# Leila's Humiliation

#### A fantasy by dah

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### Leila's Humiliation, Part 1

Leila arrived at the medical building just five minutes before her 10:30 a.m. appointment and took the elevator to the tenth floor. Her new job required a complete physical, and she had decided to combine that with her annual checkup. Since her old schoolmate Maria worked in Doctor Hillock's office, she had decided to make him her new doctor. It would be good to see someone she knew, as she had just moved to the city.

She entered the waiting room, just as a nurse came into it from further back in the clinic.

"Leila, you haven't changed since high school," said the nurse.

"Maria, I never would have thought you would become a nurse, but you look great in the uniform."

They chatted for a few minutes, then Maria gave her a clipboard with the standard medical history forms, and she sat in the waiting room filling them out. Still one week shy of her 24th birthday, Leila didn't have much to put on the forms, other than the usual childhood diseases. When she had finished, she looked around the waiting room. There were only two other people, one woman and one man; from the way they were talking, they were probably a couple. She had expected to see far more patients there on a Friday morning. She browsed through one of the *Reader's Digest*s (July 1993), until Maria came back.

Maria took the other woman back to an examination room, then came back a couple of minutes later, and guided Leila back to another room.

"Please take all your clothes off, Leila," said Maria, "then we can start your checkup."

Leila looked around, then asked, "Where is the gown?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, but we seem to have run out. We'll just have to do without today. I'll be right back."

Leila removed the thin white blouse and laid it on the wooden chair that was there and the short pleated blue skirt, which she had decided would be appropriate for today, as it reminded her of high school. She reached behind her back to undo the plain white bra. Shivering, she removed it. She had always been a very shy girl. She had hated it when she had to change for PE back in high school, and as for the shower after the class..., she shuddered. The thought of removing her panties made her shudder again, and she crossed her arms over her breasts.

At that moment the door opened, and Maria popped in, carrying the clipboard. "Why aren't you ready? Please hurry up." Leila blushed, and slipped the white cotton panties down her legs, then stepped out of them. She blushed again as she placed the panties on the chair, and noticed Maria looking at her pubic area. She had only a small, sparse triangle above her vaginal lips, which were bare. She had always been ashamed of this "little girl" look, and as a teenager had prayed for a thicker bush but God apparently had not been listening.

"Shoes and socks, too, please." Maria's order made her jump. She slipped off the loafers she was wearing, and then pulled of the white ankle socks. Maria walked over to the scales, and Leila followed.

Just as Leila stepped on the scale, Maria swore. "Damn it! I forgot these were broken. They should have been fixed yesterday." Leila noticed that the smaller weight was missing from the balance arm as Maria grabbed her by the arm and walked her to the door of the room, saying "We'll just have to use another room."

"B- B- But...", stammered Leila. The words "I can't go out there. I'm naked" just stuck in her throat as Maria guided her into the hall. They started down the hall, passing the entrance from the waiting room. Leila was relieved that the man was immersed in a "Sports Illustrated" and did not notice the nude girl passing the opening. Just then another man, this one wearing jeans and a sports shirt, stepped out of a room on the left side of the hallway. Fortunately, he turned away from them, and walked through the door at the very end of the hallway. Maria led her into the very room he had exited, and, shoving the door to behind them, led her straight to the other end of the room where the scales were situated.

"Weight:109 pounds" muttered Maria, making a note on the medical history sheet. "Turn around, and stand up straight," she ordered. Leila shivered as she turned to face the room; she hadn't heard the door click shut, and was afraid it would open and she would be seen.

"Five foot three inches." Leila cringed. She knew that men liked tall women like Geena Davis, and wondered if it was her height, or her small breasts (barely a 34C) that made her so unattractive to men. She had only had a couple of boyfriends in college, and none of them had stayed with her for very long. Of course they had said she was pretty, but she knew that guys always say that.

"O.K., Leila, get up here and lie on your stomach," said Maria, patting the examination table. Leila climbed up, and lay face down on the paper covering. Maria walked back over, carrying a thermometer that was coated at the base with Vaseline. "Temperature first," she said.

"Do you have to do it this way?" sighed Leila.

"I'm afraid it's the only kind of thermometer we have here." Maria's left hand caressed her buttocks as she started to slide the thermometer into her sensitive hole. "Just relax."

"Oh, sorry!" said a male voice. Leila stiffened and glanced over her shoulder at the door. The man she had seen in the hallway was standing in the open doorway holding something in his hand and looking frankly at her. She realized that her naked ass, with the thermometer sticking out of it, was on display and almost had a heart attack. "I didn't realize that the room was in use. I was working here, just a couple of minutes ago," he said as he showed Maria the computer card in his hand.

"That's all right, David," said Maria. "I thought you'd finished here. You still have more to do? Come on in. We don't mind a bit, do we, Leila?"

"Yes, I do! Get him out! Lock the door! Oh God!" Leila wanted to scream this out, but she had never been good at confrontation and in spite of herself she shook her head and muttered: "N- No." As David walked toward them, Leila remembered she had been told by a psychology major that her fear of scenes was related to her shyness. That meant that she was allowing herself to be exposed in this humiliation because she was shy. The irony did not escape her.

"Leila, this is David. He's upgrading our computer network. David, Leila is an old friend of mine. We grew up in the same town. Went to school together. Now, relax." Maria's left hand slapped Leila's buttocks and she twisted the thermometer trying to work it further in. Leila could not believe that this was happening to her in front of a man, and a man who wasn't even on the medical staff. She tried to relax a bit but it was difficult.

"Very nice to meet you, Leila." How could he talk to her so calmly? Couldn't he see she was naked?

"H- Hi" was all she could get out. He had put out his hand to her, and she reached out to shake it, exposing the top of her right breast. Her mind was reeling; she felt she was in a dream, a nightmare. But if this was such a nightmare, why were her nipples so hard? And why was she wet down there?

