# Leila's Night Out

#### A fantasy by dah

### Leila's Night Out, Part 1

Leila sat back in the bus seat, thinking about her current life. She had never believed she could be so happy. Exactly six weeks ago today, she had met her lover, David. Exactly six weeks ago today, she had spent almost the entire day naked in public, including her first meal with David. Leila could feel herself blushing as she thought of that first lunch, her sitting naked in the bar, calmly -- well, not that calmly -- eating lunch with a fully clothed David. Since there were no strippers at the bar that noon-hour, she was the only person there who was not fully clothed. Leila marvelled that her nipples still hardened when she thought of that lunch; of being fondled by the waitress, Cyndi; of playing two games of pool, naked as a jaybird, flashing her "naughty bits" (how she loved that phrase -- one that David had introduced her to) at all the other patrons of the bar.

She had been stripped by her highschool chum, Maria. She remembered how pretty Maria looked, her dark skin set off by the white nurse's uniform. She had always wished she had Maria's body rather than her own. Maria had the black, bushy hair that went with the dark skin of her African heritage, rather than her own medium-brown hair. Leila had often thought of colouring her hair, but felt that would make her stand out too much; she had been too shy to put herself forward that way. Leila wondered once again what it would be like to be tall; Maria was at least four inches taller than her own five-foot three-inch frame, and her bushy hair made her look even taller. Maria's breasts were also larger than her little ones; Leila's were barely a 34C and she knew that Maria had worn a 36D bra when they were still in school (she had checked the bra when she stole Maria's clothes that fateful day), and she certainly was at least that large now. Certainly her breasts caused the nurse's uniform to bulge out in a way that Leila was sure caused false blood pressure readings for the male patients.

Leila was on this bus so early on this Friday afternoon as she had agreed to take part in a medical survey, a study that would not require her to test drugs or try surgery. Her company's president was very keen on promoting a healthy lifestyle for his employees and Leila had been only too glad to sign up for the survey when she joined the firm. She would probably have signed up anyhow, as soon as she saw that Doctor Hillock was working on the study and she would get to see Maria; but it became irresistible when the woman from human resources told the new hire that she would get a half-day off with pay whenever she had to see the doctor. She couldn't sign the agreement fast enough. She had ignored the warning that, while the boss didn't think anyone should be required to sign up, he would be most upset if an employee committed to the project but quit before the end of the two-year study, thus making its results less definitive; after all, she had no intention of quitting and losing the paid half day.

She had left work at noon, eaten a light lunch at home, then showered and changed before catching the bus that would take her to the doctor's in time for her 2:15 appointment. She had chosen that awkward hour because David also had an appointment with Doctor Hillock at that time. However, his appointment was to discuss a one-weekend contract that Doctor Hillock wanted to offer him. Since today it would not interfere with his current work, David had agreed to the meeting. Leila had deliberately worn the same light white blouse, short blue skirt, white socks and sneakers that she had been wearing that fateful day just six weeks ago. This was the outfit she had been wearing the first time David had seen her, although she had not been wearing it -- or anything else -- when he had been introduced to her. She felt the redness rise in her cheeks as she remembered his walking into the examining room when she was lying naked on the examining table, a thermometer jutting out of her butt. She squirmed on the seat as she felt herself become more and more aroused as she remembered the rest of that day. She thought that her simple white panties might become wet shortly if she couldn't control herself. She had been wearing identical white panties and bra that day, although David had never seen them as Maria had confiscated the panties and her bra before returning the rest of her clothes.

She had fallen in love with him that day, she now believed; but he refused to have sex with her until nearly two weeks later. She had been frustrated by his restraint, because he had not told her that he was waiting for the results of her blood tests to be sure that she had no STDs. She would never have thought of such a move as romantic, but he had made it so by making sure he was tested as well, thus ensuring her protection. But before he had taken her back to her place to make love, he had stripped her naked in the same bar. No, that was unfair, he hadn't stripped her; he had merely allowed her to strip herself. Of course, he had made sure her clothes were destroyed so she could not get them back, and he had made her expose herself in a beer store and to a pizza delivery clerk. Yet these actions had only led to a night of explosive sex, a night that was far beyond anything that she had experienced to that day, although she had had even better since.

That had been the night he had promised to buy her a new dress and shoes to take her dancing, and three days later, he had done just that. Well, he had bought her shoes, socks, gloves and a dress; although the dress had not yet been delivered. It was a *Missee Lee* original, and therefore would be hand made for her. She had been fitted that day, but Missee Lee had indicated that the dress would take "at least two to three weeks." It was now nearly four weeks, but she had heard nothing. Unless David had received the dress and decided not to take her dancing after all. No, he would not do that to her. And he had promised to take her; he would not go back on his word, even to someone he did not love as much as he loved her.

He loved her. She was now certain of that. She still did not believe she was worthy of his love, but she had finally persuaded herself that he did love her, as unbelievable as she found that concept. And she loved him. He was older than she was -- hell, he was over twice her age -- and he had an evil streak to him, but a gentle evil streak. She knew that didn't make any sense at all, but that was how she saw it. Yes, he had taken her out into the city and to a bar, naked, that first day, but he had been right when he said she enjoyed it. She blushed again as she admitted this to herself. He had got her naked again in the same bar, but had kept an eye on her, and at the end of the evening had asked her to display herself one more time, this time to the delivery boy, with a gesture, a shake of the head that was so small that she could have ignored it and he would have accepted her excuse that she had not seen it, or not understood it. He had not forced her into the final display; he had merely allowed her, given her an excuse, to continue it. That weekend he had kept her naked for two whole days, but at the start of the second day he had let her know -- once again, without words, so she could ignore it -- that he had clothing available for her if she wanted it.

God, what a weekend that had been! She found her legs were a little unsteady as she got off the bus. She sat on the nearby bench, waiting for her transfer to arrive. The city never did seem to get the buses to meet at the right time. She could see the bus she had wanted just disappearing down the street. It would be around a quarter of an hour before the next one arrived, but she had allowed for that in her timetable; this would not make her late, but would allow her to think of the weeks she had spent since that naked weekend. Perhaps this would cool her down a bit; she did not want the doctor to see how aroused the very memories of that naked weekend made her.

She sat on the wooden bench, and thought back to last weekend. Two days of cloud and rain. They had not gone out at all; instead, David had brought over the book *Biker Girl*, the story of Lia. This was the name he had called her when she was displayed in the restaurant that other weekend, and he had decided that they could pass the time by reading it together. Of course, he had insisted that she should be naked while they read about Lia's naked adventures. As soon as Lia lost her clothes, he had gently removed all of hers; when Lia was whipped with the biker's belt, David had stopped reading long enough to spank her, gently but firmly, giving her buttocks a warmth and tingle that she used to put herself in Lia's place.

She had imagined herself seated on the motorcycle, arms cuffed behind her, driving down the English motorways, her nudity being shown to truck drivers they passed, as David held a vibrator between her naked thighs to simulate the throbbing motor of the bike. She had climaxed to his fingering as they read about Lia being fondled by the patrons of the bar, and climaxed again when David had her sit on a stool in the kitchen, aping the position Lia was forced to take on the stool in the bar, a position that matched hers in the restaurant the other Sunday. David had her recount her feelings of that day, and they compared them to Lia's feelings in the novel.

The whole day was spent reading, talking, playing, having sex when the story called for it. David left her late that night, with orders to remain naked until he returned the next day, orders she was only too glad to obey. Early the next morning, he had returned, this time with *Biker Girl on the Run*, the sequel to *Biker Girl*, and they had spent that day continuing the reading.

She remembered how his fingers and tongue had played with her naked body, touching, tracing, tickling, tantalizing. She had stayed naked that entire day as well, naked in her own house, private nudity, not public, but an arousing time, fantasies of public nudity replacing the reality of three weeks before. Damn! She was not doing well at all in cooling down. If she continued to think about last weekend, she would be totally aroused when she arrived at the doctor's office.

As she clambered aboard her bus, she decided to concentrate on the two sunny weekends between the picnic and the readings. The first weekend David had taken her out to Sunday brunch at a local hotel. They had been touching each other discretely, and she had been totally embarrassed to hear a couple of elderly ladies whispering about David "robbing the cradle," and how she must be a slut or a gold-digger to be with someone so much older.

She had been near tears when they left the restaurant, but David had reassured her that he did not think she was a slut; not by saying so, but rather by saying if her being with him meant she was a slut, he only hoped she would be one forever. And as for robbing the cradle, a phrase that infuriated her as she was no baby, she was certainly old enough to know her own mind, David just said that he had; after all, didn't he often call her his baby? He had taken her for a walk in the wooded area of the park that afternoon, and she had spent a couple of hours in his arms; just feeling protected and loved, as they talked and as they simply sat in silence. Of course, he had spent the evening at her place once again, proving in a different and very physical way that he loved her.

### Leila's Night Out, Part 2

The following week David had been very busy on a contract, and had also spent the Saturday at work, but turned up at her door Sunday morning. After giving her a hug and a kiss that waked her right up, he asked if she wanted to get back at the two old biddies from last Sunday, and she, of course, had said yes.

"You told me you still had your uniform from the year you attended an all-girl school. What I want you to do is take a shower, do your hair in a very young fashion -- maybe two ponytails -- and then put on the uniform. I think those two are regulars at that brunch, and we will really give them a cradle robbing to gossip about."

Leila had laughed at the idea, and had hurried to take a shower. When she returned, she found that David had touched up his hair with a washable dye, giving it some grey highlights, and making him look several years older than he was. She giggled when she saw it; he would be the perfect "dirty old man" today. She had done her hair in two short pony tails, one on each side, and had not used any makeup at all. She slipped on a pair of simple white cotton panties, but when she picked up the matching bra, David spoke up again. "I think we should have a naughty little schoolgirl today. The blouse is quite opaque; let's leave the bra off."

Leila had said nothing but had just dropped the bra back in the drawer, and pulled out a pair of white knee-length socks, which she drew on. Then came the white blouse. It was an old one, one she had actually worn while at that high school, and was therefore quite tight across her breasts. She remembered that it had been snug even then, and that was when she was still a B cup; now that she was a C, it was definitely tight. She pulled out her saddle shoes next and laced them on, followed by the grey tie. She then reached into the very back of her closet and pulled out the pleated skirt, the red and blue tartan a contrast to the solid colours of the rest of the outfit.

"Oh God! I forgot! I can't wear this."

"Why not?"

"The last week of school, I knew I wasn't coming back, the skirt was almost knee length, and I cut it to halfway up my thighs. The teachers, I guess, knew I wouldn't be back, and that they couldn't really punish me as all the marks had been sent in, so they just ignored the infraction of the dress code. I was so pissed off that they didn't pay any attention to me that I cut off about another inch each of the last four days. By Friday, it barely covered my buns, and that only if I stood up straight. Look!" And with that word she pulled the tiny skirt up to her waist, buttoned and zipped it, then pulled it down as far as it would go on her hips. "See, it is positively indecent."

David viewed the little skirt. It was as short as any he'd seen, even in the seventies, barely an inch or so below her crotch. "You're right. It is too short for any girl over the age of seven. It is just perfect for today."

Leila blushed at the thought of walking around in this outfit, but, swallowing hard, she slipped into the blazer that completed the outfit and walked out to the car with David.

David parked several blocks from the hotel, and they walked across a small park and past a number of stores to get to the hotel. Leila could see that she was the centre of attention for most of the other pedestrians, particularly the males. She was embarrassed and excited to be seen in this getup, but she wanted both to please her lover and to get some revenge, so she played the schoolgirl to the hilt. Holding David's arm and looking up at him adoringly was not hard to do, she longed to do this in any case, but normally tried to show a little more decorum. Today, however, she let herself go. By the time they arrived at the hotel, she had almost convinced herself that she was not a woman of twenty-four, but rather a sixteen-year-old girl, being taken out by an old man, sneaking out of her school against all the regulations.

When they entered the restaurant, the two old ladies were there, and David chose the table right in front of them. As they arrived at the table, Leila complained that it was too warm in the room, so David replied, "Just take off your jacket." She slipped the blazer off and hung it on the back of her chair before sitting down, her nipples showing as hard buttons through her tight blouse. "Why not take off that tie as well?" David continued, speaking just loud enough for the next table to hear. "None of your teachers will see you here." Leila immediately slipped off the tie, struggling not to grin at the gasps of disapproval from the neighbouring ladies. With that one statement, David had managed to tell the women that Leila really was a schoolgirl and worried about being caught and therefore probably one who had snuck out against regulations. She quickly folded the tie and placed it in the blazer's pocket, unbuttoning the top button of her blouse as she did so.

The waiter came over at this point, and David simply ordered two brunches, a pot of coffee and a large milk, and the young man made note of this on his pad, looking at Leila's firm round breasts pressing into her blouse. As soon as he had left, David leaned over to Leila and gave her a firm but sweet kiss on the lips, a kiss that Leila returned with passion. Her breasts were heaving when they broke the kiss, and glancing down, she saw that her boyfriend had managed to undo the second button on her blouse without her feeling it, exposing a great deal of cleavage.

Entering into her role again, Leila murmured to her lover, just loud enough for the next table to overhear, "I just love being with you, Uncle Dave. You always make me feel so grown up." Then she giggled like a schoolgirl, partly for her role, partly as a reaction to the look of horror on the old biddies' faces. She and David headed over to the buffet bar to pick up their food, but just as she had finished piling the goodies on her tray, and picked it up to return to the table, David stopped her for a moment and undid the third button on her blouse, the one level with the bottom of her breasts. Of course the too-tight blouse was pulled open, giving anyone who looked a good view of the inner sides of both her breasts almost to the nipples. Her deep, passionate breathing moved her hard nipples gently back and forth across the cloth of that blouse, hardening them further; their excitation causing her to breathe ever deeper, always intensifying the feelings they transmitted to her.

She walked slowly back to the table, being very careful not to spill anything on her tray. She just knew David would do something "awful" to her if she did -- or did she hope he would? She made the trip with no problem, but due to her concentration she had not noticed just how much breast she was exposing.

After they had both returned to their seats, they spent the rest of the meal whispering to each other between bites, enjoying the shocked looks and whispers of the two ladies. David occasionally ran his finger down her breastbone, reminding all concerned just how deep a décolletage she was sporting. The second pass of his fingers also opened the fourth button, opening her blouse to just above the waist of the very short skirt. Leila was surprised that she did not feel the shame she had felt the previous week, but instead felt a malicious glee that she was teasing them.

After they had finished brunch, and before the two old biddies had finished their meal, she slipped her jacket back on, and, after another kiss and a pat on her bottom that positively scandalized the ladies, the two headed back out into the sun. As he had the week before, he had taken her for a walk in the wooded area of the park that afternoon, and again she had spent a couple of hours in his arms; just feeling protected and loved, as they talked and as they simply sat in silence. She remembered how, at one point he had run his finger down her chest between her breasts and murmured, "We'll have to do this again." She wondered exactly what he was planning. And she realized now one of the reasons she loved him: his smarts. More than just intelligence, it included his knowledge of her spirit. She realized now that without this little game she would have never really enjoyed going back to that restaurant; even after his reassurances, it would have remained a place of bad memories. However, now she would have the revenge on those two biddies to remember, a memory that would tide her over many more snide remarks or looks of disdain. God, did she love that man.

Damn, this was not cooling her down at all. She could not think of David and not become aroused. Fortunately, the bus arrived at the doctor's building, and Leila immediately took the elevator to the tenth floor and entered Doctor Hillock's office. The receptionist checked off her name and she took a seat in the waiting room. She shivered as she sat down, remembering the more than two hours she spent sitting naked in this very room only a few weeks ago.

### Leila's Night Out, Part 3

Leila had only been sitting there for a couple of minutes, when David came out of the back room with Doctor Hillock. They shook hands goodbye and David immediately came over and sat beside her. She thought she saw a quick smile flicker on the doctor's lips, but wasn't sure; besides, David was speaking to her.

"Sweetheart, can you do me a big favour? I have tickets for a big charity dinner tonight, and I really should go; it's good PR for my business. Would you be my date there tonight? We can go dancing afterward."

Leila was ecstatic. She had heard of the dinner, the only one he could mean. This was a $500 a plate affair, very swank; everyone would be there, the mayor, all the bigwigs. She had mentioned last month how she had always wanted to go to an affair like that. It was just like him to arrange for them to attend such an affair so she could fulfill a fantasy, then to present it as a favour to him.

"Yes, oh yes, I'd love to!" She threw her arms round his neck and kissed him. Then, "No. I can't. I've nothing to wear."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. Your *Missee Lee* outfit arrived two days ago. I think you would look outstanding in it."

Leila could not believe how kind her lover was; he was not only going to take her to the affair she had always dreamed of; he had arranged it as a fitting *première* for her first designer gown. She threw her arms around his neck once again, and hugged with all her might. She might well have strangled him and missed the party entirely if Maria, the nurse, hadn't interrupted.

She indicated Leila should come into one of the examination rooms to get ready for the study, but made no objection when Leila dragged her boyfriend along "to make the arrangements for tonight."

"Leila," Maria began, "I've got a problem."

"What is it? Of course, we'll do whatever it takes to fix it." Leila was so happy that she was positively bubbling over with glee.

"Do you know what I told the doctor last time, when I stripped you?"

"Yes, David told me you said I was a nudist, who didn't like to flash from under the gown."

"Precisely. Well, when I did that, I didn't think you would be back for at least six months. By then the doctor would have forgotten, but he remembered your name when he saw it on the list of participants and told me, 'Our little nudist has signed up, I see.' Then when he saw you in the waiting room, he said, 'I see our little nudist is on time.'"

Leila was too busy thinking of her evening plans to really understand what Maria was getting at so she just looked at her friend quizzically.

"If he finds out I lied to him and to you to strip you like that, there's no telling what he'll do; probably fire me. He has very strict rules about his staff's ethics."

"Don't worry." Leila was again locked against David, again kissing him. "I won't tell him, if you won't."

"But he'll know if you wear a gown today. You'll have to help me."

"Of course." Leila kissed David again. "Whatever you want."

"You mean you'll do it?" Maria hugged Leila, pulling her away from David.

"Of course, anything for my friend." Suddenly she realized she wasn't sure quite what she had agreed to. "Do what?"

"You won't wear the gown today either. He mustn't know you aren't a nudist like I claimed."

