**Lacy’s Choice**

By Bobbie Kaye (Cutie)

When the doorbell rang, Lacy had to greet the pizza delivery guy wearing nothing but her panties. His nametag identified him only as “Lurking Guy,” and he leered openly at the sight before him, obviously thrilled with his good fortune. Lacy found this encounter particularly humiliating, mostly because she knew that, to him, it would appear that she was doing this of her own free will. Earlier, when she’d changed in the department store, and flashed her panties in the shoe store, Gretchen was there, and it was at least somewhat obvious that she was being forced. But now she stood alone, holding a pizza box, with no way to let him know that this was not her idea. She’d paid with a large bill, and he was taking his sweet time counting out her change.

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Lacy Taylor was Daddy’s Little Girl. From the day she was born, Warren Taylor had spent as much time as he could with his daughter, his only child. As a successful businessman with several stores and factories located close by in the Minneapolis - St. Paul area, it had been difficult to find as much time as he would have liked, but he did the best that he could.  
  
No matter how busy or hectic his life became, Lacy always remained a big part, if not the center, of his focus and attention. He was there when he could be, feeding her, changing her, bathing her, and playing with her. He watched with adoration and fascination as she grew, and he raised her as any fine gentleman would. His goal was that she would one day be a proper young lady, married into another upstanding family, always with the hope that she would find a love that brought her happiness and joy. And, as his only child, he groomed her to take over his businesses some day.  
  
His love, hard work and devotion had paid off. He had encouraged her to study hard in school, and to find activities she enjoyed. He’d always hoped she would take an interest in things appropriate to a young lady, such as ballroom dancing. But when he realized she preferred reading to dancing, this is what he encouraged his daughter to pursue.  
  
For her part, Lacy always tried her best to fulfill her Daddy’s expectations. She did well in high school, and she’d graduated from the University of Minnesota with a degree in Business Administration. She knew her Daddy expected her to take control of his businesses one day, but not before she’d made her own way for a few years.  
  
Lacy adored her Daddy. She knew that, other than a few old fashioned ideas, he was a very wise man. Now if he really believed she was still a virgin, well, he was being just a little too old fashioned. Lacy had lost her virginity when she was in college, and had slept with two other men since then, each a boyfriend for a few months. She was careful, however, always ensuring her partner used protection. She didn’t want to get pregnant, and would never consider an abortion.  
  
For an old-fashioned southern gentleman, born and raised in Arkansas before moving to Minnesota many years before, her Daddy had a lot of modern ideas. He didn’t harbor any negative views towards people of other races; he held no prejudices in that area. He was far less open minded about homosexuality, it seemed, and often condemned anyone who didn’t keep it in the closet where it belonged. Lacy had been influenced by this attitude as well, and while she didn’t feel any particular hatred towards gays or lesbians, it still made her feel very uncomfortable to be around them.  
  
Lacy was now twenty-five years old, and working as the office manager for the Minneapolis headquarters of an Internet-based retail store. Within a couple of years, she had reason to believe she would be promoted to operations manager. She had her own apartment, a two year old Toyota Camry, a few thousand dollars in the bank, and she didn’t owe a nickel on either of her credit cards. Lacy was well on her way to fulfilling her Daddy’s dream.

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Lacy spent much of her life trying to prove herself worthy of her Daddy’s love, and moreover, his respect. She was meticulous about doing things right, so she was shocked when she opened the envelope that Friday evening, only to discover that her auto insurance policy had been cancelled! She remembered getting the bill in the mail several weeks ago. She’d set it aside and… oh God, she forgot to pay it! And the notice of pending cancellation that must have followed, what had happened to that? What would Daddy say?  
  
She put it out of her mind for a while. She’d just be extra careful the next couple of days, and take care of the matter first thing Monday morning. Lacy had never had an accident, not even a parking ticket. She was an excellent driver; after all, her Daddy had taught her! Nothing was going to happen between Friday night and Monday morning.  
  
She passed a lonely Friday evening watching a couple of old romantic comedies on cable TV. That night in bed, the car insurance issue forgotten, she awoke abruptly from a very pleasant dream. She was the character in one of those romances, and the leading man was kissing her! The desire to which she had awakened always left her feeling both excited, and confused.  
  
She had heard that some women would take pleasure from touching themselves. But she knew that doing so was wrong. That’s what her Daddy had always told her. Not that she hadn’t ever tried to do it, but she was always riddled with guilt after, and it had never proven all that pleasurable, anyway. So she crawled out of bed and into a cold shower. Once she’d calmed down, Lacy returned to bed. But the remainder of the night found her tossing and turning, unable to return to the deep sleep she’d so enjoyed earlier.  
  
Dragging herself out of bed Saturday morning, Lacy mentally reviewed her plans for the day. First up was a trip to the supermarket for a good choice of the freshest produce. Then the drycleaners, and back home to clean the bathroom. Saturday night was going to be a pizza and a couple of DVDs. Well, nobody had ever said Lacy’s life was particularly exciting.  
  