David walked over to the computer on the counter, and lifted the top off. As he worked on it, Maria chatted with him, her hand still slowly caressing Leila's buns. Leila was so stunned, she didn't even hear what they were saying.

Then she felt the thermometer sliding out. "Dead on normal," she heard. "O.K., sit up on the edge of the table."

She rolled over, raised herself to a sitting position, and swung her legs over the side of the table. Maria picked up the blood pressure cuff, and wrapped it around her left arm. She noticed that Maria was standing on the side of her that was furthest from David, so she would be totally exposed to him if he glanced her way. As Maria pumped up the cuff, Leila looked over at David. He was definitely older, bearded, wearing glasses. He was not a handsome hunk, but she had noticed that he had a nice smile. Just as she reached this point in her reverie, he turned on the computer, then sat back up and looked her way, as the system booted up. She sensed that he noticed her gazing at him and wondered why this should embarrass her almost as much as the fact she was naked. He smiled again, then turned back to the computer screen. He typed a bit, then nodded, and screwed the cover back on the computer. He finished this just as Maria started to take off the cuff.

David picked up the small tool kit from the counter and walked over to them. "As soon as you have a minute, I need to talk to you," he said to Maria, then turning to Leila he said, "See you," and walked out the door.

"I'll see if the doctor is ready." Maria walked out, too. Leila just sat on the table, her legs hanging over the side. She knew she was horribly embarrassed at being seen naked, but wondered why she also felt excited. She could see her nipples poking out, and she slid her hand between her legs, feeling the moisture there.

Meanwhile, Maria had slipped into the small room at the end of the hallway, where David was working on another computer and a mass of cables.

"So, that's the Leila you told me about, one of the girls who nicked your clothes while you were skinny-dipping."

"Yes, that's her. She was always so shy in school that I thought that she would be totally freaked out being seen by you. She was definitely embarrassed, and was scared just to step out in the hallway naked, but she was also turned on by it. You saw how she reacted when you walked in; yet she didn't scream out and actually agreed to let you stay. Damn! It doesn't seem to have worked, and you know why it has to end by noon. Unless..."

"Unless what? I like her and don't want to hurt her."

"This won't hurt her. Besides, you can always cut it short if you have to. You aren't going with us, so if you're willing, here's what we'll do..."

### Leila's Humiliation, Part 2

Leila started as a doctor strode into the examination room, followed by Maria. She blushed again, as her hand was still between her legs, fondling herself. She pulled it back quickly and laid it on her thigh.

"Hello, Leila, I'm Doctor Hillock. Maria tells me you're an old friend of hers, so we will have to do an extra good job."

He started by checking her breathing, and continued through the standard routine. Leila realized that, while she was still embarrassed to be seen naked, it wasn't nearly as bad when it was the doctor. His bedside manner inspired confidence. She wondered why he made no comment about her nude condition. She did not know that Maria had told him that this was Leila's idea; that she was a nudist and not embarrassed by nakedness, but being partially clothed and flashing the naughty bits would humiliate her no end.

When he palpated her breasts for lumps, her embarrassment rose, but she told herself that this was a normal part of the exam. Strangely, she found that putting her feet in the stirrups was no more embarrassing naked than it had been during other exams, of course that wasn't saying much as she had always detested this part of the exam.

Finally the doctor was finished. "You seem to be in excellent health, young lady. So far I can give you a clean bill of health. However, we should do a few blood tests, just to be sure. Maria will arrange for the required samples. Also, your employer requires a chest x-ray, so Maria will you schedule that as well? Good-bye, my dear." He shook her hand and walked out the door.

Maria said, "Come on, and we'll have Sheila take the blood now." She led Leila out into the hallway and back up almost to the waiting room entrance. She looked into another smaller room. "Sheila is already working on somebody else. Just wait here, and she'll be right with you," she said indicating one of the metal chairs sitting against the hallway wall. "Meanwhile, I'll check with the x-ray lab to see if they can take you today. You need the x-ray before you can start at your job."

Sitting in the chair, her knees tight together, her arms crossed over her breasts, she shivered, and this was only partly because of the coldness of the steel seat. She couldn't believe she was sitting in such a public place, totally naked. And she was sure to be seen by whoever was in with Sheila at the moment. She could only hope it was a woman.

At that moment, a teenager came out of the room. He stopped suddenly and swung around as he caught sight of her. His jaw dropped open at the sight of the naked woman sitting there, and he stumbled slightly backward. Leila blushed again, as his eyes devoured her legs, her belly, the top of her pussy and the part of her breasts he could see behind her arms.

At this point, David walked up the hallway. Seeing another guy approach, the teenager started, turned and walked out into the waiting room. David sat down in the chair next to her.

"How's it going?" he asked her, smiling gently.

"Surprisingly well," she replied.

"Look, Leila, I'd like to see more of you," he began, and she started to giggle, and dropped her arms from in front of her breasts. "No, I mean..." he continued. She was surprised to see him blush. It was nice to see someone else blush, for a change. She felt that she was totally blushed out. "Uh, I'd like to take you out, sometime."

Sheila walked out of the blood lab and across the hallway to the waiting room. "John Krupp!" she called out. Sheila turned back just as a man in his mid twenties in a business suit walked up. "This way... Oh! Leila, I'll be with you in a couple of minutes, OK?" Leila nodded yes, then noticed that the business man was frankly staring at her. With her arms down at her sides, he had a perfect view of her 34-22-34 figure. She realized she wasn't as blushed out as she thought, as the flush spread across her chest. The business man slowly followed Sheila into the room, as Maria hurried up.

"I've talked to the x-ray lab, and they will be closing early today. However, they can take you if we go there right away. Come along. Quickly. We'll do the blood work later." Maria grabbed Leila's left hand in her right, and pulled her to her feet. "Hurry up!" she cried as she tugged Leila across the hallway into the waiting room. Leila was relieved to see that the room was empty, but Maria continued to pull her right across the room and out into the main corridor of the building. Suddenly Leila realized that she was no longer in a private office, but in a very public corridor. She felt herself trembling from fear, but noticed that she was also showing signs of arousal. She couldn't believe it.

