**LMC**

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**Treat at the Retreat - A Little Miss Cutie story**

Cutie was not a strong swimmer, but she eventually doggy paddled back to the edge of the pool. She grabbed the diving board as she emerged soaking wet, scrambling back onto dry ground. Unfortunately, it took her several long seconds to realize that as she climbed out of the pool, her bikini failed to make the climb with her. Somehow, both pieces had come completely off!

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Leggy Lingerie Inc. was coming off its best year ever, and the current year was already showing signs of shattering last year's records sales. The company's top regional sales manager, Bobbie Kaye Spencer, had devised an entirely original style of lingerie show, which had proven to be a very successful model for attracting new clients. The format was quite simple, actually. Beautiful models were hired to walk the runway wearing the sexiest new items in the Leggy Lingerie line. But as the show progressed, the models would begin removing the lingerie from each other's bodies, and tossing the items to the gawking spectators as "free samples." Those in attendance always seemed to appreciate the presence of several lovely naked models.

The corporate executives were still not clear as to how Bobbie Kaye had come up with such an innovative idea, but from the first time she actually tried it, sales had been through the roof! Every time Bobbie Kaye put on a show, or when one of the other regional sales managers had used her technique, they invariably gained numerous new clients. Leggy Lingerie was now being sold in department stores and specialty shops all around the world, and Bobbie Kaye got much of the credit, as far as the company was concerned.

But they had never heard how the idea had actually originated. At only her second show, all of Bobbie Kaye's models had quit at the last minute. She'd ended up recruiting her sister, her best girlfriend, and even one of her clients to join her in doing the modeling. Through no fault of her own, they'd somehow all ended up naked on the runway, before dozens of cheering clients. Bobbie Kaye had never been so embarrassed in her entire life!

But the show was a major success, and had ultimately become the Leggy Lingerie prototype for future shows. So Bobbie Kaye was now the company's golden girl, and rumor had it that she was in line for a promotion to Assistant Vice President! She'd decided that the embarrassment had almost been worthwhile. Almost.

Leggy Lingerie was hosting a client retreat at the ritzy Beverly Center Hotel in Beverly Hills, California. This was the site of the original show that had catapulted Bobbie Kaye into corporate stardom. And the hotel just happened to be managed by Bobbie Kaye's closest friend and occasional lover, Gretchen Thomson. Bobbie Kaye had always considered herself a woman who loved men. But she and Gretchen had fallen for each other some years before, and while both also had relationships with men, whenever they were together, their passionate love affair would resume.

Today, Leggy Lingerie was flying in dozens of top buyers from around the world to enjoy the three day retreat. No expense was being spared, either. Guests were being flown in on first class tickets, and each would enjoy a private room at the posh, five star hotel. Leggy Lingerie was dropping some major money on this event, but given the sales and profit figures they'd shown over the past year, they figured the investment was well worth while.

The company had also enlisted the services of their celebrity spokeswoman, the up-and-coming young actress Kristy Spencer, to appear as a special guest at the retreat. Kristy was now the public face of Leggy Lingerie, having appeared in countless TV commercials, billboards, magazine ads, and elsewhere, clad in nothing but the latest, sexiest Leggy Lingerie products. And of course, Kristy was also the younger sister of Bobbie Kaye.

Guests began arriving at Burbank's Bob Hope Airport on Thursday afternoon, each being greeted with a private limousine, and finding themselves escorted in style to the Beverly Center Hotel. After check-in at the hotel, a buffet dinner was available, followed a little later by live musicians and a dance floor. That evening, Hiram Packwood III, the Leggy Lingerie Chief Executive Officer, was scheduled to give an official welcome to all the guests. And that first evening went off without a hitch.

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Nina Offenherz was a buyer for a chain of German shops called Freches Fräulein, which specialized in intimate ladies' apparel. She'd attended the Leggy Lingerie National Show in Manhattan the prior year, the first such event she'd ever attended outside of Europe. She had signed a deal with one of the company's regional sales managers to carry their products in her shops. And as seemed to be the case everywhere, Leggy Lingerie proved a huge seller. Nina had been invited to attend this retreat as a thank you for the additional business.

Nina was a very attractive, fair skinned woman in her early thirties, with stylishly short brown hair, blue eyes, and a slender body. Never married, Nina was in a long term relationship with a man named Daniel, who had been able to persuade her to participate in his favorite fetish. He liked his beautiful girlfriend to flash her sexy body in public!

At first, Nina had responded as you might expect her to. She wanted nothing to do with his crazy ideas! But beginning several years ago, he had very gradually convinced her to take little baby steps. She began by going outside with no bra, and when no one was around, she would flash her pert little boobies for him. Soon she was going out in a skirt with no panties, and flashing her most private place, which she always kept shaved just for him.

Daniel soon began videotaping her little escapades, which were growing ever bolder. In secluded areas, Nina would strip everything off, and assume sexy, almost obscene poses for his camera. In more public areas, she would open her top or raise her skirt, or both, while her boyfriend kept the camera running. Nina had begun to find the outdoor exposure quite thrilling, actually. She didn't really want to be seen by others, but she found herself growing quite aroused by the danger of possibly being seen. Of course, her boyfriend always benefited from her arousal.

The Leggy Lingerie retreat was a long time for the couple to be apart. Daniel had presented Nina with a small digital camera with a timer, and had made her promise to bring back some naked pictures of herself. She was asked to take the pictures in various places around the hotel, including the lobby, the halls, the elevator, even outside by the pool, if possible.

She promised she would try, but she doubted she could take any naked photos near the pool or in the lobby without being seen. By this time, she had grown to love the excitement generated by exposing her nude body in public places, but she still hated the idea of anyone seeing her like that.

Nina checked into her room, thinking about how she was going to manage to fulfill Daniel's requests. She knew she'd have to go out in the middle of the night. Just thinking about it terrified her, but it made her wet to imagine walking naked through the hotel! She would just have to worry about it later. She had a dinner to attend, people to meet, and she especially wanted to say hello to Bobbie Kaye Spencer, the Leggy Lingerie sales manager she'd signed the deal with.

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Since Bobbie Kaye and Gretchen's reunion the previous year, following a five year absence from each other's lives, they had made a point of keeping in closer contact. Each had been through several boyfriends over the past few years, and each expected to settle down and get married some day. But the love they felt for each other was both unique and intense.

Bobbie Kaye had never been with another girl in her life, and she doubted she ever would. But her Beauty, as she always thought of Gretchen, had known she was bisexual for many years. And Gretchen's love for Bobbie Kaye was so passionate that whenever she thought of her, she longed for them to be together. Beauty had never felt that way about another human being.

So while the other guests had private rooms, Bobbie Kaye would be spending her nights with Gretchen in the luxurious Manager's Suite on the third floor. This was her Beauty's permanent residence, and was one of the perks of managing the posh hotel. Staying in her second bedroom would be Bobbie Kaye's sister Kristy, the retreat's special celebrity guest.

Cutie, as Bobbie Kaye was known to all her close friends, had arrived a day before the retreat was scheduled to begin, and she and her Beauty hadn't left each other's side for an instant during the twenty four hours since. As they stood just inside the door to the valet parking area late Thursday afternoon, awaiting the arrival of the limousine bearing Kristy, they reminisced about some of the embarrassing adventures they'd shared. It seemed the fates somehow always conspired to leave them both naked and embarrassed, no matter how they tried to avoid it!