Leila gulped. She played back what Maria had said, what she had agreed to. Yes, she had agreed to whatever was necessary, and there seemed to be no other way out for her friend. She didn't like the idea of being naked in this office again, but she had promised, and she would keep her word. David was always careful to keep his word, if at all possible, and she knew he valued honesty. "I said I'll do whatever it takes for my friend, Maria, and of course I will. I can put up with being naked in this room if necessary."

"Oh, thank you, Leila. I wasn't sure you would."

Leila kicked off her sneakers, and peeled down the white socks, then unzipped her pleated blue skirt and let it fall to her ankles. The hardwood floor felt cold on her bare feet, and she could feel goose bumps forming on her bare legs. Quickly she unbuttoned her white blouse; anxious to get it over before she faltered, before she showed how nervous this was making her. She slipped her arms out of the sleeves, then, holding the blouse bent over to pick up the socks and skirt in her other hand, and threw them all on the chair. She was in such a rush that she did not see the look of astonishment on Maria's face as she reached behind her back and unclipped the white bra. She slid the straps down her bare arms then dropped it on top of the pile of clothes.

"It seems to me that I lost my underwear the last time I gave you my clothes, Maria, and I can't afford for that to happen again," she suddenly said as she slipped the white cotton panties down her legs. She had chosen this particular pair because they were just like the pair that Maria had taken that other time, so she remembered that even more vividly than she would have otherwise.

"I didn't..." Maria began, but Leila was anxious not to let her friend intimidate her and interrupted before the sentence could finish.

"You did!" The harsh tone shocked Maria so much that she lost her train of thought. "I don't want to lose these, so I am going to give them to David to hold for me." She picked up the pile of clothes from the vinyl-covered chair and handed them to her boyfriend. "Just make sure you're back here by five."

"Why don't I slip back to your place and bring back your clothes for tonight? That way we won't have to rush to get to the dinner on time."

"You can't..." Once again Maria's words were cut short.

"Of course he can."

"Why shouldn't Leila get dressed here?"

"You just can't..."

"Give me one good reason why Leila should not get dressed here." David's tone was so peremptory that Maria once again lost her train of thought.

"The tests require heavy exercise and Leila will be awfully hot. She will need to shower afterwards, and until we move into the new offices we don't have one." Maria remembered what she was trying to say before and tried to begin, but didn't get the chance.

David had leaned over and given Leila a deep kiss. He stooped down, picked up her sneakers and added them to the pile of clothing in his arms, and kissed Leila again.

"I see, Maria. Well, I've a couple of things to do, but I'll be sure to be back before five." With these words, he gave Leila a final kiss, turned and strode out of the room before Maria could get her thoughts together.

Leila took a deep breath. She was naked in the doctor's office once again. She shivered at the thought of being so far from her clothes, at being not only without covering, but also separated from that covering.

"Why did you do that?" Maria's question cut through the haze of emotion and Leila stared at her trying to comprehend the question. At the blank look, Maria tried again. "Why did you strip off like that?"

"Y... you asked me to," the naked girl replied, a tinge of fear creeping into her voice.

"No, I didn't. I just asked that when the doctor examines you, you should not put on a gown. I expected you to be fully clothed except for the exam itself. Don't you remember that the note you got specifically requested you wear loose, comfortable clothes suitable for exercising? Or did you leave an exercise outfit in the waiting room?"

Leila shuddered. She remembered the letter from the doctor's office, the request for her to wear loose clothing that was suitable for exercise but would allow instruments to be attached to her body. She had been so intent on pleasing David, on dressing up for him in the outfit from their first day, that she had totally forgotten about the clothing request.

Leila shivered again, feeling very cold in her nakedness. "I forgot about the exercise outfit," she admitted. "Do you have something I could borrow, perhaps an outfit of yours?" She gulped as she saw Maria's head move slowly back and forth. "I can't go home like this to get some more clothes, and I can't skip the session -- my boss would be furious. What can I do?" Maria looked at her quizzically and suddenly Leila realised that she had set herself up and must take the consequences. "I suppose I could do it naked; there won't be anyone else in the study today, will there?" As she muttered this phrase, it struck her that this was what she had thought she was agreeing to earlier; she was amazed that it was so much harder to accept when it was caused by her own precipitous actions, rather than as a gesture of loyalty to protect a friend. And she knew that David would not be any too sympathetic. She remembered what he had said once before when she had lost a small but important bet: "You buttered your bread; now lie in it."

"I guess we'll have to let you do that. And no, there is nobody else. You are the only person here for the study this afternoon." Leila sighed with relief that she would be allowed to participate, then immediately shivered yet again at the thought of spending the next few hours naked here in this office.

"Come along, we'd better go to the examination room."

"But isn't this..." Leila was extremely reluctant, now that things were coming to a head, to step out of this room into the hall.

"No, this isn't. You remember last time you had to go to another room because this one wasn't properly equipped, well, we aren't going to waste the money or time to set this up correctly again so close to our move. I just brought you in here so we could talk. Now come along. We have to do a physical as preparation before the next stage."

Maria held the door open and her naked friend stepped hesitantly out into the hall.

### Leila's Night Out, Part 4

Leila could not help flashing back to the last time she walked down this hall naked. She felt the anxiety she had felt that day; she felt the cool air caressing her bare skin just as it had that fateful day. However, there were differences. As she passed the entrance to the waiting room, she did not see an old gentleman reading a *Sports Illustrated*, but rather three boys, maybe twelve or thirteen, and one of them was staring directly at her as she walked past the doorway. Fortunately he was too surprised to point her out to his friends before she was out of sight. Leila was astonished to feel once again that absurd mixture of humiliation and arousal that always puzzled her. And she remembered that this was the exact spot that she first saw David; she had been walking naked down this hall when he had stepped out of room on the left and gone through the door at the very end of the hallway.

Leila felt a delicious frisson as Maria led her into the very examining room that they had been in that day. Maria led her naked friend straight to the scales at the other end of the room, exactly as she had before. She had even pushed the door to, exactly as she had before, and once again Leila was afraid that it would open and someone would see her. She could not believe that after all the exposure she had endured over the past two months she was feeling just as vulnerable, just as afraid as she had last time. Perhaps it was the fact that not only was she naked but also she had no clothes nearby; perhaps it was that this was the first time since that day that she had been naked in public without David at hand.

Maria adjusted the height bar and slid the weights across the bar, noting the numbers on a scrap of paper, then walked over to the desk, picked up her clipboard with Leila's chart, looked at a table taped to the wall, and wrote something down.

"You can sit on the examination table now," she said without even looking at her friend. As Leila started across the floor, she heard the nurse mutter, "Let's see, now. OK, one hundred and sixty..."

"I do **not** weigh a hundred and sixty pounds!" Maria spun around, opened her eyes wide, then started to laugh; the sight of the short brunette standing totally naked in the middle of the room, feet firmly planted about eighteen inches apart, hands clenched into fists and resting on her hips, chest thrust out by her erect posture, mouth set, eyes flashing, a picture of outraged vanity, was just too much for her.

Leila was about to say something more, when Maria managed to gasp out, "Of course not, that's your height." Leila's face showed her puzzlement, but she did not change her stance. "It's in metric," continued the nurse. "We are changing over to the metric system entirely, and will be getting rid of all these old scales et cetera when we move over to the new offices. Since this study is both international and ongoing, we are using metric from the start. Your weight is not a hundred and sixty; it is forty-nine. That's kilograms. It's your height that is one sixty. One hundred sixty centimetres."

Leila blushed. She felt very foolish. She just hoped her friend would not tell the doctor. She used the exercise of hopping up onto the vinyl-covered table with the paper sheet on top to cover her embarrassment. Maria came over and held an electronic thermometer to Leila's ear to take her temperature.

"I see you have other thermometers here now," Leila muttered, remembering how embarrassed she had been when Maria took her temperature with a rectal thermometer last time, and how excruciatingly embarrassing it had been when David had seen her like that.

"Yes," Maria smiled at her. "It was just that one day that David was here that they were missing. Perhaps he hid them all." Leila was already blushing from the memory, but it deepened as this comment showed that Maria as well remembered the horrific details of that day. "I'm sure I could find one of those if you prefer." Leila shuddered at the thought of being put through that scene again and mutely shook her head.

Maria took her temperature and blood pressure, then told her to wait for the doctor, and slipped out the door, this time leaving it a couple of inches ajar. Leila decided she would be more exposed if she walked over to close it than if she remained on the table, particularly as this room was near the end of the corridor so very few people would be passing.

She did not want the doctor to know how easily she became aroused, so she kept her mind off her boyfriend, thinking back instead to the last time she was waiting on this table. The idea of being naked in a semi-public place like the doctor's office was starting to arouse her again, but the shameful memory of being caught by the doctor last time with her hand between her legs, fondling herself, brought her down again. And this time she kept her hands resolutely on her thighs.

Dr. Hillock breezed into the room with a cheery greeting, and once again he made no comment on her nudity. Maria had joined them before he had finished checking the chart. As before, the doctor began by checking her breathing, and the cold stethoscope had an unfortunate effect on her nipples; they had become soft, but at the touch of the metal instrument they popped out again.

He chatted pleasantly as he continued the examination, finally mentioning that he understood that she was a nudist. Leila just gulped ashamedly, and nodded. She did not trust herself to speak. The doctor was looking hard at her hands, so he missed the fleeting look of panic that swept across her face as he commented, "I am surprised you don't have more of a tan, in that case. Even this early in the season."

Leila thought frantically, then decided that absolute honesty was the only way to go. "Actually, I haven't been able to practice very often in the past. In fact, I think you'd be amazed at just how little I have been nude outdoors before I came to this city. It is so hard to find chances to do that. If it wasn't for my boyfriend, I probably still wouldn't have found the occasions to do it, even here." Then she added, with a malicious look at the nurse, "Of course, Maria has helped me a lot as well."

"I hope you are very careful, when you do go into the sun, and use a good sun screen."

Dr. Hillock had pulled up a chair and was now testing her reflexes very thoroughly. Leila knew that seated directly in front of her, looking down at her legs, he could not help but see her naked vagina, and that thought was arousing her yet again. She knew he was a doctor, but she knew he was also a man, and that normally his patients had their breasts and private parts hidden except for the short while it was necessary to view them clinically. She was sure she could see a reaction from the doctor as she replied, "Oh, yes. Definitely." She thought back to her naked weekend, and David's picnic. "My boyfriend insists I wear sunblock, and is even willing to help me put it on. He wants to be sure nothing is left unprotected." "Including... no, *particularly* breasts, buttocks and pussy," she added, but only in her thoughts.

"We have to check your reflexes more extensively than usual as part of the study, but as soon as we are done, I think we should check your skin for any moles and note them. Then we can check every couple of months for any new ones, or any changes. You shouldn't be in any danger if you are careful, but with skin cancer early diagnosis is critical, and since you will be here almost every two weeks, we should take advantage of it."

The doctor had finished with her knees, and was now doing the same tests on her arms. The doctor noticed her wince as he tapped her left elbow, so she explained that she had slipped on a wet patch in the washroom at work, and had cracked her elbow on the sink counter as she fell. He examined it carefully, then said, "I'm pretty sure it is OK, but we are going to be working it pretty hard today. I would like to have an X-ray, just in case."

Maria immediately stepped to the phone, and called her friend at the X-ray lab, and after a quick chat, and a little personal bribery, she told the doctor that they could take Leila in fifteen minutes. Dr. Hillock indicated that this would just give them time to do the check for moles, as he began a close inspection of her feet.

Leila could not believe that she would have to go out into the waiting room, down three floors, and wait in the X-ray room again. She remembered just how upset she had been last visit, and while she was slightly more accustomed to public nudity now, she was still anything but cavalier about it.

She had nearly ten minutes to think about her approaching exhibition while Dr Hillock carefully inspected every square inch of her skin, with Maria noting on a chart the position and description of every mole on her naked body.

### Leila's Night Out, Part 5

Leila stood in the middle of the floor, blushing, as Doctor Hillock finished his examination of her moles. She could hardly believe how thorough he had been, checking every inch of her skin as she sat naked on the table, except of course for her buttocks and upper legs. Once he had done all that he could there, he had her get down from the table and checked the backs of her thighs and her buttocks. She could now feel his breath as well as his hands as he measured the tiny mole he had just discovered in the crack between her cheeks. And he had said he wanted to do the inspection every couple of months. And all because she had agreed to go along with Maria's lie that she was a nudist. What had she gotten herself into?

"You have just time to make it to the x-ray lab, Leila, but you'll have to dress quickly."

"I... uh..." The flustered girl didn't know how to respond.

Fortunately for her, Maria broke in with, "She can't get dressed, Doctor. She had David take all her clothes with him."

"Why would she do a thing like that!"

Leila was trying to figure out just how to explain it. She had promised not to get her friend in trouble -- hell, that was the reason she had gotten naked -- so she couldn't tell the exact truth, that Maria had stolen her underwear last time. She had no problem with telling a little fib to help Maria, but she remembered what David had said, that the best -- and safest -- way to lie was to tell the truth but not necessarily all of it.

"Well, I really don't get much of a chance to exercise in the nude..." she began haltingly.

"So you decided to make me let you do it here," Dr. Hillock broke in, anxious to help the faltering girl. "You didn't have to go to such lengths, my dear. Maria could have told you I wouldn't mind. I suppose you want to do it this way every time?" Leila nodded dumbly, thinking that while she didn't want to be naked, she did want to help Maria and keep the doctor happy. "It will actually help us somewhat in part of our study," the doctor continued cheerfully. "I only wish all participants were like you. But this leaves us with a problem going for the x-ray."

"She went dressed like this last time," Maria interjected.

"Really! But then last time the lab..."

Leila cut the poor man off. "I can go like this. It's no problem." She didn't really mean that, but she had to keep up the pretence. With the two girls insisting, the poor man had no choice but to agree. However he insisted she should be accompanied both ways. He then added that he had planned to check out the new offices, so he would take her for the x-ray himself, and he popped into his office to swap his white coat for a sports jacket.

Leila blushed at the idea of walking downstairs with the tall gentleman, a man who was old enough to be her father. "Of course, that is also true of David," she thought with a little grin. This lightened her mood a bit, but she was still blushing as she walked beside him through the waiting room, the cold floor chilling her more than physics would predict. She wondered why there were only a single elderly couple and one teenaged boy there, far fewer than had been there the other week; however, she was grateful that only those three saw her. Now if only the waiting room at the x-ray clinic was empty.

Leila felt extremely vulnerable, standing in the corridor beside the doctor; perhaps this was because he was a large man, over six feet tall and, while not actually fat, was certainly rather hefty. Beside him she felt like a little girl, and her nakedness made her feel even smaller and more vulnerable, as if she had been stripped by her father for a spanking. She was thinking so hard she actually jumped as the elevator dinged, and the doors opened. She breathed another sigh of relief; the car was empty. She stepped to the back of the car and held on to the metal rail, closing her eyes as and concentrating on the cold steel in the small of her back, trying to lose her emotions in the physical, and listened to the doctor describe the new facilities. The elevator seemed to take a long time to go down the three flights but at last the bell sounded and she stepped out of the car into the lobby.

"But... but... I thought you were going to take me to the x-ray clinic."

"I thought you knew. All the medical offices are moving to the new building across the street, and the clinic moved a couple of days ago." The doctor looked a little worried about his patient. "That's why I insisted you be accompanied."

"Oh. I didn't know. Not that it makes any difference," Leila lied. She took a deep breath and headed toward the main entrance, trying desperately to quell the butterflies in her stomach. She could not believe that today was turning out so like her previous visit to this doctor. Once again she was walking through the revolving door out into the open air stark naked accompanied by a man she really did not know very well. At least today it was mid-afternoon and the street was not packed with pedestrians on their way to lunch as it had been that time.

Leila walked carefully down the steps, concentrating on the sound of the doctor's heavy footfall right behind her. As she stepped off the bottom step onto the sidewalk, she stopped for a second, and Doctor Hillock stepped down to her right. A loud honk form a passing car, and a wolf whistle from a teenaged boy who was passing startled her, and she reached automatically for the protection of the man beside her. He smiled at her as he took her hand and rumbled, "Come on, the lab is directly across the street."

The lights at either end of the block had turned red, and there was a break in the traffic. Together they stepped off the curb and walked quickly across the four lanes. Leila could feel her excitement at being on display for the world, but something seemed wrong to her. She didn't have time to really consider this feeling before the two of them had mounted the steps of the new building, and passed through the revolving door into the lobby. Dr. Hillock, with a pleasant nod of greeting to the gaping guard behind the marble counter of his station, led Leila to the bank of elevators. She was glad that one was already on this floor and they could step right in, and also pleased that they were the only people in that car

Dr. Hillock had been extolling the virtues of the new premises, but as the elevator sped towards the fourth floor, he had finally stopped. Leila felt she should say something, just to be polite, so she murmured, "I'm looking forward to seeing it," just as the elevator slid to a stop and the doors opened.

Still recalling her previous visit to the x-ray clinic, she padded along beside the doctor, her bare feet feeling the chill of the faux marble tiles, and he guided her around two corners and through a door into the x-ray clinic. As she stepped into the waiting room, a newer, brighter waiting room than the one in the old building, she glanced around the spacious area. She was at first delighted to see that there was only one other patient, and a female one at that. Then she shivered as she noticed the cast on the lady's leg; the previous time there had been only a single patient, a middle-aged woman with a cast on her leg. Leila didn't think that this was the same lady, although she had not paid too much attention the other day. But the parallels between the two days were becoming almost frightening.

Dr. Hillock led her up to the reception desk, and at that moment Ken, Maria's boyfriend, came out of the back. The two men talked for a moment; Leila was still trying to bring her emotions under control while studying the new premises, and didn't really hear what was being said until the sound of her own name brought her back to the present.

"You remember Miss Lavallée, Ken."

"How could I forget her? Nice to see you again, Leila."

Leila blushed under his gaze. There was something particularly embarrassing about being seen naked in so inappropriate a place. She couldn't help but believe that Ken would think she was a total slut who just got off on flaunting her body. As she stood there blushing, Dr. Hillock discussed the x-ray series he wished Ken to take. As soon as he had the information, Ken said, "We can start in about five minutes. Why don't you take a seat, Leila? Do you wish to wait, sir?"

