How long have you been having sex with Sharon Reed?"

"I don't know. A year now."

So, it started when he was seventeen and he was admitting it. "What else do you do for her?"

"Lots of stuff. Look," he paused with his face hung and his eyes staring at his feet, "you're not going to say anything are you? I mean, I help her out with computer stuff and I get to have sex. What guy wouldn't take up a deal like that, you know what I mean?"

To Emily he sounded defensive and she guessed that he was. "What kind of computer stuff?"

"I work on her computer when it's broke. I'm good with them and this past week I helped her set up a web page. It's a good one too," he looked up then and grinned the grin of a lecherous old man; he looked as if he was proud of what he'd done. "It stars one of the teachers she works with. I don't know if the other teacher knows about it though. I don't think she does."

Holy shit! "What's the address of the web page?"

Jason told her.

Emily could still see him shaking slightly but the fear in his voice had been replaced. Now he sounded confident and proud. The story of Kim was directly tied to the sexual trysts of Sharon. Emily was the one shaking now as the realization of what she'd discovered took hold. She swallowed once and said, "Don't tell anybody about this conversation." With that she had climbed in her car and driven away.

Now, with the night before written down and the cursor blinking at her, Emily wondered how to continue. She had seen the web page that Jason had set up for Sharon and felt bad for Miss Turner. The poor woman was broadcasting her naked pussy live to the world and she didn't even know it. There were pictures of her naked and videos of her masturbating. What kind of woman was Sharon to do that to another person? Sick or evil? And did it even matter?

She saved her story and turned off her computer. She needed to confront Kim next; her attire was directly related to the revealing web page and thanks to Jason she knew that Sharon was involved in that as well. Sharon and Kim had begun carpooling at the same time Kim's outfits became much more revealing and Jason had said the page had been up about a week as well. Everything was connected and Emily just needed a few more pieces for the shape of the puzzle to be revealed. With the two of them carpooling, Emily reasoned she would have another late night as she'd only be able to visit Miss Turner in the evening.

Oh well, she thought, it's worth it.

## Part 3

Sharon stared at the computer screen, with no cursor blinking, and wondered if she should charge admission to the page. Surely the pictures and live video feeds were worth something; the time she spent watching Kim dance at Pussy Cats had certainly driven home the point that advertisers had known for decades: sex sells. She still couldn't believe the number of men that had paid Kimmie for the strips of paper holding her pubic hair.

Sharon shut down the computer, showered, and then dressed in a comfortable pants suit. She made it a point to wear clothing that would contrast with Kimmie's revealing attire; the disparity, she was certain, would help to keep the little bitch tame and humbled. And, it made Sharon feel powerful. She was not accustomed to the pleasure she got from dominating Kim and now Vera but she was certain that she did not want it to end. Dressed and made up, Sharon drove to Kim's house.

Sharon rang the bell and a naked Kim answered, hiding behind the door. Sharon couldn't help but laugh at how embarrassed she looked, and so early in the morning. She commented on it and Kimberly blushed even more.

"Good morning, Miss Reed."

"So," Sharon choked back a laugh, "what time did you get home?"

"A little after ten I think," Kim replied. "I didn't really look at the time." And it was much later than that when the tears stopped, she thought but didn't add.

Sharon grinned and the look reminded Kim of a gargoyle's smile; sardonic and evil and mocking all at once. "Was it fun?"

"No, Miss Reed." She hung her head as she waited for the words she knew was coming.

"Then we will definitely play it again." She stepped into the dining room and walked towards Kim's bedroom. "Let's pick out your outfit for the day." Sharon knew exactly the game she had planned for her little Kimmie Doll.  She grabbed the denim skirt that was a size too big and handed that to Kim as Kim stepped into the bedroom.  She pawed through the clothes in the closet and grabbed the smallest blouse she could find, a tiny, tan camisole top. "Here you go," she said. "Comb your hair out straight and meet me outside so I can watch you dress." Sharon left Kim holding the two pieces of clothes and made her way to her car.

Kim made her way into the bathroom and pulled the rubber bands from her hair. It was the first time Sharon had let her wear her hair down since this nightmare began and Kim couldn't help but wonder if it was just because she had already put her hair up that Sharon made her change it. She suspected that was the reason. She combed her hair and then made her way to the front door. She looked out the peep hole and seeing only Sharon standing by her car, Kim opened the door, grabbed her purse and shoes, and stepped outside. As she had the day before she hastily dressed. She dropped the camisole top over her head. The top was too small to cover her completely; it ended at her belly button and the swell of her breasts pushed against the fabric once again revealing her fully while keeping her entirely covered. Her nipples stood proud and through the tan shirt she could see them. She pulled on the skirt and found that the once size larger made the skirt too loose to wear. She figured it would be constantly slipping lower and she would be spending the day adjusting the skirt. Her mouth fell open at the thought; she wasn't allowed to adjust her clothes. It was why Sharon had picked out the larger size, she reasoned. But the rule that Sharon had made came after she had purchased the skirt. Did Sharon plan this? Maybe, she thought, the rule is what made Sharon think of the skirt now. She had no way of knowing.

"That's not going to work," Sharon said walking towards Kim.

"Miss Reed?"

"The skirt's too long. Hand me your scissors."

Kim did not think the skirt was too long; the larger size however did let her reveal less of her charms. Wisely, she kept quiet and pulled the scissors from her purse.

"Give me the skirt and then get in the car."

Kim glanced around and as quickly as she could she unsnapped the skirt. She handed it to Sharon and then raced to the car. She pulled the door open, climbed in and shut the day away with a loud thud.

Sharon grabbed the scissors and cut an inch off the skirt all the way around. It had been shortened with the rest of Kim's skirts but today had been the first time she had seen Kim wearing it. She held it up, decided it wasn't enough and cut another inch off. It was now two inches shorter and Sharon was happy with it. Happy because she knew Kim would not be; the two went together.

She made her way to the car and climbed in, handing Kim the shortened skirt and the scissors. "Spread," she said. With that she pulled away.

Kim kept her head bowed, she couldn't think of a way to ask to be humiliated and the consequences of not asking always seemed intolerable. Finally, shaking at the words, Kim asked, "Miss Reed, to humiliate me, may I cut another half inch off the skirt?"

Sharon was elated, "Oh, by all means." She was actually giddy.

Kim shortened the skirt another half inch half wondering exactly how much of her would be exposed when she slipped the skirt on. The other half of her didn't want to even try the skirt on; that half of her wanted to hide in her house and lock the door and disappear. Disappear; that word made her smile. She would love to be invisible right now. She had been seen way too much lately.

Sharon parked the car in the employee lot and climbed free. Kim did the same and hastily donned the skirt. Wearing it she wanted to cry. The skirt covered nothing was the best way for Kim to describe it. It slipped along her ass, dividing it in two and in front, the thin line of her sex was clearly visible. She tugged the skirt as low as she could and still she was uncovered. One more tug and the skirt fell from her grasp, sliding half way down her thighs before she caught it. She shrieked and pulled the skirt up to her narrow waist again.

Sharon could only laugh at Kim's obvious distress.

Kim looked at Sharon pleadingly and if Sharon took notice she made no attempt to acknowledge the look.  "Let's go," Sharon commanded. "Keep your head up and do not touch that skirt until you get to class."