Kristy emerged from the limousine, looking nothing less than glamorous in her designer suit, her shoulder length black hair swept up and back, expensive jewelry hanging from her neck and ears, and adorning several fingers. But the illusion of glamour vanished in an instant as she let out a scream, throwing her arms around her sister and her close friend.

Cutie was well aware of the sparks that seemed to fly whenever Gretchen and Kristy were together. But she told herself that the love the pair shared was nothing more than the love between two good friends. What Gretchen and Kristy really shared, however, was a mutual lust, each feeling an intense sexual attraction to the other. But neither had ever considered a more intimate relationship, out of the respect and love each felt for Bobbie Kaye.

An hour later, all three girls were back at the parking area, as another limousine pulled up. This one was carrying Emily Talbot, the Australian-born buyer from the British-based Pickwick Department Store chain. Pickwick was Leggy Lingerie's biggest customer, and instructions had already been issued that Ms. Talbot was to be treated as an extra special guest of the retreat. But nobody needed to tell Bobbie Kaye that! She already counted Emily among her very closest friends, as did both Gretchen and Kristy.

Cutie greeted her with a warm hug as Emily emerged from the limo. "Hi Sweetie," she said, using the nickname Emily had earned with her kind, caring personality. "On behalf of Leggy Lingerie, welcome to our retreat!"

"Thanks, Cutie," gushed Emily, returning the tight embrace. She then moved to Gretchen, exchanging another hug. "Hi Beauty," she said, giving Gretchen a kiss on the cheek.

Waiting quietly in the background, Kristy just smiled as the others said hi. Then her eyes met Emily's, and electricity seemed to fill the air. Slowly, deliberately, they approached each other, and held each other close. "Oh, Hottie," Emily said, using Kristy's usual nickname. "I've missed you!"

It was all Hottie could do to resist engaging Sweetie in a passionate kiss, and from the look in her eyes, she could tell Emily was having just as much difficulty resisting that kiss. But the love and warmth of the moment abruptly evaporated, as another face emerged from the limousine.

"Little Joe?" said Gretchen in disbelief. "I didn't think Leggy Lingerie was allowing for any guests." Kristy smiled pleasantly at the unexpected guest, while Bobbie Kaye fought back a scowl.

Emily quickly moved in between Cutie and Joe, hoping to forestall any sort of altercation. "I'm sorry, I didn't realize I wasn't permitted to bring a guest. Mr. Ridley and I were in San Francisco as part of a buying trip, and we're heading back for London Sunday night." One of the reasons Joe adored Emily was that she always treated him with such respect. "I figured he could just tag along and enjoy the festivities!"

"Sweetie," said Gretchen, "the hotel's booked solid! There isn't a room to spare!"

Cutie surprised everyone then. "I have an idea," she said, and Joe cowered behind Emily, suddenly fearful for his danglies. "Beauty, you have a private room for Sweetie, right?" Gretchen nodded. "Then how about Sweetie stays with Kristy, and Joe can have her room to himself?"

The idea worked for everybody, although they were all a bit surprised at Cutie's charitable attitude towards her longtime nemesis. Later, when her Beauty asked her about it, Bobbie Kaye reminded her of the instructions to treat Emily as an extra special guest. Cutie reasoned that she'd fulfilled her obligation. And now, if Joe stepped out of line, his danglies were hers!

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That evening at about eight o'clock, following an extensive buffet dinner featuring everything from prime rib to chicken nuggets, the opening speaker proceeded to bore the guests. He was followed by a few words from Leggy Lingerie's celebrity spokeswoman, Kristy Spencer. The lovely actress with the shapely figure and the winning smile held everyone's attention for several minutes, as she sang the praises of Leggy Lingerie, the only undies she ever wore!

Another boring speaker set the stage for the most boring of them all, Mr. Hiram C. Packwood III, the Chief Executive Officer for Leggy Lingerie, Inc. Mr. Packwood stepped up to the podium. It was time for the official welcome.

"Ladies and gentlemen, our valued clients from around the world, on behalf of Leggy Lingerie, I would like to thank you all for being here tonight..." Packwood looked like a cross between a kindly old grandfather and a dirty old man. He'd been with the company for decades, had survived two acquisitions and one bankruptcy, and was now the steward of the company's finest days. His speech was routine and quite dull, all the while his eyes seeming to track from one attractive female guest to the next.

"...there will be several events taking place over the next few days. We have arranged numerous tee times at the Lakeside Golf Club, a trip to Universal Studios, shopping on Rodeo Drive..."

Cutie looked at her watch. The live band was going to begin playing after the welcome, and she knew she'd be expected to dance with as many of the guests as asked her. And she knew she wouldn't be able to dance with the one person she really wanted to dance with, her Beauty.

"...each evening, a sumptuous meal will be available in the grand dining room. You are all invited to attend as many or as few events as you wish. You can spend the entire time lounging by the pool, enjoying the spa, whatever you wish. You are all here as our special guests, and we want you to enjoy the beautiful California weather while you're here..."

As a Regional Sales Manger, Cutie was obliged to mix with the clientele for at least a while, but it wasn't long before she'd had enough. She managed to slip out at around ten o'clock, and she hurried to meet her friends at the lounge located on the second floor of the hotel. She was looking forward to a few drinks, and she quickly realized she was already several drinks behind.

Gretchen had been telling Kristy and Emily about the embarrassment she'd endured the previous year, for more than a week following the lingerie show. Somebody had collected numerous photos of Beauty modeling the sexy Leggy Lingerie, and less. Mostly less! The photos had been made into a screen saver, and installed on all of the hotel's computers!

Beauty identified the file, cleverly titled NakedHotelManager.scr, but every time she deleted the file from one of the computers, not unlike a virus, it seemed to replicate itself. Office employees who hadn't seen their boss naked at the lingerie show were able to see her naked pictures whenever they didn't use their computer terminals for ten minutes. Naturally, this led to a slowdown in production among her office employees, as any work they did interfered with their delightful new screensavers!

The source of this embarrassing occurrence was eventually traced to a piece of malware from an Internet site called postthebossnude.com. Anyone could upload nude photos, and have them sent back to the same computer, or in this case network, as a screensaver, which could not be deleted through any ordinary methods. It required engaging an IT professional to eliminate the problem.

Taking a seat beside her Beauty, Cutie started off with a double tequila shot, and it wasn't long before she was as tipsy as the rest. The conversation soon evolved into bisexuality, and why all four of the girls seemed to like women as well as they liked men.

"My first time with a girl was in college," Hottie was explaining. "It was sort of an initiation into being one of the popular girls. All the cool girls were bi when I was there."

"A boyfriend talked me into having sex with another girl while he watched," said Beauty. "I ended up dumping him, and I was with her for about six months! I've been hooked on girls ever since. Although I still like men sometimes, too."

It was Cutie's turn, and she thought about it for a minute. "For me, it was my Beauty. I would have fallen in love with Gretchen, whether she was a man or a woman. It's just who she is, the special person inside that I love so much."

"How about you, Sweetie?" asked Beauty, and Emily blushed.

"Um... well, I don't really think of myself as bisexual," and she let out an embarrassed giggle. "It's just that, well, during the lingerie show, and I got so... so drunk, and I ended up taking everything off..." Emily's face was bright red by this point, and she wouldn't look anyone in the face.

"And you got so turned on from being naked in front of everybody," Hottie continued for her, "that you couldn't keep your hands off me!" Everybody chuckled at that, even Emily. "Not that I minded a bit!" Kristy added. "You're a great kisser, Sweetie!"