"No, thank you. I have to check out the new offices," the doctor replied. He started for the door, then turned back and added to Ken, "Miss Lavallée has indicated she would like to see the new place. Why don't you send her up as soon as you've taken the series? Fifteenth floor. I can show her the premises, and the x-rays will be developed by the time we return."

Leila was too shocked at this idea to speak up, and Ken just nodded, so Dr. Hillock turned again and made a swift exit. Ken gave Leila a broad smile, and then headed back out of the waiting room, as Leila sat down to wait. As she felt the coolness of the chair against her bare skin, she was glad that, even though the furniture in this new clinic had cold vinyl covering it, at least it was soft, padded seats, not the hard ones of the old clinic. And today's old lady, while she was looking at Leila's nude body with definite distaste, at least was not muttering 'slut' under her breath, as the other woman had done.

As she sat there, alone, naked, vulnerable, she realized that her feelings were not the same as the other week. She was feeling just as nervous, just as embarrassed as last time, but while she was also slightly excited, she was definitely not as aroused as she had been in the other office. Was she losing this abnormal desire to flaunt herself, was she becoming more normal? Or, could she be becoming worse? Was she becoming so used to public nudity that she was becoming blasé? Would she find herself doing more outrageous, more dangerous exhibitions in order to obtain that tremendous rush of emotion?

These thoughts were frightening her, making her even more nervous than she had been, so she resolutely turned her mind to something else. Her new dress. She had, of course, never seen it, and David had been very circumspect about revealing anything to her. She reviewed what she knew. It was a long, black dress, or rather outfit. She knew it was two-piece because of David's answer to a question. She had seen a shot of a celebrity at an awards show wearing a white dress that was slit from the hem to the crotch, and had questioned him about it. He had made sure that she wouldn't count a gap between pieces of an outfit, say between a short jacket and a skirt, as a slit, and then confirmed that the outfit was not just a dress and that no part had slits. She could not remember exactly why she was positive it would be a long skirt, something David had said, but she couldn't remember just what.

Her reverie was interrupted by Ken, who led her into the lab, and soon she was chatting with him as he had her hold her arm in various positions. As he had to keep ducking into and out of the room, very little information was exchanged; however, she did gather that Ken and Maria had split up, but were still friends. Before she could find out more, Ken had finished the series, and he guided her back to the waiting room, where he left her under the cold gaze of the old woman, with the reminder that Dr. Hillock would be expecting her on the fifteenth floor.

Leila walked across the room, took a deep breath, pulled open the door and stepped out into the cold, bright corridor; the tiles feeling even colder under her bare feet now that she was alone. She could feel the cool air on every square inch of the body, her nudity, her vulnerability impinging on her emotions. She almost scampered to the bank of elevators, and pressed the 'Up' button, praying that the elevator would arrive before anybody should see her here. She knew from Dr. Hillock's comments that the building had just opened and was only sparsely tenanted so far, but she felt nervous anyhow. It was always bad, being naked outside her own home, particularly alone, without David; but at least in a doctor's office there was an appropriateness, much like the appropriateness of being naked in the woods, an appropriateness that was totally lacking here in the hall of an office building.

She heard a door open, and a number of voices, both male and female. She shuddered at the thought of being caught here in this condition, but just at that moment she heard the 'ding' of the elevator and the door of the furthest car slid open. Anxious to avoid being seen, she dashed in, swung around to the panel and pressed the button to close the door. The '15' was easy to find as it was lit. The only one lit.

As the door closed and the car began its ascent, Leila looked around and saw a large man standing at the back of the elevator, staring at her nude form.

### Leila's Night Out, Part 6

The man in the far corner of the elevator was ogling her naked body with an expression of mixed astonishment and lust.

Leila couldn't believe it. She had been so anxious to avoid being seen by the people whom she had heard down the hall that she had run into the elevator and closed the door without checking whether someone was already in it -- never a good idea, but downright stupid when you are totally naked.

She did relax a bit when she noticed that he was carrying a cardboard tray with eight "Coffee Time" cups on it. He would not be able to casually molest her, to touch her, without putting the coffees down. Feeling somewhat safer, she examined her companion; he was young, probably just twenty or twenty-one, with a strong face and clear blue eyes, his hands also strong with the roughness of a working man. Leila could feel the blood rushing to her face as his frank gaze made her blush deeply. She could feel an undeniable physical attraction to the handsome lad; an attraction that made her ashamed, as though she were actually cheating on David. The shame caused her blush to deepen yet again. She wanted to cover herself, but felt that that would only emphasize her nudity, so she quickly turned to face the front of the car again. She then clasped her hands behind her back; it wasn't much, but it was a casual gesture that hid her anus from his gaze yet seemed quite natural. The elevator seemed to be moving at a glacial pace; far slower than it had when the doctor was with her, but it was only as the car stopped that the boy recovered enough to clear his throat preparatory to speaking.

Leila quickly stepped off the elevator and glanced both ways. Dr. Hillock had only said 'Fifteenth floor'; he had not specified the office number. But Leila remembered he had mentioned his new office would give a better view of the street than his current one, and that street was to her left. She turned quickly and headed toward the open double door that was now directly in front of her. She could not hear the sound of her bare feet on the tiles, but the tramp of work boots was loud in her ears. She finally found herself at the doorway and was relieved to see a friendly figure in a sports jacket straight ahead, standing at the far side of the space, looking out of the window.

"Dr. Hillock," she called out as she stepped through the door.

A loud whistle. She jumped and looked around. "WOW!" "Christ, look what Joe brought back." "Fuck, she's naked." A babble of voices surrounded her. She could only make out some of the expressions, and from what she heard she decided it was probably better that she could not sort out the rest. Eight coffee cups! Of course. The young man must be 'Joe'; he would be the youngest and, as such, would be sent to get the coffee for the gang. And if he had eight coffees, there must be... Leila shuddered as she realized that she had just walked into the midst of a construction gang.

"All right, that's enough." Dr. Hillock had a very authoritative manner, and the raucous comments ended, but the seven men gathered around Joe, and chatted quietly, drinking the coffee before it got cold, and using their break to study every inch of the blushing nude body in front of them. And Leila was blushing. The comments had embarrassed her, and, while she was slightly aroused at the idea of being seen by these rough, strong men, she did not feel the heights of pleasure she felt when David was with her.

Dr. Hillock called her over to the window. She blushed more as she approached because she noticed that three walls of this space were glass from only a foot off the floor to just two feet below the ceiling, and the ceiling had to be ten feet high. She would be totally visible from the building across the street. The doctor pointed out his current offices in that other building, a couple of levels below. Leila simply murmured agreement as she stood there, her mind racing, unable to concentrate on the doctor's words. She felt terribly exposed, standing in front of the window; she could feel the eyes of all the occupants of the facing building on her naked flesh, all the eyes of the pedestrians in the street below. She knew consciously that a few people in the building across the street were the only ones who could possibly see her, and that it was most unlikely that they would be looking over at this time, but emotionally she felt exposed to the world.

The workers had stopped the catcalls and loud comments at the doctor's reprimand, but they continued to chat as they enjoyed their coffee break, enjoyed it as they never had before. Even though they spoke in low tones, she could make out the occasional word or phrase. "Sweet pussy," "nice tits," "great ass." These phrases and others were audible to her even over the doctor's comments, and they kept her blushing.

However, the doctor only spent a minute gazing out the window, then he started to give Leila the tour of the new facilities. The workers had almost finished installing the metal wall frames, but no wallboard had yet been applied. The office was huge, taking up the entire end of the building and extending far enough back that the main hall for this floor was a U, rather than completely encircling the elevators and stairwells as the hall on the clinic floor did. As Doctor Hillock explained to her, the large expanse she had walked into would be the waiting room. Leila guessed that it must be around twenty feet wide, and three times as long. She shivered as she imagined what it would have been like sitting naked in a room this size, a room filled with patients. She shivered again as she remembered the long wait in the small waiting room in the other office six weeks ago, and transferred the experience to this spacious room, peopling it with many times the number of people that had seen her.

As he led her down what was becoming an interior hallway, the doctor explained that the doctors' offices were placed along the front, overlooking the main street, giving each doctor an expansive window and a view. It was the examination rooms that were to be placed on the inside.

"After all, unlike you, most people would insist that the windows be covered while they are being examined, and it would be a shame to waste such a lovely view." Leila blushed at this comment, wishing she could let him know that she too would like to be hidden from prying eyes -- at least part of her would. This immediately reminded her of the construction workers, back in the waiting room, as she realized that the open nature of the wall frames, while it had the advantage of allowing her to see just how large the premises were while still letting her see the final layout as Dr. Hillock explained it to her, also had the disadvantage of exposing her continually to the rapacious looks of the men back in the waiting room.

They passed four offices as they walked to the end of the hallway, and Leila was shown how three examination rooms on the other side of the unfinished hall were backed by three more. At the end of the block of six rooms were two small washrooms with a janitor's closet between them. Leila was amused to see the toilets and sinks sitting out in the middle of the open space, then shivered as that very fact drove home just how exposed she was.

Doctor Hillock guided her into the corner room, explaining how this would be his office, and insisting she see the view. Since there were windows on two sides of this room, Leila once again felt exposed to the entire world. She marvelled at the incongruity of her position, then blushed again as she felt herself becoming aroused. Now that there was enough distance between her and the workers, she was beginning to feel the excitement of the exposure. She concentrated hard on the doctor's words as he explained that he and his partner had already taken on two more doctors and were looking to add another two. Leila gulped at these words. If she was ever caught nude in this office, there would probably be three times as many patients to see her, along with three times the personnel.

Her mind was still in a whirl as she followed the doctor around the rest of the hallway, past the sixth office, then a smaller room that would be the blood lab -- "Sheila will finally have a room with a window" -- two rooms that would be used as conference rooms, and, after they turned the corner, the emergency exit which opened into the other end of the U of the main hallway, and three more exam rooms backed against the wall. Then they were back in the waiting room.

"Right in front of us, you can see the window for the receptionist." Doctor Hillock was obviously very proud of the layout. "There will be a place just inside that door to hang coats and boots, there against the wall, and on the other side of the receptionist area is the Records room. It can only be entered through the receptionist's room so it will be secure at all times. You can see the men putting up the walls for the communications closet. David will be putting the computer server in there." Leila blushed again as she saw the workers, only the depth of the reception area away, sneaking glances at her naked form as they tried to concentrate on their work. "Beyond that will be the staff lounge. It is separate from the main work area, so people won't be disturbed during their breaks, and the large windows will make it seem even larger than it is."

Finally Doctor Hillock guided the young lady to the front corner of the building, the opposite corner to his office. Leila looked around the large room, as wide as the waiting area she guessed, and maybe a little longer than it was wide. With the windows on two sides, the space seemed bright and airy, but Leila shivered as she thought how exposed she would be exercising naked in this room. At least she was now hidden from the workers by the grey walls of the records room, the only solid walls in the area. Doctor Hillock pointed out where the plumbing was installed for the showers and a small washroom back near that same records room.

"Finally, in this corner, we have a small dressing room, for people to change in. It will have a good makeup mirror. It was your friend, Maria, who pointed out that the women would need some place to do their makeup after showering. We were going to let people change back in the shower area, but again Maria pointed out that it would probably be too steamy to allow a person to change in comfort, so this room was added to the plans."

Leila took another long look around the large room, then Doctor Hillock said goodbye to the workers, gave a few instructions to the foreman, and headed back to his present office. Leila followed him, her mind awhirl. She had promised Maria to help her out, but by her own actions she had placed herself into a position where she had now told the doctor she wanted to exercise naked. For the next two years she would be performing a naked workout in that highly exposed room every couple of weeks. Was there any way to get out of this horrible predicament?

### Leila's Night Out, Part 7

Leila glanced at the clock on the wall of the small room as she pedalled. The exercise bicycle had just switched from "uphill" to "level" and she was able to keep the wheel turning at the required speed far more easily than had been the case for the past five minutes. This had been an extremely strenuous afternoon, physically and mentally.

After visiting Doctor Hillock's new premises they had stopped by the clinic for a minute to pick up the x-rays, then re-crossed the street. Once again the doctor had taken the nude young lady's hand and once again Leila had had that weird feeling of wrongness, as she walked naked across the thoroughfare with the older man. She still could not figure out where that feeling came from.

Fortunately, the elevator in this building, as in the other, had been empty, and they reached the office with no further incidents. It took only a few minutes to check the x-ray, and the doctor was able to confirm that she had not broken or chipped anything; the pain was almost certainly from a bone bruise. Very shortly thereafter, Sheila had taken the necessary blood samples, and she had begun her exercise with a run on the treadmill, but hooked up to a machine that measured her breathing capacity during the exercise. "Don't worry," Maria had told her. "You won't be on the machine every time. We will only need to measure that every two months."

The treadmill had been followed by a long stint on a rowing machine and finally the exercise bicycle. She could tell these were expensive pieces of equipment as the heavy metal construction was obvious, and they were fully computerized, beeping and even speaking to her when she slowed down too far. And this bicycle. The computer on it not only told her how fast to pedal, but changed the drag on the wheel, creating the stresses of a real-world ride complete with hills and valleys. Although there seemed to have been a lot of up hills, and very few down. The saddle on this bike was long and narrow, so that the few times she sat down on it, it rubbed her between the legs in an overly familiar way. She was tired, but was also glad that she had had so few chances to sit down; she did not want her arousal to boil over into orgasm while she would be unable to hide it from the doctor and Maria.

Suddenly the road steepened, the computer increasing the drag significantly and displaying a steep slope on the screen attached to the handle bars. Leila was sure that this was the steepest slope she had encountered on the ride. "Unfair," she muttered to herself s she strained to keep the pedals turning at the required speed. "It shouldn't be this hard at the end, right when I am tiredest!" She felt hard done by, her legs pumping as vigorously as they could, her thighs aching, her glistening skin becoming quite wet as sweat rolled down her naked body. She heard the door open and knew that Maria had returned, but was working too hard to look up. Only a couple of minutes more, and then the timer tinged and she sat on the hard leather seat, letting her legs rest on the pedals, her breasts heaving as she gulped in air. She started as she felt a hand take her arm, then saw that it was Sheila, who had entered with Maria, tightening the rubber tube around her biceps. Maria held Leila's arm tightly to steady it as Sheila slipped the needle into the vein. In a couple of minutes, the panting girl had filled the requisite vials, and the needle was withdrawn. A tiny bandage, then the small sensors taped to her body were removed, and the session was ended.

"David has come back. He is sitting in the waiting room." Leila glared at her friend. She had done enough for her already; she did not wish to be exposed to any more patients today. Maria smiled knowingly and added. "Don't worry. The last of our patients has left. There is nobody in the waiting room but David." Leila looked carefully at her friend; there seemed to be something a little odd about that smile, but not something that was definite enough to risk calling her a liar. Throwing her shoulders back, Leila followed Sheila out of the room, and padded to the waiting room, her sweaty feet making an odd sound on the tiled floor.

She stepped boldly through the door to the waiting room, unwilling to let the following Maria see her hesitate. "God, Leila, you look great!" The words brought her to a standstill. She had not given any thought as to how she looked. Her hair was matted and stringy, hanging wild; her body was now sticky, covered with drying perspiration. She saw her boyfriend there, his beard and moustache newly trimmed, his hair carefully combed. He was wearing a pair of black shoes that glistened they were so well shined, the black trousers of a tuxedo with a crease so sharp it looked dangerous, and a pleated shirt so white it seemed to glow.

"I look a mess," Leila muttered, looking at the ground and blushing. For a wonder, this time she was blushing because she was so unkempt, not because of her nudity.

"You do." Leila looked sharply at her boyfriend. She had known her statement was true, but she had not expected David to be quite so blunt, quite so unkind. "You certainly do look a mess. But you also look gorgeous. Look at you. A beautiful body, now flushed from exercise. Your skin glistening with health. You may not be pretty in the way a starlet is right now, but you definitely look gorgeous." Leila looked at the ground again, and again found she was blushing. David always knew how to make her feel happy. She now could believe that she was attractive, even like this, and she knew that part of the reason she believed him was that David believed every word himself. David strode over to her, and took her hands in his.

"I won't hug you right now, " he murmured to her, "but only because I don't have a spare shirt to change into." He leaned forward and kissed her lips. She returned the kiss happily, ecstatically. "Mmmm, salty." Leila giggled as she heard the words, but the giggle was stifled as he kissed her again. She now felt relaxed and happy, and sighed gently, closing her eyes. Suddenly she felt the rasp of a tongue on her nose. "Very salty, indeed."

She giggled again. "I should know better than to let my guard down around him," she thought. "He does the oddest things." She was feeling the beginnings of her arousal, and her nipples were now rock-hard. "A normal state for them around him," she thought dreamily. Suddenly she felt his mouth close on the end of her left breast and his tongue swirl round and round the areola, then flick back and forth across the hard nipple.

"A salted strawberry. Dee-licious! Oh, another!" This time it was her right breast that was the focus of his attention. The caress of his tongue on her tit was doing wonderful things to other parts of her body, and she could feel herself beginning to become wet. "Truly delicious."

It might have taken Leila longer to recover, but she noticed Maria standing right beside David, and blushed furiously at the knowledge that her friend had seen such an intimate caress.

"It looks like that is the last of the salted strawberries." David sounded disappointed, almost petulant. "I wonder if there is any other fruit around. I think a salted cherry would be delightful." Maria laughed out loud at this comment, and Leila felt her cheeks burning. "But I think I'll have to leave that search for another time. We have to get moving if we don't want to be late."

"Right. Give me my clothes, and then we can go straight home and I'll change."

"Maria, Doctor Hillock left a few minutes ago for a family appointment. He asked me to tell you to please lock up. I'm off now. Have a good weekend." With this burst of information, Sheila whipped through the waiting room and out the door of the office. The three friends stood for a moment, then laughed.

"Well, Leila," David began, "it's like this. I decided we don't have time to get to your place and then back, so I brought your outfit."

"But I can't get dressed here. I need a shower first."

"I know, and I arranged for a shower. It is very close by." Leila looked at him. "You see, at the bar, the dancers also work hard, and there is a shower in their dressing room. I spoke to Cyndi, and she said she would arrange for you to use it." Leila could not believe her ears. "So I left my tuxedo jacket and your new outfit there."

"But... How... Your car?" Leila searched for something to say.