Kim followed behind Sharon taking exaggerated steps, struggling to keep the skirt on her hips. She was pleading with fate, begging, praying, anything to anyone in the hopes that the skirt would not falter. It did. Each step Kim took the skirt moved lower until forty feet from her classroom the skirt fell to her knees. She shrieked and instinctively her hands dropped. She pulled her skirt up to her hips again, oblivious to the look Sharon gave her. Half a dozen students had seen the display and each of them began to applaud the show that Kim was giving them. Shamed and scared, Kim turned and ran outside, holding her skirt to her waist.

Sharon followed her back to Sharon's car. "What the hell do you think you're doing," Sharon spat, slapping Kim across the face so hard that Kim saw stars.

She was crying in shame. She tried to speak but could only choke out muted, incoherent sounds or frustration. She looked at Sharon, her wet eyes filled with pleas for compassion.

Sharon bared her teeth. "I guess I've been too hard on you," she said, her voice gravely. "Here, take my keys," she held them out to Kim. "Go home, take the day off, and you can come get me this afternoon."

Kim looked at Sharon with hope.

"Then," Sharon continued, "on our way home this evening, we'll stop and have a nice dinner. After we eat, we will go and buy some boxes, and I'll help you pack."

Kim shook her head and how body followed with soft tremors.

"You don't like that idea?" Sharon waited for an answer. When Kim kept quiet, Sharon continued, "Then get your ass back in that building. Do I make myself clear?"

During this, more students had arrived then the six or seven that had seen her skirt fall the first time, and Kim knew the display would be worse than before as now more students would see her skirt fall; there was no way it would stay in place, it was just too loose. "Yes, Miss Reed," Kim said, choking back her tears.

"I don't know why I keep giving you all these second chances," Sharon said. She had the tone of a man scolding a puppy that had just piddled on the floor.  "I guess I'm just that nice."

Once again Kim walked into the English wing. She nearly made it to her classroom door this time before the inevitable happened. Her skirt fell, dropping to her knees and then to her ankles. She was effectively hobbled by the denim but with Sharon eyeing her with malice she managed to keep her face held high as she waddled the rest of the way to her classroom with her skirt dragging on the tile floor. Catcalls and applause rang out behind her and the three students that were in her classroom all stood to watch Kim bend and pull the skirt to her waist again.  One young woman helped Kim to her desk and hushed the other two students.

The first period Kim had her students read from their textbooks. She could do nothing more.

By lunch every student on campus had heard of Kim's embarrassing display. By the end of the day, Dean Water's had heard the story as well.

## Part 4

Jason Townsend stared at the computer screen, positioning the cursor over Kim's naked pussy and clicked the mouse. He clicked the button for the live show and watched the video display of the teacher's denuded sex. He never seemed to get tired of the view and wondered if it was the subject matter that attracted him or the fact that the professor was unaware that she was being broadcast to the internet. He figured it was the latter.

Jason pondered what to say to Sharon. The woman the night before had rattled him, making him feel less like the man that he knew he was and more like a young boy with his first innocent crush. Should he tell Sharon about the confrontation and the questions that he'd been asked as well as reveal that he had answered them? Or should he keep that conversation quiet? He recalled how he felt setting up the secretive video software and web page; how masculine and important. Secrets were powerful, he reasoned.

So thinking, he put the thought of telling Sharon out of his mind.

## Part 5

Kim was silent as Sharon drove her home. The whole day she spent ignoring her students, having them work on previous assignments or studying. Her mind was elsewhere; on vacant beaches or vacant mountain resorts or vacant planets or vacant hillsides; anywhere but in view of others. The top she was wearing was thin and revealing and Kim had spent the day with a book propped in front of her to keep that part of her body hidden from the gaze of her students. But, her pussy was exposed. The light from under her desk illuminated her thighs and she found the glow distracting. Not enough for her to shut her legs. No, the phone message she had received reminded her to keep her legs spread like a wanton slut. To Kim, her day was intolerable.

Sharon parked and followed Kim into the house. Kim disobeyed another rule by keeping her head bowed as she snuck naked into her home. Sharon had remained silent as well; she had simply watched the younger teacher mope in the back seat with her legs spread and her breasts bouncing unsupported under the thin top. "To your bedroom, Kimmie," Sharon commanded.

Kim made her way to her bedroom.

Sharon rifled through Kim's clothes and grabbed the thin, black dress that hung in the closet. "You'll wear this to work tomorrow," she informed Kim. Kim could only nod. "Now, get on the bed."

Kim climbed into bed.

"Masturbate."

Kim opened her mouth and then snapped it closed. There was no use in arguing. She spent nearly twenty minutes fondling her breasts and pussy, all under the watchful stare of Sharon before she was able to squeak out a barely satisfying orgasm. Her day had been too terrible for her to truly enjoy it.

Mocking her, Sharon said, "Since you haven't done that for the last few days, I figured you'd need it. I mean, there hasn't been an audience around has there?" The truth was that she had just wanted to humiliate Kim more.

Kim remained silent, her legs slipping together as Sharon spoke.

"Follow me," Sharon said as she grabbed Kim's dress.

Kim walked along behind Sharon. Sharon opened Kim's door and picked up the white rug that had served as the doormat for two short days. "This goes with me. For your little outburst this morning, you'll dress at work. You can drive yourself in, tomorrow. You'll park next to me and if you're dressed or if there is anything in your car that you can use to cover yourself, then, well, I think you know what'll happen."

"Yes, Miss Reed." Her voice was tiny.

"Have a good night, Kimmie." Laughing, Sharon carried Kim's dress and Dressing Rug to her car and drove to visit Vera at the mall.

## Part 6

"Do you have something for me?"

"Yes, Miss Reed," Vera said. She was wearing a small, blue dress that ended about three inches below the apex of Vera's thighs. The dress was so thin that Sharon had not needed to ask if Vera had gone without panties; it was obvious that she had. Vera called over to another employee, asked her to "cover for me for a moment" and then Vera darted into the back of the store. She returned a moment later and handed Sharon the sealed envelope with Miss Reed written on it in very feminine handwriting.

"While I read this, go ask your coworker if your tits are too small. Pull your dress down when you do and show them to her."

Vera smiled.

Sharon opened up the envelope and read what Vera had written. The young woman definitely had an imagination and reading what Vera had put to paper, her thoughts opened up to a whole litany of things to try with both Vera and Kimberly. She had thought she was being tough on Kim, but the last item on Vera's list made her realize that she had been a little easy and why the stuff at work had been so difficult. She knew she would just have to come up with ways to expose Kim to people that she knew. Vera's suggestion to ask Kim wouldn't be as fun as just having her do it and witness the results.

Vera, while Sharon was reading, walked over to Michelle, her coworker for the evening, and asked, "Do you think these are too small?" With that she slipped her hands into her dress and pulled the straps out and down, revealing the twin globes of her pert breasts.

Michelle's mouth fell open in surprise. "Um," she looked around the store wondering if Vera had gone mad and then finished, "no."

"Thanks!" Vera put her breasts back in her dress and returned to Sharon's side. "She said they're not too small, Miss Reed."

That fact that she was still smiling was not lost on Sharon. "Well, let's get a second opinion, shall we? Step out of the store and the first man you see ask him the same question in the same manner."

Vera shook slightly but the smile did not fade from her face. She spun around and stepped into the corridor of the mall. A middle-aged man of about forty stepped past the store and as he did Vera stopped him. "Sir," she asked, "are my breasts too small?" As before she slipped her arms into her dress and pulled the straps down, flashing the man her breasts. Her dark nipples were hard and the color contrasted with the paleness of her tits.