As she headed down East Lake Street, Lacy recalled the new Katy Perry CD she’d purchased. She retrieved it from the glove box and began peeling off the cellophane. As careful a driver as she always was, Lacy completely missed the fact that the light ahead was red, and that there was a car just in front of her, waiting at that light. She slammed on the brakes at the last second, but not soon enough to avoid a jarring collision with the other vehicle.  
  
Shaken up, but not hurt, Lacy staggered out of the car to meet the other driver. It was a woman, and it took her a little longer to get out. When she did, she was holding her neck, rubbing it just a little.  
  
Her Daddy had always told her that if you’re ever involved in an accident, you never admit fault. And Lacy almost always did what her Daddy said. But in the confusion of the moment, all she could manage was “Oh, I’m so sorry! It was all my fault! Are you all right?”  
  
The other woman appeared dazed, but surprisingly enough didn’t seem angry. “Let’s pull into that parking lot over there and exchange information.”  
  
Both cars started without a problem, and they slowly steered into the nearly empty lot. “Are you hurt?” Lacy asked, genuinely concerned.  
  
“I think I’m all right,” the woman said. “Why don’t you give me your insurance info, and I’ll get mine.”  
  
At that moment, a sick feeling washed over Lacy. Her policy had been cancelled! She had no insurance! Tears filled her eyes, and she began to shake. The other woman gave her an inquisitive stare, and Lacy told her the truth.  
  
“Wow,” said the woman. “No insurance. How are you going to pay for my damages? You admitted it was your fault. I was just sitting at the light, and you slammed into me!”  
  
“It was my fault! I’m so sorry. I’ll pay your damages. I have some money.”  
  
“I really think we need to get the police involved.”  
  
“NO!” exclaimed Lacy. “Please, no police!”  
  
“Why not?” smiled the other woman. “Are you a wanted criminal or something?”  
  
“No, it’s nothing like that.” Lacy just then noticed something about the woman. She was stunning! Long, shiny brown hair, big bright eyes, high cheekbones, perfect teeth gleaming white behind full, red lips. She must be a model or an actress or something, Lacy thought. Ordinary women just aren’t that beautiful.  
  
“Then why are you so afraid of me calling the police?”  
  
“My Daddy,” Lacy admitted quietly.  
  
“Your Daddy?” the woman giggled.  
  
“If he finds out I let my insurance policy lapse, he’ll be furious with me!”  
  
“How old are you, sixteen?”  
  
“I’m twenty-five, actually.” Lacy was nervous, yet she also wanted to be polite. “I’m sorry, my name’s Lacy.”  
  
“I’m Gretchen. So, what do you propose? You have no insurance, and you don’t want the police involved. Do you have enough money to repair my car? And yours?”  
  
“I have some money, but…”  
  
“Not enough, right?”  
  
Lacy looked at her feet, shaking her head.  
  
“I think I’d better call the police, at least get the accident on the record.”  
  
“No, please! Please don’t call the police! I’ll do anything you want!”  
  
Gretchen smiled as the wheels slowly began to turn in her head. “Anything? You don’t really mean that, and you know it.”  
  
“Yes, anything! I’ll do absolutely anything you ask me to, I swear! I… I’ll clean your house, I’ll do your laundry…”  
  
“You’re really scared, aren’t you?”  
  
“Please. Really, I’ll do whatever it takes to fix this.”  
  
“Wait here a minute,” Gretchen said, and walked over to her car. She popped the trunk and pulled out her laptop. “Come on, let’s get some breakfast, okay? Your treat.”  
  
“Sure,” Lacy said, hoping they could work something out. “Anything you want, it’s on me!” They crossed the street and went into the Denny’s Restaurant. They found a secluded booth in the corner, and while Gretchen’s computer booted up, they placed their order with the seemingly disinterested waitress.  
  
“I work as a paralegal,” explained Gretchen, “and I have every kind of contract imaginable in here. I’ll draw up something legally binding, something we can both agree to. There’s a quick print shop a couple of doors down. I’ll print the contract, we’ll both sign it, and you won’t have to worry about your Daddy finding out you had no insurance.” Lacy was so relieved that she didn’t notice the mischievous grin flashing across Gretchen’s face. “As long as you live up to the letter of the contract, that is,” she added.  
  
Essentially, the contract stated that Lacy Taylor agreed to be Gretchen Andrews’ personal servant from nine o’clock Saturday morning until nine o’clock Saturday evening, and again on Sunday, every weekend, until the repairs on Gretchen’s care were fully paid for. Lacy would be compensated at the rate of five hundred dollars per weekend. She would be permitted adequate time for meals, hygiene, and other necessities, but at Gretchen’s discretion. Lacy would be expected to fulfill any task assigned her, completely, without question, and to the best of her ability. Failure or refusal to complete any assignment, exactly as directed, would lead to forfeiture of all prior earnings, the accident would be reported to the police, and would be reported to Lacy’s father, as well.  
  
Verbally, Gretchen explained that some of the tasks might seem objectionable, even downright unpleasant. Lacy envisioned having to clean a dirty bathroom, scrub the grease from Gretchen’s stove, something along those lines. What Gretchen actually had in mind was far beyond anything Lacy had ever in her life even conceived.