"Oh, I drove it home after I dropped the stuff off, then grabbed a cab back. I don't want to be worried about alcohol tonight -- I want to celebrate your new dress."

Suddenly, Leila had a flashback to the end of her previous visit to this very office. She saw herself standing here, wearing shoes, socks, short skirt and blouse, listening to David's words: "I am a lecherous, dangerous and cruel man. 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." She shuddered again today, exactly the way she had when she had accepted that warning, joking though it had been. She realized that this was another chance for him to 'force' her to be naked in public, and of course he did not know yet of her earlier experience today. She suddenly realized that while David wasn't carrying any clothing, Maria had a small bag in her hand that probably held an outfit she could have if she needed it, if she just asked for it. Once again she felt herself becoming more aroused, both at the thought of being naked in public again and at David's thoughtfulness, but once again she was going to surrender herself to him. "OK," she said with a very dramatic sigh, "let's go."

"I've never been to a strip bar. What's it like?"

"We'll have to take you some time, Maria," David replied. "It is the only way to really know what it's like."

"How about tonight? I'm curious to see that new dress."

"I don't think that would be a good idea. The men will assume that a pretty girl in a nurse's uniform is a dancer in costume. You'd be hassled too much."

"Oh, I'll change," Maria replied, blushing slightly at the compliment. "I want to drop this uniform off at the cleaner's tonight, anyway."

"OK. But be quick. We have little time to spare."

"Be right back." Maria walked back toward the staff room unbuttoning her uniform as she went. David watched her leave, then sat down beside Leila, holding her hand. Leila took the two minutes that Maria was gone to recover her breath. She was still tired from the hour of exercise, but the thought of the evening to come, a formal dinner followed by dancing, was quickly revitalizing her. Far too soon she heard a merry, "Shall we go, then," and looked up to see her friend beside her. Maria had changed into white pumps, white slacks and a short sleeved white blouse. The lacy white bra underneath could be seen when Maria bent forward, as she had left the top two buttons undone. She was carrying her uniform over her left arm, with the small bag Leila had noticed before in her left hand.

"I'm not sure that outfit will necessarily persuade the guys that you are not a dancer," David grinned.

Maria smiled back. "Well, I have to do something so I won't be totally outshone by our nudist."

Leila missed this barb, as she realized that Maria had had clothes here other than her uniform. She wondered if she had something that she could have loaned her. She probably did. It was Maria's fault that she had been forced to stay naked all afternoon. Then she recovered her composure. No, it was her own fault; if she had let Maria explain instead of jumping on her, she could have kept her clothes -- perhaps not the best to exercise in, but not impossible. She looked up to see both David and Maria standing there, looking down at her naked body. She looked at that little bag. Should she ask? No. She would not disappoint David. Taking a deep breath, she stood up, smiled bravely at the other two, said, "Yes, let's go," and stepped out into the hallway.

### Leila's Night Out, Part 8

*Déjà vu* all over again. The phrase echoed through Leila's mind as she stood in the hall with her two friends. For the third time, and for the second time today, she was leaving the doctor's office to go outside totally naked. She watched as Maria carefully locked the office, remembering how last visit she had been locked out by David.

As the three waited for the elevator to arrive, Leila once again examined her feelings. Yes, she was still feeling the strange mixture of shame and arousal that she felt at being naked in a public place; of course that arousal was augmented by David's presence, and even more by the fact that the hand that he had slipped round her waist as they walked down the hall had now drifted a bit southward and was caressing and cupping her cheek. She took a deep breath, hoping to calm herself enough that her growing dampness would not be visible, when the elevator arrived. As the doors opened, David's hand left her buttocks, and he and Maria stepped onto the car. A gasp of surprise snapped Leila's head up. Five people, two men and three women were standing at the back of the car, all dressed for the office. Leila felt her face redden, and paused. But, realizing that if she did not act at once she would be left naked and alone, she slipped into the elevator just as the doors began to close.

Like almost all passengers, she turned to face the front, and looked up to the indicator above the door. The silence in the car was positively deafening, but she really felt she could hear the stares of disapproval from the ladies; she certainly felt the lustful gazes of the men burning into her bare buns.

She continued to stare at the front of the car, but was not seeing anything. "Of course," she thought, "five o'clock on a Friday afternoon. Rush hour. Oh my god, the streets will be packed!" She shivered unconsciously at the thought of the exposure to come, remembering the lunch crowd the other day, the movement causing her buttocks to shiver enticingly before a very appreciative audience.

Although she had been staring at the indicator above the door, she had not actually been seeing it; so it was a shock when the doors opened, not on the lobby, but on the fifth floor to display four more men. They stood there, mouths open, staring at the naked nymph in front of them. Only when the doors began to close did one of them recover enough to put his hand against the rubber safety strip, causing the doors to reopen. The four stepped aboard, forcing Leila to move back until she was only a couple of inches in front of one of the other men. After a final look at the naked lady, the four turned to face the door, and the elevator continued its downward journey. Leila had never been naked in such a crowded place before; only the memory of being on the bus in just her jacket came close, and that had only been in a dream. When the elevator made another stop, this time on the third floor, Leila was happy that her nudity was hidden from the new passengers; however, everybody was forced even closer together. Leila had to step back until she could feel the suit of the man behind her brushing her naked skin, while the man in front was forced back until his body was pressed against hers. "They must have 'casual Fridays'," she thought to herself, as she felt the rough texture of the blue jeans against her stomach and the light cotton shirt brushing the hard tips of her nipples. She could feel the moisture begin to flow down below, and prayed that she would not leave a stain on those jeans.

When the doors opened on the ground floor, she stepped out into the busy lobby. She felt David chuckling as he took her hand, and after a quick glance around realized what had so amused him: the last group to get on the elevator, those from whom she had been screened, were hastening out of the door, while the other two groups were hovering nearby, trying to appear as though they had some business there, but actually just watching the nude girl. Leila smiled at this behaviour, even as she blushed at the knowledge that so many strangers were eying her so intimately. She held David's hand tightly as the trio crossed the lobby, but had to let go when they reached the revolving door. He went first; then Leila, with a shudder, stepped out into the fresh air, feeling the breeze on her naked body for the third time that day.

There were at least as many pedestrians as there had been on that first fateful day, and many more cars. Just as she had that noon, she reached over and took David's hand, once again feeling exactly like a little girl needing the safety of her parent's strength; and, just as he had on that first time, he gave her hand a gentle squeeze.

She felt almost as if she were dreaming as she stepped down the three stairs, and turned right. Yes, a dream that was repeating that fearful walk. The reactions of the pedestrians were the same; the same looks of pleasure, the same looks of horror, the same double takes, the same ratio of men to women for each reaction. Passersby brushed against her, just as they had before, and even in her current rather fey state, Leila jumped every time, just as before.

When they reached the cross street the light was with them, but when they had crossed, and Leila turned to wait for the lights to change, she was gently pulled forward. "Dry cleaner's first," David whispered to her as they continued down the second block. They were nearly opposite the bar when Maria, who had been leading the group, turned into a small shop, and David and Leila followed.

Leila was happy to be away from the crowd, but she blushed yet again at the shocked look on the face of the teenage girl behind the counter.

"Hi, just the uniform again," Maria said, dumping it on the counter in front of the girl. "I normally wash it myself," she continued to Leila, "but I like to get it done professionally once every couple of months. You don't have anything you'd like to get cleaned, do you?"

Leila just glared at her friend, then giggled as the absurdity of the situation struck her. "No, not today. But are you sure those pants don't need a cleaning?"

Maria started, then laughed. She had not believed that Leila would have the spunk to make any reply, let alone one so sharp. She would have to really resume their friendship, and this time make it a closer one than before.

Maria slipped the ticket that the girl had written up into her back pocket, and the three exited the store, Leila shivering again as she re-entered the stream of pedestrians. David turned right again, leading the naked girl further from the office. "It's about the same distance either way, and I don't think it would be wise to cross in the middle of the block right now," he explained to Maria.

Once again Leila felt the echo of the other day, though that time he had said: "I think we'd better cross at the lights, you don't want to be stopped for jaywalking." She looked quickly around as this memory struck her, but she could not see any policemen or any police cars. She certainly did not want to be arrested for public nudity.

The parallels continued when they reached the light, as it was against them, and they had to stand waiting for it to change, although this time there were more cars, and several of them honked at the pleasant sight. Just before the light changed she felt a hand pinch her bum, and gave a loud squeal, then blushed even deeper as, every eye in the crowd stared even harder at her, exactly as had happened last time. Was there a controlling entity that was taking pleasure in torturing her the exact same way, or was it just that men always want to touch female flesh and there is always one who cannot resist in the anonymity of the crowd?

David took her hand as the light changed and they walked quickly across the busy street. Leila remembered the earlier crossings that day, She realized that she had wanted to hold David's hand because she needed the feeling of safety that it gave her, just as the doctor's hold had made her feel. But she did not have that secondary feeling of wrongness this time, only safety, embarrassment, and arousal.

Suddenly she saw another image, one from many years ago. A very young girl, just a toddler, crossing the street, a more quiet, residential street, naked and holding on to her father's hand. She had been very naughty that day. She had been given her bath, and her mother had left her in the living room with strong orders to remain there. But she had wanted to be with her friends, so she had managed to open the large front door and run, still naked from her bath, across the street to the empty lot where her friends gathered. They were too young to tease her seriously about her nudity, but, in any case she had not had long to play with them as her father had arrived in minutes, thundering with rage. She could suddenly recall walking back to her house, crossing the street naked, holding on to her father's hand. She remembered how strong and loving the man was, and how safe she felt with him. She remembered her feelings exactly. For some reason that feeling of safety with her father was overwhelming, even though she knew she would be punished severely. She had broken two rules: she had left the house with no clothes on, which she had been told was a no-no; but what was the serious offence, she had walked across the street alone. She knew that was a serious crime, and that she would suffer for it.

The doctor, she now realized, was just a fraction larger than her father; had that physical resemblance triggered a feeling that she had interpreted as wrongness? As she reached the other curb, Leila glanced at her boyfriend, a man also old enough to be her father, but somewhat smaller, and smiled to herself. She would have to tell him about her feelings of earlier today, and about this memory as well. She knew he would be very interested, as he always was interested in anything about her. She was sure he would make a comment on her psyche. Or more likely two comments: one would be insightful, the other a joke. David always managed to provide her with the information, the insight, she needed, but he refused to take anything too seriously, and she loved both sides of him, the teacher and the clown.

Fortunately for Leila, the rest of the journey matched the other day and David soon brought her to the large wooden door, and the three of them stepped through into the dim safety of the strip club. Without pausing, David led the two girls over to the bar.

As Maria peered around the room, Leila's attention was on the pretty redhead behind the bar. Cyndi was currently tending bar. She had been promoted so that she acted as a day manager and occasional bartender as well as waitress. It was for this reason that David had been sure that she would be able to arrange to let Leila use the dressing room shower. She had told him that she would have to check with the dancers, but that they would not object.

"Hi, Cyndi. Leila needs that shower now."

"Well, David, there is a bit of a problem. A couple of the dancers have objected, as they don't want strangers in there. They said that too many things go missing even without strangers." David and Leila both looked disappointed; they knew there wasn't enough time to get to either apartment and back to the dinner on time. "However, we do have an alternative to the dressing room if Leila is willing." And she nodded slightly at the far side of the club.

"Oh, yes. I'm quite willing," Leila chimed up. She had been looking down in disappointment, and had not seen the movement of Cyndi's head, but David had turned and his eyes widened in astonishment.

Since he had left as soon as he had made the tentative arrangements with Cyndi, he had no way of knowing what had been said earlier. Cyndi had managed to get all the dancers together, and had asked them if it was all right to let a girl shower. "Several of you have seen her before, she was here a few weeks ago, and I beat her at darts."

"The one you stripped?" asked a buxom brunette.

"That's the one."

"I don't know. She cost me a lot of tips that night, playing pool naked," the brunette continued.

"I thought she looked kind of sexy," Red Sonya chimed in. "I watched that pool game, and she seemed to be fuckin' turned on."

"Oh, she was," Cyndi replied, "and her boyfriend is probably going to bring her in naked again."

All the girls were shocked by the statement, but it was Red Sonya who responded first. "She can use our shower if she has to," and she glared at the brunette who had complained. All the other girls had nodded at once, and the brunette finally added her nod of acceptance. "But why does she need our shower?" Cyndi explained about the exercise, the dinner, the fancy outfit, and the lack of time to head home. "OK. So she needs a shower, but I don't want her in our dressing room." Everyone was astounded by this sudden change of attitude. "I **might** change my mind after she gets here, but she was so hot last time that I am going to refuse now. Here's what you can tell her."

The astonishment of the girls had changed to laughter as Red Sonya detailed her plan.

### Leila's Night Out, Part 9

Red Sonya had seen the trio enter, and had ducked back into the dressing room at once. Now she approached the bar, carrying a bottle of shampoo and a bar of soap wrapped in a facecloth. Cyndi nodded to her, and she ducked into the DJ booth, then continued to the bar.

A petite oriental was just finishing the last dance of her set, as Leila repeated, "I'm willing. Where do I shower?", this time looking at Cyndi. Once again the bartender looked across the room, and then tilted her head toward the stage. Leila looked over as the slight dancer picked up a bill and her clothes, then walked to the back of the stage, slipped into the red robe that was lying there and walked down the stairs onto the floor of the room. Leila could not understand what Cyndi had meant; then she saw it. In the back corner of the stage. A shower stall. Three sides were clear, the fourth, the only one that was opaque was against the back wall. She was so shocked at the idea that she took a step back, and almost fell as she trod on Maria's foot.

"The.. the.. there?" she stammered. The thought of standing in that transparent enclosure, rubbing her naked body in front of all these men was just too much to bear.

"You can shower right now," Cyndi said. "We have a short break between dancers."

Not even a dancer on stage to take some of the stares away from her; this would be even worse than being stripped on that dias. But what choice did she have? "OK," she whispered, her voice inaudible under the noise of the crowd, a crowd at least as large as the night of her stripping.

"Here. You can use my shampoo and this soap," said Red Sonya, reading her lips and holding the three items out to the shivering girl.

"A towel... I'll need a towel..." This time her voice was just loud enough to be heard, but it was extremely hesitant.

"Of course. You go get started. I'll see that one is ready for you," the towering redhead replied.

With legs shaking, stomach churning, cheeks blushing, the naked lady stumbled across the floor to the edge of the stage. She was never able to remember just how she climbed those steps, but the thunderous applause only increased her nervousness. Quickly she stepped into the enclosure and closed the clear door, placed the soap in the built-in dish and the shampoo and cloth on a little shelf in the back corner of the stall, then unhooked the hand sprayer from its catch and adjusted the water to a nice hot stream. The applause had died down now, and if she kept her eyes on the back of the stall, she could almost imagine she was in an ordinary shower at a gym, taking a shower after her workout. She quickly washed her hands, face and neck, trying to keep her mind off the crowd of eyes devouring her naked buttocks. Next she made sure her hair was properly soaked. Unfortunately she had to turn around to accomplish this and the yells and whistles as she did so only increased her blushes. She knew that as she ran her fingers through her hair, trying to separate the tangled strands, she was displaying her breasts to the men, the position of her arms showing them to their best advantage, but there was nothing else to do.

She turned to face the back again, opened the shampoo, and started to massage some into her hair. She had to stand with her bare buns pressed against the door to keep the water from washing the shampoo away before she had time to work it in. Then it was time to rinse, and again she found herself facing the now boisterous crowd, raising her tits to the men as she rinsed her hair, and finding them noisily appreciative.

Again she applied some shampoo; again she worked it in, her back against the front of the stall. The noise of the water in the enclosure kept her from hearing just what remarks were being made, although of course she could hear that something was being called out. It wasn't until just before she had finished working the shampoo through her locks that one stentorian cry of "What an ass!" made her realize just what an erotic display that position had created. As she turned to rinse this time, her blush had clearly extended from her face to cover her whole body. Only the fact that her skin was already pink from the hot water kept the knowledge of her shame hidden from most of the watchers.

The shampoo ended, she lathered up the cloth, and started to clean her chest; the roar as she rubbed her breasts was almost intimidating, but the appreciation was also very arousing. Her already hard nipples were reacting to the cheers and to the soft caress of the flannel square. She could feel herself becoming wet inside as well as out. She could not believe that she was enjoying exposing herself like a dancer doing a 'shower show'. But as she turned her back to them again, rinsing off her front while straining to reach the middle of her back she heard another loud cry: "I'll wash your back for you, darling!" Instead of blushing and ignoring it she simply gave a little bounce of her buttocks toward the audience, and smiled as she heard the laughter. Only as she moved the cloth over her buns and heard the applause increase again did she fully realize what she had done and blush yet again.

The applause continued as she washed her genitals and did not abate as she bent over to soap her legs. She knew she was showing everything but decided that if she had to give a 'shower show' she would give the best one possible; so she bent at the waist rather than crouching down to clean her legs. Finally she had finished soaping herself; she put the cloth back on the little shelf and unhooked the shower again. She carefully sprayed herself from head to foot, front and back, the warm water caressing her skin. The feeling of the spray between her legs did nothing to reduce her arousal. Feeling totally cleansed, she replaced the shower, turned off the water and stepped out of the stall onto the rubber mat on the stage.

At this moment Red Sonya and a tall big-breasted blonde stepped up onto the stage, and the redhead passed her a small towel, only about twice the size of the facecloth she had been using.

"This isn't big...," Leila began.

"Just do your hands and face," the tall blonde interrupted, "and we'll take care of the rest."

Red Sonya placed her hands on Leila's shoulders and turned her so that she was facing the very centre of the room. Then taking one of the large fluffy towels she had brought, she started to dry the naked beauty's hair, while the blonde began to dry her back. The back was soon done, and Leila felt her arms being gently raised by the buxom blonde. She stood quietly as the girl briskly rubbed first one arm then the other, standing to the side each time so that Leila's naked body would be totally on display to the rapt audience.

Once again Leila was taken to a past experience, but this time only four weeks ago. She could not help but remember standing on the platform in Missee Lee's store, being washed by Susan and dried by Mavis. Mavis had dried her arms and followed that by gently drying her stomach and breasts, just as this girl was doing.