### Leila's Humiliation, Part 3

The nurse and the naked girl walked down the corridor to the elevators, but instead of waiting for them, Maria said, "We'll take the stairs. It's just three floors down," and pulled Leila through the door into the stairwell.

"Wait!" shrieked Leila, "I need to get my clothes first! I'm naked."

"We can't go back now," replied Maria, "because these doors lock automatically. The only door that can be opened from this side is all the way down on the ground floor. Don't worry, my friend from x-ray will let us out on their floor."

As they walked down the stairs, Maria asked what she'd been talking about with David.

"He asked me out," replied Leila, "but I don't know... I mean, what will he think of me, walking around like this? He'll think I'm a total slut, and want to... you know."

"I don't think he'll think that," laughed Maria. "He's pretty good about waiting for explanations. And he told me he liked you."

"Really! He said that! But do you think it would be safe to go out with him after this?"

"Depends what you mean by safe. I'm sure he wants you, and he'll probably be after you. But I've known him for a couple of years, and I'm sure he won't force you. Hi, Ken."

They had arrived at the seventh floor landing, and a young blond guy was holding the fire door open.

"Leila, this is my boyfriend, Ken. Ken, this is Leila, from high school."

"Howdy, Leila. I've heard a lot about you from Maria. Nice to meet you in the flesh." Maria winced at the double entendre, and blushed again as Ken gazed at her body. "C'mon with me, we'll get that x-ray as quick as we can. See you later, sweetheart." Ken kissed Maria lightly as the elevator doors opened, and she stepped aboard.

Ken led Leila into the x-ray waiting room, telling her to take a seat, they would be right with her. The only other person there was a middle-aged woman with a cast on her leg.

Leila heard this woman mutter "little slut" as she sat on the hard vinyl chair. After a minute, another young technician came in from the back and asked the woman to come back for her x-ray.

As she hobbled out of the waiting room on her crutches, she was met by a lightly younger woman, holding a preteen boy by his left hand. His right arm was tightly bandaged, and in a sling.

"Look, mommy, that woman has no clothes on!" he yelled out.

"Shut up and come on," the mother snapped back at him, with a passing glare at Leila as she pulled him out into the corridor.

"But, mommy, she was naked!" Leila heard before the door closed behind them. Somehow this comment made her feel more humiliated than she had yet. Was it the contrast to the childish innocence, or what?

Ken came back only a couple of minutes later, and told her that they were ready for her now. As she followed him back to the x-ray room, she had to pass the woman with the cast, who was coming back out, and again she heard the word "slut."

Ken had her lie on her back on the X-ray table. She gave a small cry as she stretched out on the hard table, feeling the coldness against the back of her body. Ken laid the lead apron across her genitals, and started to adjust the x-ray emitter above her. She realized that this was the nearest thing she'd had to clothing for the last hour. This thought gave her a delicious shiver. She was happy to see that her breasts stood up proudly even when she lay on her back.

Ken had finished the adjustments to the machine, gave her the customary warning to stay perfectly still, and strode out of the room. The machine buzzed, and Ken returned. He asked her to wait there while they developed the film so they would be sure there were no problems with it.

As she lay on that icy table, she wondered what else could happen to her. The lab seemed surprisingly quiet; she couldn't hear any chatter or anyone moving about. Just once she heard a phone ring in another room.

She didn't hear Ken answer that phone. "Hello... Yes, Maria... Only you and Dave are left... Yes the x-ray is complete and OK... Right, I will send her up in five minutes exactly."

### Leila's Humiliation, Part 4

Leila couldn't believe she was actually dozing off slightly when Ken re-entered the room.

"Everything's A-OK," he grinned, as he picked up the lead cover. "You can go back up now."

"But I can't take the elevator like this," she whispered.

"Sure you can," he answered. "It's just noon, everyone is going out and the up elevator will be empty. Come along now, we're closing up."

Reluctantly, she got down from the table and walked with him out to the waiting room. The other technician was hanging a "Closed for the day" sign on the door. Together the three of them walked out of the lab, which Ken carefully locked, and they pressed the buttons for the elevators. The first to arrive was going down, and the two technicians got on with a quick "bye" to her.

This was the first time she had been alone in the public areas, and a wave of fear washed over her, followed by an intense sexual feeling. Her nipples were harder than ever, and she was becoming extremely wet down below. The elevator arrived with the loudest "ding" she had ever heard, and she stepped aboard, trembling. Fortunately, the elevator was empty, and she pressed '10'. A moment later the doors opened and she stepped out onto the 10th floor.

As she stepped forward, feeling more naked than ever, she saw someone step out of a doorway, pull the door to and check to see it had locked. She realized in a moment that it was David leaving the doctor's office. As she strode toward him, she saw a look of amazement on his face.

"What are you doing here, Leila? I thought you had left."

"No, I'm just back for my blood tests... and my clothes."

She slipped past him to the office and saw a large handwritten sign on the door:

*Closed for lunch. Back at 2 p.m.*

Leila couldn't believe her eyes. She was locked out, naked.

"One of the girls in the x-ray lab just got engaged, and they and most of the other offices are holding a big lunch for her," David explained. "Had I known you were still here. I wouldn't have locked the office. Everyone left about ten minutes ago. They were all very excited and you must have just slipped their minds."

Her legs felt rubbery. Two whole hours. She put an arm out and David grabbed it to steady her. She leaned against him and whispered, "I can't believe it. I have to wait out here for two hours. Oh God. I hope the other offices are all away as well."

"It's worse than that," she heard. "Security patrols the building all the time, but they are extremely strict during lunch hours. Nobody is allowed to loiter in the corridor. Last month, I locked myself out, and they insisted I leave, even though they knew I was working in that office."

"Oh, no," she sobbed, the tears starting to form in her eyes. She clung to him, wondering what would happen.