Emily finally met her eyes again. "But you're the only girl... I mean, I never..."

"Just like me," offered Cutie. "I've never been with any girl besides my Beauty, and I don't expect I ever will." She thought for a moment. "So does that make me bi, or not?"

"I don't care whether you're bi or not, my Little Miss Cutie," smiled Gretchen, "as long as you're sleeping beside me!" Bobbie Kaye rewarded her Beauty with a kiss.

"Sure, I get it, Sweetie," continued Hottie. "Showing yourself off naked for everybody just got you so excited. You may not be bisexual at heart, but you're certainly an exhibitionist."

"I am not!" Sweetie protested. "I hated letting all those people see me naked! It was so embarrassing!"

"Sweetie," said Beauty, "there's nothing wrong with either. A boyfriend took me to a nude beach one time, after making me get a really deep tan with my bikini on. When I took the bikini off, my white boobs looked like headlights against my tanned skin. It attracted lots of attention."

"Weren't you embarrassed?" asked Sweetie.

"Extremely embarrassed!" Beauty replied. "And extremely turned on, too! We were there for hours, and I was soaking wet the whole time! We had sex three times that night!"

"You did get pretty excited that time I sent you out into the motel parking lot naked," Cutie reminded her, and Emily blushed an even deeper red.

The conversation continued along the same lines until nearly three in the morning. The lounge had closed at two, but as the hotel manager, Gretchen kept the four of them well supplied with tequila, long after even the bartender had gone home.

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It was three o'clock in the morning, and Nina Offenherz was petrified. She was standing inside her room, naked, trying to bolster the courage to walk out into the hallway. She had her camera with her, attached to a lightweight tripod, and she knew how to set the timer. Just the thought of going out there naked already had her tingling with anticipation. She hadn't even opened the door yet, and she was already longing to touch herself.

She cracked the door a few inches, and looked both ways down the hallway. Everyone would be asleep by then, she was certain. The bars had closed at two, so even those patrons would be passed out in their rooms by now. And she had promised Daniel she would do this. She loved him, and she knew she had to go through with it.

Nina set the tripod and the camera up in the hall, just outside her room. She set the timer at fifteen seconds, then stepped in front to face the lens. Flash! The camera was silent, but that flash would attract the attention of anybody nearby. She checked the photo in the viewer. She was naked, and the image was vivid. She tried another without the flash, and it actually came out just as good. She decided to do this without the flash. She took a deep breath, and headed for the stairs.

She took a series of photos of herself at several locations around the hotel, and she never encountered anyone. She sat on the stairs with her legs wide open, displaying her freshly shaven private area. She took one just outside the doors to the hotel's five star restaurant, the name clearly visible in the photo. She took two pictures outside by the pool, and three more in the deserted lobby, including one at the check-in desk. She didn't know whether her actions were being captured by security cameras, but at this point she was so excited, she didn't really care.

Nina thought she had enough pictures by now. Daniel would be so proud of her! She headed for the elevator, knowing she was just minutes away from her room. She was dripping wet, but she had managed to resist touching herself so far. In just a few more minutes, she'd be alone in her room, and she was anticipating an orgasm that would make all this worthwhile.

She stepped into the elevator. The doors closed and she was about to press the button for her floor, when the most dreadful thing happened. With a slight jerk, the elevator started moving! Nina's heart skipped a beat, and she felt a sudden tightening in her very naked stomach. Somebody had summoned the elevator! She was trapped inside, and any second the elevator was going to stop, and the doors were going to open. She was going to be revealed stark naked to whoever was waiting there! Her mouth went dry and her heart began to thump. She was going to get caught, and there was nothing she could do about it.

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Cutie and the other girls had finally decided it was time to go to bed. It was late, and they wanted to be up in time to enjoy the festivities tomorrow. Besides, all the talk about sex, and that was pretty much all they'd talked about most of the evening, had them all so excited, they could barely keep their hands off each other!

Beauty locked the door to the lounge as they all made their way to the elevator. The two bedrooms in Gretchen's suite were beckoning, and they were all ready for bed. Not for sleep, though, at least not for a while.

The hotel was quiet this late at night, but it turned dead silent as the elevator door opened. Standing inside the elevator was a very naked woman, her face glowing bright crimson. Her completely nude body was on display for them, despite efforts to cover herself. The girls stared in disbelief at the vision before them. The woman was quite lovely, her short brown hair slightly tousled, her blue eyes open wide as realization washed over her.

Gretchen's first concern was that the woman had been a victim of some foul deed. "Are you all right, Miss?" she asked.

"Oh, um... yes, I am... I am fine," the woman replied, her German accent mild but noticeable. "I was... I was just... heading back to my room to..."

"Why are you naked?" Bobbie Kaye asked bluntly, as they all stepped into the spacious elevator, nevertheless backing the woman into a corner. Cutie hit the button to take them to the third floor.

"I... um... I..."

Kristy noticed the camera and the tripod then. "She's been taking naked pictures of herself!" she exclaimed with a smile.

"Oh, no... I was... I was just..."

"Yes you were," insisted Hottie, indicating the equipment she was holding.

Nina hung her head in shame. Her greatest fear had just been realized. She felt humiliated beyond belief, and her eyes filled with tears.

The elevator door opened at the third floor, and as the girls stepped out, Nina absently followed them. "Let's get back to my room," suggested Beauty, "and talk about it."

Nina's eyes opened wide as she stepped into Gretchen's elegant suite. They escorted her to the sofa, and the girls all took seats near her. "You were taking naked pictures of yourself," asked Beauty, "weren't you?" The woman nodded. "Why?"

"I promised Daniel," the woman explained, willing herself to meet Gretchen's eyes. "He is my boyfriend. He likes me to pose nude for him, but he is back in Germany. So he made me promise to take some pictures for him while I am here."

Emily spoke for the first time. "Do you enjoy it? I mean, letting strangers see you naked?"

The woman stared at her for several seconds. "I like posing in the nude, and I... I like the fear... I like being afraid that someone might see me." At least the tears had stopped. "But actually being seen is so embarrassing."

"But it turns you on, doesn't it?" asked Hottie, and the woman shook her head. "Look at your nipples! What's your name, anyway?"

"I am... I am Nina."

"I thought I recognized you," said Bobbie Kaye. "You're the buyer from Freches Fräulein, that German lingerie store!"

"Oh God," Nina replied. "You are Bobbie Kaye Spencer! I signed the contract with you last year in New York!"

"And you, Miss Nina," smiled Beauty, "are a very naughty lady!" Nina hung her head again.

"It's all right, Naughty Nina," teased Hottie. "If anybody understands the thrill of being naked in front of strangers, it's us!"

"Speak for yourself, Sis," argued Cutie. "It's happened to me more times than I care to think about, but I've never found it thrilling. Just humiliating!"

"Come on, Cutie," said Gretchen, "you're always so turned on later that night, any time you end up naked in front of people!"

"Maybe later," Cutie conceded, "but not when it's happening! It's always just too embarrassing for words!"

"Um... I... I can understand it... sort of," said Sweetie, her own cheeks suddenly turning red.

Hottie gave Sweetie a passionate kiss on the lips for admitting it, and Nina averted her eyes. She seemed uncomfortable watching the two girls kiss. "What is it, Nina?" asked Beauty. "You don't like girls?"

"Um... no, it is not... I... well, I have a boyfriend back home. Daniel."

"And Daniel has never asked you to have sex with another girl?" Beauty pressed her.