"Oooooh." The expression was drawn from the naked girl as a long fingernail flicked her hard right nipple, then another flicked her left one; the action was hidden from the audience by the folds of the towel, but the reaction was only too visible. Leila saw the smile on the tall blonde's face, and finally she recognized her. This was the dancer who had been on stage when David had brought her back to the bar, only at that time Leila had been the one wearing clothes. She smiled at the memory, then blushed as she felt the towel caressing her buns, the rowdy comments from the audience only too audible now that they were not hidden by the sound of the shower.

After the buns had been dried, with particular attention paid to the crack between them, the towel moved down her legs. Only now did Red Sonya stop drying Leila's hair, throwing the towel over her shoulder and running her fingers through the smaller girl's locks, separating the strands as much as possible. Both legs now dried, the blonde raised Leila's right foot, dried it carefully, then put it down on the bare, dry stage just beyond the front corner of the rubber mat. Leila's left foot was lifted next, and dried as well, then placed beyond the other front corner of the mat. The naked girl was now standing with her feet about three feet apart, her entire body visible to the men below. She had always been ashamed of the sparseness of her pubic hair, and knew only too well that the dark triangle would do nothing to hide her vagina so brutally displayed by this posture. The towel made a final pass over her buttocks, then slid between her legs from behind and up to dry her pussy hair. As it was slowly drawn back between her legs to the continuing applause from below, she felt a bare finger, totally hidden from the men by the towel, slide back along her slit, caressing her lips, and doing anything but dry them. This little attention drew another little moan and a shudder that jiggled her breasts, creating a veritable crescendo of calls from the floor.

Red Sonya picked up the tiny towel that Leila had let fall to the stage and handed it and the towel on her shoulder to the blonde, then said "All done," and gave a slap to the bare buttocks in front of her. Blushing furiously again, Leila stepped down from the stage and made her naked way between the drinkers to the very table that they had occupied last time, and where David and Maria were now seated, each with a beer. One or two of the men had made a movement as if to grab her, but each time Red Sonya had cleared her throat, and a glance at the two Valkyries had made the patrons think better of it.

Leila gratefully subsided into an empty chair, and smiled weakly at her two friends. She could not believe she had just given such a blatantly sexual performance in a public bar. Then she caught sight of the large cardboard box sitting on the table; a deep black box with a gold junk printed in the centre. Her new dress. Her *Missee Lee* original.

### Leila's Night Out, Part 10

The night bartender had arrived while Leila was taking her public shower, so Cyndi was able to take a break. She arrived at the table just as David lifted the top from the box. The inside seemed just as black as the box itself; nothing was visible in the dim light. Cyndi shone the pencil flash she carried so patrons could see to sign credit card slips onto the box. A mass of black cloth was visible. Leila reached over and touched the fabric, so soft, so silky, like nothing she had ever worn. She was afraid to pick it up; afraid it would disappear; she had never expected anything that felt so beautiful.

David grabbed the fabric, lifting the end of it about a foot. Cyndi's flash light clearly showed the bumps in the fabric made by David's fingers but his hand was not visible. It looked totally opaque. After her first touch of that lovely cloth she had been afraid that it would be see-through, showing the outline of her body, or even more, but it was opaque.

David let the cloth fall back into the box, and with the help of Cyndi's flash found a small hinged box, like one from a jeweller. Opening it, he pulled out a golden chain. A chorus of 'oooooh's arose from the five ladies at the table, but it was drowned by the DJ's "Put your hands together for the lovely Miranda!" Leila glanced at the stage, and recognized the same dancer who had been onstage during her last pool game with Cyndi. But Leila returned her gaze to the golden chain. It looked to be about two feet long and made of alternating large and small links. She looked closely and could see that there was a very tiny hole, just a pinhole in the centre of each link, but otherwise, it seemed solid.

"Put this on around your waist," David instructed, passing her the chain, "then we can try the outfit."

Since she would have to stand up to try on her new dress, Leila stood to put the chain on. She discovered that it just fit round her waist with almost nothing to spare, unless she sucked in her stomach. The clasp was quite tricky to open, and she was sure that it would not come undone accidentally, even if it was rubbed by her clothing.

"Seems a shame to hide something so beautiful under a dress, even a *Missee Lee*," commented Maria.

"It won't be under the outfit; it is part of it." David pulled five short chains with hooks at either end from the box. Holding them in one hand he pulled out the fabric, and carried it over to the naked nymph. Leila looked straight ahead as David fiddled with the cloth, crouched in front of her. She did not see him insert the hook at one end of one short chain into a small eyelet at one corner of the fabric, but she did feel the other edge of the cloth brush the tops of her feet, and she did feel him handle the waist chain, though she did not know he was hooking the other end of the small chain over it. She felt the same fiddling with the chain as David, always aided by Cyndi's flashlight, added the other four chains, one at the middle of the fabric, and one at the other corner, and finally one more between each end and the centre. Suddenly he stood up, somewhat to one side of her.

"It looks perfect on you," he said, leaning forward to give her a gentle kiss on her lips. Leila leaned forward a bit to kiss back, but snapped back as the tall blonde cried out, "I can see her pubes." After Leila has straightened up, she added, "Well, I could."

Leila looked down at the circle of light shining on the two-inch expanse of skin between the waist chain and the black fabric. The cloth began above the top of her pubic hair, so nothing was visible. Experimentally, she leant forward. Of course the chains fell straight down, carrying the fabric away from her body and soon a bit of her pubic hair was visible in the circle of light.

"I can't go like this," she cried. "I can't be flashing people."

"What's the problem?" Cyndi chimed in. "It's only the top of your pussy. Just a bit of hair. You didn't seem to mind that here."

"Well, I did mind. But also that's different. When I'm naked, my pussy hair seems like a covering, not an exposure. When I'm clothed, it seems dirty to flash it." Leila was struggling to find the words to explain her feelings, and was quite upset when David started to laugh. She pouted at him, but he actually had to wipe his eyes before replying.

"I'm not laughing at you, Leila. Actually I'm laughing at Maria. This is such an Oscar Wilde moment."

"Me?"

"Yes, Maria, in a way. Let see if I can explain. Have you ever seen Wilde's play *The Importance of Being Earnest*? Leila, remember, we watched it on TV the other night."

"A long time ago," Maria replied, and Leila just nodded.

"I'm studying it now," Red Sonya chimed in. "I'm working part-time on my high school equivalence," she added as the group all turned to her in surprise. "Why not? I won't be able to dance all my life."

"Good idea, luv. Well then, you will probably understand the joke. Do you remember that at the end of the play, when John discovers his true parentage, that he is Algernon's brother and that his name actually was Ernest?" Three nods. "OK. He says to somebody something like: 'It is a terrible thing for a man to find out suddenly that all his life he has been speaking nothing but the truth.'" This time all the girls looked blank. "Maria, remember what you told Doctor Hillock?" Then turning to the three employees of the bar, he added, "She tricked Leila into being naked for her whole physical exam, and in order to keep the doctor from finding out about her underhandedness, she told him that Leila was a nudist and would rather be totally naked than to flash her private parts from under the gown. Well, Maria, **is** it a terrible thing to find you've been telling the truth?"

Maria had the grace to blush when David described her trickery to the other girls, but in the dim light nothing showed on her dark skin. When David had finished and asked his question there was a short silence, then all started to chuckle, including Leila. She could tell from the sound of Maria's laugh that she was a little ashamed of her trick.

It was only a couple of seconds before Leila once again said, "But I still can't go to the dinner like this."

David smiled at her, then whispered a question to the tall redhead who smiled, nodded, and headed off to the dressing room. By the time she got back, David had unhooked the five short chains and dropped the fabric back in the box. He undid the waist chain faster than Leila had thought possible with that special clasp. His sole comment of: "Don't worry, we'll soon fix that" so mesmerized the group that none of them moved as the nymph was once again stripped totally naked.

"The light's better over there," was Red Sonya's only comment as she returned with a bundle wrapped in a towel.

David picked up the now closed box and his beer, said, "Come on, Maria, we need you, too" and followed them over to the edge of the pool table area. The redhead spread the towel on one of the small tables that was bolted to the railing that surrounded the pool table. Following David's instructions, Leila sat on the towel, blushing again as she realized how well the light over the pool table showed her nudity.

"Maria, you must have shaved patients, at least in training, so why don't you do the honours? You can get started with these." David handed her a small but very sharp pair of scissors. Both friends stared at him astounded, then started to splutter replies. "You'll have to start at once, we are now running behind time," David quickly said to Maria, interrupting both her and his girl friend. "Don't worry, sweetheart, I'm sure she'll be careful. You'll be just fine." His kiss clinched the deal, and Leila just looked at her friend, sighed, shrugged and spread her legs. Taking another drink from his beer bottle, David added: "I've got to disappear for a minute. Maria, I should be back before you have finished clipping, but if you do finish it, don't continue. I want to be here for the next step." Maria just nodded as she brought the scissors down and made the first cut in the little triangle, and David hurried away.

True to his word, David returned before the end of the current song, just as Maria was clipping the lower point of the triangle, but by this time Leila was lying at an angle across the table, with her head on the railing and each foot on a chair, her buns right on the corner of the table.

As David leaned over and kissed Leila's mouth, Maria looked up and said, "Just in time."

"Use this rather than shaving," he replied, handing her a large bottle of a well-known depilatory. Leila realized that he had not just gone to the washroom as she had thought, but had popped over to the drugstore in the next block to pick it up.

Maria carefully read the label. "I think it will take too long, about half an hour unless Leila has used it before." Leila, who was now sitting up, just shook her head.

"I know what is worrying you, but it's OK. I already tested it on her." Leila looked at him questioningly. "The other week, love, when I was giving you that massage." Then he turned back to Maria. "While she was lying there, I put a small amount on the inner thighs. She just thought it was baby oil. I removed it from one thigh after the recommended time, and there was no sign. I left the other bit for nearly double the time, and there was only a very slight reddening."

"So that's what that patch of pink was!"

"OK, I'll take your word for it," Maria said as she opened the bottle.

Just at this moment, Red Sonya, who had been watching the procedure very carefully, walked up to one of the chairs and gently stroked Leila's lower leg.

"I would have thought you would shave before a night out, particularly with such a beautiful dress."

Leila blushed at this blunt criticism; she knew that she had relatively little body hair, and felt crushed that what she had should be so obvious. She would always groom herself very well for parties, but she had to work late twice this week, and of course she had not known she was going out when she got up this morning. "Well, I had a busy week. And I didn't know until this afternoon that were going out tonight."

"This afternoon?!"

"Yes, David asked me when I got to the doctor's office."

"**Men!**" The word just dripped distain. "Why can't they realize a woman doesn't need two hours' notice for an event like this, she fuckin' needs two weeks! Don't worry. We can fix this." With that comment she swept off to the dressing room, and was back in a couple of minutes with several other girls. When she returned, Maria was just finishing covering her pubic area with the thick liquid. As she got up to go wash her hands Red Sonya picked up the bottle and poured a stream onto Leila's right leg. Before Leila could make any comment, the big blonde who had dried her took the bottle from her friend and poured another stream onto Leila's left leg. As the two amazons started to spread the depilatory over the naked girl's legs, the oriental dancer who had been on stage when she arrived started to feel her hair, pulling it straight, then running her fingers through it.

"Well, Alice?" the redhead asked looking up from the leg she was covering.

"Yes, I can do it," was the reply of the oriental, who rushed back into the dressing room.

Red Sonya finished coating the entire leg, then looked over at David who was smiling at the activity. She stepped over and spoke quietly to him. His smile broadened as he whispered something to her enthusiastically, a comment that Leila could not hear, but that caused the dancer to smile as broadly as her boyfriend. However, the poor girl was distracted, as she felt someone starting to massage a liquid into her hair. She started, then saw that it was Alice, who had returned with a bottle of conditioner, and it was this, not the depilatory, that she had felt. Alice had climbed up to kneel on the table so she could more easily work on Leila's head. Meanwhile the other two dancers had Leila raise her arms, and she giggled as they spread the depilatory over her armpits, the sensation tickling her. She was much more surprised when the two also covered her entire arms with the thick cream. They then inspected her chest area, slapping on the cream wherever there was any hint of a hair.

Alice finished working the conditioner into the still damp locks, and climbed down off the table, which was the signal for the others to pull Leila to her feet, so they could treat her back just as they had her front. She could feel that they had totally covered her buttocks, and she had definitely felt someone ensuring that even the crack would be hairless. Even the tops of her feet were covered. Leila was amazed at how quickly the job was done until she realized that the girls had just slathered on the cream with no worry about cost, they had used most of the large bottle for this single treatment.

"Just stand there," was Red Sonya's order, as she and the blonde headed for the washroom to remove the excess depilatory from their hands. Leila smiled at Maria's startled look as the two dancers passed her and she saw the young lady she had left just a minute ago almost totally covered with the cream. She looked down at herself and realized that she was clothed for the first time in hours. She was now sporting a pair of skin-tight pants that reached from her feet to her waist and a shirt of polka dots with solid long sleeves. Even this liquid coating gave her a feeling of being covered that was quite refreshing. She asked David for a drink, and he passed her his bottle with the comment, "Neither of us should have too much before the dinner." Leila took a quick swallow, then passed it back. She noticed that Maria seemed to be dividing her attention between her coated friend and the dancer onstage, and Leila amused herself for the next while by watching the expressions flitting across Maria's face.

### Leila's Night Out, Part 11

Leila enjoyed trying to figure out Maria's feelings as the young nurse watched the dancer on stage, but as interesting as that was, she could not help returning from time to time to her own predicament. Maria kept tearing her eyes from the antics of the ever more naked girl on stage to gaze in wonder at the nearly naked body of her friend bathed in the light from the pool table. Leila was careful not to let Maria see that she also was being studied, so every time her friend looked toward her, she was studiously looking elsewhere. At these times there was nothing for her to do but think about herself standing in one of the best lit areas of a strip club, naked but for a coating of depilatory cream covering most of her body. And she still had to remove it!

Miranda was doing one of her longer sets, so by the time her last song ended, the depilatory had been on Leila for the recommended time.

As Miranda walked back to the dressing room, it was little Alice who came over to Leila and said, "First rinse the cream off quickly, then rinse your hair thoroughly, then wash your body very carefully. Be sure you don't miss a spot. Go now." Leila trotted back to the shower, and followed the instructions carefully.

Except for the lack of shampoo, this was a close copy of the previous shower, complete with comments and cheers from the crowd. However, as she started to wash her genitals, she was struck by how easily the washcloth slipped over her pussy now that all the hair was removed. Unthinkingly she let her other hand slide from her belly down over her mound and between her legs. It was the first time she had felt bare skin down there since -- well, the first time she could remember. She was bemused by the unusual feel; it was only the wild cheering from the audience as she fondled herself that brought her back to reality. In spite of her blushes, she did spend a little extra time cleaning that area as she certainly did not want any irritation around her genitals.

As she continued to wash, she noticed that her legs also felt as smooth as she had ever felt them. At last she dropped the facecloth back on the little shelf and began to rinse herself with the hand-held spray. This final rinse took a little longer than the previous one as she made sure the spray hit every square inch of skin.

When she stepped out of the shower onto the mat, the same two dancers dried her off. Only after she had been totally dried and left standing near the front of the stage with her legs apart, her privates openly visible to all the men below, was there a change. Red Sonya wrapped her hair in a towel, as the blonde used a puff to cover her from neck to foot with a lightly scented body talc. Red Sonya took a fresh dry towel and gently rubbed her down a final time, removing any excess talc and leaving just the clean soft skin. Once again she felt a gentle slap on her buttocks.

As she stepped down from the stage the DJ spoke up. "Gentlemen, the woman you've all been waiting for, the girl with the big bazooms. Here she is, the fabulous 39 double F, Gisele!"

Leila glanced back at the stage and saw that the tall blonde that had just been drying her was strutting her stuff. It struck Leila that she had just been very intimately handled at least three times by that woman and only now was she learning her name. The thought that she had allowed a stranger whose name she didn't even know to fondle her in such a public way brought the blush back to her cheeks, and the knowledge that she should never have allowed that to occur turned her on.

As she reached the table where Maria and David were sitting he stood up and hugged her, making her feel safe and hidden again in his arms, for the first time since he had left the doctor's office with her clothes. Once again he kissed her, but this time his hands were gently stroking her back and sides. He could feel her hard nipples pressing against his pleated shirt (and she could certainly feel the pleats rubbing against her hard nipples). His hands finally halted, but they were cupping her buttocks when they did, and this public intimate caress aroused her even more.

"Smooth as a baby's bottom." After a significant pause, David added: "All over."

Only then did the reality hit home with Leila; she was that smooth, but only because she was totally hairless below her neck. She was certain that, no matter how carefully she searched, she would not find even the tiniest hair on her body. And her pubes... She had always been shy about the relatively small amount of pubic hair she had. She remembered how she had always felt that the little triangle gave her a "little girl" look, and how, as a teenager, she had prayed for a more abundant bush. But now she had no bush at all. The look of a very young girl indeed. And worse, she had displayed it. She gulped as she recalled standing near the front of the stage, her legs apart, displaying her now truly naked mound to the men below. The thought of them seeing this shameful baby look was turning her on, she could feel the arousal starting to churn within her. Fortunately, Red Sonya gently took her arm and led her over to the next table, the small one attached to the railing, and sat her in a chair that was now draped with a towel.

"You just sit here and we'll have you ready in a jiffy." Leila could see that there were a number of grooming aids on the little table, and Alice, the little oriental dancer, began combing her hair even as the tall redhead continued to talk. A second dancer, this one a little larger than the oriental, maybe the same size as Leila herself, but with blond curly hair that made Leila quite jealous, pulled up a little box (David had explained that sometimes the girls danced on them at the tables), sat on it and began to work on Leila's fingernails. "Just relax. Alice and Mindy are both attending cosmetology classes. Alice wants to become a hairdresser, and is really very good already."

Leila closed her eyes and let herself be pampered, almost able to believe for a moment that she was being treated at an expensive spa. Only the cries of the men watching Gisele onstage belied the fantasy. As she luxuriated under the gentle ministrations, Leila reviewed her afternoon. The naked examination by Doctor Hillock, the naked walk across the street, the naked x-ray, the naked ride in the elevator with Joe. The naked exposure at the windows of the new office, the stares of the construction workers. She could feel her juices starting to leak out, she was so aroused. The naked walk back to the office. The hour of exercise, still totally naked. The public walk to the bar naked. Her breath was coming faster and harder as she remembered the crowds brushing by her, rubbing against her naked body. The girl in the cleaner's, staring at her naked body. She could feel the dampness running out of her vagina. The onstage shower, the two girls drying her, naked and exposed to the crowd of men. Maria clipping her pubic hair as she lay naked across a bar table. The dancers rubbing her body dry a second time, standing naked with her legs apart displaying her denuded privates to the men below. She shuddered and moaned, stifling it as well as she could but unable to totally stop it, as she felt a climax grip her.