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First thing Monday morning, Lacy made sure her auto insurance policy was reinstated. She didn’t mention the accident, though. She figured that, as long as she wasn’t filing a claim, and the accident wasn’t being reported to the police, she had no need to bring it up. She then took her own car to the body shop, and learned that the repairs were going to set her back over thirty-five hundred dollars. That would almost completely empty her savings. But she had to take care of it. She couldn’t let Daddy know she’d been in an accident.  
  
She wasn’t too worried about being able to fulfill Gretchen’s demands, although she realized she’d be working all weekend, every weekend, for a couple of months. And Gretchen had borrowed her cell phone long enough to connect it to her laptop and download Lacy’s entire address book. And that address book had over a hundred names, every relative, friend, and close workmate she had, along with phone numbers, home addresses, emails, everything. She couldn’t imagine why Gretchen wanted that, but she’d been in no position to argue.  
  
So Lacy passed the week nervously, driving a rented car, but otherwise leading her normal life. Saturday morning came soon enough, and Lacy was knocking at the door to Gretchen’s apartment about five minutes before nine. She wore jeans and a sweatshirt over a plain white bra and panty set, along with tennis shoes. Her curly brown hair was gathered in a simple ponytail, and she wore no makeup.  
  
Gretchen opened the door with a smile, inviting her new servant in. She gave Lacy a little kiss on the cheek, which came as something of a surprise, but actually put her a little at ease. They stepped into Gretchen’s living room.  
  
“Interesting outfit,” said Gretchen. “But entirely unacceptable.”  
  
“Pardon me?” said Lacy.  
  
“Your outfit,” stressed Gretchen. “You are excused this time, of course. I hadn’t given you any instructions.”  
  
“Um… I’m sorry, Gretchen. Please tell me how I should dress in the future.”  
  
“Size six, right?” asked Gretchen, looking her up and down.  
  
“That’s right. Why?”  
  
“Same as me. That’s perfect. I’ll be right back. I have just the thing.”  
  
Lacy’s surprise was obvious on her face. “Okay.”  
  
“Now get undressed,” Gretchen said as she left the room.  
  
Lacy stood uncertainly. She must have misunderstood. It sounded like Gretchen had told her to get undressed! But that didn’t make any sense.  
  
When Gretchen returned a couple of minutes later, carrying a blue skirt and a matching tube top, it was obvious that Lacy had not yet undressed. Gretchen simply pulled her cell phone from her pocket, and began searching through her address book as Lacy watched her nervously.  
  
“Hmm… Taylor… Warren…”  
  
“What are you doing?” asked Lacy, as a wave of panic swept through her.  
  
“I can’t believe you’re violating the terms of our contract so soon,” said Gretchen, her finger poised to hit the speed dial button to Lacy’s father.  
  
“What did I do? I haven’t violated the contract!”  
  
“When I left the room, I told you to get undressed. The contract states clearly that you are to fulfill any task assigned. I told you to get undressed, and you didn’t do as I said. The contract has been violated.” Gretchen shook her head. “You didn’t last five minutes.”  
  
“No, wait!” exclaimed Lacy. “I thought I’d misunderstood you! But why do you want me to get undressed?”  
  
Gretchen again reached for the speed dial, saying simply “Completely and without question.”  
  
“Okay, okay, I’ll get undressed!” Lacy couldn’t believe she’d just said that, but as Gretchen stood there, her finger suspended over the speed dial button, Lacy began to pull the sweatshirt over her head.  
  
Lacy had a great body. Her breasts were full, a little larger than average. She had a narrow waist and round, shapely hips. Her smooth skin was a natural golden brown, though she rarely spent time trying to tan. But she was easily embarrassed, and that embarrassment grew as she dropped her sweatshirt and reached to unfasten her jeans. She hesitated just a second, and Gretchen simply smiled and held up her cell phone.  
  
Closing her eyes, Lacy lowered her jeans. She’d forgotten to remove her shoes, so with her jeans down to her knees, she bent over and untied them. She kicked them off and stepped out of the jeans. She stood upright, one hand over the front of her bra, the other trying to shield her panties. Gretchen stared with great interest at Lacy, standing there in nothing but her undies, her face hot with humiliation.  
  
“Hands to your sides, Lacy,” Gretchen commanded, and she obeyed. She was unaccustomed to such obvious scrutiny of her nearly naked form, and was growing increasingly uncomfortable. Gretchen could see this, and she was curious why.  
  
“Don’t you like your body, Lacy?” she asked.  
  
“I… um… I’m just… very shy, that’s all,” Lacy replied.  
  
“Why are you shy? You have a great body.”  
  
Lacy just shook her head nervously. She couldn’t imagine where Gretchen was going with this, but she was in no position to object.  
  
“You seem very uncomfortable, Lacy. You want to tell me why?”  
  