"No! I mean, I am not like that! I mean, there is... there is nothing wrong with it... I think. But it is not something I have ever wanted to do."

Hottie sensed an opportunity. "Nina, your nipples look so excited," she said. "May I touch your nipples, Nina?"

Nina swallowed hard, and gave an almost imperceptible nod. Hottie ran her hand lightly over the woman's small breast, gently brushing her engorged nipple. Nina surprised even herself as she let out a soft moan that sounded a lot like pleasure.

Beauty caught on quickly, and asked if she could touch Nina's other breast. She actually turned slightly, allowing Gretchen easier access. Against everything she'd ever believed about herself, Nina found herself growing even more aroused, as these two beautiful women touched her breasts and teased her nipples. The fact that all four women were still fully dressed only further enhanced Nina's embarrassment, and her excitement.

She felt herself slipping beyond any thoughts of resistance, and Kristy moved in a little closer, touching Nina's ear with her lips, her tongue. Cutie moved in, a little reluctantly, and began to caress the naked woman's breast, while Hottie's focus changed to Nina's neck, and then to her face. A part of her wanted to resist, but Nina was succumbing to the expert seductions of these women.

Beauty motioned for Sweetie to join the fun, as she brought her own face up to Nina's. Hottie then positioned herself lower, easily separating Nina's knees, and began to kiss her inner thighs. "Have you ever kissed another woman, Nina?" asked Beauty, shooting Cutie a glance, asking wordlessly for approval. Cutie, still as tipsy as her friends, grinned and gave a little nod.

Sweetie had begun teasing Nina's right breast with her fingers, while Cutie closed her mouth over the left, licking and kissing the nipple. As Nina saw Gretchen bringing her mouth close to hers, a wave of apprehension swept over her. But it was gone in an instant as their lips met. Nina felt Beauty's tongue pressing between her lips, and tried briefly to resist the strange intrusion. But as Hottie's mouth moved onto Nina's sex, the last real hint of resistance crumbled.

Nina was now totally involved in what was happening to her. She tried to entwine her tongue around Beauty's, placing her hand behind her head, pulling her even closer. Sweetie was kissing her right nipple now, as Cutie kissed the left, while Kristy used her expert tongue to bring Nina to an explosive orgasm.

The four girls were growing wild with their own lustful feelings, but Nina was still the center of attention, and they allowed no time for the very satisfied woman to recover. While Sweetie and Cutie continued playing with Nina's erect nipples, Beauty and Hottie switched positions. The aroma of sex filled the air, as Gretchen lowered herself between Nina's legs. She went right to work on Nina's still swollen sex, using her experienced tongue and lips to bring her right back to the brink.

Kristy brought her mouth to Nina's, who winced slightly, remembering where Hottie's mouth had just been. But Kristy gently brought her head around to face her, and began to probe Nina's mouth with her tongue. Nina had never tasted her own essence before, nor that of any woman. The idea had never held any appeal for her, but she was suddenly overwhelmed with the desire to do exactly that.

Beauty was holding Nina near the edge, but she refused to allow her to climax just yet. Without leaving her position, she caught Hottie's attention, and made a subtle motion toward Nina's camera. Hottie knew what needed to be done, and she silently encouraged Sweetie to take her place, kissing Nina's hungry mouth.

Kristy snapped numerous photos, showing Nina French kissing Emily, and then Bobbie Kaye, while Gretchen remained focused on her most private treasure. After taking several shots of Gretchen's actions, some close up, some with Nina's face clearly in the picture, she handed the camera to her sister, and resumed kissing the once reluctant woman.

Once she felt enough photos had been taken, Beauty went to work on finishing their visitor off. Her first orgasm had been the most powerful Nina had ever felt, but it was dwarfed by the one that followed. Beauty then proceeded to kiss the thoroughly satisfied young woman, and more photos were taken.

"So you don't like girls, Nina?" teased Beauty.

Trying to catch her breath, Nina began to blush again. "I... it was... so amazing!" whispered Nina. "I never knew it could be... so... powerful, so, so... intense!"

"So you really got turned on," asked Hottie, "being the only one naked, didn't you?"

"I have never been so embarrassed," explained Nina. "And I have never... you know... that hard!"

Hottie whispered something into Beauty's ear, and Beauty giggled. Hottie then turned again to Nina. "So you really liked being embarrassed like that, right?"

"It is difficult to admit, but yes, being so embarrassed... it really turned me on."

"Well," said Kristy, "We'll be here all weekend. We'll look for you tomorrow, but we need to get some sleep, and I think it's time for you to head back to your room."

"All right," smiled Nina. "But could you please lend me something to wear? I will bring it back tomorrow."

Hottie glanced at her friends, and said "Absolutely not! You came here naked, and you're leaving naked!"

"But, I am... I am not excited at all now!" Nina stood up, and looked pleadingly from one girl to the next. "I can not go running around the hotel naked now!"

"Why not?" asked Beauty. "I'll make sure you don't get in trouble. But since you like running around my hotel naked, and since you like being embarrassed, this is the perfect chance for you to do both at once!"

The girls ushered Nina back into the hallway. Sweetie took some pity, though, and offered to escort Nina back to her room, to ensure she arrived safely. Cutie had finished downloading all of Nina's pictures onto her laptop, and Hottie handed Nina the camera and the tripod. She told Sweetie to hurry back, because they were both going to be naked themselves in a few minutes.

The pair easily made it back to Nina's room without being seen, and Emily offered a sincere apology. Nina said not to worry about it, that she had actually enjoyed the new experience very much. She gave Sweetie a warm embrace, and closed her door.

But in her mind, wicked thoughts were already beginning to brew. The intensity of the sex had been overwhelming, she admitted to herself. But making her walk back to her room naked had been very naughty of them! Well, she thought to herself, she could be naughty, too. Before she went to sleep, Nina called Daniel back at home. She asked him to arrange for something to be overnighted to her, regardless of the cost. She needed the items no later than Friday afternoon.

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Bobbie Kaye dragged herself out of bed early the next morning, following some the most amazing sex she had ever experienced. And it had been equally intense for Gretchen. The long buildup in the lounge, followed by the unparalleled encounter with Nina, had left them both turned on to a level neither had ever before known!

But Cutie had work to do. She was still there for the retreat, and she had clients to meet, not to mention a pool to lie beside. She didn't want to spend any more of her working vacation asleep than was absolutely necessary. Unless she was asleep by the pool.

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Friday passed without any unusual incidents. They never encountered Nina that day, although they did see her at dinner that evening. Following dinner, Nina asked to meet them all in the lounge. Bobbie Kaye couldn't escape her responsibilities for at least a couple more hours, but Gretchen, Kristy, and Emily met her in the lounge at a little past eight thirty.

They went through some formal introductions, as Nina had not yet even learned their names. They had a couple of drinks, and then Nina pulled four small packages out of the bag she'd been guarding all evening. Written on each package was a single letter, A, B, C, or D. Looking the girls over, she gave the one marked D to Kristy, whom she learned was also known as Hottie. Emily, Sweetie, was given the package marked with a C, and Gretchen, Beauty, received the package marked B. The package marked A, she explained, was for Bobbie Kaye.

They talked about the night before, and Nina explained that while she'd never in her life looked at another woman in a sexual way, that the girls may have opened her eyes to a world of new possibilities. She might even use her new discovery to surprise Daniel, once she returned to Germany.