She opened her eyes, and saw that she was the centre of attention once again. Not only were Alice, Mindy and Red Sonya looking at her in surprise, as well as David and Maria; two other girls in teddies were gaping at her, and a number of men at the nearer tables had turned to watch her body rather than the large set of breasts onstage.

"It... it felt so good." She stammered her excuse. "Your hands are so soft." She was blushing deeply, but still dripping furiously as she spoke. She could see doubt in the girls' eyes, but they did not know her well enough to be sure of the truth of that statement. David, on the other hand, was definitely chuckling. Leila felt her nipples tighten even more as she thought how he would make her relive this day and this minute, forcing her to feel the shame again. And, more importantly, to feel the arousal again.

Alice had long since switched from a comb to a brush, and now she stopped for a minute, while Mindy finished the fifth finger. Just as Alice returned, Mindy had Leila help her move the chair so she could sit on the other side to do the other hand. As Mindy started her work, Leila brought up the finished hand. She hoped that the little blonde had not painted them black, or neon orange. She did not know that the two girls had talked to David while she was taking her second shower, so they would be able to match the makeup to the outfit. Therefore, she was extremely pleased with the result. Her nails, normally uneven, had been carefully trimmed and rounded. Since David had insisted that fake nails were out, Mindy had had to make them quite short, but at least they were no longer ragged. The cuticles had been gently pushed back to a nice even arc, one that complemented the smoothed nails themselves. And the nail polish! At first Leila thought that Mindy had just used a clear polish, but then she realized that there were faint streaks of gold, the same shade as that waist chain, running down the nail, glinting in the light from the pool table. Leila was delighted by the effect.

Alice had now begun to dry her hair. Obviously the pause had been so she could plug in the dryer. Leila was astonished at first; she had never thought of the bar as having convenient electrical outlets, but in a minute she realized that the glowing signs on the walls needed power and also that the cleaning crew probably used vacuum cleaners and electric polishers.

Leila tried to relax again, but the feeling of the hot air from the dryer against her scalp, the brush running through her hair, dragging it away from her head so the stream of air could reach each strand, the gentle touches on her hand, all conspired to keep her hot. She knew she was dripping steadily. Thank God for the towel underneath her.

The hair was soon dry, and the oriental dancer/hairdresser quickly manipulated it into a sort of chignon, leaving Leila's neck bare. Leila had not worn her hair up for several years, she had always felt that she was not pretty enough to give herself those airs, so it seemed very strange not to feel the strands brushing the back of her neck, not to feel them caressing the tops of her shoulders. Alice gave her a hand mirror and she was able to admire the sophisticated look while the dancer carried her equipment back to the dressing room.

Alice returned carrying a makeup case just as Mindy started to apply the polish to the last nail, so Alice stopped to have a whispered chat with David. It was only a minute later that Mindy stood up with a satisfied "There." Leila barely had time to check that both hands were now the same before Alice was gently holding her arm, telling her to stand up. She quickly rose, and blushed furiously as she saw the facing table of men smile at the sight of her bouncing breasts and bare pussy. She clasped her hands in front of her in that classic pose of the shy nude, but actually used the pose to run her fingers over the new bare skin. It felt so odd, so smooth, so open. She shook from the emotions that touch engendered.

Then she blushed even deeper as she saw Alice pick up the towel from the chair and smile at the large wet spot that had been in the middle of the seat. She glanced at Leila, still smiling, folded the towel so that a dry portion was on top and placed it on the small table. When she patted it, Leila understood what was wanted and hopped up so she was sitting on the towel, her legs hanging off the front of the table. Of course, this exposed her more than the chair, but she could see that Alice intended to make her up and that this way her face would be at a more convenient height. She could see a number of eyes on her, her friends' being the most obvious, and this continued exposure kept her dripping.

She was surprised that the first touch she felt was on her ankle. She looked down to see Mindy sitting in a chair with a towel on her lap. She raised Leila's foot, and carefully wiped off the sole with a damp cloth. She then dried it with a corner of the towel, placed it on her lap, and started to trim the toenails. Leila had never had a pedicure before, and she enjoyed the feeling. She sighed from pleasure, then blushed as Mindy looked up, staring at the damp lips that were level with her eyes. Leila felt that unbelievable mixture of shame and arousal again; she knew that the youngster could not miss seeing the flow, and that knowledge increased the very flow that Leila was desperate to conceal. Somehow the naked girl was sure that the manicurist would be looking at that shameful area again and again. She tried to concentrate on something else, anything else. As Mindy leaned forward to work on her foot, her robe parted, and Leila clearly saw her breasts in a white lacy bra. They looked to be about the same as her own, not large, but firm and round. If Mindy could make a living as a dancer, perhaps she could too. Imagine strutting down the stage, squatting in front of a man, spreading your legs wide showing him your most secret places, and being paid for it beside.

The gentle touch of Alice's fingers on her cheek brought her back to reality. She could not stop the juice from flowing, but she must control her breathing. If she continued to gasp like this, the makeup could not be properly applied. Alice waited as she slowly recovered herself, then started her work. David had explained that the evening might be long, so the makeup should be something that would last. Since Leila was not an expert, Alice had decided to keep things to a minimum, using only products that would not run. She inspected the face carefully, and plucked a couple of stray hairs at the edge of Leila's eyebrows. A careful application of the eyebrow pencil defined and heightened the colour of the brows, a very delicate application of eye shadow, just a hint to give some depth, not enough to be noticeable. Mascara, a careful application of a product that would not run if Leila became emotional at the dinner. Alice worked so carefully that Mindy was finished the first foot by the time she had finished the eyes.

As Alice stepped back to check her work, Mindy slid the chair to the other side of her 'customer', and pulled the other foot to her. She was careful to sit well to the side so that she would not interfere with the makeup artist, and this naturally left Leila with her legs spread wide.

When she felt the damp cloth cleaning the sole of her second foot, Leila opened her eyes, which had of course been closed for the application of makeup. She had known that the light from the pool table was behind her, so she knew that her genitals were in shadow, but she was shocked to find that Alice, who knew she needed the correct light to judge the makeup, had brought out a portable makeup mirror that was surrounded by lights. She had plugged this in, and Red Sonya was holding it up for her, bathing Leila's entire front in light, exposing her vulva in exquisite detail to everyone in front of her. Strangely, Leila did nothing to reduce the exposure, leaving both legs where Mindy had placed them, even though one could be brought back somewhat. She just sat there and gave a shudder with her eyes cast down; she did however notice that the toenails on her right foot were not only trimmed, they had been painted with the same golden lines as her fingernails.

David smiled as he watched another drop flow out of that enticing slit, glisten in the light and fall to the towel.

### Leila's Night Out, Part 12

Leila breathed deeply, eyes cast down, looking at the fancy pedicure, as she tried to ignore her position. But how could she ignore it? Sitting on the edge of a table in a strip bar, totally naked, her breasts visible to many men, her legs spread wide, exposing her now denuded pussy to them as well.

Alice decided that Leila's cheeks would be all right without makeup, particularly if the girl continued to blush so prettily, which left the lips. She dug through her bag until she found the particular shade of lipstick she wanted. The age-old process of applying the lipstick and rubbing the lips together followed, but Alice finished the routine by outlining the sweet mouth with a very thin line of a much darker red. When she had finished, Red Sonya moved the makeup mirror so that Leila could see her own face. She almost did not recognize herself in the beauty she saw in the mirror. The lipstick was a different shade from the one she always wore, and it suited her skin tone perfectly. Her eyes seemed larger, darker, more mysterious. At first she could not see the outline around her lips, but when she looked very closely she could just make out the line, so thin as to be almost invisible. At first she wondered why Alice had even bothered, but then she realized that the line had the effect of delineating her lips, and the effect was visible even if the line was not.

It appeared, however, that Alice was not finished. She picked up a small brush and a tiny bottle. "Just lean back a bit and close your eyes." Leila leaned back, placing her hands on the table behind her with her arms straight, tilted her head back, closed her eyes, and waited, wondering how Alice was going to decorate the lids.

"Woooo!" The light touch of the brush on her left nipple drew a gasp from Leila. She opened her eyes. "What are you doing?"

"Shhh. Just close your eyes. Trust me. A little present for you and your boyfriend." Alice's voice was so gentle that Leila obeyed at once; she was feeling so aroused that she couldn't think straight, and the brush on her areola did not reduce this feeling at all, nor did the feel of Alice's little hand, clasped firmly on her breast trying to keep the naked girl's shuddering breaths from moving the areola from under the moving bristles. The feeling of the brush was followed by something thin and hard -- it felt somewhat like a toothpick -- stroking her areola from the side of her nipple to the outer edge, each stroke a little further around the nipple. Now it felt like a finger working around the areola gently rubbing the tender area, the sensation not only causing her nipple to become even harder once again, but continuing to melt her lower down. This forceful caress was followed by the toothpick scratches again. It seemed to Leila that these gentler strokes were being made exactly on top of the previous scratches. Then the brush once again; however, this time, instead of making concentric circles as it had previously, it now followed the same path as the toothpick, from centre to edge but unlike that hard instrument it started from the top of the nipple, not from the edge of it.

After only the briefest of pauses, the tantalizing touch of the brush circled the outer edge of her other areola. The sudden stimulation of this previously untouched area sent another shiver down her spine and several more drops fell onto the towel. As before, Alice's brush worked its way in concentric circles across the areola to the very centre of the nipple. Leila was by now breathing so hard that Alice had to hold this breast even more firmly that the previous, her strong fingers kneading the firm flesh as she changed her grip between brush strokes.

The tickling of the brush had given way to the gentle, radiating scratches of the toothpick, when Mindy moved Leila's left foot from her lap and let it dangle. Leila knew that the toes of both feet were now decorated with the same golden lines as her fingernails, but she decided not to look -- both because she could feel from the tight but sensual grip that the little Asian girl was anxious that she remain perfectly still, and because she didn't want to see what was being done to her body. She shivered at the thought, but whether from anticipation or fear she could not have said.

"Oh, absolutely darling!" Leila recognized Mindy in that squeal of delight. "But we will have to wait a minute or so."

Leila continued to sit on the table, legs spread wide, leaning back as those frustrating scratches continued. The scratches were replaced by the short strokes of Alice's finger on her sensitive areola, working slowly around that sensitive circle. With her eyes closed, and bathed in incomprehensible sounds, Leila found her sense of touch greatly enhanced. Time stretched and space contracted. The entire universe consisted of only that small cone within Alice's hand, that and her leaking vagina. In spite of all her efforts, the continuing massage was bringing her closer and closer to orgasm. Her juices flowed in a positive river and she started to moan uncontrollably. Just as she reached the very brink, the touches stopped. Leila gasped deeply, and froze, forcing her emotions down.

Just as she was getting herself more or less under control, Leila felt Alice clasp her breast and the toothpick scratches again. Gentle radiating scratches in that same circular pattern, then once again the brush was teasing her, running from the centre of her nipple to the edge of her areola. Another burst of fluid dripped from her vagina. A hand cupped her right heel, pulling her foot up slightly, then let go. Fingers brushing the sides of her toes, a touch of silky fabric: Mindy must be slipping a sock on that foot. She felt the toe of the sock against her toes, then hands slowly pulling the bunched cloth along her foot over her heel and up to cover her ankle. Concentrating on these sensations had taken her mind off the teasing brush, but now they ended and her breast again became the entire universe.

A minute later, and the sequence repeated on her left foot, once more giving her alternate sensations to think about. Her nipple, hard, aching; fingers kneading the conical flesh. Her right foot raised again, a hand supporting the heel, something hard against the sole, two tiny straps crossed over the ball of her foot, two other straps up the sides of her ankle, one up the back. Fingers adjusting the final thin strap, the one that linked those three, adjusting the tiny golden buckle. Leila was still seated in the same position on the table, legs spread wide, leaning back with her hands resting on the table, head thrown back, eyes tightly shut, but she could see that golden buckle clearly in her mind. Even if she hadn't been able to tell from the feel of the nearly nonexistent straps, she would have known what shoes they were. After all, David had insisted they get them before she get fitted for her special outfit. She remembered that purchase, as she had been of course as naked then as she was now -- more so, as she was now wearing ankle socks, the socks they had not purchased till the end of her oh so naked visit to the designer's. Her foot was dropped again, then seconds later the same touches on her left foot. She recalled George, the shoe clerk fitting those same shoes, looking at her naked pussy just as she knew Mindy must be doing know. Damn, if that flow didn't stop she would dehydrate herself.

The foot was dropped, and seconds later her breast was released.

"All done!" Alice's cheerful tones cut through the music and shouts. Leila didn't move; she just stayed frozen slowly bringing her breathing back under control. It was only when the music stopped that she finally opened her eyes and sat up straight.

Red Sonya was still holding the makeup mirror in front of Leila, illuminating her body, her breasts were still jiggling from her change in position when she caught sight of their reflection. Her areolae and nipples had always been only of a medium depth, appearing darker than they actually were because of the light skin of her breasts, but now they were many shades darker, and quite a bit redder. And they glinted. She looked carefully at the mirror, then down at the real thing, and gasped. Not only had Alice changed their colour, she had adapted the pattern Mindy had painted on her nails. Radiating from the edge of the nipple to the edge of the now dark areola were lines of gold. Each radius was an almost invisibly thin gold line, but unlike the sharp lines on her nails, each of these seemed to bleed into the surrounding flesh, a dimmer golden hue on either side becoming dimmer as it faded into the dark flesh. As with her lips, the actual line was difficult to see, but there was a faint suggestion that the lines were actually raised, as if her areolae were pleated; and of course the central gold lines seemed to sparkle as the bright light caught them. It seemed a shame to do that much work only to cover it.

"Oh, damn!" Red Sonya almost threw the mirror into the hands of Mindy, who was standing right beside her, flashed a signal across the room to the DJ, who nodded, and ran back into the dressing room. Alice took one of Leila's hands, and gently pulled her forward. Leila slipped off the table and stood proudly, her feet braced, her head high, her buttocks taut and her breasts high from the posture enforced by the high stiletto heels of those special shoes.

"Absolutely darling," Mindy repeated as she carefully placed the mirror on a chair, adjusting it so that the front of Leila's body was as well lit by it as her back was by the pool table lights. The black ankle socks were of an extremely thin lace, and while the pattern painted on her toenails could not actually be seen, there was an effect of depth and even an occasional faint sparkle. Mindy was more entranced by the top of the socks, however. A fringe of ruffled lace about two inches wide crinkled from the very top of the short socks, with a second similar ruffle beginning an inch below. This second ruffle forced the top one to remain flared out, and it also hid the top strap of the shoe, the glint of the golden buckle through the pattern being the only sign of it.

"Ooooooh." Leila blushed as she felt a damp cloth run across her soaked genitals. She was totally embarrassed that her arousal was so obvious as well as by the intimate caress. The blush continued, and deepened, as Alice gently dried between her legs with a fresh, soft towel. Mindy attacked her with the powder puff, covering her body and upper legs with a fresh application of the scented talc, with special attention to her breasts and genitals, the two areas so affected by the recent makeup, while Alice dusted her face to stop it shining. Another gentle wipe-down with a soft towel removing any loose residue, then the two dancers slowly circled the naked girl, looking for any spot they had missed. They stepped aside, and nodded to David.

### Leila's Night Out, Part 13

David picked up the large black box from the chair on which he had laid it, placed it on the table, and again removed the top. As he picked up the waist chain, it struck Leila that after the past half hour or so of humiliating nudity she was exactly where she had been then; still naked and about to put on her dress. Aside from the makeup the only difference was that she was now wearing her shoes. David carefully clasped the chain around his girl's waist, then put his arms around her, and clasped her to him. His hands again caressed her body, again cupped her buttocks.

"So smooth, so sweet." He kissed her. She knew he was doing this partly to remind her of the previous time, forcing her to think both about her now hairless body and about how long she had been flaunting it to the assembly. He pulled back from the kiss, and slowly released her, letting her recover her balance. "Please, love, just close your eyes for a minute." Leila wondered at the request, but complied. She was getting used to being blind. She felt the soft fabric brush her legs as David fiddled with the chain on her waist, first in front of her left hip, then right in the centre just below her belly button, then on the right hip, then the left side above the inner thigh, and finally above the left inner thigh. She heard the gasps as the dancers got their first clear view of the item.

A brief pause, then she felt similar touches at her back. The soft cloth felt extremely sexy on her buns, and she took a deep breath. She could feel five more short chains now lying against her back, one just to the outside of each bun, one almost centred above each one, the last in the very centre of her back.

"God, that is fuckin' sexy." Leila recognized Red Sonya's voice

"Yes, Missee Lee did a great job, even if she did put the eyelets on the wrong ends." A roar of laughter. "OK, love, you can look now."

Leila opened her eyes, looked down, and gasped. The cloth had been hidden in the dimness last time; this time she saw just how unusual it was, and why the girls had laughed at David's comment. The front piece seemed to be a simple rectangle of that soft cloth with an impossibly dark black hem about an eighth of an inch wide around the outside, and five small gold eyelets at the top, one in each corner, one right in the middle, and the last two equally spaced between the others. But it was the cloth itself that was so unexpected. When David had held up the end, Leila had thought it was a solid black, and it was -- for the first nine inches. But below that, beginning almost level with her slit, it gradually became lighter and more transparent; her knees were obviously covered, but they were definitely visible through the cloth; the last eight or nine inches were almost as clear as plastic wrap; only the thin hem showed where the piece ended less than an inch above her feet. Glancing back, She saw that the back part was just like the front. Of course David had only been joking; eyelets at that end would mean her shins would be hidden, while the transparent portion surrounded by the black hem would frame her privates, displaying them like a picture in a frame, and the same for her buttocks. She shuddered at the thought; that would make her feel more naked than nothing at all.

She used the short break as her boyfriend spoke to Red Sonya to recover from that vision.