Lacy shook her head again, and Gretchen waited for an explanation. Finally, Lacy said “When I was in middle school, we all had to dress for gym in a common area.” She took a deep breath. “My breasts developed very early. When I was thirteen, I looked like I was about twenty.”  
  
“I see,” said Gretchen, paying careful attention.  
  
“The girls used to tease me,” Lacy continued. “They called me names. They told me I was destined to be a prostitute. It was horrible.”  
  
Gretchen felt a stirring deep inside. She knew she was going to have fun with this girl! “What’s the worst thing they ever did to you, Lacy?”  
  
“Oh God, I hate thinking about it.” A deep breath. “A bunch of seniors grabbed me out of the shower one time. They dragged me to the emergency exit, and told me they were going to throw me outside naked. It was between classes, and I knew the walkways would be jammed. I begged them not to do it.”  
  
Gretchen was growing more excited. She could feel the dampness between her legs. “And did they?”  
  
“No, one of them took pity on me, and convinced the others to let me go. They made me promise not to say a word, or they do it for real, and worse.” Lacy had tears in her eyes. “You’re the first person I’ve ever told.”  
  
Gretchen then handed Lacy the skirt and the tube top. “Put these on.”  
  
Lacy gladly stepped into the skirt, grateful for some coverage. The skirt was considerably shorter than what she was used to wearing, but it beat standing there in her underwear. As she reached for the tube top, Gretchen pulled it away. “You can’t wear a tube top with a bra with straps.” Lacy stared at her. “Take the bra off.”  
  
Lacy stared a little longer, until Gretchen raised her cell phone. Recognizing the unspoken threat, she turned around and reached behind her back to release the hooks.  
  
“Stop!” ordered Gretchen, and Lacy stopped. “Turn and face me. Do not cover your breasts when you remove your bra. Is this quite clear?”  
  
Lacy nodded slightly, turned around, and proceeded to unclasp her bra. After only a moment’s hesitation, she allowed the bra to fall to the floor. It took every ounce of willpower not to cover her generous breasts. But she did what she was told, keeping her hands to her sides. She couldn’t control her rapid breathing, however, or her pounding heart.  
  
Gretchen inspected Lacy’s breasts very closely. She didn’t touch them; there was plenty of time for that later. She just made some mental observations, among these the fact that Lacy’s nipples were erect. It wasn’t cold in Gretchen’s apartment, so she figured that Lacy must be finding some degree of arousal in what was happening to her. But did she even realize this about herself? Time would tell.  
  
Gretchen allowed her to put on the tube top, which was a little tight around her full breasts, and her nipples were very visible bumps. Lacy’s face was just as red as it had been earlier, but her breathing and heartbeat were slowing down a little. She was still expecting to be told to clean Gretchen’s bathroom, when Gretchen said “Put your shoes on, we’re going for a drive!”

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Gretchen was very glad she’d been driving her Toyota when Lacy had rear ended her. If it had been her BMW, she might have been much more upset. But then, it would have taken Lacy much longer to work off the damages!  
  
They stopped at the mall, and Gretchen explained that Lacy was going to purchase some more appropriate clothing. Lacy started to object, worried about how little cash she now had to spare. Gretchen asked whether she had a credit card, and Lacy admitted she did.  
  
First stop was Esprit, where Gretchen selected several short skirts and sheer tops for Lacy to try on. Gretchen followed Lacy right into the fitting room, and just stared while she removed the skirt and top she’d been wearing. Feeling the heat coloring her face, but afraid to upset Gretchen, Lacy stood briefly while the other woman scrutinized her nearly naked form.  
  
She then proceeded to try on the various items they’d brought in. Gretchen eventually settled on two short skirts, one denim, and one beige cotton, both shorter than anything Lacy would ever have considered wearing on her own. An ultra sheer off-white blouse and a turquoise tank top completed the purchase.  
  
After paying for the items, Gretchen led her new servant back down one of the aisles and told her she wanted her to wear the cotton skirt and the blouse. Lacy started towards the fitting room, but Gretchen stopped her.  
  
“Where are you going, Lacy?”  
  
“Um… you… you said you wanted me to put some of my new clothes on, right?”  
  
“That’s right.”  
  
“So I was going to go change,” Lacy reasoned. “I’m doing what you told me to do.”  
  
“I didn’t tell you to go into the fitting room, did I?”  
  
“No, but…”  
  
“So change.”  
  
“Here?”  
  
“Why not?”  
  
“Somebody might see me!”  
  
“Hmm. And do you think I’m stupid, Lacy?”  
  
“No, of course not,” Lacy replied, a hint of panic in her voice. “You’re not stupid, I never meant to imply…”  
  
“You didn’t think I knew somebody might see you?”  
  
“It’s just…”  
  
Gretchen pulled out her cell phone and waved it mischievously. “You promised you’d do anything, remember? Anything, as long as I didn’t call the police. Or your Daddy.”  
  
“I… um…”  
  
“You still haven’t learned yet, have you?”  
  
“I’m sorry, Gretchen.”  
  
“I give up. I’m calling your Daddy…”  
  
“No! Please! I’ll do what you want.”  
  