Nina also shared some of the experiences she'd had, exposing herself in public. She'd been spotted from a distance several times, and it both terrified and excited her when it happened. But encountering the four women in the elevator had obviously been just too much. She'd enjoyed the entire experience, with the exception of being made to walk back to her room naked, after any hint of sexual arousal had vanished. She told them that it had been quite embarrassing, and not at all pleasurable. But she brushed off their apologies, and they enjoyed their time together.

Cutie eventually joined them, and once again she found herself well behind the others in their drinking. Quite aware that Cutie's arrival had just turned the comfortable foursome into a more awkward quintet, Nina excused herself, and said her goodnights. As she was about to leave, she remembered the other package she had in her bag, the one with the A written on it. This she gave to Bobbie Kaye, along with a quick kiss on the cheek and a final goodnight.

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The girls didn't close the lounge down that night, preferring to get to bed a little earlier, and to enjoy Saturday, their last full day together, to the fullest. They paired off in Beauty's two bedrooms, and both couples caught a good night's sleep, following the expected round of lovemaking.

The following morning, Gretchen, Kristy and Emily all wanted to go shopping on Rodeo Drive, even though they doubted any of them could afford to buy anything. Bobbie Kaye was obliged to stay at the hotel and socialize with the clients, but she was planning on spending the morning lying beside the pool. Before the girls left, Beauty slathered Cutie with loads of suntan lotion, and Cutie modeled her new bikini for her friends. The bikini was rather revealing for her personal taste, but at least both the top and bottom were lined.

The packages Nina had given the girls each contained a fashionable new black bikini, and the letters on the outside had represented the size she'd estimated each would need. Despite the sexual fervor of a couple of nights ago, Nina had paid close attention to the physical appearance of each of her four seductresses. And when she'd called Daniel that night, she told him to be certain that she was sent four bikinis of the appropriate sizes.

Bobbie Kaye's fit her perfectly, although it was quite a bit skimpier than she was used to. For that matter, Cutie didn't wear bikinis at all ordinarily, preferring a more conservative one piece swimsuit. But this was still a vacation, albeit a working one. She just wanted to soak up as much sun as she could while she had the chance. And the bikini did look really cute on her!

The girls promised to meet her at the pool that afternoon, and set off on their window shopping adventure. Cutie wrapped herself modestly in a big beach towel, and headed off for the hotel's outdoor pool.

The poolside was already crowded when she arrived, and she greeted several of her clients, all of whom were having a wonderful time at the retreat. She didn't notice Nina, though, who was hiding discreetly under a wide brimmed hat and behind some sunglasses. Cutie found a vacant lounge chair near the deep end of the pool, then removed her towel and folded it to use as a pillow. Bobbie Kaye put her Ray-Bans on and lay down on her back, giving in to the warm California sunshine.

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Joe had somehow managed to stay out of trouble so far. He had carefully avoided the girls, Bobbie Kaye in particular. He didn't know why something bad always happened whenever he encountered them, and he certainly knew it was never his fault. But something always seemed to go wrong, he always seemed to take the blame, and he always seemed to end up tied by his... oh, he didn't even like to think about it... and left naked, only to be further humiliated when rescued by total strangers.

Joe was Gretchen's guest at the hotel, but he wasn't technically a guest of Leggy Lingerie, so he had been on his own as far as food and entertainment. He'd spent all day Friday at the Los Angeles Zoo, where he took numerous photographs of the different animals he saw. Joe loved wildlife photography; in fact it was his great hobby. And while he knew that taking pictures of the animals at the zoo didn't technically qualify as wildlife photography, he very much enjoyed his day, anyway.

He spent Friday evening at a local movie theater, catching up on the latest action films, and got back to his room in time for a good night's sleep. Now on Saturday morning, as a guest of the hotel, he knew he was entitled to enjoy the pool, same as any other guest. So he grabbed a pair of swimming trunks and a towel, and headed out to enjoy the sunshine. He knew he'd be back in cloudy, rainy London soon enough.

Joe found one empty lounge chair, and quickly laid claim to it. Beside him was a slender young woman, quite sexy with her small breasts hidden behind a black bikini top. She had long auburn hair, and her eyes were hidden behind sunglasses. She appeared to be asleep, and he knew he'd better look away, before his body betrayed him in this very public place. He donned his own sunglasses, and was soon dozing lightly.

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Beauty, Hottie and Sweetie were overwhelmed by their shopping trip to Rodeo Drive. Overwhelmed by the selections, overwhelmed by the beauty and glamour of the place, but mostly overwhelmed by the prices! They had lunch at a fancy, upscale sushi bar, then headed back to the hotel to look for Cutie.

Meanwhile, Cutie had struck up a conversation with the man sitting on the lounge chair next to hers. His voice sounded familiar enough, and she thought she knew him, but she couldn't quite place him. That is, until he removed his sunglasses.

"Little Joe!" exclaimed Bobbie Kaye. "I didn't know it was you!"

"Hi... uh... Bobbie Kaye," Joe replied nervously, as he suddenly realized who he'd been talking with. Oh, would he never escape these wretched girls, he thought, his hands moving reflexively to his danglies. Every time he saw them, something terrible seemed to happen to embarrass the girls, and he always got the blame! The girls usually got their revenge by stripping him naked, and even little Cutie had grabbed him by the danglies on more than occasion, she'd been so cross.

"Oh, don't worry, Little Joe," she reassured him. "I don't hold grudges. Not beyond the first few months, anyway."

"You look very... um... nice, Bobbie Kaye," Joe said boldly. It was quite unlike him to offer such a compliment on a woman's appearance. He was so shy with women to begin with, and attractive, scantily clad women made him particularly nervous.

"Thanks, Little Joe," she smiled. She knew he hated the nickname, but to Bobbie Kaye, he would always be "Little Joe." She'd known him too many years to change that now. They exchanged a few more pleasantries, but soon, Cutie was starting to doze off again.

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Hiram C. Packwood III, the company's CEO, was wandering the hotel grounds with several other Leggy Lingerie corporate officers. They were searching for Bobbie Kaye Spencer, their very own golden girl. The decision had been reached unanimously, and they planned on announcing Ms. Spencer's upcoming promotion to Assistant Vice President that evening at the farewell dinner. They wanted to give her the good news, and also give her a chance to write a brief addition to the speech she was scheduled to give that evening, acknowledging her promotion. One of the hotel staff had told Mr. Packwood that Bobbie Kaye had been seen at the pool, and that was precisely where the entourage was headed.

Bobbie Kaye was right at the edge of sleep, the warm sunshine helping her feel completely relaxed. She came up with a start when she heard her name called. She reached for the towel she'd been using as a pillow, but knocked it on the ground, out of reach.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, Bobbie Kaye," said Mr. Packwood, his eyes taking in every inch of her petite body, her womanly charms barely contained within the skimpy bikini.

Standing before these men, she felt almost naked as she recognized Mr. Packwood and the other officers. The Chief Financial Officer was there, and the Chief Operations Officer, along with a few lesser Vice Presidents. Among the latter was her good looking boss, the Vice President of Sales, Mike Winters. Cutie wished she could cover herself, but saw no way to do so without seeming rude. "Um... it's... um... nice to see you, Mr. Packwood," she said, blushing, forcing herself to smile, acknowledging each of the others with a nod.

"Bobbie Kaye," Mr. Packwood began, "I'm sure you know how highly we all think of you." Cutie blushed a little brighter. "Ever since you reinvented the lingerie show, our sales have been skyrocketing! Leggy Lingerie is heading for another record breaking year. And aside from my... um... leadership, you are one of the primary reasons we are doing so well!" He cleared his throat. "Of course, having trained you myself," he added pompously, "I take much of the credit for your success, as well."