"Thank you for arranging all this. Leila would look gorgeous in any case, but this styling is far more appropriate for tonight's do. I was too anxious to surprise her to think of what she would want, and forgot to arrange an appointment at the beauty salon."

"Fuck, it was fun for us, too," smiled the tall dancer, who was now wearing a leather outfit that looked rather like a Xena costume.

"I just wanted to thank you now in case we leave before you finish your set. Though it looks like it might be an interesting one." David nodded at the sword in her hand.

"I want to thank you, too." Leila had moved over, and now stepped forward to hug the amazon. The dancer smiled as she returned the hug, the studs in her breastplate leaving red dents in Leila's flesh, then headed to the stage, as the DJ called out her introduction over the opening bars of her first song.

Leila followed David back until they were beside the table on which she had spent such an exposed time. The front of her skirt pressed against her legs, while the back piece of cloth floated up a bit; and this reminded her of something.

"David, how could you! You told me the dress had no slits, just a gap between skirt and jacket. Why didn't you tell me the truth?" She could not quite bring herself to call him a liar; perhaps it was done to make the surprise greater.

"Oh, but I did. I told you the exact truth." Leila looked at him in surprise. "I never said what the outfit looked like; I only asked if a gap between two pieces -- like one between a skirt and jacket -- should be called a slit, and you agreed that it should not. All I said about **this** outfit was that no piece had a slit. It's just that it doesn't have a true skirt; it has what you could call a front skirt and a back skirt. Neither has a slit, but there is a gap between them." He ran his finger down her outer thigh, emphasising the point, causing a delicate shiver that caused her nipples to shimmer in the light. "You know I always try to tell the exact truth."

"But you made me think..." Leila was having trouble speaking convincingly, because she remembered the statements she had made to the doctor earlier that afternoon. My God, was it only a couple of hours ago? She had let him think she was a longtime nudist, but explained her pale skin by telling the truth very carefully.

"No, I **let** you think. Just think of me as a fiend," Leila looked questioningly at her boyfriend, as did the gathered dancers. 'Fiend' seemed a little strong for that trick. "Then you can simply quote Macbeth. 'And be these juggling fiends no more believed that palter with us in a double sense; that keep their promise to our ear and break it to our hope.' I looked it up again yesterday, as I thought you might complain," he added.

Leila giggled. Only David would have a quotation from Shakespeare for an occasion like this. She remembered that on their second real date he had said that she had a weird sense of humour, but that because of that they would have a lot of fun, implying that he did too. And she agreed with him; his mind was filled with the oddest items, things that he would use at the strangest times, but somehow they worked. And she loved him for the quirks as much as anything.

"Now this can be worn several ways," David continued, touching the corners of her 'front skirt'. "You can make it as wide as possible." And he gently slid the outer chains along the waist chain until the cloth was pulled tight, then did the same to the back. Leila looked down and saw that the gap was now less than half an inch on either side. "Of course, this way the cloth tends to outline the curves underneath better, and with no folds it is a little easier to make out the body beneath."

Leila blushed, as the girls giggled. Leila noticed for the first time the little patch of gold embroidery not much more than half an inch square that was now at her left side. She leant forward, blushed as the skirt fell away from her body -- but this time there was no triangle to be seen -- and slipped her hand behind so she could view it better. A tiny gold junk, just like the one printed on the top of the box. The *Missee Lee* trademark which would let everyone know that this was an original. She noticed another one just a couple of inches back, on the other piece of cloth. She checked the other side, but found nothing. That fabulous fading cloth was unmarked but for the hem, the five gold eyelets and the symbol. She knew the back was the same.

"She always puts the symbol on the left side," David commented as he saw her search the other edge of the fabric.

"You can also wear it like this." Two swift hand movements. Leila shrieked in surprise and the dancers gasped. The two end chains were now only about five inches apart; the fabric was bunched like an opened curtain, fabric falling straight between her knees. She could feel that the back was now even narrower. Over half of each bun was exposed. "Turn around so we can see."

Leila did a slow three-sixty, blushing furiously as her bare buns were turned to the friends. David leaned forward, lips pursed, and she did as he wanted, and kissed him. He pulled back but kept his hand gently on the back of her neck.

"I like this style, but it requires special care." Leila blushed as she looked down and saw how the fabric had fallen away from her body. "It's not wide enough to keep people from seeing around it, when it falls forward like this." Leila realized that anyone at the correct angle could see her pussy, and blushed again. "No, I think this is another case for moderation. I think the first position was the best -- at least for tonight." A couple more touches, and the two cloths were readjusted leaving a four to five inch gap on each side.

Leila stood for a moment trying to imagine walking into a formal function in this fantastic skirt.

"What's gonna keep it from just sliding around on the chain?" asked Mindy.

"Weight. You saw the chain. The hooks hang on the smaller links, and the bigger ones on either side keep them from sliding."

Leila looked carefully at the short chains, particularly the hooks on each end. She remembered how the two assistants at her fitting had gasped and raised their eyes in surprise when David had mentioned dancing in that outfit. She now understood. The dress was held together with those little hooks, simple U's of metal, no clasps. There was nothing but the weight of that very light cloth holding them in place. Dance too hard and one -- or more -- might shake loose from the waist chain or the eyelet, or at least move along the chain. Leila felt a delightful frisson of fear at the thought, And David had already shown how easily those hooks could be slid along the chain -- and more to the point, how easily **he** could move them.

"And now the top." Leila breathed easier at these words. She hadn't thought that David would have her go topless to such a function, and she remembered that there had been a top during the fitting, but with David, you never knew. David gently clasped another chain around her neck; this one fitted her just as closely as the waist chain, with only a fraction of an inch between the chain and her neck. "There, that looks perfect."

### Leila's Night Out, Part 14

"Bu... bu... but," Leila stammered. Standing in the bar, wearing only high-heeled shoes, socks, a skirt that consisted of a separate front and back part attached to a waist chain and a necklace that was just another matching chain, She could not believe that David expected her to walk into a fancy dinner dressed like this. She saw David slip a tie under his shirt collar and start fiddling with the ends.

"Let me do that," Cyndi said. "I once worked where the uniform had a bow tie, and got used to tying them." Leila could not believe it. David expected her to attend a fancy public function topless. And the makeup on her breasts would draw even more attention to them.

"Leila," David smiled at her, holding his head up so Cyndi could work on his tie, "you know that topless has been legal for several years now. And *haute couture* has been presenting it a lot." Cyndi had finished his tie, so David picked up his jacket from the box, having added it to the contents earlier. Maria was looking even more shocked than Leila. As he slipped into his top, Leila shuddered, her golden breasts glinting in the light, gulped, and then straightened her back, drawing herself up. If David said this was the proper outfit she would wear it. He did look good in that tuxedo.

"Unfortunately, Missee Lee made another mistake. She not only put the eyelets on the wrong end; she also added a top." Leila's sigh of relief was audible even over Red Sonya's second pounding song. The two dancers, Cyndi, and Maria, as well as David, all started to laugh, and in a minute Leila joined them.

"Like I always say," Leila thought, "you never can tell with David."

David had picked up another piece of cloth and more short chains from the box, and Leila held her chin up, as she felt two hooks on the chain necklace. She could feel the silky fabric caressing her erect nipples. God, this was going to be a wild evening if those touches continued. Maybe she would have been better off topless; She might be less likely to disgrace herself by climaxing in front of everybody. She could feel David fiddling with the waist chain first toward the right, then the left. When he stepped back, Mindy picked up the mirror from the chair, and held it for her. She was finally wearing a top.

And what a top. It was made from the same silky material as the skirt, but was obviously cut from the centre of the cloth. Beginning more than an inch above the waist chain, it rose to two points that were connected to the necklace by two more chains, about the same length as those holding the skirt. From the two points, it plunged down the middle in a vee that ended less than two inches from the bottom. While the bottom was quite dark, it was not the solid black of the skirt top, it was already beginning to fade, and it lightened steadily to the points which were nearly clear. The portion covering her breasts was somewhat lighter than the cloth over her knees. The entire top was outlined by the same coal-black hem as the skirt. Aside from the chains to her neck, the top was held in place only by two more chains, one at each bottom corner that hooked under the waist chain. Of course it was totally backless. Like the skirt, it consisted only of that fabulous cloth that was doing such a marvellous job of teasing her nipples, the hem, the four gold eyelets, and another small gold embroidered junk, this one at the bottom left corner. Of course, her breasts were quite visible through their covering, the darkened areolae standing out from the paler skin. Although the details of Alice's work were hidden, the pattern gave a sense of motion and depth, while the gold lines were still able to glisten occasionally, although very faintly; once again more an effect that an actual sight. Leila discovered that the top was quite loose; she guessed that at the bottom it was as wide as the skirt, but David had it hooked under the links next to the outer chains for the skirt. This allowed it to fall away from her body, to balloon out a bit. She realized that if she bent too far forward it would be only too easy to fall out of the top; not that it would make that much difference. She took another look at the chains holding the top to her waist. Yes, David had attached them right next to the outer chains for the skirt, but outside them. Leila considered this. It could be coincidence. Not likely with David. He might have done it so she could pull them apart to reduce the gap produced by their positions. Also very unlikely. If they were inside the skirt chains, it would be harder for those chains to slip -- or be slipped -- closer together. That seemed the most probable. Leila shivered slightly as she considered the future if she were right.

"Sit for a minute and catch your breath, sweetheart, then we must grab a cab. As it is, we are going to be fashionably late." As she sat down, she felt the back of the skirt start to catch under her and rose again. "You might want to move the cloth aside so you don't pull it too much. Imagine if the eyelets tore out in the middle of dinner." Leila blushed again, but she gently sat, pushing the cloth aside at the last minute so her skin was touching bare wood. She gasped at the feel, partly from the coolness of the wood, partly from remembering the other wooden seats her bare bum had encountered. As her memory drifted, David turned to her friend. "Maria, can you do us a favour? I am pretty sure that Leila would like to have this box -- I know a lot of women like to keep packages from the top stores. Could you take it home with you tonight? We'll pick it up later, maybe next week."

Maria nodded as David slipped a small plastic bag that jingled lightly into a pocket, then removed a black clutch purse with a golden clasp from the box, leaving it empty except for the smaller boxes in which the chains had been.

"But what should I do with this?" Maria asked indicating the small plastic bag she had carried from the office.

"Take it home, too. Keep it. You might want to use it yourself." Grinning at the look of discomfiture that last statement brought to the nurse's face, David opened the purse, and Alice dropped in the lipstick and mascara she had used on Leila.

"You must let me pay you for that." That act had brought Leila back from her dreams.

"I wanted you to have them as a gift, but your damn stubborn boyfriend insisted on paying me for them. It's already done. But maybe you'll let me practice my makeup on you again sometime, as a favour?"

"And let me practice, too," piped up Mindy.

"Certainly, but it will be you doing a favour for me," Leila smiled.

David left the table for a moment as Maria dropped the plastic bag into the box then closed the cover. To keep it from falling open, she placed a piece of string around it, a piece of the string David had cut off the box while Leila was showering.

"Leila," she murmured as she tied the string tightly, "I feel I should apologize to you. Once again, I have tricked you. You don't know what was in that bag David had me carry."

"Yes I do, and you don't need to apologise. It was some clothing."

"He told you?"

"No. I just knew it." She was able to suppress the laughter that the dumbfounded expression on Maria's face, as well as on the other girls', but she just had to smile. She could see Maria trying to form a question, but unsure just what to say. "Why didn't I ask for it, if I knew you had it?" Maria nodded. "Because he didn't want me to wear it. That is why I do what he wants, that is why I love him. Every time he has 'forced' me to do something too horrendous to even contemplate, he has left me a way out, a way to refuse easily. When I saw that bag, I guessed it was clothing -- nothing much, I'm sure -- but enough to cover me. If I had told him I couldn't face the naked walk, I know he would have had you give it to me -- and remember he thought I had been in the office the whole time, he didn't even know about the x-rays. It is that care, that gentleness, that makes me so anxious to please him that I have done things I would have thought impossible three months ago."

For the first time, Maria understood just how deep Leila's love for David ran. The emotion in that speech was unmistakable. She herself had thought she was in love with Ken, but even at the peak of her passion for him she knew she could never have talked with such warmth. She prayed her friend's feelings were reciprocated. It was not David's gentle caresses of Leila that most reassured Maria; it was the deep anger he had shown when he thought she was trying to turn Leila against him, too deep to be from a mere sexual desire.

"Well, Leila, it's time to go. Harold has just stepped outside to flag down a cab. You probably want to slip these on" David had returned and was standing by the table, holding out that special pair of black lace gloves with the ruffle around the wrist that matched her socks. "Thank you, girls. Not just for me, but because I know you have made Leila very happy. She will feel much better about herself since her makeup is so appropriate." He suddenly grinned. "And since she won't be flashing any pubic hair." As Leila got up, David hugged Gisele, then hugged the two smaller dancers, kissing each on the cheek. Leila quickly checked the back of her skirt to be sure that pulling it aside had not moved the chains inappropriately, then followed David's example, except that she kissed all three of the dancers on the lips.

David had finished by hugging Cyndi hard, with the required thank-you kiss. "Thank you most of all, for arranging all this. It worked out better than I thought." He and the waitress smiled at each other.

"I hope you do let us do your makeup again. Maybe David will take you somewhere else, and let us prepare you," Alice repeated as Leila was kissing Mindy goodbye.

"Maybe then you will trust me enough to let me shower in the dressing room," Leila laughed as she put her arms around Cyndi. She was fairly sure by now that had only been an excuse, a ruse to force her to shower in public, and the dancers' expressions pretty much confirmed it.

"I doubt it," Cyndi said as she hugged Leila. "As manager, I think it would set a bad precedent to let any non-employee into the dressing room, no matter how much we trust her." Her hands had slid down Leila's back, and as she kissed the young lady, her tongue invading Leila's mouth, her hands slipped over the chain and insinuated themselves under the silky cloth; caressing, then cupping the hard globes. Leila was panting with emotion when Cyndi released her. "No, I don't think I could ever allow that, even if all the dancers agreed. But I will be happy to arrange space for these two to work."

Leila blushed at these words, knowing that if she did come back -- and from the expression on David's face she would -- she would have to endure another public shower. She picked up her purse, and Maria stood up at the same time, obviously unwilling to remain in a strip club without her friends. David took Leila's hand, but just as they started away, the bartender arrived, and handed a drink to each of the dancers and to Cyndi, then placed a fifth on the table.

"For Red."

"We didn't order any drinks."

"The guy in the monkey suit bought 'em. Said you were to have your favourite drink."

"The least I could do," David called back in reply to the chorus of thank-you's.

As the three friends passed the end of the stage, Red Sonya, who had already removed the leather dress and the top of her chain mail bikini, moved over to the edge of the stage.

"Thanks for everything," David called out over the music. "And if you ever have questions about your English course, ask me. I might be able to help a bit." He blew the pneumatic redhead a kiss. She smiled back at them both, and waved good-bye to Leila.

A cab pulled to the curb at Harold's signal, just as the three exited the club. Leila glanced down at herself. Her breasts were even more visible in the bright evening sun than in the light of the mirror, but when she looked lower, the black strip still totally hid the naked truth underneath. However, the light breeze stirred the two cloths, reminding her just how easily she could be bared. Maria gave her friend a goodbye hug, then headed off for the subway, the fancy box under her arm.

David held the door open and Leila slid in, gathering the back of her dress in her arm and letting her bare bottom sit on the seat.

She could not believe it. She was ready.

Her long awaited evening out was about to begin.

### Leila's Night Out, Part 15

Leila sat on the bar stool, the back of her sexy skirt falling straight to the floor, thinking about the evening so far. She was feeling very emotional; it had been fun but stressful. Even the taxi-ride had been unusual. She had wanted to be sure that her dress was not damaged by her sitting on it, so she had held it to one side until she was fully seated, her bare buns on the rough cloth seat.

As they approached the downtown hotel in which this fancy charity dinner was taking place, they saw a limousine stop at the entrance. David leaned forward and asked the driver to wait until the limousine had left. He was only too glad to agree, as now he was able to stare at Leila's covered but still visible breasts in the rearview mirror.

David waited a full minute after the previous attendees had entered the hotel before paying the driver, and asking him to pull up to the door. As soon as the taxi stopped, he was out on the sidewalk, handing Leila out. She stepped out carefully, quickly brushing her hands over her backside to ensure that the skirt was falling behind her, not hung up on the taxi. She took David's arm and they proceeded towards the door. Fortunately, the breeze was light, so, although the skirt did flutter enough to make her feel quite apprehensive, it was not enough to expose anything; at least nothing more than was already visible. And, with three separate news teams photographing the arrivals, that was something to be very thankful for.

Once inside the hotel, David led her across the lobby, following the signs for the function. Leila had assumed that all the hotel personnel would be quite blasé, that they must see celebrities in outrageous outfits all the time, but she discovered that everyone, including the staff, was watching her with great pleasure -- particularly the males.

As they neared the far side of the wide lobby, David suddenly veered aside, away from the arrows, and guided the girl into the elevator area.

"I thought you should get a proper look at yourself in that lovely outfit, now, at the beginning of the night while you are still fresh," answered her questioning look. "I know that they have mirrored walls between the elevator doors, so this should be perfect."

Once again Leila thought how kind her cruel boyfriend was. She knew he only continued to torment her by stripping her in public because she enjoyed it even while she most hated it. She stepped away from him so she could get the best view of herself and was amazed at what she saw. In spite of what she had seen in the mirrors in the strip club, she had not understood the full effect. A young girl of only 24 with simple loose hair usually looked back from her mirror, or one even younger, as when she played the schoolgirl for that revenge brunch. Now she was seeing a sophisticated lady, perhaps 27 or even 29. Perhaps it was the chignon, a classic style and one often associated with old maids that added those years, certainly it couldn't be the makeup or the dress. Looking again, she saw a striking face, eyes large, deep and mysterious, lips coral and surprisingly clear, the thin outline defining them.