“No you won’t. You’ll just argue with me some more.”  
  
“Really! You want… um… you want me to change right here, don’t you?” Lacy swallowed hard. “Where somebody might see me.”  
  
“Not exactly,” said Gretchen, and Lacy breathed a little sigh of relief. “That was the original plan. Now you’re going to change right here, and I’ll make sure somebody does see you.”  
  
Starting to tremble, Lacy shook her head slightly. But one look at Gretchen’s face, and the telephone, she simply said “Okay. Whatever you want, Gretchen.”  
  
“Be right back,” Gretchen said. A moment later, she had a nice looking middle aged man in tow. “Sir, my friend here wants to show you something, if that’s all right.”  
  
The man smiled, then his eyes focused on Lacy’s pretty face. Her cheeks were flushed, knowing what she was going to have to do.  
  
“May I ask your name, Sir?” asked Gretchen.  
  
“My name is Weir,” came the reply. “Peter Allan Weir.”  
  
“I’m Gretchen, and this is my dear friend Lacy.” Both nodded politely. “Lacy’s a bit of an exhibitionist, you see, and she likes it when people see her bare breasts.”  
  
Peter’s eyes opened wide then, while Lacy’s face colored an even brighter shade of red. She gave Gretchen an imploring look, and was met with a subtle wave of her cell phone. She knew what she had to do.  
  
Lacy unzipped the mini skirt Gretchen had given her that morning. She had to wiggle her hips a little before she could pull it down. She finally stepped out of it, and noticed Peter’s eyes scanning her long legs. Glancing around for any more interested eyes, and finding none, Lacy pulled off the tube top, setting her breasts free. She knew better than to try to cover herself, so she let the man have a good look.  
  
“That’s enough showing off, Lacy,” Gretchen admonished. “I’m sure Peter has enjoyed himself, but he’s a very busy man.” Turning to Peter, Gretchen thanked him, making it clear he was no longer needed.  
  
Lacy wiped a couple of tears from her eyes as Peter slowly retreated, trying to catch another glimpse over his shoulder. She stood, hands to her sides, still wearing nothing but her panties, waiting for Gretchen’s permission to get dressed. Gretchen nodded, and Lacy quickly donned her new beige mini skirt, then reached for the sheer blouse.  
  
“Hold still,” Gretchen commanded her. “Tell me something, and tell me the truth.”  
  
Lacy stared, wanting to cover her breasts, yet afraid to do so. Fortunately, no one else seemed to be around.  
  
“Did you find it exciting, displaying your beautiful body to a total stranger like that?”  
  
Lacy looked at her, wanting to scream out that she didn’t find it exciting. At that moment, Gretchen actually reached out and touched Lacy’s nipple! Lacy was startled, but she now knew better than to pull away.  
  
“Your nipples are so hard, Lacy,” Gretchen said, caressing her generous bosom, as well as her nipple. “You must find it exciting!”  
  
“I…” She didn’t know what to say. Lacy didn’t think she was excited, but she was afraid to contradict Gretchen. The sensation in her nipple was certainly pleasurable. Yet she knew she couldn’t experience pleasure under the touch of another woman. She wasn’t a lesbian; she knew that for a fact!  
  
“Get dressed, Lacy,” Gretchen said gently. “We have some more shopping to do.”  
  
Next up was the shoe store. Gretchen had Lacy take a seat while she searched for a suitable clerk. She found an employee, a fellow with a nametag reading RobBoba, and led him over to Lacy. Gretchen told him what Lacy was looking for, and suggested he measure her feet.  
  
“I… I’m a size seven,” Lacy offered, not wanting to give the clerk a peek up the narrow strip of cotton masquerading as a skirt.  
  
“Come on, Lacy,” said Gretchen, cell phone in hand. “Let the nice man have a look.” Gretchen giggled, then added “I mean, a look at your feet, so he can get a measurement!”  
  
As Lacy slipped out of her sneaker and presented her foot to RobBoba, she was acutely aware that he could see right up her skirt. Surprisingly, though, she was most embarrassed that her panties were so ordinary. She somehow felt she should have been wearing something sexier, frillier. The thought confused her.  
  
Even more mystifying was the fact that she could feel the first hints of dampness growing between her legs. Lacy recognized the sensation, but she couldn’t imagine what was causing it. There was nothing sensual, or sexual, about what she was being forced to do today. So why was she growing excited? She put the idea out of her mind, telling herself that she just had to pee.  
  
RobBoba got more than an eyeful of Lacy’s undies before Gretchen settled on a pair of off-white pumps with two inch heels. They were a perfect match for the blouse and skirt she was wearing, so Gretchen told her just to wear them out. Lacy used her credit card again, and they headed back into the mall.  
  
“You hungry?” asked Gretchen. Lacy hadn’t thought about it, but decided she was, so they headed for the food court. They decided on fast food Chinese, then found a table.  
  
“Tell me the truth,” Gretchen said between bites. “You’ve gotten turned on by this, at least a little, haven’t you?”  
  