"No, they are quite nice." He nodded his head in approval.

"Thank you, sir." She pulled her dress up and returned to Sharon's side. "He said they were nice, Miss Reed." She sounded happy.

Sharon shook her head. Vera was obviously enjoying herself. A thought entered Sharon's mind. "You said you were the weekday manager here, right?"

Vera nodded.

"Who's your boss?"

"A man by the name of Curtis Kinsinton," Vera replied. "He never shows up unless something is going wrong; he's very hands off."

"Do you have his number?"

Vera made her way to the cash register where Michelle was still watching her with a look of shock and curiosity. Vera grabbed the number and handed it to Sharon.

Sharon took the card and pulled out her cell phone. She hoped she'd be able to lie to a man she didn't know as well as she had been able to lie to Dean Waters. "Yes, Mister Kinsinton? Hi, my name is Sharon Reed and I work over at the local college." There was a pause before Sharon continued, "Yes. Well, I am at the mall working with a nice young woman named Vera. Yes, sir, the manager. Well, I was wondering if you'd be willing to let her help with a sociology experiment I am doing a paper on." Sharon paused again as Curtis asked how Vera would help and what she needed his permission for. "Well, sir, I need her to wear some revealing clothing while she does her normal duties." There was another pause and then Sharon answered, "Well, nothing." Another pause and then Sharon concluded the phone call with a grin on her face. "That went well."

Vera just looked at Sharon expectantly.

"Take off your dress." Sharon was happy to see Vera's smile falter.

"Here?"

"I do not like repeating myself. Take off your dress. I find it funny how men are, I told him you'd be wearing nothing and he went for it. The only stipulation he had was if any kids came in, then you'd have to scurry to the back until they left. So, Vera, your new work outfit is a pair of shoes. I think we can knock one of the things off your list. I'll let you explain things to your coworkers, but from now on, you will be naked at work. If I ever catch you dressed, then I'll see to it that you get fired. So, as you requested, your nudity at work is now mandatory."

Vera's nipples were hard points as she slipped the tiny dress over her head. She held the dress to Sharon. Vera had shaved her pussy and Sharon could see the young woman's sex was swollen with heat. She was definitely aroused by what she was doing. Sharon shook her head, "Give the dress to your coworker and let her know what your new dress code is. Imagine," she was all but laughing now, "it'll take a lot less time to get ready for work."

Vera spent a few minutes explaining things to Michelle who was giggling and pointing at Vera. Sharon waited for Vera to return, her dress nowhere to be seen. "She said she won't let me cheat," Vera reported the conversation to Sharon.

Sharon had to smile. "Good. When are you off next?"

"Saturday," Vera responded, her eyes wide.

"Fine. I'll come by your place and pick you up. Plan on spending the day with me."

Her smile had returned, "Yes, Miss Reed."

"I'll drop by tomorrow after I'm done for the day. I expect to see all of you. Tell your friend that she can keep the dress. You're driving home naked. Got it?"

Again, "yes, Miss Reed."

And with that, Sharon left Vera standing naked in Abercrombie's with the knowledge that she'd spend the rest of her time working without clothes, her nakedness visible to all.

## Part 7

Emily pressed the glowing button next to Kim's door.  Inside, she heard the chime.  A full minute passed before she pressed the button a second time. The car in the driveway made Emily believe that Kim was home, but if she was, she was definitely not answering the door. The saying was that you could lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink was as true as you can ring a bell and not make the occupant answer.

She rang the doorbell a third time.

She heard movement behind the door and taking a chance, Emily called out, "Miss Turner. I know what Sharon is doing. Let me help you."

Slowly, the door inched open and a naked Kimberly Turner stepped aside to allow Emily Bradford into her home.

**Kim and Sharon
Chapter 9
by Tester86**

## Part 1

Kimberly awoke wearing a smile and an old nightgown she had found in her dryer the night after Sharon had made her clear out her dresser and closets. She had stashed the nightgown away in case Sharon went snooping. Waking with the soft and comfortable cotton caressing her skin made her feel more normal than she had in over a week.  She yawned, stretched, and yawned again. She glanced at the alarm clock, surprised how late it was; she had overslept. From the warmth of her bed she heard the phone bleat its annoying little beep and her smile grew as she chose to ignore it.  It would be a message from Sharon and why, she wondered, would she want to ruin the start of the day reading it?

She yawned a third time, mumbled a polite "excuse me" even though she was alone, and climbed from the bed to attend to her morning need. She finished in the bathroom, made a large cup of coffee and savored the strong liquid until her cup was empty all while the phone continued its dual beeping every two minutes. She made a second cup of coffee and carried it with her to the bathroom. She took a long, leisurely shower, the smile never leaving her face.  The night before had ended calmly even if it had started with both joy and fury with what Emily had revealed. Afterwards, Kimberly had come to the conclusion that Emily could help her.

But, there was one question that nagged at her. She remembered thinking how much she'd like to get Sharon to have to endure the same humiliations that she'd had to suffer through and as she dried her body and dressed in the longest skirt she had and the largest blouse she owned, she wondered if instead of absolute freedom from Sharon's grasp, should she instead give the woman a taste of her own, bitter medicine? And, another thought appeared, would Emily go along with it? She knew that Emily wanted her story more than anything and Kimberly figured that Emily would not bury the story so that she could reap further vengeance upon Sharon.

The phone rang, the muffled sound reaching Kimberly who stood brushing her hair in the bathroom. From the entrance foyer the cell phone rang again.  Four rings, five. After the seventh it stopped and almost immediately her home phone announced its presence. Sharon was going to be furious and the thought made Kim laugh.  The home phone stopped ringing and almost immediately her cell phone beeped again. Kimberly ignored the cell phone. She made her way into the kitchen and used her home phone to call the college and report that she'd be unable to come to work; she was taking a sick day, she was not going to face Sharon today if she could help it.

She called in sick, promised she would be in the next day, and hung up the phone. From the foyer, the cell phone beeped twice more.  Kim crossed the kitchen and made her way to the phone. She flipped open the display and saw that she had missed two calls, both from Sharon, of course, and that she had four new text messages. Hitting the down arrow, Kim read the messages.

**Where are you? If you are not here in two minutes, you can get dressed in your classroom.**

**Your dress is in your classroom and that is where you will be dressing from now one. Got it?**

**Your dress is now in MY classroom. I'll see you when you get here.**

The last message made her laugh.

**There's going to be HELL to pay.**

Yes, Kim laughed, and you're going to pay it. She had not felt this happy in months. She could almost hear the fury in Sharon's words and could imagine her punching the keys on her phone with such force that her fingertips turned white. She almost wished she was at the college so that she could witness it firsthand. Oh well, she thought, I'll see it when I confront her. Then, shaking her head, she continued her musings; and I will be sending her home naked. With that thought, Kimberly wondered how she'd be able to get Emily to agree or even if she'd ask.

She turned off the cell phone, walked into the kitchen and made herself a third cup of coffee. She sat down on a barstool that rested before the island, sipped her coffee and rehashed the conversation from the night before.

"Miss Turner. I know what Sharon is doing. Let me help you."

Kim looked through the keyhole, recognizing the young woman that stood on her porch. Her face held genuine concern and her tone led Kim to believe that, what was the young woman's name, Emily she thought, really did know what was going on. Not sure what to do but afraid to hesitate, Kim opened the door, revealing her naked body to yet another person. She hid as best she could behind the door until Emily was inside and then quickly, Kim shut the door. "Sorry," she said, covering her breasts with one hand and her denuded sex with the other.