Cutie just nodded politely. Packwood had never trained her! In fact, he'd never even met her until after that first immensely successful show, last year at this very same hotel. But she also knew that Packwood would take credit for inventing lingerie, if he thought he could.

"Well, Bobbie Kaye," Packwood continued, "we are going to be making the announcement tonight that, effective with the next quarter, you are being promoted to Assistant Vice President! A generous increase in pay and benefits will accompany the additional responsibilities," he assured her.

Cutie's face lit up, her embarrassment suddenly forgotten. And whenever Cutie's face lit up like that, the sun seemed to shine a little brighter for everyone around her. She had an overpowering urge to hug somebody just then, but she couldn't possibly hug one of the officers. She then saw Joe standing beside her, and he was the lucky recipient of that hug.

Joe was happy for his little friend, despite the differences they'd had over the years, and he spun her around a couple of times as they embraced. When he let her down, though, he released her a little too suddenly. Cutie stumbled backwards, waving her arms, trying to regain her balance. But despite her best efforts, the inertia from Joe's spin sent her plunging helplessly into the pool!

Cutie was not a strong swimmer, but she eventually doggy paddled back to the edge of the pool. She grabbed the diving board as she emerged soaking wet, scrambling back onto dry ground. Unfortunately, it took her several long seconds to realize that as she climbed out of the pool, her bikini failed to make the climb with her. Somehow, both pieces had come completely off!

It took her a little while to gauge the looks in the officers' eyes. They were all staring at her, their eyes open much wider than they'd been just a minute before. She glanced down and saw her erect nipples sticking out from her little boobies, and she just stared in disbelief, not even thinking to cover herself. A quick inventory showed that not only were her perfect little boobies exposed, her freshly shaven kitty-cat was on display for all to see, as well!

Disbelief was followed in a few moments by denial, and an instant after that, panic set in! Now the worst thing you can possibly do when you find out you're the only naked person in a crowd is to scream, for as Cutie had learned before, all that will do is draw even more attention to your plight. So what do you suppose Cutie did? She screamed!

Looks of shock and amusement were visible on each officer's face, lust apparent on several as well. Hiram C. Packwood III just stared, mouth open, his tongue almost hanging out of his mouth. Everyone around the pool was staring at her, too. Bobbie Kaye had been embarrassed this way more times than she could count, but this topped them all! She backed away, using one arm to hide her little boobies, the other trying to cover her kitty-cat. Of course, backing up is not the best way to escape from an embarrassing situation. It's especially unwise when there is a diving board directly behind you!

Cutie tumbled backwards over the board, landing on the other side with a splat! Her adorable little bubble butt remained high in the air, clinging to the diving board, her head and neck on the ground, her legs kicking wildly as she attempted to extricate herself from the most humiliating moment of her life! And as she kicked, the little Hello Kitty tattoo adorning the most private part of her most private place was quite visible, waving happily to everybody.

She finally turned herself upright, just as Mike Winters handed her the towel she'd brought with her. She wrapped herself as best she could and, tears leaking from her eyes, she ran for the lobby, and back to her room. Once safe behind the locked door, Cutie lay on the bed crying, wishing her Beauty were there to hold her, to comfort her. Having suffered such absolute shame and embarrassment, and front of her boss, no less, Bobbie Kaye felt more alone at that moment than ever in her entire life.

Not surprisingly, Cutie hadn't looked around her as she ran. Had she done so, she might have seen something that would have surprised her. A rather furtive looking Little Joe was placing his camera back inside its case.

Joe had so very badly wanted to get a picture of Bobbie Kaye - Bobbie Kaye naked! He had seen her naked before, of course. The silly girl had the habit of managing to get herself naked regularly. But he'd never had the chance to get a photograph before. He was a little bit ashamed of the thought, but then Bobbie Kaye's kitty-cat had been, well... it was just begging to be photographed! But in the end he hadn't done it. He'd been too embarrassed. He was kicking himself for the missed opportunity. But he hadn't done it.

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Beauty, Hottie and Sweetie returned to their suite that afternoon, thinking they might find Cutie waiting for them. They changed into the new bikinis Nina had given them and headed for the pool, hoping to find their friend waiting for them there.

But at that moment, Cutie was sitting in the second floor lounge with her boss, Mike Winters. He had called her in her room, asking to meet with her. He understood her embarrassment, he assured her, and he also told her that the little mishap would have no negative effect on her promotion. She'd been humiliated, he understood, but she would still be expected to give her speech at the farewell dinner that evening.

Bobbie Kaye's cheeks were still bright red as she faced her boss. He'd just seen her completely naked, every inch of her naughty bits on wide open display. But he was looking her directly in the eyes, and he wore a serious expression on his handsome face. Her own face was still burning, but she managed to flash him a little smile. She promised she'd be ready that evening, and she thanked him for trying to make the entire ordeal a little less unbearable for her.

After leaving the lounge, feeling just a tiny bit better, Cutie went looking for her friends. They must be back from their shopping trip by now, she reasoned. But where were they? They weren't answering their cell phones. She took a leisurely walk around the grounds, keeping an eye open for them. Then, as she passed the pool, she saw three familiar figures lined up on the diving board, each wearing a skimpy black bikini identical to the one that she'd been wearing earlier.

She noticed a woman nearby, also clad in a bikini, wearing a wide brimmed hat and sunglasses, aiming a camera at Cutie's friends. They weren't posing for her, it didn't seem. Slowly, reality began to dawn on her. The woman with the camera was Nina. The girls were wearing the same kind of bikini that had fallen off of Cutie's body almost the instant she hit the water. The girls were about to dive in. Nina had given them the bikinis. Nina was taking pictures...

"Wait! Sis! Beauty! Sweetie! Don't go in the..."

Splash! Splash! Splash!

"...water." Bobbie Kaye had tried, but by the time she realized what was about to happen, it was too late. She rushed toward the pool, hoping to fend off the disaster she knew was inevitable.

Hottie was the first one out of the water, and was heading back in the direction of the diving board. Kristy was easily the most athletic of the group, and enjoyed the sport of diving as much as any other. She unconsciously reached up with both hands, bouncing her generous boobs with each step, then hesitated a moment. She wondered why her boobs were suddenly so available for bouncing!

Gretchen was the next one out, instantly noticing Hottie's naked form, though not yet her own. She instinctively placed her hands on her hips, her traditional pose of authority, calling out to her friend that it was not acceptable to go skinny dipping in her hotel's pool!

By this point, Hottie had realized that she was naked, and was making a halfhearted attempt at covering herself. All eyes around the pool were focused either on Kristy or on Gretchen. Now Hottie had been to enough nude beaches, and performed at amateur strip clubs often enough, that being seen naked didn't bother her as much as it did the other girls. But for some reason, perhaps because she was here on business, she was suddenly beginning to feel very naked indeed!

Sweetie was climbing out then, and the instant she was out, she recognized her own situation. Much as Cutie had done, she let out a scream, drawing the attention of everyone within earshot to her own naked form. She tried desperately to cover her own ample bosom, as well as her neatly trimmed private area.

Her scream drew Beauty's attention, as well. Gretchen turned to face her, hands still on hips, still completely oblivious to her own nudity. She then noticed Cutie running towards her, and of course running near the pool was as against the rules as skinny dipping! Didn't any of her friends care about the rules? The pool regulations were clearly posted! "Look at your sister and Sweetie, Cutie!" said Gretchen. "They aren't allowed to skinny dip in my pool!"