"There's one possibility if you can face it, and if we are very lucky," David murmured, quietly. His arms gently encircled her, and suddenly she felt safer. "You can't stay here and you can't go home. We can't go to a restaurant - particularly one with a strict dress code." She giggled in spite of herself. "There is a bar about one block away that has strippers at night. They don't have any dancers during the lunch hour at the moment, but they would not be totally freaked by a nude girl. The food is reasonable. What do you say? My treat!"

She held him tightly as she thought about it. Walk on the city streets during noon rush hour. Go to a strip club. Eat lunch naked. She shivered. She felt frightened, but was also tremendously excited. Her nipples, which had sunk back earlier, popped out again with a vengeance. David felt them press into his chest, and couldn't help but smile. Maria had been right. Leila was actually enjoying the thought of the exposure. He would carry out Maria's plan.

"I g- guess I'll have to t-try it," she stuttered. "I really don't think I have any choice." She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, then let go of David and stepped back. "But... I want to stay hidden as long as possible, could we walk down?" David nodded to her and she turned and walked back down the corridor to the exit door.

As she stepped through the firedoor onto the staircase, David held the door open and asked: "Are you sure? Once this door closes, there is no turning back."

"I know," she replied. "Let's go." And she started down the stairs. David followed her, watching those firm buns undulate in front of him. The sight was having a definite effect on him that he couldn't will away, so he reached down and adjusted his jeans to make himself more comfortable and to try to hide his erection.

Soon they arrived at ground level. As she stepped up to the door that would lead into the lobby, she felt suddenly shy again.

"The strip bar is situated across the street halfway down the next block. I think we'd better cross at the lights, you don't want to be stopped for jaywalking."

She nodded, shuddering, and took a deep breath. Pulling the door open she stepped into the lobby, followed closely by David. She looked around this huge open space, hundreds of people were in this one room. She took another deep breath and realized that there were only about 20 people, about an equal number of men and women. But it sure felt like a lot more.

She walked briskly across to the revolving door, trying to look as though it was totally normal for an absolutely naked woman to be walking around the city. Then it was through the door and out onto the entrance steps. The street was filled with cars, and the sidewalk a steady stream of pedestrians.

She tried to pull herself together, but somehow being the only naked person in such a huge crowd was even more intimidating than she had imagined. She reached over and took David's hand, feeling like a little girl, searching for the safety of her parent's strength. She felt David give her hand a gentle squeeze, and heard him whisper "Courage". Then another whisper: "To your right, Leila. The sooner we get moving, the sooner you'll be off the street."

She stepped down the three stairs, then turned right merging with the flow of pedestrians. She watched as person after person noticed that a nude woman was walking down a major street at high. Some (mainly men) looked pleased at the sight, some (mainly women) looked horrified, but the most common reaction was the classic doubletake. Several people brushed against her as they went by, and she jumped every time.

They went straight over the cross street at the lights, then stopped, waiting for the light to change. This wait seemed to last forever, as she was now surrounded and felt even more vulnerable than on the open sidewalk. Just as the light changed she felt two hands pinch her bum, and gave a loud squeal, then blushed even deeper as every eye in the crowd stared even harder at her.

Once across the street, then further along the road. She could not believe how long the blocks were, miles it seemed. Suddenly David guided her to a large wooden door. He opened it, and she stepped through, then through another door, and into the bar.

### Leila's Humiliation, Part 5

Leila looked around the large, dim-lit room. She estimated fifty men were sitting at various tables, eating and, worse, drinking. She heard the murmurs as those who were facing the door told their friends who were facing away. Head after head swivelled around to gaze at her firm young body. She shivered again, feeling the heat of one hundred eyes staring at her.

A large man wearing a white shirt and black jacket walked over to them from the bar. "The bouncer," thought Leila. "I hope he doesn't throw me out. I could never last the full two hours on the streets."

"What's going on here?" rumbled the bouncer.

"Hi, Harold," she heard David say from behind her. She had let go his hand when she walked through the doors and hadn't known exactly where he was. "This is Leila, a friend of mine. She didn't plan on wearing her birthday suit today, but believe it or not, she got locked out of her doctor's office without her clothes, and they've all gone for lunch. I figured that if she came here, you guys wouldn't be freaked out, and would let us stay 'til her doctor returns."

"I dunno about that," laughed Harold. "About us not being freaked out, I mean.We don't get many customers dressed like this, only certain of our employees. But of course, you guys can stay. This way, I'll put you in Cyndi's section."

He led them right across that wide room. As they weaved their way past table after table, Leila realized that her pussy and ass were almost dead level with the heads of the men sitting at table. Their piercing stares at her private parts from mere inches away, made her blush yet again. She realized that her sparse hair did nothing to hide her lips from all these strangers.

As she passed by the empty stage, she wrenched her thoughts away from those stares, as she wondered how any woman could get on stage and show herself off to all those drunken men.

The table Harold led them to was at the end of a row of booths, by the main aisle. Unlike the rest of the booths, it was not a U shape, but a V, having benches only on two sides, the other two sides of the table open.

The table was one of the best lit in the entire bar, since it was next to the pool table, and the bright lights necessary for good play spilled onto the booth.

Just as she realized that Harold had placed her on display, a tall redhead with long legs and large breasts that were well displayed by the short black skirt and low-cut white ruffled blouse that was obviously the uniform for the bar waitresses.

"Hi, Cyndi, it's been awhile," David greeted her. "What do you have for lunch that won't poison us?"

"The meatloaf special is the best thing today, but if it doesn't poison you, I will. How can you walk in like that and not tell me what's goin' on?" Cyndi's eyes swept slowly from Leila's head down over her breasts with those rock-hard nipples past her pussy which, she realized, was starting to leak again, along her thighs, down to her bare feet, then even more slowly back over the same route until she was looking straight into her eyes.

The gaze was both inquisitive and lustful. Leila had never been strongly attracted to women, although there had been a couple of fumbling sessions with her first roommate in college.