"Get dressed, please," Emily said, nodding as if to say "it's alright."

She briefly wondered if it was a trick. Did Sharon send her over as a spy? The look of compassion on her face and the softness in her eyes convinced Kim that Emily was not secreted there by Sharon. She nodded and made her way to the back bedroom where she had hidden her lone nightgown. She donned it, feeling the warmth of the cotton and the normalcy of being dressed. It was a luxurious feeling and she welcomed it, hugging herself. She walked back to the foyer where Emily was waiting and after a quick introduction, invented her into the kitchen. "Would you like something to drink?"

"No, thank you.  I want to talk to you and show you something." She pulled the pictures that Sharon had taken from her purse. She handed them to Kim who seemed both ashamed to see them and happy to have them back.

"You got them from Sharon?" She spoke the name with venom on her tongue.

She shook her head. "I got them from your desk."

Kim nodded, "Yeah, Sharon had me put them there. She made a joke then about people snooping." Her cheeks flushed, "I guess someone did."

"You work at the strip club?" Emily asked, pointing the stack of pictures Kim clutched in her hands.

Kim felt like she was being interviewed as she responded with a nod.

"Why?"

She led Emily into the dining room and the two of them took a seat at the dinette table. She repeated the story about her divorce and the financial troubles she ran into, emphasizing how important her house was and that she would have done anything to save it. She recounted Sharon's initial confrontation, the blackmail and the many humiliations she had suffered including the streaking of Macy's, the humiliating outfits at work, and the scavenger hunt that had her driving naked across town including the impossible situation of pumping gas and entering the brightly lit store to both pay and get a receipt. She told the story of sitting as a mannequin, facing the crowded mall wearing nothing but a blush and holding two shirts both of which seemed to cry out to be worn.

Emily's face paled as she listened to Kim's story. The things this woman had to perform were demeaning, dreadful and too horrible to imagine. She was amazed at how strong Kim seemed to be; she held her head high as she told her story. Her cheeks were aflame with color, but her eyes, damp as they were, still held her gaze and flashed with strength.  By the time Kim finished telling of the abuse she endured as Sharon's puppet, Emily had nothing but respect for the young teacher. Then it was her turn to speak.

She licked her lips. "She isn't very nice is she?" Emily shook her head at the same time Kim did and they both laughed. "She's having sex with a boy that's only eighteen and it started when he was seventeen," she revealed to Kim.

Kim looked at her, her mouth open, and then her lips curled into a huge smile. "That's..." she trailed off as the realization took hold. She had an out; she could put an end to her torment with the information Emily was providing her.

Emily nodded and continued, "That'll get her fired for sure and possibly even arrested. I have evidence." She pulled out some more pictures and a small tape recorder that held Jason's confession. "This will be enough to stop her from abusing you anymore." She looked at Kim then and smiled. She reached out and held Kim's hands in her own. "It will stop." She was nodding as she spoke.

Kim cried tears of joy while laughing at the pictures of Sharon and Jason on Sharon's front porch. The thought of getting out from under Sharon's thumb was almost as pleasant as the thought of seeing the manipulative and evil woman getting destroyed by photos as had almost happened to her. There was a certain sense of justice to it that filled Kim with happiness. "Thank you." She could say nothing more.

Emily said, "There's more." She watched Kim's eyes focused into hard points. "Sharon and Jason, that's the boy's name, set up a web page. The camera under your desk was recorded and uploaded to the internet." She finished with a grimace, "Sorry."

Rage and fury and hatred flared across her face. Her eyes widened in shock. She wiped the moisture from her eyes with the back of her hand and climbed to her feet, knocking the chair she was sitting in onto its back.  She stomped her foot and slammed her fists against the table so hard that her hands hurt. Slowly, with her chest rising and falling with rapid breaths, she calmed herself. "Sorry," she said, repeating Emily's last word.

Emily watched the tirade and when it passed smiled wanly, "It's understandable."

Kim made her way into the kitchen. She grabbed a glass from the cabinet and filled it with ice from the freezer before turning on the tap in the island sink. She filled the glass with water, took a large sip and then topped the glass full. She turned off the water, carried the glass back to the dining room and set the glass on the table. She righted the chair, took a seat and gripped her water with both hands to try and hide the trembling. She nearly succeeded. "Sorry," she repeated.

Emily stood up and hugged Kim. She could feel the woman shaking in her arms. She embraced her silently, rocking her, during which Kim could only hold her water glass and shake in rage and shame. Both women were crying and after five minutes, when Emily pulled away and wiped her eyes both women said, "sorry."

Emily laughed while Kim could only smile.

"What are we going to do?" Kim's voice was small.

Emily let out a sharp breath, "I want to publish the story in the school's paper. A story of blackmail, humiliation, and a teacher having sex with an under aged boy; it's hard to pass up."

Kim could see where she was coming from. "I don't want my name mentioned. Can you do just the part about the sex with the..." she trailed off. "No, I guess not." She snorted in frustration, "If you turn her in there won't be anything stopping her from turning me in. She'll lose her job and I will lose mine." She looked at Emily, at her blue eyes and small lips, "I think I need to confront Sharon first, to get the videos and pictures and website down or this information," she pointed to the pictures and the tape recorder that sat on the table next to Emily's purse, "will be useless."

Emily nodded noncommittally, almost shrugging.

They spent the next two hours deciding that Kim would confront Sharon, blackmail her with copies of Emily's information and then, when Kim was free Emily would publish her story. It seemed a reasonable compromise.

Now, with the sunlight streaming in and the night before running through her head, Kim concluded that she wanted to extract a little bit of vengeance. It seemed only fitting. She would confront Sharon, humble her, embarrass her, strip her and then get free of her. Thoughts of Emily faded as her own plans to get even with Sharon raced through her mind.

Smiling, she took a hot shower, the water easing the tension in her shoulders. Dressed in her most conservative clothing, she left her house.

She had some shopping to do.

## Part 2

**There's going to be HELL to pay.**

Why the hell did that little bitch not answer her phone? Sharon was fuming by the time her second class started. If she was sick, that was fine, but she had been told, no, ordered to obey the phone as if it were an order from Sharon and the fact that little Kimmie was not replying infuriated her more than any of the rebellious little shit students of hers could do. Kimmie had to obey, and the fact that she wasn't meant there would be retributions, reasons be damned. Ignoring her was not an option for her little Kimmie-doll.

Her fingers played over her phone again, the tips white as Kim had expected. **I will be over after work. You had better be there.** She sent the message, flipped the phone closed and returned her attention to the students who were talking amongst themselves as if there was no authority in the room at all. She could feel a headache starting and knew two things; her day was going to be horrible and Kimberly's night was going to be much worse.

She couldn't have been more wrong.

## Part 3

Vera took a deep breath, her toes curling up into tight fists as she pulled her blouse off her shoulders. With her pulse racing (she wasn't sure if it was fear or excitement) she kicked off her shoes and slipped her skirt down her legs. She unhooked her bra, freeing her pert breasts and was not surprised to find her nipples already hard points.  She stepped out of her tiny panties and then put her shoes back on. Standing naked, she scooped up her clothes and locked them in her locker, hanging her keys from a coiled neon elastic encircling her wrist. She could feel her heart pound in her chest and she locked her clothes away and stepped, naked save for her shoes, into the main room of Abercrombie's to start her first full day of working naked.