Cutie actually giggled. "Why not, Beauty?" she quipped. "Is that privilege reserved especially for the hotel manager?"

Beauty glanced down at herself then, and realized Hottie and Sweetie were not the only naked women around the pool. Ever the professional, however, Gretchen refused to acknowledge her own situation. She walked casually over to Emily who by that time was trying to hide behind the chain link fence separating the pool from the patio outside the cantina. For all the good it was doing her.

Beauty began escorting Sweetie towards the hotel lobby, holding her head high, refusing to betray her acute feelings of embarrassment. Emily, on the other hand, was trying desperately to conceal more body parts than she had hands to conceal them. Meanwhile, Cutie had collected her sister, and was starting to chase after Beauty. She stopped long enough to shoot Nina a glance, who smiled brightly, waving her camera triumphantly in the air.

Standing just inside the hotel lobby, dressed in a suit and tie, Gretchen's assistant manager was the first to greet her as she, her two naked friends and the modestly dressed Bobbie Kaye stepped inside. "Yes, Henry?" she asked, her face stern, refusing to acknowledge her embarrassment. "Is there a problem?

"Um... no, Miss Thomson," he replied, trying but failing to avert his eyes. "Um... may I be of any... um... assistance?"

"We are quite all right, Henry, thank you," she replied, feigning nonchalance. Gretchen led her three friends calmly through the lobby towards the elevator. Kristy was once again bouncing her naked boobs, Emily was trying desperately to cover everything at once, while Bobbie Kaye, for a change, still had all her clothes on!

The elevator door hadn't even closed yet before Sweetie was all over Hottie, and Beauty's face went from its normal healthy tan to tomato red in half a second! Cutie giggled, having survived the worst of her own humiliation, this time managing to maintain her dignity.

As soon as they reached Gretchen's suite, Sweetie and Hottie made a beeline for their room. Beauty's heart was pounding in her chest. How she'd managed to keep her cool up until this point mystified her, but she was just about to let it all out when Cutie said, "It was Nina."

Beauty's delayed state of panic instantly subsided, as her intellectual side took over again. "What was Nina, Cutie?"

"Those bikinis. The same thing happened to mine earlier. Do you remember reading about those so-called "dissolving bikinis?" Some company in Germany is marketing them. They supposedly disintegrate when immersed in water."

"Supposedly?" asked Beauty, and both girls briefly broke out into a fit of hysterical laughter.

"I hated being the guinea pig to prove the theory," Cutie said, calming down a bit. She told her Beauty the whole story, from Mr. Packwood and the others telling her about her upcoming promotion, to how very efficiently her bikini had done what it was intended to do, all the way up to seeing Nina taking their pictures by the pool.

"Hmm," Gretchen pondered. "It seems our naughty friend Nina has been up to some dirty tricks."

"You know," offered Bobbie Kaye, "what we did to her the other night was a bit over the top."

"Why? She came twice!" Beauty reminded her. "She said she wasn't into girls, but she sure didn't seem to mind when the four of us were making her feel so good. Besides, I've always said that all women are potentially bisexual."

"I know," Cutie conceded, "but making her walk back to her room naked was kind of mean."

"She likes running around naked! She told us so."

"When she's excited, maybe. But after she calmed down, it was different. It was just so embarrassing for her."

"Well," said Beauty, "She certainly got even with us. All of us! And then some!"

Meanwhile, subtle sounds of ecstasy were emanating from Kristy and Emily's bedroom. "You know," suggested Cutie, "I think Kristy's right. Emily seems to get really turned on when people see her naked."

"So does your sister, for that matter." Beauty thought for a moment. "As a matter of fact, so do I, a little, except when my employees can see me."

"Not me!" Cutie said a little too emphatically. "I don't get turned on at all! It's just too embarrassing!" Gretchen gave her a look. "Well," blushed Cutie, "if I did turn me on, I'd certainly never admit it!"

At that very instant, back at the pool, Joe noticed something odd. Nina's camera was exactly like his own! Same make, same model, same color, the cameras were identical! If he were accidentally to put his down next to hers, he might just accidentally pick hers up. And her camera had all the naked pictures on it. The temptation was really very strong.

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Saturday night had arrived, and Cutie was still practicing her speech. She had no problem speaking before an audience; as long as she had her clothes on.

She had written a speech extolling the new range of underwear that Leggy Lingerie was bringing out for the upcoming season. Her speech was to be accompanied by a presentation she'd put together, featuring the first look at the company's newest product line, lingerie with "The Look Men Want To See," as their new slogan went. She had assembled images of the new lingerie into a Power Point presentation, and given it to Gretchen on a thumb drive to load onto the conference hall's computer.

The dinner was a masterpiece, offering myriad choices from the restaurant's five star menu, lots of imported French Champagne, and a wide selection of decadent of desserts. More speeches followed, most of them exceptionally dull. But at least the speeches were accompanied by images of the current Leggy Lingerie product line, with each piece worn by a beautiful model, all displayed on a giant screen directly behind the podium.

Hiram C. Packwood III then said that he had a special announcement to make. "Most of you know our West Coast Regional Sales Manager, Bobbie Kaye Spencer." A nice round of applause went up at the mention of her name. "Ms. Spencer, my personal protégé, has been a major contributor to the success Leggy Lingerie has enjoyed, and is largely to thank for our ability to have all of you here as our special guests." A bigger round of applause.

"Tonight," he continued, "I am very pleased to announce that Ms. Spencer is about to be promoted to the position of Assistant Vice President!" Still more applause. "Bobbie Kaye, would you care to say a few words?"

Many of Leggy Lingerie's clients knew Bobbie Kaye personally, either from her L.A. show the year before, from the national show in Manhattan, or from one of her other successful shows. Most of the others had met her at the retreat, or had at least heard of her by reputation. And more than a few had seen her naked by now, either at the L.A. show last year, or that very afternoon by the pool. And the round of applause that went up this time seemed to go on for a very long time.

Cutie made her way to the podium, dressed in a very conservative suit with a knee length skirt, her auburn hair up, looking quite the professional businesswoman. She pulled her notes from a pocket, took a deep breath, and began to speak. "Ladies and gentlemen, friends really, I am honored by your greeting. Leggy Lingerie is a wonderful company, and as you know, we offer the best selection, and the finest quality, of ladies' intimate apparel on the market today! And now," she said, signaling for the presentation to begin, "The Look Men Want To See!"

An unexpected round of applause went up then, catching Bobbie Kaye a bit by surprise. She noticed her sister waving at her, and she just smiled and waved back. She tried to continue her little speech, but the applause just kept getting louder and louder! Emily soon joined Kristy in waving frantically, and they seemed to be pointing at something. At the same time, Cutie saw Gretchen making a mad dash for the door. As the applause grew even more intense, she finally got the idea that her sister was trying to tell her to turn around.

If Bobbie Kaye could have died from embarrassment at that very instant, she would gladly have done exactly that. The Power Point presentation on the giant screen behind her featured a series of very explicit, high definition photos of her little incident at the pool that afternoon.

Cutie stood transfixed as the series of photos played through. There she was, dressed in her black bikini, talking to Mr. Packwood and the others. Next was a picture of her as she was falling into the pool. One of her climbing out, sans bikini, and another before she'd realized her bikini was gone. Then a photo as she tried to cover up, the redness of her face having clearly been captured by the camera. After that came a picture of her naked form as she backed away, prior to colliding with the diving board, and then just another following that collision, as she toppled backwards.