Fumbling with her chopsticks, Lacy wasn’t sure how to answer the question. She was afraid to lie, yet too scared to admit the truth, even to herself. She finally gave a subtle nod, and could feel her cheeks getting hot again.  
  
“Have you ever had sex with a girl, Lacy?”  
  
Lacy almost choked on her chow mein. “No! Never! I… I’m not a lesbian.”  
  
“Neither am I,” Gretchen replied, and Lacy relaxed a little. “But I’m bi, and I like guys and girls both.”  
  
A look of despair crossed Lacy’s face. “Oh Gretchen. Please don’t make me…”  
  
“Never!” Gretchen interrupted. “I would never force you to do that. For that matter, I haven’t forced you to do anything, have I?”  
  
Lacy pondered a moment before offering a slightly defiant answer. “You’ve coerced me into doing things I never would have done.” Then, meekly, “Please don’t make me have sex with you. I couldn’t possibly…”  
  
Gretchen offered a friendly smile. “Lacy, I won’t force, coerce, threaten, or do anything else to make you have sex with me against your will.” Lacy relaxed a little bit. “When you and I have sex, it will be because you want it to happen.”  
  
Lacy noticed the choice of words. Gretchen had said “When,” not “If.” She’s already decided it was going to happen. And Lacy knew she’d probably have no choice. But she’d never ask for it. Not Lacy!  
  
“It’s been your choice, Lacy. Everything you’ve done, you’ve done willingly,” Gretchen reasoned. “You could put a stop to all of it right now. I’ll give your Daddy a call…”  
  
“No!” Lacy snapped. “You’re right, it’s all been my choice. Just don’t call Daddy.”  
  
Gretchen smiled, feeling very confident. She knew she had Lacy, knew she’d do anything she was told. But she also knew she’d probably put her through enough that day. After lunch, she announced that they were going back to Gretchen’s apartment. Lacy was going to do some routine housecleaning, then they were going to order a pizza and watch a movie. After that, Lacy’s first day of servitude would be at an end.

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Wearing nothing but her panties, Lacy had scrubbed Gretchen’s bathroom from top to bottom. Then they agreed on a supreme pizza, Lacy’s treat of course, and settled in front of the TV.  
  
When the doorbell rang, Lacy had to greet the pizza delivery guy wearing nothing but her panties. His nametag identified him only as “Lurking Guy,” and he leered openly at the sight before him, obviously thrilled with his good fortune. Lacy found this encounter particularly humiliating, mostly because she knew that, to him, it would appear that she was doing this of her own free will. Earlier, when she’d changed in the department store, and flashed her panties in the shoe store, Gretchen was there, and it was at least somewhat obvious that she was being forced. But now she stood alone, holding a pizza box, with no way to let him know that this was not her idea. She’d paid with a large bill, and he was taking his sweet time counting out her change.  
  
Gretchen selected a DVD movie called Wild Things, with Kevin Bacon, Denise Richards and Neve Campbell. Lacy had never seen it before, and it held her interest. Gretchen, however, spent more time staring at Lacy’s nearly nude form than she did watching the movie. The apartment was warm, and Lacy’s nipples showed no hint of excitement.  
  
However, as she watched Kevin Bacon kissing Denise Richards, and then Neve Campbell, Lacy’s nipples began to respond. Then, when the actor made Denise and Neve kiss each other, a very erotic scene, her nipples became fully erect. Gretchen noticed that Lacy was riveted to the scene before her.  
  
“Pretty hot, watching two girls kiss, isn’t it?” Gretchen asked quietly.  
  
“Hmm?” Lacy’s concentration was broken. “Oh, um… it was… it was watching them kiss the guy. That was pretty hot.” She could feel the heat rising in her cheeks. “Not… not each other.”  
  
Gretchen let it go for the time being. A little later, she saw that Lacy’s nipples no longer betrayed arousal. Just before the pool scene came on, she paused the movie. “Lacy, I’ll make you a bet.”  
  
Lacy was wary. “What kind of bet? Do I have a choice?”  
  
“You always have a choice, Lacy, but there are no conditions attached to this one.”  
  
“I’m listening.”  
  
“Denise and Neve are going to have another long kissing scene,” Gretchen explained. “If, at the end of the scene, your nipples aren’t erect, I’ll give you two full days credit on your debt to me.”  
  
Lacy was worried. She knew she’d responded to the first scene, although she didn’t know why. But watching the two beautiful women making out had in fact fascinated her, even aroused her. Only now was she even admitting it to herself.  
  
“If your nipples are erect,” Gretchen continued, “then you and I are going to kiss goodnight before you leave.”  
  
“Kiss?” was all Lacy could say.  
  
“Just like in the movie. French kiss, tongues, holding each other close. Two full minutes. You can even get dressed first.”  
  
“I… I don’t…”  
  
“Okay,” said Gretchen. “You make the bet, you get the two days credit either way. If your nipples don’t tell me you’re excited, then no kissing. But if you do get turned on, our kiss lasts five minutes instead of two.”  
  
“Who decides if I’m excited?”  
  