"It's a long story, and I need a drink first," David said."And I sure Leila here needs one even more than I do."

"Maybe I'd better not..." began Leila.

"Why not? You could use it. Oh, I see, you're afraid I'll try to get you drunk and take advantage of you," he said.

"No, no! I didn't mean that! You've been so nice. It's just that I..." How could he say that? She didn't want to insult him, but she *was* totally naked and he was almost a stranger.

"It's just that you're afraid I'll try to get you drunk and take advantage of you," he continued for her. "And I'm not surprised you're a little nervous. You need something to calm your nerves, and the food will slow down intoxication. So I promise you - for today only - I'll be like a vampire and not ravish you before sundown."

Leila laughed at that, and remembered that Marie had said he could be trusted. Besides, if he were lying he would probably just make a blanket promise.

"OK, I'll have a Blue," she decided.

"Foster's for me. And then I'll try that meatloaf."

She realized that she was starved. Running around nude must be more wearing than she thought. "I'll try the meatloaf, too," she said.

"A Blue and a Foster's and two meatloaf. Be right back. Then I have to hear your story."

She was back in a moment with the two beers, and Leila gratefully took a long drink, then she looked back over at the stage and started to chuckle.

"What's so funny?"

"As I walked by the stage, I was wondering how any woman could possibly dance naked, and it seems odd to be thinking that when I'm wandering around without a stitch on. If I'd ever thought about it, I'd have wondered how a woman could sit naked in a bar with dozens of fully clothed men."

Cyndi came back with their food, and started to question Leila, but another customer was beckoning her.

"We can't leave before two," David told her. "Part of the long story. Why don't you wait 'til the noon rush has ended, then come back and Leila will give you the whole story?"

David and Leila slowly ate, and chatted. David asked her about her home town, her schooling, Marie, her new job, all the normal small talk. Leila chatted calmly with him, unable to believe she felt so normal. She noticed that the men's room was at this end of the lounge, just beyond the pool table. Every time a guy went to the washroom, he passed only a few feet from the table, and virtually everyone took a long look at her both going in and coming back out. The frank stares would remind her again just how open she was to them, and she would blush again.

Yet she enjoyed her lunch; the interest David seemed to have in her made her feel desired and attractive, and her nudity in front of all these men made her hot.

It was nearly one o'clock when Cyndi came back over. "I want that story now."

"One last thing before you sit down. I could use a second Foster's - though that will be it for today. How about you, Leila?"

She just nodded. Cyndi made a quick trip over to the bar, and returned with three beers. She sat on the bench seat beside Leila, gently pushing her along the bench toward David.

As she started to tell of her adventure, Leila could feel the clothes of the two people sandwiching her lightly caress her skin. This continual reminder that she was naked where everybody else was fully clothed aroused her further. Leila felt Cyndi's hand gently caress her left thigh. She attempted to ignore it, as she felt David lay his hand gently on her other leg. As she started to recount her humiliation when David saw her with the thermometer sticking out of her butt, Cyndi's hand was withdrawn from her thigh, and, as she lent forward to pick up her beer, it insinuated itself between her back and the seat. Cyndi ran it down her back, fingertips tracing her backbone until the hand cupped the top half of her left cheek, the fingertips dancing feather light in the crack of her ass. She felt her pussy begin to drip lightly as she became ever more aroused. As the story of the doctor's examination unfolded, she began to describe the breast palpation. Cyndi's left hand started to fondle her left breast, running over the smooth skin, caressing the areola, pinching the nipple. She was having difficulty talking now, hell, she was having difficulty remembering the morning, or thinking of anything but those hands fondling her breast and buttock. David's hand was still on her right leg just above the knee, but stayed fairly still, moving just enough to remind her that it was there.

She stumbled on in her story, telling them of the reflex test on her legs. "He had me sit with my legs apart and picked up each foot in turn, pulling the leg up and scratching my sole." Cyndi's left hand dropped to her right thigh and slid up it toward her crotch, gently pulling her legs apart. "As the foot twitched, I felt my pussy lips twitch too, and was sure he could see them. Then he tapped my knee and when my leg jerked, I was certain my lips jerked too. I think he saw them move, as he repeated the test on each leg, but was not looking at my lower leg when he did." Cyndi's hand was right at the top of her thighs, her thumb resting against the vagina, pressing repeatedly against it putting pressure on her clit. She could feel her climax approaching, her breath coming in short gasps. She leaned back sliding her hips forward so Cyndi's thumb would put extra pressure on her clit. Suddenly she threw her head back, and, with a long loud moan, she came.

### Leila's Humiliation, Part 6

She breathed slowly, deeply, her breasts rising and falling. As her eyes opened, she suddenly realized that four guys had started a game of pool as she told her story. They must have seen her orgasm, and as they stared at her now they must be seeing the sex flush across her chest and, oh God, with her legs spread wide they must be seeing her cunt, pushed off the front of the bench, wide open and dripping. Blushing violently, (if this keeps up, I will become permanently red, she thought) she pulled herself back up in the chair and clapped her knees together.

She decided she needed to go to the ladies' room to clean up. Cyndi warned her to hurry back as she wanted to hear the rest of the story.

"What is the story behind this?" asked Cyndi.

"Before I answer that, what if she asks you for something to wear back?"

"If she asks and you've told me why this is happening to her, then I came to work in this outfit and have no other clothes. She's too cute to cover up."

"You really came to work in that outfit?"

"That's the official story. Now, why?"

"Apparently she once stole Maria's clothes and left her naked at the swimming hole, and this is her revenge. But, Cyndi, perhaps you'd better cool it a bit. Remember that she is probably feeling a little alone, after all I was a stranger to her this morning; it's not like I was her boyfriend."

Cyndi nodded, as Leila returned, blushing prettily as she walked past the pool players.

She sat back down between the two of them and finished her story. She noticed that David's eyes lit up when she told about the little boy calling out, which of course he had not witnessed, and saw how both of them smiled when she related her goosing on the street corner.