The next image didn't show her face, but did show her from the waist down as she lay on her back, her bottom against the diving board, her legs kicking wildly. The following photo in the series was an amazingly detailed close up of her Hello Kitty tattoo. Of course, the photo also featured her most private place, displayed in such wide open, large screen, full color detail that even a Hustler model might have been embarrassed!

And the humiliation mounted as a series of pictures of Gretchen, Kristy, and Emily appeared, each of them displaying The Look Men Want To See: the stark naked look!

As she gazed at the screen in utter dismay, Bobbie Kaye saw that the series of photos was already beginning to play again. She waited patiently for several seconds for a hole to open in the floor beneath her and swallow her up. When she realized she wasn't going to be so fortunate, she turned to the microphone and, in a quavering voice, simply said "Thank you." Calm on the outside, trembling on the inside, Cutie walked coolly to the nearest exit, refusing to look anyone in the face.

A few minutes later, the screen mercifully went dark. Gretchen had finally reached the door to the room where the Power Point display was running on the hotel's computer. Inside the room, Little Joe, a look of horror on his face, was frantically bashing keys on the computer, trying to make it stop. Unfortunately, the only result was to freeze the whole thing up. No bashing of keys, no hammering of CTRL-ALT-DEL could stop it. Back in the auditorium, frozen for what seemed an eternity on the screen, a little kitten waved mischievously at the audience. Only when Gretchen traced the power cord to the wall and gave it a yank, did the cute little kitten say goodnight.

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You might think that Bobbie Kaye would get used to everybody seeing her naked, but she never did. Every time it happened, she went through the same mental anguish. But then, every time it happened, she always managed to recover. Eventually. She had learned long ago that you don't really die from embarrassment, even though at the moment it was happening, you might want to.

The four friends were sitting in a booth in the second floor lounge a little later that evening, trying to decide whether to let the issue drop, or whether to confront Nina. After all, Nina had taken the pictures, so she somehow must have been responsible for the outrageous Power Point display. Beauty was still trying to figure what had gone wrong with the computer, leaving her no choice but to pull the plug.

Even now, Cutie's face was still burning, and she tried to disappear every time someone came into the lounge. She was trying to blend into the wallpaper behind her Beauty, not wanting to face any of the people who had seen her so completely naked. The other bar patrons seemed to pay her little mind as they came and went, though. Nevertheless, she was beginning to think about some kind of payback for Nina.

Beauty and Hottie were very much against the revenge idea, as was Sweetie. Cutie wasn't brave enough to take Nina on alone, so she sat there, sipping a margarita while she pouted, unable to forget what had happened that evening. "We have to do something," she argued. "Look what she did to all of us! It was all just so embarrassing!"

"You know what, Sis?" countered Hottie. "What Nina did to us today? Sweetie got so turned on from it, we both had some of the best sex ever afterwards!"

"I wasn't turned on," Emily said quietly.

"Give me a break, Sweetie!" exclaimed Kristy. "By the time we got to our room, you were wetter than you were in the pool!" Sweetie just smiled, blushing brightly at the memory.

"Look, we need to put a stop to it," reasoned Beauty. "If we retaliate, what's Nina going to do to us next? Revenge accomplishes nothing, it only provokes even more revenge."

"I think we should tie her naked to..." Cutie stopped cold as Nina wandered into the lounge, her face somber. She came over to the table and asked if she could join them. She carefully positioned herself out of Bobbie Kaye's reach.

"I want you to know something," she said in her mild German accent. "I gave you the dissolving bikinis, this is true. But I had nothing to do with those photos showing on the screen like that."

"It was your camera, Nina," reasoned Beauty. "Who else could have been responsible?"

"That is just the problem," Nina explained. "I took the pictures, of course. I thought it would be fun. You like these little games, yes? But when I started to download the pictures onto my computer, all I found were pictures of animals, and a strange bird with a bright red beak."

"An American Red-Nosed shrike?" exclaimed Cutie.

"Little Joe!" Beauty and Hottie announced in unison.

They noticed Sweetie waving towards the door then, and were surprised to see a very depressed looking Joe come in and head for the bar. "Mr. Ridley!" she called out. "Come on over and join us!"

Joe approached cautiously.

"Well?" said Cutie, her face still red with embarrassment.

"Well?" repeated Gretchen, standing now, her hands on her hips.

"Well?" echoed Kristy.

"Oh Mr. Ridley," Emily said with her sweet, sympathetic smile. "What have you done?"

"Well... I... um... uh..." he stammered, "I... um... found the pictures accidentally on my camera..."

"Accidentally?" exclaimed Cutie.

"And I thought, well, I would put them in a Power Point presentation. To enjoy them later."

"You did, did you?" asked Hottie.

"And I saved it to my memory stick."

"Well, you would, wouldn't you?" said Beauty.

"Then Beauty, um... I mean Gretchen, um... I mean Ms. Thompson asked if I wouldn't mind putting the presentation for the meeting on the computer used for the conference room. And she gave me the memory stick with it on..."

"Let me guess," said Gretchen, "the memory stick was identical, and you had called your presentation, 'Presentation 1.'"

"Uh... yes," said Joe, "I wanted an innocuous file name."

"You would," said Gretchen.

"And when the pictures came up, I tried to stop them..."

"And instead you froze the computer," wailed Cutie, "with a giant close up of my kitty-cat on display!"

Joe thought he'd better run for it.

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The girls said their tearful goodbyes the next day. They had to go their separate ways for now, but they knew time and fate would bring them back together again, one day soon. They were friends for life, were Cutie, Beauty, Hottie and Sweetie, and nothing would ever change that.

And they had a new friend, now, too. Naughty Nina still had all those naked pictures of them on her camera, but Cutie had Nina's naked pictures on her laptop. Naked, and being seduced by four beautiful women! Each side had enough on the other to guarantee peace; "Mutually Assured Humiliation," Beauty had called it. But their parting was friendly, and Nina promised to try and look them all up, next time she was in the States.

Gretchen had fallen behind on her paperwork during the retreat, and she knew she had to face it, even though it was Sunday afternoon. Feeling depressed, she turned away from her computer for a few minutes to admire the view from her spacious office. She looked across at the pool, where Little Joe was no longer tied naked to the bottom of the diving board. Bobbie Kaye had wanted to leave him there, but the others figured that all night had been long enough. Besides, he and Emily had a plane to catch, so he had mercifully been released that morning.

She allowed herself one last smile, savoring the memory of the good bye kiss she'd shared with her Cutie before they had to part. That smile quickly vanished as she turned back to her computer, and was followed just as quickly by a look of horror. Just as her gaze fell upon her monitor, the spreadsheet vanished, and a strange new screensaver appeared. The first image was of Gretchen standing stark naked beside the pool, hands on hips. She had to admit that it was a very good picture, her naked body looking stunning as always.

The screensaver image slowly zoomed in on her gorgeous face, then panned from her face, down past her perfect breasts with their little pink and firmly erect nipples, finally resting on her lovely kitty-cat, neatly shaved and clearly visible for all to see. There was a polite knock on the door just then, and her assistant manager Henry cautiously poked his head inside.

"Yes, Henry?" she said, trying to stand in front of her screen in an effort to hide the image portrayed there.

"Beg your pardon, Ms. Thomson," Henry said politely. "There seems to be... um... a little problem with the hotel computers.

The end