The room was cold and she could feel the heated arousal of her sex and her nipples were so hard that they hurt. She looked around and could see Michelle working the register, ringing up a purchase of an early shopper. Michelle smiled at Vera, but to Vera it looked more like a grin full of teasing; Michelle seemed to enjoy what Vera was doing. When the shopper left, Michelle crossed the store and stood before Vera. "Give me your locker key."

"What?" Vera asked, struggling to hide her nakedness behind her hands and arms.

"I told you yesterday that I wouldn't let you cheat. If I have your key, you can't go, run, and get dressed. And," Michelle's eyes were bright with merriment as she continued, "drop your arms. If I catch you trying to cover up today, I'll tell the woman making you do this and I bet you don't want me to do that, do you?"

Vera lowered her arms, displaying her pert breast with hard nipples and her naked sex, swollen with arousal and denuded of pubic hair as Sharon had commanded. Her fingers were pulled into her palms as she tried struggled to stay still under the watchful gaze of her co-worker. Her legs were spread shoulder width apart, again as Sharon had informed her that it was how she needed to both stand and sit. She felt exposed and aroused and she knew Michelle could see it as well. All of her was on display.

"You like this," Michelle said.

Vera nodded even though it was not a question.

Michelle looked at the flush on Vera's face and at the young woman's hands, curled into balls and almost felt sorry for her. But, her legs were spread and she could smell Vera's arousal, she did like what was being done to her; it did not appear that she was being forced. "Why are you standing with your legs spread like that?"

"I'm supposed to," Vera replied, her eyes downcast.

"That close together?" Michelle was playing with her.

Vera looked into Michelle's eyes and whispered, "Ma'am?"

Michelle felt a surge of power at the submissive tone in Vera's voice, and smiling, she took advantage of it. "However you are supposed to stand for the other woman, you need to spread them even wider for me. Come on, open up."

A ripple of pleasure shot through Vera as she parted her legs even more, sliding her feet nearly three feet apart. Her naked pussy opened and the cool air caressed her wet sex. She sucked in a breath at the feeling.

"Perfect," Michelle clapped. "Now, don't close your legs today. I'm going to work the register and I'll give you the floor. You will help as many customers as you can. When someone comes in, you walk up to them, spread your legs, clasp your hands behind your back, and ask if they need any help. I agree with the rule that if a child comes in, you hide in the back. So, if a kid comes in, scurry to the back and have a seat with your legs spread like that and I'll come back and get you when the coast is clear."

Meekly, Vera said, "Yes, ma'am." She was trembling with need and shame and wanted to run to the back to masturbate.

"Great. Now, give me your locker key."

Vera pulled the keys off her wrist and uncoiled her locker key from the spiral ring. She handed the key to Michelle who took it and walked back to the register. Vera stood, feet spread and body tense with need in the middle of the store. She just stood there, not knowing what else to do. She imagined herself a living mannequin now, displaying herself as if she were for sale with the rest of the clothes. She was detached, seeing herself as others would surely see her and her body tensed with pleasure.

A chime sounded as two women entered the store. Swallowing heavily, Vera walked over to the shoppers, seeing the shock on their face and the curiosity in their eyes. She stood before them, spread her legs, once again feeling her sex part, and clasped her hands behind her back so that all of her, from red face to swollen pussy was blatantly displayed and asked, "Can I help you ladies?" Her voice sounded normal to her and she wondered briefly how that could be; this was definitely not normal.

The two women, one blond and the other brunette, both looked young to Vera; maybe they were college students, Vera was not certain. The blond one looked at Vera and blushed while the brunette stepped back nervously. "Uh, no," the blond stammered, "we're fine." She was looking around as if a joke was being played on her.

"Well, if you need any help, just let me know." Vera realized how silly she sounded. How can a naked woman help other people pick out their clothing? She laughed nervously as she stepped deeper into the store and once again spread her legs.

Another chime and couple came in. They appeared to be in their mid-twenties. The woman walked to a display of pre-torn jeans, pulling her date, boyfriend, husband, Vera was not sure which, with her by his hand. She was looking at the jeans as Vera approached, took her humiliating pose and asked if she could be of assistance.

The man gawked at her and smiled, "Maybe you should help yourself, first."

The woman stopped looking at the jeans, grabbed her man by his hand and pulled him from the store. "You should be ashamed of yourself," the woman scolded Vera.

Vera was ashamed, but her shame was dwarfed by her arousal and the thrill she got by being naked and by revealing all of herself to strangers. She was shaking in nervousness and excitement and lust.

Michelle approached her and directed her into the back as a woman came in with a small girl clutching a stuffed Teddy-Bear in tow, the chime announcing their arrival.

Vera ran into the back and as soon as she was out of sight, she dropped into the same chair she had sat in while Sharon was taking control of her fantasies, spread her legs as far apart as she could and began to rub her clit furiously. She bit her palm to prevent from crying out as an orgasm raced through her body. Her eyes were clenched shut, her body shaking as every nerve ending in her body surged with orgasmic relief. Her knees were shaky and she was thankful that she was sitting because she did not think her legs would be able to support her.

Michelle applauded. "Very nice." She smiled at Vera whose face flared with color.

Being seen masturbating was much more embarrassing than simply being seen naked. Her legs slammed shut and she said, "Oh, my God," as she curled herself into a ball. She grabbed her own thighs and tried to calm her racing heart and shaking nerves.

"Get back to work," was all Michelle said, turning with a smile to return to the register. She was having fun with Vera and was wondering how she could get this game to continue outside of the store and how to make the game even more intimate. She'd figure something out.

Vera climbed to her feet and snuck back into the main floor of the store. Her face was flush and even the tops of her breasts seemed to turn red with embarrassment. She turned towards at Michelle and she spread her legs, revealing herself to her co-worker. She watched Michelle smile at her and Vera couldn't help but smile back.

A chime sounded and once again Vera made her way over to a customer, displaying herself, embarrassing herself, and arousing herself. "May I help you?" she asked, her legs spread, her face red and her nipples hard.

The man, maybe twenty, looked her up and down and smirked, "You sure can. How about a blow job when you get off work?"

Vera took a step back, exhaled sharply. "With your shopping. Can I help you with your shopping?"

He made another rude comment and stepped towards Vera.

"Get out of the store!" Michelle stepped between Vera and the man and pointed to the exit. Her face was set and in there was a hardness in her tone that made Vera believe that the man would leave.

He did.

"Don't worry about creeps like that," Michelle said, her tone softening. "I know how to handle them."

Vera surprised Michelle by hugging her and whispering, "Thank you."

"Get back to work," Michelle said with a smile on her face. Vera was the manager, but it was Michelle that was running the store.

"Yes, Ma'am."

And Vera's day of shame and fear and arousal and exposure and nervousness and humiliation continued.

Outside, the young man that had seen all of Vera, and had been scolded by Michelle, he still couldn't believe that, dialed information on his cell phone. He was transferred twice and after an additional call later he finally spoke to a gentleman named Curtis Kinsinton and explained what had happened. He was satisfied with what he heard and by the time he left the mall, the only thing he remembered was the site of the pretty woman with the naked pussy that had perky nipples. It had been a good trip to the mall, he mused, one his friends would not believe.

He couldn't wait to tell them.

## Part 4

Emily finished the story and smiled a congratulatory grin. It was good. Precise, with strong words and at the end, as she reread it, she felt sorry for Kim and rage at Sharon. With luck, her readers would feel the same way and the surge of sympathy Kim would reap from the story should help keep her employed. The actions that Sharon had committed against Kim made Emily hope that the tenured teacher would lose her job. She knew that she was supposed to be dispassionate and impartial, but the things Sharon had done, in her opinion, were unforgivable. Smiling, she saved the story, printed a copy, and shut down her computer.