Cyndi decided she should make a quick turn around the bar to check on the customers, and when she left, Leila leaned against David. "I still can't believe I am doing this," she muttered as she snuggled against his side. "I should be terrified, but you have been so sweet to me, you make me feel very safe, even though I also feel so vulnerable."

She felt his arm curl round her shoulder, as he chuckled, "I hope that's meant as a compliment to my restraint, and not a slur on my manhood."

"Oh, a compliment. Any woman could tell you have feelings, but you never acted on them."

"Just wait until sundown, little girl." His eyebrows did a poor Groucho Marx impression, and Leila giggled and leaned back into his arm.

Wanting to turn the conversation to safer grounds, she made a few comments on the four pool players' style as they finished their game. Cyndi returned in time to hear the last whispered comment. Leila had kept her criticisms very quiet, as she didn't want to upset the men. She leaned over the back of the booth and murmured, "Do you play?" in Leila's ear.

Leila jumped, as she had not noticed the other girl's approach. "Yes. Or rather, I did in college. I found it excellent relaxation. A lot of my practice was at exam time. If I needed a short break in a long study session I would slip down to the table in the dorm games room and run a few balls. About the only thing to do there after midnight. I got pretty good, after a while."

"Let's see how well you can play. I challenge you to a game."

"Not like this. Not in front of these men."

"If you win, I'll loan you my skirt to get back to the doctor's office in. David can bring it back to me once you're there."

"O.K. One game of eight-ball. Wait - what if I lose?"

"Nothing too serious,. You just have to play one, no, two more games before you leave - no additional stakes."

"Done." Leila knew she was pretty good. She strode over and selected a cue. They flipped for break, and it fell to her. Two balls were pocketed off the break; Leila took high, and then she got a second.As she walked around the table selecting her next shot, she realized that all the men in the bar - about a dozen - had moved over to the tables nearest the pool table. She blushed to think of the show she must be giving them, her buttocks taut, as she leaned over the table, her pussy peeking out between her legs. She shivered as she lined up her next shot. Maybe this was what did it, but the next ball missed the pocket.

"Too bad", grinned Cyndi and proceeded to pocket ball after ball. Leila stood beside the table, trying to concetrate on Cyndi's form, but blushed continuously as she couldn't help seeing the men's eyes swivel from Cyndi's firm pantied butt to her totally naked breasts and quim. She was sure the men seated behind her were gazing just as intently at her bare buttocks.

Maybe Cyndi was over-confident, but the 1-ball, the last low one, nicked the corner of the pocket and spun back out.

Leila was up again. She bent over the table, shutting the picture of what so many strrangers were seeing out of her mind, and pocketed her last ball. One more shot and she would have the skirt. She leaned over the table, again seeing the looks of the men behind her in her mind's eye. Her pussy was getting wet again! She couldn't believe she was so turned on. And at such a critical moment. She tapped the cue ball, and watched with a big smile as the 8-ball rolled straight to the pocket. And hung right on the edge. She stood by the table, frozen in disbelief, and watched as Cyndi quickly sank her remaining ball, and then tapped in the 8-ball.

"Good game, Leila. Maybe you'll have better luck on the next two."

Two more games showing everything to this audience, she couldn't have agreed to that. She dragged herself back to their table and slumped onto the bench beside David.

"I can't take two more games like that," she whispered to him.

"You don't really have to. We could leave now and hide in the stairwell until two."

"No, I made the bet, and I lost. You don't welsh on a bet; if you can't afford to pay, you just don't bet. I'll survive."

"Right. You know the old saying - you've buttered your bread, now lie in it." She laughed at this mangled proverb and David continued, "Good! If you can still laugh at your situation, I'm sure you will be just fine."

Cyndi, meanwhile, was taking orders from the men sitting near the pool area. Two of the foursome that had being playing pool earlier were still in the bar, and one of them, Tom, asked if he could play the winner of the game (the usual practice in this bar). Cyndi said that since she was a waitress she couldn't be involved in standard rounds, and that she still had two more games to play with Leila.

"Want to make it doubles?" Tom joked.

He was shocked when Cyndi said, "OK. But it'll cost you a beer for me, one for her and one for her boyfriend."

"Done."

She filled the various drink orders at the bar, and served all the other customers, returning to Tom last. "We'll change teams for the two games, first game girls versus guys, and second game you two decide between you which of us is with which of you."

Tom agreed with this. Leila couldn't believe her ears when Cyndi told her of the new plan. This would mean that two men would be standing within inches of her while she was playing. She shuddered and opened her mouth to refuse, but heard herself say, "The bet only specified two more games, it didn't say they wouldn't be doubles." Damn! She'd committed herself once again to something more intense than she should.

### Leila's Humiliation, Part 7

Tom broke for the first game. For some reason, play didn't seem to be up to the same caliber as the earlier ones. Perhaps because she didn't have the incentive of a possible cover-up, she was more nervous this time, or maybe it was just the nearness of the two men that was affecting her performance. The two guys didn't seem to be playing as well as they did in their earlier game either. They seemed to miss even fairly easy shots, particularly Tom, who's turn immediately preceded hers. Strangely, when he didn't sink what seemed like fairly easy shots, the best shot left for Leila was always one that made her stretch well over the table, or even put her leg up, always showing her off to the audience. Surely Tom couldn't be risking the game for such a reason. She mentioned her suspicions to David, when she came over for her beer, but he just smiled.

The girls finally won the first game, and the teams changed, with Tom teaming with Leila. Cyndi seemed to have caught Tom's problem, now that she shot before Leila. All her missed shots seemed to set up Leila for more exposure. When their team finally lost after another surprisingly drawn-out game, Leila apologized to Tom for her lack of concentration.

Tom replied, "You needn't apologize. I'm afraid I was concentrating on your beautiful body rather than our game. I usually play far better than that."