“You do,” said Gretchen. “After you watch that scene, if you swear to me that you didn’t find it exciting, no kissing, and you get the two days.”  
  
“Will you trust me?”  
  
“Will you lie to me?”  
  
Lacy thought about it for a minute. Two days off of her debt, either way. All she had to do was make out with Gretchen for five minutes. Would it really be so bad? Gretchen was certainly a beautiful woman. And watching Denise and Neve kissing had been really erotic.  
  
“All right,” declared Lacy, “it’s a bet! And I won’t lie, I promise.”  
  
Gretchen started the movie again, and following a brief altercation between Denise and Neve, both girls were at each other, lips to lips, boobs to boobs. Lacy was mesmerized by the spectacle before her. Both of the girls were so sexy, and they were obviously into the kiss.  
  
When the scene ended, Gretchen paused the movie again, and pointed at Lacy’s nipples. They were fully erect, so stiff they almost hurt. Gretchen’s eyes communicated the unspoken question.  
  
Glancing at her nipples, Lacy started to think of a lie. But there was no denying the obvious. “They’re both so beautiful,” she said. “I’ve never seen two girls making out before, not like that. I… the whole scene was so sexy.”  
  
“So you did find it…”  
  
“Exciting,” Lacy finished for her. She wouldn’t meet Gretchen’s eyes as she reluctantly admitted the truth. “Yeah,” she said quietly. “It was… I’m… it turned me on watching the two girls kiss.”  
  
“Then you know what, Lacy?”  
  
“I’m not a lesbian, am I?”  
  
“Of course not,” Gretchen gently reassured her. “You’re just perfectly normal. You’d have to be in a coma not to get turned on watching that scene.”  
  
They finished the movie, although Lacy was too distracted to follow the convoluted plot. There were too many twists and turns to keep track of, and all she could think about was that she was going to be kissing a girl in a little while. At one point, Lacy found her hand caressing her own breast, then jerked it away.  
  
After the movie, Gretchen told her to get dressed, that it was time to go home. Lacy found her waiting by the front door, and she paused, confusion sweeping over her. She stared at Gretchen’s face, a face of unsurpassed loveliness. She was frightened, and very reluctant. But for two days off her debt, she could do it.  
  
Gretchen could see the reluctance in her Lacy’s face. She was very attracted to her, and wanted very much to kiss her. But not this way. She knew she was coercing the poor girl. Gretchen didn’t want it that way. She wanted Lacy to want it as much as she did.  
  
“Lacy, I appreciate that you’re willing to do this.” She took a deep breath. “But you don’t have to. You’ve proven your willingness. You get the two days, because you were going to do it.”  
  
Lacy was taken aback. She’d been trying to tell herself that she didn’t want it, didn’t want to kiss Gretchen. But the reality was that she did want to kiss her. She took a step in Gretchen’s direction, gazing into eyes that seemed to reflect her own desire. Lacy was excited. She could feel it in her most private place.  
  
“It’s okay, Gretchen,” she said. “I said I’d do this.” She paused, then added “I’d like to try it, if that’s okay with you.”  
  
Gretchen smiled as she enveloped Lacy in a tight embrace. Their lips met, and a wave of apprehension swept over Lacy as Gretchen’s tongue pressed against her lips. But she forced herself to relax, and allowed her lips to part, for the first time accepting such an intimate invasion from another girl.  
  
Within moments, Lacy was returning the kiss. Heat spread throughout her body as she explored Gretchen’s mouth. She could feel the light touch of hands caressing her back. She could feel her nipples growing stiff again, even within the confines of her bra, as her breasts pressed against Gretchen’s. As their lips and tongues moved in a rhythmic dance, she could sense the moisture increasing down below. She was making out with another girl, and she was loving it!  
  
Then Gretchen broke the kiss and backed away. Lacy, her eyes still closed, leaned forward in an effort to maintain the contact. But the five glorious minutes had passed in what seemed an instant. She wanted more, she wanted to continue the sensual pleasure, she wanted it to last forever.  
  
“Five minutes,” smiled Gretchen, quite aware of Lacy’s arousal, intentionally leaving her wanting more.  
  
Lacy reclaimed her senses, and could feel the hot blood coursing through her veins. But it was a different kind of heat, the heat of arousal. But Gretchen just opened the door, and said she’d see Lacy the next morning at nine.

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Lacy didn’t sleep well that night. She was so aroused, so filled with desire, and even though she was ashamed of her reaction to the kiss, she couldn’t deny it. She tossed and turned most of the night, wanting, needing… something. She was tempted to touch herself, yet she knew that proper young ladies never did such a thing.  
  
When she arose the following morning, she assumed she’d be facing more of the same today; there was no reason to expect anything else. She didn’t want to displease Gretchen, so she selected a pair of frilly white panties and a matching bra, her sexiest set. She carefully applied makeup, a little more than usual, then selected her shortest skirt and a matching blouse, and added a pair of shoes with two inch heels that matched the rest of her outfit.  
  
Gretchen was very pleased at the effort Lacy had made for her, although it didn’t take much to make Lacy look pretty. “So Lacy, how was it last night?”  
  