From her discussion the night before, she had to go see Jason and get the web page pulled. She knew he'd do it; her earlier confrontation with him had convinced her of that. She grabbed the two pages from her computer, folded them and stuck them in her purse. She made her way to her car and drove back to Jason's house.  She parked, made her way to the door and knocked.

A woman with dark hair wearing a cotton blouse and faded jeans opened the door. "Can I help you?"

"Is Jason here?" Emily asked.

The woman smiled, obviously pleased, and shook her head, "He's still in school, but," she glanced at a wall-mounted clock, "he should be home in an hour or so. Would you like to wait?"

Emily pursed her lips, "I'll wait outside," she said, "if that's okay?"

The woman, Jason's mother she assumed, said, "I wouldn't hear of it." She ushered Emily inside and offered to get her something to drink which Emily accepted with forced grace. A long fifty minutes later Jason opened the door. During the time Jason's mother, Brenda, asked countless questions of Emily and all of them lead to the one she seemed to want to know most of all, "Are you Jason's girlfriend?" The question revealed the look of pleasure that had danced across Brenda's face when Emily had arrived.

"No, ma'am," Emily had politely replied. "He's helping me with a story I am working on for the college paper."

The woman's face fell, "That's too bad. You're very pretty."

"Thank you."

Now, Jason looked nervously at Emily who had crossed the living room to greet Jason.

"We need to talk."

Jason nodded. "Be in shortly, mom," he said, leading Emily outside.

Emily pulled the copy of her story from her purse as Jason shut the door. "Read this," she said, forcing the two pages into his hands. Her voice was cold.

He read the story, and frowning, handed the paper back to Emily. "I'm sorry." He knew the part he had played and he felt guilty for it and he felt small.

"I want you to get everything Sharon gave you for the website and give it to me. You are also going to take down that website. Sharon Reed is probably going to jail and you don't want to join her, do you?"

He shook his head, fearing that Emily required an answer.

"I'll wait here."

Jason spun around and darted into the house. He ignored the questioning look from his mother as he bounded up the stairs to his room. He turned on his computer. While it booted, he gathered up three discs of movies and photos and two memory sticks full of additional pictures of the naked and blushing teacher. He sat at the computer, and in less than two minutes, he had deleted the home page he had set up. It took a few more moments to delete the rest of the movies and pictures.

Emily waited until Jason returned. He opened the door looking frazzled, and thrust the items into Emily's hands. "I didn't know," he said weakly.

"Is this everything?"

He nodded. "Miss Reed has the originals; these are copies." Why was he being respectful and why did this young woman make his mouth go dry?

"Fine." With that, she returned to her car and drove away, leaving Jason to stand open-mouthed at her departure.

## Part 5

Sharon sat in her car looking at the Kim's empty driveway. The bitch wasn't home? How could she not be home? It had to be deliberate. With her mouth held in an O of stunned surprise, Sharon had to wonder if Kim really didn't care about her house anymore. Surely the little whore knew the consequences of her actions, and yet, her house was empty and Sharon had definitely said that she'd be over after work and that Kim had better be there.

And, she was not here.

First her students and now her little bitch-toy refused to obey here. Well, we'll see about that, she thought. I have the pictures you want back, bitch, she fumed. And you will obey me and your life is about to get so much worse.

She backed from the driveway and made her way across town to Pussy Cats. Sharon knew Kim worked this evening and she'd be waiting.

## Part 6

"Hi, Jaybird," Rascal said as Kim walked in to the dressing room.

"I told you to call me Kim," Kim chided Rascal playfully.

"Force of habit," Rascal replied. "I wanted to thank you."

Confusion etched Kim's face. "For what?"

"Your stage shows are amazing; you're the first woman I have ever seen masturbate on stage. I tried it once and just couldn't bring myself to do it. It was too personal, you know. And you giving away your panties is brilliant, I've even started doing that." She laughed then her breasts bouncing within the confines of the thin, yellow bra she was wearing. "I have made more money in the two weeks you've worked here than in any single month before. I'm not the only one either; all of us girls have and we have you to thank."

Kim couldn't help but think it was Sharon who had come up with the ideas for Kim to perform on stage. What would Rascal say if she knew everything that Kim had done had been coerced? "Don't mention it," Kim said instead. "I'm glad it helped."

"If you ever need any help," Rascal said, "please, don't hesitate to ask."

Kim smiled and gave Rascal a quick hug. Rascal hugged her back. They separated, both of them smiling. "What are you doing tonight?" Rascal asked.

Kim was going to say "nothing." She knew what Sharon had ordered her to do and she had consciously decided to not do that, but now, with Rascal thanking her and verifying how lucrative her demonstrations were, she decided to obey Sharon only now it was her decision instead of Sharon's. "I'm going to make my panties disappear before giving them away." She pointed to her crotch hidden behind a pair of baggy jeans.

"Wow." It was all Rascal could say. She shook her head and left Kim alone, "I'm up," she said as she made her way to the stage.

Kim stripped out of her jeans and grey sweatshirt; her new, comfortable and baggy clothes. She had gone from revealed to more than covered and the feeling of shopping clothed had been wonderful. She had not missed the leering eyes or the muted whispers in her wake. She was wearing a matching black bra and panty set that she had purchased from Victoria's Secret and when she had donned them she had shuddered in the pleasure of feeling so normal. She pulled them off to stand naked in front of her locker and pulled out the smallest pair of panties she had; a tiny blue thong. She pulled the panties up her legs and adjusted them around her hips. She pulled a slip from her locker and donned it. Dressed, she was ready to talk to Tommy and inform him of her planned routine.

As expected, he knew just the song.

Rascal finished her three dances and Tommy made the announcement that Jaybird was taking the stage. The large crowd applauded loudly and Kim blushed as she received a standing ovation. Rascal seemed to be right; her show was very popular.

Kim danced on stage, shaking her body, making eye contact with as many men as she could during her first song. When her second dance started, Whitesnake's *Slide It In* blared through the clubs sound system. She pulled off the tiny panties and while sitting on the stage, with her legs spread obscenely, Kim slowly inched her panties into the damp recesses of her pussy. Ever so slowly the fabric disappeared inside her, the audience cheered loudly when Kim stood with her panties tucked away within the confines of her sex.

The third song started. Kim grabbed a chair and with the music playing and the crowd staring at her, Kim masturbated to a satisfying and very vocal orgasm.

She did not see Sharon slip into the club.

The song began to wind down. Kim moved forward so that only the edge of her ass was on the seat. She parted her thighs and dug inside her pussy for the sopping panties. She pulled them out and immediately a throng of men pushed against the stage with tens and twenty and fifties and hundreds in their hands. They seemed to know what they wanted. Kim walked along the edge of the stage, staring down at the men staring up at her. She selected a man semi-randomly; she chose one that was not waving hundreds and she avoided the men with no cash in their hand at all, and offered him her wet panties and in exchange she received a large roll of twenties.

Beaming she made her way off the stage and into the back room with her heart pounding in her chest. The energy of the club and the orgasm she'd just had had left her feeling very good.