She sat down beside David, and leaned against him as she finished off her beer, feeling protected by his arm round her shoulder. Cyndi sat down for a minute and ran her hand up Leila's thigh to her pussy. Leila had been simmering the whole time she was playing and this touch on her lips brought her to the brink. Cyndi, without removing that hand, grabbed Leila's right breast with the other one, and took her left one in her mouth. This sent Leila over the top. She moaned and shuddered with passion and barely managed to stifle a scream as she climaxed.

"Thanks for some marvelous games," Cyndi said, "but I've got to get back to work or they'll fire me. I hope you two will be back soon."

Leila was too overcome to reply, and just lay against David, with her head back and her legs akimbo, trying to bring her breathing back to normal. About five minutes later David told her that it was about a quarter past two, and suggested they return to the doctor's office. Leila decided she had better use the ladies' room before venturing on, and David agreed he could use the men's.

He was sitting at their table again by the time she got back, having relieved herself of the beer, and given her body a quick wash, removing some of the evidence of her recent arousal.

They stepped out into the mid-afternoon sunshine, and she quickly looked up and down the street. A few cars were passing, and there were, as always, a few pedestrians on the sidewalk, but nothing like the crowd at noon. "This will be a piece of cake," she thought as they started up the street to the office. It was an amazing feeling, being naked on a public street, even with so few people around. The fear that had dominated her feelings when she was walking through the noon crowd was replaced by arousal. The stares of the passersby did give her a feeling of humiliation, but the arousal seemed to overpower it. She slipped her arm around David's waist and sighed gratefully as he put his arm round her shoulder. Again the mixed feelings, humiliation and arousal at her nudity, pride and gratitude that he was still with her. If only she weren't so short. Being barefoot made it worse than ever. With her small breasts and brown hair, she could never attract him. He was so sweet to her, yet he hadn't been weak. A wolf-whistle shattered her reverie. They had stopped at the lights, and a couple of teenagers were waiting on the other side. They were pointing and whistling.

She shivered, and felt David's hand clasp her shoulder. "It's only a couple of youngsters. You're doing fine." That encouragement made her stand tall and stride proudly across the street. In no time at all they were entering the building, and she was safe again.

The guard looked up from the desk and started to rise, but David just nodded at him. "Her clothes got locked in upstairs. Didn't you see us go out at noon?" The guard smiled and nodded, and David continued straight on to the elevator, Leila still holding his waist.

As soon as they stepped into the elevator, Leila swung round and just clasped David to her as hard as she could. She felt something hard pressing against her lower stomach as she gasped, "Oh God! I was sure he was going to arrest me. I almost fainted."

David reached out and pressed the 10th floor button, then hugged her to him. "Don't worry, it's all over. You just need to get your blood taken and then you can go home and relax."

They reached Doctor Hillock's clinic and stepped into the waiting room. Seven people were sitting there, all young men. They gazed at this naked apparition in amazement. They could understand a naked person coming out of the examination rooms by accident, but how could one be coming into the clinic already naked?

Maria was just guiding an older patient from the examination rooms to the door. "Leila! I thought you had finished and gone!" she cried out. "What happened?"

"I was still in x-ray when you left. Luckily David was still here when I got back, but the door had already locked. Now, could I please..." She was about to say "get my clothes" when Maria interrupted.

"Get the blood samples taken, yes, of course, at once. We're a bit backed up, as we just got back five minutes ago, but we'll do you next. Just come this... Is that alcohol? Did you have something to drink?"

"Just a couple of beer with lunch. Three actually."

"Oh dear. Alcohol enters the blood immediately. I'd better check on this first. Sit down here, I'll be right back. Mr. Gomez!" She led one of the young men back into the examination room.

"I've got to get back to work too. I really don't want to stay too late finishing this upgrade. And I'm hoping I'll have better things to do this weekend than come back in here."

"What does he mean by that?" Leila wondered.

"Please, promise me that you'll stop by and talk to me for a minute before you leave here today."

"Yes, of course." she replied and watched as he slipped out of the waiting room into the hall, turning toward the small room at the end.

She did not see Maria stop him for a moment, and did not hear their conversation.

"David, you kept her naked. Thanks for giving me my revenge."

"I enjoyed it, Maria, but I don't think it worked as revenge." Maria looked at him questioningly. "When I met her in the corridor as planned and suggested the strip bar, she clung to me like a drowning person and I had actually decided to let her in and give her her clothes back, when I realized she was totally turned on by the idea. I think I have bruises, her nipples were so hard. She walked down there in the noonhour rush, and was still just as turned on. Good God, Maria, she played pool naked. And she was already so hot, the waitress was able bring her off in a matter of seconds. I think she enjoyed it far more than she disliked it."

"This I've got to see. I'll keep her naked out there all afternoon, and I bet she won't like it. For one thing, I deliberately scheduled as many young male patients as possible today, just in case."

With that Maria walked back to the waiting room and told Leila, "I think we better let the alcohol burn itself off before drawing any blood. We can still finish it today, but you'll have to wait a couple of hours, just to be safe."

Leila licked her lips nervously as she realized that Maria wasn't offering her any clothing. She decided to be firm and demand it now. "Maria, I want..."

"Something to drink. I can see your lips are dry. You should only have water for now. I'll get you some, right away." Maria slipped away for a moment and came back with a 600ml bottle of Evian water. "Special from my private stash, for my friend."

"Thank you, Maria, but I only want..."

"You only want to go home. I know, but we must be sure the tests are accurate, and this way you won't have to come back. Just read a magazine or two, the time will just fly by." With this encouragement, Maria slipped back out of the examination room, leaving a very flustered Leila behind.