“Um… how was what, Gretchen?”  
  
“Your orgasm!”  
  
“My… um… excuse me?”  
  
“You were pretty turned on last night,” reasoned Gretchen. “You must’ve given your vibrator a workout!”  
  
“I… um… I don’t have a vibrator.”  
  
“Oh, okay. Your fingers then. Didn’t you blast a big one?”  
  
“Oh, no!” protested Lacy. “Daddy always told me that proper young ladies don’t… you know.”  
  
“Really?” Gretchen was intrigued. She loved sex, with men or with women, but she couldn’t imagine not taking care of her own needs when she was alone. “Your Daddy told you that?”  
  
“Yes. Um… you mean… you mean you…”  
  
“Masturbate?”  
  
Lacy looked at her shoes and nodded.  
  
“Sure, anytime I’m turned on but I don’t have a partner. Sometimes even with my lover watching me.” She saw Lacy’s eyes open wide, and knew she had to continue. “I got myself off twice last night!”  
  
Lacy stared at her in confusion. Gretchen was clearly a proper young woman, well mannered and well dressed; a professional woman, a paralegal. Yet she had sex with other women, and she touched herself too. Lacy wondered briefly, could Daddy have been wrong?  
  
Before she could think about it any more, Gretchen was dragging her towards the door. “Come on, let’s get some breakfast. My treat this morning,” she added, “and you get to choose the restaurant.”  
  
So they headed for a little diner that Lacy liked. It was her favorite place for breakfast, and she normally ate there about twice a month. They found a seat in the corner, and were promptly greeted by a server.  
  
“Hi Lacy,” said the waiter, also smiling at Lacy’s companion. “What can I get you lovely ladies today?”  
  
“Hi BaconBot,” Lacy replied. “Give us a few minutes, if you don’t mind. It’s my friend’s first time here. And bring us a couple of cups of coffee, please.”  
  
As the waiter retreated, Gretchen commented, “So you know him pretty well?”  
  
Lacy smiled and said, “Yeah, I’ve been eating here for years. Besides, he lives in my building, and I see him all the time.”  
  
The wheels were turning in Gretchen’s head again. She knew if she wanted to, she could make Lacy strip naked and dance on the table, just by threatening to call her Daddy. She wanted to exert her control, but she wanted to be a little more subtle this time.  
  
BaconBot returned a few minutes later with the coffee, and he took their orders. As he headed for the kitchen, she decided to make Lacy an offer. In exchange for one more day’s work, she wanted her to flash her boobs for the waiter. But she didn’t want her to feel like she’d been coerced. It was to be strictly Lacy’s choice, and that was how she explained it.  
  
Lacy’s face turned red at the thought. “You’re going to make me flash BaconBot? But that would be so embarrassing!”  
  
“No, you misunderstand me, Lacy. I’m not going to make you, it’s your choice. But you should be happy to knock another day off your debt! Would it really be so bad?”  
  
“But I see him all the time!” She was thinking about it, though. She’d seen that the bill to repair Gretchen’s car came to four thousand dollars. At five hundred dollars per weekend, it would take eight weekends, sixteen days of servitude, to work it off. She’d already worked off two extra days yesterday, and could knock off another right now. It was going to be humiliating, but she decided it would be worth it.  
  
“So? What will it be?”  
  
Lacy took a deep breath. “What should I do?”  
  
“Unbutton your blouse and remove your bra. When BaconBot comes back, I want your blouse wide open. Give him a good look.”  
  
Lacy undid her blouse and pulled her bra straps down over her elbows, then her hands, finally pulling it around so she could more easily reach the hooks. Then she stuffed her bra into her purse. That done, following Gretchen’s instructions, she pulled her blouse open wide, tucking it behind her back on both sides. Her generous breasts were now on display for all the world to see, although in the secluded corner they occupied, it was unlikely anyone would notice.  
  
Anyone except the waiter, of course. And boy, did he notice! Oh yes, he did indeed notice! It wasn’t often he got a show like this in the little diner. In fact, this was a first. And his face was at least as red as Lacy’s as he forced himself to look away.  
  
“Um… you had… um… the… um… special, eggs over easy,” he said to Gretchen, “and Lacy, um… you had the number three with the eggs… um… sunny side up.”  
  
Gretchen giggled. “More like cantaloupes than sunny side up eggs, wouldn’t you say?” She laughed some more at her own joke.  
  
The waiter was flustered. He said to Lacy, “Is everything all right?”  
  
Following Gretchen’s prior instructions, she simply explained that she’d lost a bet, and this was the payoff. BaconBot soon managed to excuse himself, and Gretchen told Lacy to look at her nipples. They were fully erect, and Lacy was amazed at the site. She jumped when Gretchen began to caress the nearest nipple, but she didn’t pull away. She allowed herself to respond to the touch, and realized she was becoming aroused again.  
  
Gretchen told her to button her blouse, and that she’d earned the extra day’s credit. Then they proceeded to enjoy a very good breakfast.