Sharon slipped into the men's room as Kim finished her first dance. The bathroom was empty; everybody was watching Kimberly on stage. Even here the music was loud. Working quickly, Sharon pulled a black magic marker from her purse and wrote in block letters on the wall between the two urinals Kim's stage name, Jaybird, and Kim's real name. Below that she wrote Kim's home phone number and the phone number to the cell phone that Kim had refused to answer during the course of the day. If she didn't want to answer one call, Sharon fumed, let her try to answer hundreds. Sharon now felt a little better about Kim's show of defiance.

Sharon snuck outside and sat in her car until the club closed. Then, as the last patrons were leaving the front door, Sharon opened the door in the back and walked in through the employee entrance. She glared at Kim and her mouth fell open as she watched Kim pulled on a baggy sweatshirt over a black bra. No, she thought, she is not still disobeying. Rage spilled from her lips in a fury, "What the fuck do you think you're wearing!"

Kim jumped, spun around and peered into the furious, hate-filled eyes of Sharon Reed. She exhaled, smiled, and said, "Ending our partnership." Her voice was calm even if she was shaking.

Sharon looked like she'd been slapped. She shook her head, "Oh, I don't think so. Take that top off. Now!" She shouted the last word.

Instead, Kim grabbed her new panties and with deliberate slowness she slid the panties up her legs. She stared at Sharon as she pulled her jeans from her locker and pulled them on as well. Smiling, full of false saccharine, Kim sat and pulled on a pair of socks, followed by her shoes.

"You know that you're going to lose your job and your house, right?" Sharon smiled back with all the warmth of a cobra.

Kim shook her head. "No. I don't think so." She took a deep breath. "I think, that you're going to give me all the pictures you have. The web page has already been taken down." Her fake smile turned real as she watched a look of shock cross Sharon's face.

And Sharon knew she'd lost.

"If you don't give me what I want then you're going to jail for blackmail and for having sex with a minor. Do I have your attention? Good. Go home, get every picture, every video, everything and bring it to my house."

Sharon bit her lip in rage.

"Now get out."

As Thursday spilled into Friday, Sharon left the club for the last time wondering how Kim had gotten the best of her.

**Kim and Sharon
Chapter 10
by Tester86**

## Part 1

Sharon pounded her fists against her desk as she read the words: This Page Cannot be Displayed. Kim had told the truth; the webpage had been taken down. Jason, Sharon fumed, Kim got to Jason. And through him, Sharon knew, the webpage had been removed and she knew he wasn't quite eighteen. She snorted in rage. Well, she thought, I may not win, but that bitch won't either. In her view two losers trumped Kim winning.

Sharon burned a CD containing the pictures and videos of Kim. She grabbed the originals and the duplicate CD and left her home at six a.m. that Friday morning. She had a stop to make before she gave the pictures to Kim.  She drove to the campus and parked in front of the Dean's residence. Anger at getting caught, at losing, spurred her actions. She stormed the sidewalk and rang the bell. When the door was not answered she rang again and then beat on the door so hard her hands hurt.

Finally, a sleepy, "Sharon?" sounded from behind the door as the lock was disengaged.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, sir," Sharon said, "but I have something you have to see." She held the CD she'd just burned in front of her like a cross held aloft to ward off a vampire.

"Couldn't this wait?" Dean Waters asked thinking that Sharon did not sound sorry; she sounded furious.

"No, sir, it couldn't."

Dean Waters invited Sharon in and escorted her to his office. He powered up his system and when the computer was up he took the CD from Sharon, inserted it, and perused the pictures. He didn't need to watch any of the videos to know what he had to do. "How long has this been going on?"

"Two weeks at least," Sharon said. Now she carried a tone of sympathy.

The dean looked at a few more pictures before standing up.  "Thank you, Miss Reed. Let me see you out." He led her to the front door and ushered her outside.

"Dean," Sharon said with a nod. Her frown folded into a smile as she turned her back on the shutting door. She made her way to her car and then, feeling better, she drove to Kim's house.

Kim opened the door, dressed in a smart business suit and blazer. She looked professional and comfortable and Sharon hated her for it. "You have something for me?" Kim asked, all pretense of formality or politeness absent from her voice. This was merely unpleasant business that needed to be done.

Sharon smiled, knowing the surprise Kim would have waiting for her at work. "Here you go." She handed the pictures and the two memory sticks containing the videos to Kim.

Kim took them, wondering if it could be that easy. "This all of them?"

Sharon nodded.

"Good, then I guess we have just one more thing to do."

Sharon raised an eyebrow. "Oh?"

"Strip. Get out of those clothes. I want you to know what it was like even if it's just this one time."

Defiantly, Sharon looked at Kim, held her gaze, and began unbuttoning her blouse. So predictable, Sharon thought; she'd seen it coming. She knew she would have done the same thing in Kim's place. She shrugged her blouse off her shoulders and dropped it to the ground. She reached behind her, unfastened and unzipped her navy skirt and let it slip to the floor. She stood there in a white brassiere and a black thong and still her eyes never let Kim's. Sharon unfastened her bra, releasing her ample breasts with dark nipples. She dropped the bra to the ground and then with ease slid her panties down and stepped free of them. She stood naked save for her shoes in Kim's foyer.

"I'll bring your clothes to your classroom. Now get out of my house!"

Seemingly unfazed by her nudity, Sharon left Kim's home and walked slowly to her car. She climbed in and drove home to once again get dressed for work.

Kim shut the door, relief washing over her. The look on Sharon's face the night before when she had mentioned the webpage had convinced her that she'd get the pictures, but she hadn't been certain that the site was down until Sharon showed up to deliver the pictures.  She knew that Emily was to have met with Jason and she had felt pretty confident that if that had happened, that that shameful website had been deleted. Sharon's arrival had simply verified it for her. Kim reasoned that if the site was up then Sharon would think Kim was bluffing.

Kim grabbed Sharon's clothes and carried them to her car. She had not enjoyed making the woman strip and would not make her do so again. She had thought she'd feel better by getting Sharon to disrobe; instead she felt dirty.  She just wasn't mean enough to continue.

Satisfied that she had the pictures, Kim drove to work feeling normal.

## Part 2

"Dean Waters needs to see you, Miss Turner," an administrative helper said from the door of her classroom.

"Thank you," Kim replied. She stood up, the first time she had stood before her students in weeks and said, "I'll be back in a moment. Keep working on your papers." With that she left her students and made her way to Dean Water's office.

"Have a seat," he said, pointing to the chairs in front of his desk, as Kim entered. His voice was distant and cold.

Kim took the proffered seat.

Rubbing his temples, Dean Waters faced Kim Turner. "Go home," he began, "you're fired. Your actions outside of this facility reflect badly on the moral compass we are trying to instill in our charges. Your wardrobe the past two weeks as well as your secondary employment gives me no choice but to terminate your contract."

Kim opened her mouth to protest but Dean Waters cut her off with a wave of his hand. "Don't say anything. Go, grab your possessions and leave the campus. You can use me for a reference if you leave now."

Kim knew Sharon was behind this and seeing the look on the Dean's face, his tight lips and hard set eyes, she knew better than to argue.

"Thank you, sir," she said fighting tears that were threatening to spill from her eyes. She left his office, made her way to her classroom and emptied her desk all under the watchful and questioning eyes of her students. They kept asking her where she was going and what was up but she kept quiet for fear of hearing the trembling in her voice. Grabbing the few possession she had, she left her classroom for the last time.

She walked past Sharon's door and with a quick glance she could see the tenured teacher smiling at her with a look of victory etched on her face.

Kim left the campus.

By lunch, the whole school knew that Kimberly Turner had been let go.