### Leila's Humiliation, Part 8

Leila got up and walked over to the magazine rack. Perhaps she could hide herself somewhat behind a magazine. She checked them all, but the only ones she had any interest in were the *Reader's Digest*s, and they were too small to hide anything. However, since she had nothing else to do, she picked up a couple of them, took them back over to her chair and started to read. Sipping occasionally from the bottle of water, she spent the next two hours reading and blushing. The other patients kept making comments about her body. As soon as one group of them left, it seemed another would come in from outside and the comments would start again. She tried to sit with her legs together, but she had to change position from time to time, and when she was reading she would sometimes forget and her knees would spread apart. She wondered how she could take the humiliation, but even more she wondered how she could still be so turned on. The hard red vinyl seat was now a darker red where her juices had stained it. For two hours she had been dripping her arousal.

Finally, just a few minutes before five, the last of the patients was shown into the examination room. Maria came back into the waiting room and said, "Any alcohol should have burned off by now. Come in, and Sheila will take the samples."

As Leila rose from the chair, she realized the musky odor of her arousal hung round her. She saw Maria's nose wrinkle, just slightly, and then to her shame watched as Maria's eyes fell to the wet seat of the chair she had been on. Maria's eyes widened and Leila realized she was blushing once again.

Sheila ignored her nudity as she quickly drew all the required samples. Back here in the examination area, she didn't feel quite so naked. As her examination drew to a close, she realized she had been totally naked for over six hours, and in public almost the entire time.

As she stepped out of the blood lab into the hall, she could see David in the room at the end of the hall, putting tools away into what looked like a briefcase.

Maria popped out of one of the examination rooms. "Ah, I see you're all finished here, and ready to go home."

"As soon as I get my clothes," retorted Leila.

Maria smiled and opened a closet. Leila sighed with relief when Maria turned back toward her with her shoes in one hand and clothing in the other. Maria led her into the now empty waiting room dropped the shoes on the floor and the clothing on a chair. Leila picked it up. She could see her socks tucked inside her loafers, but there were only two other pieces of clothing, her blouse and skirt.

"Where is my underwear?" she cried.

"Gone. You aren't getting it back." Maria then reminded Leila how she had helped to steal her clothes that long-ago summer.

"Good grief! I'd totally forgotten that. I never heard anything more about it! Did you get caught?"

"Old Mr. Johnson caught sight of my bare behind, but luckily didn't recognize me. I got home without anyone else seeing me, but I felt so ashamed, I cried for days."

"No one saw you, and you had me show myself to hundreds of people... A little out of proportion." Leila slipped the blouse on, and quickly buttoned it up. Then started to slip into the short blue skirt.

"It was only meant to be during the exam, with only the staff and David seeing you, but you were so calm, I just couldn't let it end there. So I roped David in on it."

Leila had sat down carefully and was pulling on the white ankle socks that went so well with her loafers.

"David was in on it!" Leila almost shrieked.

"Yes, I forced him into it. But he almost chickened out. He told me he only went ahead because you were so turned on by the idea."

Leila was crushed. He had noticed how much of a slut she was, to be so turned on by her own nudity. He would never want to see her again. No man who knew her could ever love her, or even like her.

At this very moment, David came into the waiting room. "Hello there, my lovely. Hmm. There's something different about you, now what could that be? Oh yes, clothes."

She tried to be strong, but the tears just started to flow from her eyes as she buried her face in her hands.

"Dammit!" she heard him say. "Leila, I'm sorry, it was meant as a joke. I didn't realize you were wound so tight. I'm always putting my big foot in it, particularly with my stupid jokes." She felt him sink onto the chair beside her and felt his arm round her shoulder. "Please forgive me, I didn't mean to make you cry."

"It's not that... M- M- Maria was telling me about...", she sobbed. "I know y- y- you h- h- hate me. M- M- Maria...." She couldn't continue.

"Maria!" David turned to Maria. His voice was very quiet, but the emotion behind it was unmistakable. "What have you been saying to Leila about me? It's bad enough you rope me in to play such a miserable trick on her. But I swear to God, if you have been trying to turn her against me with lies, you will regret it forever." Leila was shocked by the power in the almost whispered words; she couldn't understand why he was so angry with Maria.

"No, I didn't." gasped Maria. "I was trying to tell her that you only did this to her at my insistence, and that you only went through with it because you were sure she would enjoy it, at least partly."

"That doesn't match what she said." Again the quiet intensity.

"N- no, she's t- t- telling the t- t- truth." stammered Leila, her sobs stopped, but her breath still coming in big gulps. "I just th- thought you couldn't like me after today... I m- m- mean, I'm such a..." Once again she could not continue.

"Such a what?" asked the voice, still quiet, but now soft, rather than intense. "I have spent the day with a sweet, smart, brave, sexy woman who has a sense of honor and a sense of humor. I told you earlier today that I wanted to see more of you. I haven't changed my mind about that. Why do you think I asked you to see me before you left?" Leila lifted her eyes to his face, and saw that kind smile. "I know that today must have worn you out, but I was hoping to persuade you to let me take you out to dinner tomorrow night. Will you forgive me, and let me take you out?"

"Forgive you!" Leila laughed. "I'd love to go. It's just when you didn't try anything with me today. I felt you weren't attracted at all."

"Not attracted!" David laughed. "Leila, I promised you you were safe from me today. I kept that promise, but it was one of the most difficult things I have ever done, particularly when Cyndi was seducing you right under my nose. But, like you with the bet, I keep my word. So I'll see you home now, and we can make our arrangements for tomorrow night."

Leila had slipped on her loafers. She jumped up, her short skirt flipping up, exposing her briefly once again.

"However," said David, "I must warn you of two things. The first is that I have promised you are safe from me today. That promise definitely will *not* be in effect tomorrow night. Beware."

She smiled as her braless breasts, visible through the thin top, once again sprouted hard, hard nipples. She knew she had found a lover, maybe her love. "I'll take my chances. And the other thing?"

"I am a lecherous, dangerous and cruel man." The smile on his lips and in his eyes contradicted this harsh assessment. "If you stay with me, you may just find yourself stripped naked in public again some time, perhaps when you least expect it. You have been warned."

Leila shuddered with anticipation, and ecstasy. She knew she would stay with him. And she knew she would find herself naked again. And again.

### Leila's Humiliation, The End