## Part 3

Emily Bradford sat in the same chair that Kim had sat in and waited for the dean to finish reading her story. She watched him read the story and then reread it. Finally he put the pages down and rubbing his eyes asked, "Is this true?"

She nodded, "Every word of it."

"Thank you, Miss Bradford. May I keep this?" He picked up her story.

"Of course."

"Thank you," he said again. "You may go."

Knowing she'd been dismissed, she climbed to her feet and left the office.

## Part 4

"Get in the back," Curtis Kinsinton said to Vera in a tone that left no doubt he would be obeyed.

Vera raced from the main floor of Abercrombie's into the back. Her dress was once again locked away and Michelle had taken the key from her. The night before, Michelle had made her beg for the key when it was time for her to go home and she had admitted to Michelle this morning that she liked how Michelle was playing with her at work. Michelle had promised to continue toying with her.

"Where are your clothes?" Curtis demanded.

"In my locker," Vera choked out a reply, holding on hand over her breasts and the other obscuring her pussy.

"Get dressed. You're fired. Imagine my surprise when I get here this morning and see you standing naked with your legs spread like a slut in the middle of my store. What do you think this is? A bordello? No! This is a store and you can't just run around naked; my God, are you insane? You could have gotten arrested, we could have gotten sued. I got a call yesterday from a customer complaining about a naked woman working in the store and when I get here I see he was right.  You can pick your final check up Friday."

"But, I thought..."

"I don't care what you thought," he interrupted her. "Get dressed and go home."

"I have to get my locker key from," she thought quickly, "the register." She didn't want to get Michelle in trouble too.

"I'll get it."

Michelle entered the back of the story carrying the key to Vera's locker. "Here, I figured you'd need this." She handed the key to Vera and squeezed her hands compassionately. She gave Vera a quick hug and whispered, "Call me," before returning to the front of the store.

Twenty minutes later, Vera was sitting in her apartment wondering about her future.

## Part 5

"Miss Reed," the same administrative assistant that had summoned Kim stood at the doorway to Sharon's classroom. "Dean Waters needs to see you."

Sharon smiled certain that the Dean would want to thank her for helping get rid of Kimberly Turner. She left her classroom without saying a thing to her students. They wouldn't have listened anyway, she mused. She made her way to the Dean's office. "You wanted to see me, sir?"

"Yes, Sharon, come in. Have a seat."

Sharon shut the door and took a seat.

"You're fired. Clean out your desk, I want you gone and off campus by the end of the day."

"You can't fire me, I have tenure!" She stood in defiance, her voice full of rage.

"I have discussed you with the Board of Regents and I assure you, I can fire you. You have been having sexual contact with a minor and after we speak to this boy, we will decide about turning the case over to the authorities. But, it has been decided that you will no longer teach on this campus. Do I make myself clear?"

Sharon opened and closed her mouth, looking like a fish as she digested this information. She had not expected such retaliation from Kimberly. Her eyes flashed with rage as she stormed towards the door. "My lawyer will be in touch."

With more calm than he felt, Dean Waters said, "Don't do it. You'll probably end up in jail if you do. Accept the consequences of your actions and look for another job elsewhere. Don't worry about a recommendation, you won't get one. Now get out."

He rubbed his temples as Sharon slammed the door. Dealing with faculty was easier than dealing with students he concluded. You couldn't fire the students; they paid to be there. He fell into his chair thankful that the day was over.

## Part 6

Standing in front of her locker at Pussy Cats Kimberly counted the money she had made the night before. Her panties had sold for two hundred and twenty dollars and even though it had been Sharon's idea, it had been a good one. She reasoned that as long as she kept her job as a stripper, even losing her teaching job, she'd make enough money to get her house current and then she'd start looking for another job teaching. Really, though, what choice did she have; she had been fired and there was no sense in appealing the decision; the dean had been correct and as she did not have tenure, she had no choice but to abide by the decision made by Dean Waters.

"What's wrong?" Rascal asked, seeing Kim's puffy eyes. There was concern in her voice that Kim immediately responded to.

"I got fired from my teaching job because of this," she flapped her arms to indicate the club.

Rascal crossed the room and embraced Kim. Kim allowed herself to be hugged and then found herself sobbing and hugging back so tightly that both women felt it.  Rascal allowed Kim to cry, rocking her gently. Kim rubbed her eyes as she pulled back. "Sorry," she forced a smile.

Rascal smiled back, "It's okay."

"I mean it's just a stupid job, right? But I liked it, I was good at it and I..." she trailed off, exhaled, wiped her eyes again and said, "fuck it."

Rascal laughed a little. "Yeah," she agreed.

Kim stripped down to a pair of white lace panties and a matching bra. She reached into her locker and pulled out her costume for the day. Sharon had been right in turning the stripping into a stage show and needing the money, she planned to keep doing just that. Rascal saw her outfit, shook her head and said, "Right on." Kim smiled weakly at her outburst as she finished dressing.

From the speakers, Billy Idol's *White Wedding* started and with it, Kim strutted out on stage wearing her old wedding dress. She had been unable to button it fully, but since it was going to be coming off very shortly, she didn't think that that mattered too much. Around the stage, applause rang out as Kimberly appeared.

Back stage, as soon as Kim marched down the hallway, Rascal pulled out her cell phone and made a call.

## Epilogue 1

Kim entered the office of Dean Charles Heaton and after shaking his hand, she took a seat in a comfortable chair. "Your resume is impressive," the Dean said, "and I would like to officially offer you the job as our newest English professor. Dean Waters had nothing but nice things to say about you and I think that you'll be happy here."

Kim's smile grew. "I'd love to teach here," Kim said. Just like that she was working as a professor again. Only one question gnawed at her. The call from Dean Heaton had come unannounced to her house and what made it odd was that her number was new and unlisted. Someone, and she suspected she knew who, had written her old number on the men's room wall at Pussy Cats, and as such she had had to change her phone number.  So, receiving a call to set up an interview had seemed odd but welcome. "How did you get my number?"

"My sister called me and recommend you. Rachael Heaton, don't you know her?"

Kim shook her head, "I can't say that I recognize the name."

"Well, she knows you and she is a very good judge of character. She can be quite the rascal though, so I am not terribly surprised that you don't know her."

And suddenly, Kim understood.

And, life was good.

## Epilogue 2

Sharon retired. She had enough money that not working was an option and the agreement she made to stay out of jail prevented her from teaching anywhere again. She felt she got off lucky.

She never saw Jason, Kim or Vera again.

## Epilogue 3

Vera took one last look around her old apartment. She was moving in with her new, best friend. Since she had lost her job, and with very little money in the bank, she needed a roommate and was fortunate to find on so quickly. It had taken very little time, only one phone call.

"Hello?" Michelle had answered on the second ring.

"Hi," Vera said, "I was wondering if..." she never finished the sentence.

"Yes," Michelle had gushed, "I was so hoping you'd call. I had so much fun playing with you that I wanted it to continue. Why don't you move in with me and be my little plaything. You can help with the rent and bills as soon as you get another job, but until then, I am sure I can find ways for you to earn your keep." There was playfulness in her voice.

"Thank you," was all Vera could say.

She turned in her keys and drove to her new home. Michelle greeted her at the door. "Come in, come in." She hugged Vera who hugged her back.

"Thanks again," Vera said her voice full of sincerity.

Michelle broke the hug. "You're welcome. Now, strip."

And for Vera and Michelle, as for Kim, life was good.