And that outfit. A skirt, if you could call it that, of two separate pieces, one in front, one behind. Each piece hung like a curtain, five short chains hooked to it and over a simple gold waist chain. If she leaned forward, the front would fall away from her body, allowing any spectator to see more of the naked flesh beneath, flesh that had to be naked given the five-inch gap on either side between the two pieces. And again, the fabric, fine and silky but like none she had ever seen. About nine inches of solid black at the top and an equally wide clear strip at the bottom, the cloth in between fading smoothly from opaque to clear. The top, hanging from two chains hooked on a neck chain and held back against the body by two more hooked under the waist chain. The fabric of the top also faded from nearly opaque to almost clear, it appeared to be from the centre of the skirt cloth. This semi-see-through top left her breasts clearly visible in the bright light, but not actually uncovered. She wondered what magic Missee Lee and Alice the dancer had worked to create such a striking lady out of her normal self. She truly had trouble believing that reflection was her.

She turned around, looking over her shoulder at the reflection. For the first time she could confirm what she had expected, the back panel was identical to the front; her buttocks were hidden behind the opaque strip of black while her lower legs were totally exposed, but the curve of her glutes was clearly visible in the impressions on the silky fabric.

Finally she turned sideways, and checked that view. She looked almost nude from that angle. Her back was bare to the waist, as was her entire side given the five-inch gap in her skirt. It was impossible for any observer not to know that she was naked under that filmy outfit. Moreover, the mound of her breast was quite visible through the silky top. She shivered at the thought of the cream of society seeing her like that, and shivered yet again as she noticed how that movement drew attention to her breasts. She had always felt they were too small, but now she almost wished they could disappear entirely. Leila had seen outfits this daring on TV, particularly on that fashion show David liked to watch each weekend, but only on the runway. This outfit was far more daring than people normally wore in public.

David stepped up behind her, his arms sliding round her waist, and kissed her neck. "You see. You look fantabulous!" Leila smiled at this 'portmanteau' word, as David called it. His touch and his obvious pleasure at her look revitalized her. She was still a little nervous, but if David liked this look, she would be happy to wear it for him. She might feel a little exposed, but she knew she could carry it off. She took the arm he offered, and they walked sedately back to lobby and resumed the path of arrows.

In no time at all the couple arrived at the top of a double escalator that led down to the lobby of the Grand Ballroom, and David presented the ticket to the guard stationed there. The cocktail hour was, of course, well begun, so the room was crowded; and naturally a number of people caught sight of the young lady in the unusual gown. Leila found herself blushing as word spread and more and more people turned to study the apparition gliding down the escalator. When she and David reached the lobby, it was little better. Although fewer people could see her at any one time, she felt she was under close scrutiny by all those who could. After a quick stop to pick up drinks -- a whisky sour for David, a white wine for Leila -- they started to work the room. Of course David was interested in introducing himself; networking has two very different meanings to computer consultants, and both are important.

Leila was blushing at the beginning, as the whispers she heard were less than flattering, but things turned around before they sat down for the supper. It was amazing the effect that *haute couture* had on the old biddies. One encounter in particular, the first major one, stood out in her mind. David had pointed out a particular gentleman who, he said, was CEO of a company that was about to embark on a major upgrade, one where he might be able to get a good contract. They made their way over to him and the haughty looking lady beside him.

"How could she appear at a function like this in such a sleazy getup? And how dare that man bring her?" Leila blushed as she heard the haughty woman's fierce whisper. "He doesn't work for you, does he?" Leila almost burst into tears at this statement; she was going to be the reason David wouldn't get the contract. However, she swallowed hard and forced the tears back, holding her head high; but for the first time in hours, her nipples had disappeared back into her breasts. David introduced himself and Leila and was attempting to suggest the gentleman consider his services while the wife was gazing at Leila with contempt. She slowly looked down the sweet body in front of her, but stopped suddenly as her gaze reached the girl's waist, and noticed the little gold junks.

"Oh my, is that an original?"

"Yes, Ma'am, a *Missee Lee* original. My boyfriend bought it for me."

"Yes indeed." David took up the story as the no longer disdainful gaze turned to him. "She did something so special that I just had to give her a little treat, and I was sure she would enjoy this outfit, and of course that she would look gorgeous in it. Of course, she thought that it should be worn for an event as special as this one, an event with so many important people." Leila marvelled that David would flatter the old lady by implication, when he was usually so brutally frank with her in private; but the reaction of the woman was even more startling; the look of disdain disappeared and was replaced by what appeared to be a mixture of envy and awe.

"My, you are a lucky young lady to have a boyfriend who buys you such beautiful things. He is right, of course. It looks exquisite on you." Leila's joy at this remark was very apparent; her nipples popped out once again. David exchanged cards with the gentleman, and in a moment he and Leila moved on, hand in hand. Leila could feel his barely suppressed laughter as they heard the loud whisper from that woman: "Such a lovely man, too bad he doesn't work for you."

Leila dragged a not unwilling David behind a potted palm and broke into giggles, her nipples now hard, rubbing the soft cloth teasingly.

"What a lie. I never did anything special for this dress. But thank you, dear. Did you see her face?"

"It was not a lie; it was the absolute truth."

"What did I do that was so special? You said you would buy me the dress because I surprised you. That wasn't anything special."

"True and false, love. I said I would buy you **an** outfit if you really surprised me, and I would have, a nice one off the rack; but I bought **this** dress because of something very special to me. Trust. When you let me know that part of you was disappointed that you didn't have to ride home on the bus totally naked, when you admitted that, knowing I had already had you nude in public, you showed that you trusted me, and you trusted me even after I'd promised to embarrass you again." Leila shivered with a delicious fear, as she could hear a promise, or was it a threat, in that sentence. "It was that trust, that openness that was, that still is so important, so special to me." His kiss was brief, but heartfelt. The promise of things to come later aroused her, helped by the fingers that ran down her backbone, then traced the very top of the fabric drawing a horizontal line just above her buttocks.

They returned to the throng, and spoke to many more couples, but Leila never felt the same shame she had felt at that first encounter. And it never seemed to fail. Disdain, reserve, criticism, all these looks would suddenly change to approval as soon as the little symbol that declared this dress to be an original was spotted. Leila was glowing from the approval, but had great trouble hiding her amusement at the changes in demeanour.

She did notice that she appeared to be the youngest person there. Almost all the guests were couples, and since they pretty much had to be successful executives in order to afford such an evening, they tended to be at least as old as David. And although some of the men did have younger wives, none seemed to be quite as young as Leila. Certainly, none was wearing quite such a revealing outfit, although there were several low-cut gowns to be seen. Leila basked in the attention, and by the time of the announcement to be seated in the ballroom for the dinner proper, she was feeling like a princess on the arm of her prince, a fairytale princess in the middle of the fairytale. She whispered this to David as they walked toward the dining area.

"Yes, a well-known fairytale. *Beauty and the Beast*."

Leila punched David's arm at this reply, but she was laughing aloud as they walked through the door.

David had informed her that the organizers had declared that dinner seating would be arranged by them, and each couple was randomly assigned to a table. This would ensure that there would be no cliques of friends, and let people get to know each other. "You will have the cocktails before, and time after to chat with your friends," they had stated. David had checked his ticket against the seating chart, and discovered that they were at a table for twelve near the far side of the room. He had carefully held back until most people were inside before offering his arm to Leila and guiding her across the crowded room.

Leila walked carefully, but with an appearance of pride, rather than the nervousness she felt. She was carefully holding her body erect, a posture required by that treacherous skirt to minimize her exposure. If she bent forward, a gap would open allowing those nearby a view down the front. As careful as she was, the back of her dress caught for an instant on a chair that someone was pulling out for his date. She felt the flap of cloth pull away from her legs, but it had dropped back by the time she got her hand back to adjust it. She blushed as she wondered whether anyone had been able to see her bare buns -- or worse -- as the delicate dress had been disarranged.

The couple reached the large round table without further incident, and Leila was both surprised and a little embarrassed when she recognized the mayor standing by that very table. David introduced the two of them to that dignitary and his wife as well as the rest of the table, and soon Leila was amazed to find herself seated beside the mayor himself. Leila had slipped off her gloves before shaking hands with his worship, and dropped them into her purse before sitting down

The dinner itself seemed to have passed in a blur, as she sat on the hard chair, her bare buttocks against the cold material. David had whispered to her that she would have to be careful if she didn't want to display her penchant for arousal on the back of her dress when she got up. She had privately agreed with this comment, and had surreptitiously slipped the silky cloth out from under herself as David had graciously pushed her chair in for her. She had blushed as she realized that she was seated half-naked beside the city's top official.

The one moment that stood out most sharply in her memory of the dinner itself was the mayor's reply when she had suggested to him that he would rather have one of his politician friends beside him to talk to, rather than an inexperienced girl. He had looked hard at her, causing her to blush yet again as she knew that her breasts, while covered, were quite visible to the man.

"Believe me, young lady, there is nobody I would rather have beside me tonight," he had smiled at her. "Noo-o-o-body." She had laughed at that well-known phrase, and because this unexpected response had so relaxed her she had chatted comfortably with the mayor, as well as the rest of the table, for the remainder of the meal.

### Leila's Night Out, Part 16

Leila picked up her white wine, and took a sip. She almost dropped the glass when she felt David's hand caress her right buttock. Sitting on the backless stool with the back of her sexy skirt falling straight to the floor, her bare buns were somewhat visible from the side, and were definitely available to her boyfriend's hand. She hoped that the rest of the patrons of this club would not notice the intimate caress. She took another sip, as she looked at her reflection in the mirror behind the bar. Of course, only her head and upper torso were visible, but she had to admit that even that was a sexy sight. Her backless top, hanging by two thin gold chains from another chain that encircled her neck, was transparent enough to show her breasts, and under the bright light -- of course David had placed her on a stool that was well lit -- she could see her hard nipples as they brushed against the soft fabric. The continual caress of the cloth had kept her just simmering all night. She closed her eyes as she remembered the dinner proper.

Yes, her conversation with the mayor and the rest of the guests at their table had gone well. Although she was the youngest by far of that group, as well as the most exposed, the rest of the table had accepted her -- the men immediately, the women once they realized the sexy dress was actually an original. She smiled to herself at the memory of the changes in various ladies' demeanour, both at the table and before, as they made that realization.

Of course David's hand spent much of the dinner caressing her bare leg, running along the outside of her thigh. Occasionally his fingers would slip under the thin fabric, and slide along the inner thigh gently touching the soft skin. Thank God for the food. Eating had kept his hands busy for most of the dinner, but he seemed to be always able to drop his hands below the level of the table and favour her with a gentle but embarrassing caress. He even managed to slip his hand right up to her private parts a few times, letting his fingers feel the dampness of her lips. He had also played with the thin cloth of her skirt, letting her believe he might expose her further. And yes, he was also able to gently fondle her bare buttocks a couple of times. She had blushed several times at the intimate touches, always terrified that someone at the table -- possibly even the mayor himself -- would notice, but thankfully they never had. David's hand on her buns right now brought the memory of those earlier touches to the forefront of her mind, and she found herself blushing yet again.

Yes, the dinner had gone well, and while the speeches afterward were somewhat less than entrancing, they were far better than most after-dinner speeches she had suffered through; several were actually quite witty.

And after the speeches, she and David had spent another half hour or so, mingling and networking. But as soon as the crowd began to thin, David had whispered in her ear that they had better move on if she wanted to dance at all.

She recalled the blush and the shiver she had felt at the thought of dancing in this dress; the gasps of astonishment of the assistants in the boutique when they heard David say he would take her dancing in this outfit were now perfectly understandable.

As the couple rode up the escalator to the main floor of the hotel, David had slipped his arm around her naked waist, kissed her shoulder, and whispered, "Want to be a bit daring?"

"A bit daring? I thought this outfit was more than a bit daring!" she retorted, with a smile.

"Not at all, just a normal evening outfit."

David's grin as he made that comment evoked another smile in her, and although she shivered at the thought of doing something even more daring she felt she just couldn't resist him. "OK," she murmured, blushing lightly as she did.

When they stepped off the escalator, David immediately guided her to the nearest corner, where they were partially hidden by a large potted fern. Hugging her to him, he gave her a very earnest kiss, then as his hands slid down her back to the top of her skirt, he gently whispered, "Don't worry, I won't remove much more than a fifth of the outfit."

Leila gulped as she felt his hands grasp the top of her skirt back. He didn't expect her to walk down the street with her back totally naked, did he? He had done worse before, of course, including when he bought the outfit, but she hadn't expected him to do that to her tonight. She blushed at the thought of walking around like that again, and of doing it here in the centre of the busy city, but was amazed to find that her nipples had become even harder at that thought. Then David let go of her skirt back, and started to work on the front. No, he wouldn't take the front of her skirt, wouldn't force her to walk with her pussy, oh God, her now naked pussy fully exposed to the world. Would he?

"There, all done," he stated, as he slid the chains holding the edges of both skirt and top until there was less than a two-inch gap at either side. Leila was surprised at this, as she felt more covered than before, not less. But when she looked down she realized the change that had been made. David had removed two of the chains holding her skirt front to the waist chain, leaving only the two chains at the corners of the cloth and the centre one. Leila guessed that the back had been adjusted in the same way. She looked questioningly at David, wondering why he considered this so daring, and David soon guessed what that look meant.

"Lean forward." She did so, as he continued, "Notice how it bows out now that the extra chains are removed. Passersby will have a better view if you are not careful." Leila blushed as she thought of such an error. She closed her eyes for a second as she gulped her emotion down, so she did not notice David gently take the corner of the dress in his hand."Also, if the wind should cause one hook to pop out, think of the consequences." She opened her eyes wide, at the thought. David immediately flicked the hook out of the right corner of her skirt front. Leila gave a tiny shriek as the cloth fell away exposing her denuded pussy. She gave another tiny shriek as she grabbed for the waving cloth, then a sigh of relief as she slipped the hook back in the eyelet.

Leila glanced quickly around, but nobody was in sight of this hidden corner, and David had unhooked the side that was nearest the wall. She was just getting her breathing back under control, when David leaned forward and started to kiss her. She returned the kiss, her passion growing as she felt his hands slide down her back and under the cloth to caress her buns.

"Maybe I should just get a room here, right now," David whispered as he broke the kiss, his hands still kneading the pliant globes.

"Oh God, yes!"

"No, I can't do that," he continued, ignoring her outburst. "I promised you a night dancing, and I suppose I have to keep my word." He sounded so sad at the thought that Leila found herself laughing, even as her arousal grew. It was a combination of emotions she had never felt before she met David, a combination she would previously have dismissed as impossible. "Besides," he continued as a finger slipped down the crack between her buns, "you are such a cold fish that I am sure you would rather dance than make out."

"You!" Leila punched his arm. "We'd better go, *now*, if you don't want me to rape you right here," she continued trying to match his playfulness.

"Why do I do it?" David raised his eyes to the ceiling, and slowly slid his hands away from her buttocks. "I buy her a beautiful outfit, I take her out to a very special dinner, I am taking her dancing like she wanted, and what do I get? Physical abuse. Verbal abuse. I don't know why I stay with her."

"Oh yes. You do." Leila gave a real grind of her hips, mimicking a movement she had seen Gisele use on stage earlier that night, a move that in her current outfit not only allowed a quick look down the front of her skirt, but imparted a lovely shimmer to her breasts. "You know exactly why you stay."

"You're right, at that." David could no longer keep a straight face, and started to laugh at the sight of his girl aping the strippers they had seen earlier. He always admitted to himself that her pretty face and lovely body were what had first attracted him to her, but he also knew that that would not have kept him with her if it were all she had. He loved her spirit, her playfulness, her willingness to join in his games. Happily he took her hand as they started through the lobby, murmuring, "You're right, we had better go now, or *I* may be the one initiating the rape."

Leila was so happy that she had held her own in their private exchange that she did not even notice the stares of the staff and the visitors as they made their way to the main entrance.

Once on the street, however, it was different. During dinner, the wind had risen and a brisk breeze was now blowing. The evening was cool, and it felt like rain was imminent. The effect on Leila was immediate. Her nipples hardened more as the cold air chilled them through the almost nonexistent top. As they started down the sidewalk, Leila tried to keep her skirt in place. David was still holding her hand, so she only had her right hand to protect her modesty, and that hand was encumbered by her purse. Not only was the breeze whipping the bottom of her skirt about, but it was eddying around the planters and other items on the wide sidewalk, pulling the draped cloths back and forth; however, the main effect was to blow the pieces backward, pressing the top and skirt front against her, and threatening to raise the back enough to expose her bare backside to the world.

As they reached the corner, the wind down the side street created a much stronger eddy, catching the front piece of her skirt and whipping it up and forward. With a squeal of dismay, Leila let go of the skirt back and pressed her hand against the front of her legs, pressing the opaque portion of the cloth back down against her body. She blushed as she thought how much had been briefly visible from the top and sides, and glanced around embarrassed. She breathed a sigh of relief when she saw that there was only nobody close enough to have seen her briefly exposed private parts clearly. She could feel David's silent laughter through the tight grip he maintained on her left hand, a laughter that she at first resented, but almost immediately joined. After all, she had walked totally naked through the evening rush hour on a main street a few hours ago; embarrassment at such a fleeting semi-exposure as this flash hardly seemed appropriate.

Fortunately, the club was only a couple of blocks away, and the couple reached it before the wind could embarrass her further. David had asked her as they entered if she wanted a drink before dancing, and she replied that she did. He had guided her at once to the bar, and helped her onto the most brightly lit stool there.

### Leila's Night Out, Part 17

Leila smiled to herself as she took another sip of wine. Her life had become exciting ever since she met David, an excitement she would have most vehemently denied desiring before it occurred, but that she was now enjoying; enjoying even though she was embarrassed by her actions; or was that because she was embarrassed. Leila was honest enough to admit to herself that she was not quite sure which.

"Should I replace those four chains before we dance? After all what if one bounced loose?" Leila gave a whispered scream as she felt him undo the right front hook. Of course, since the cloth was lying on her legs it did not fall away, but the slightest movement might expose her.

She froze as she felt him take hold of the right back chain, and whispered, "Please. Put them back; don't remove any more." She breathed a sigh of relief as she felt him replace the rear hook on the waist chain, although he had moved it back from her side to the edge of her buttock, to where it had been at the start of the evening. She could feel him adding the two intermediate chains, and moving the left chain so it matched the right one. He even adjusted the centre chain moving it slightly back and forth, obviously trying to get it dead centre. Then he unhooked the left front hook. She could feel the skirt front trying to slide forward off her lap; only the centre chain was holding it on her. The slightest movement on her part could cause the cloth to slide to one side or the other, exposing her denuded pussy to several people. She found herself panting as she tried to take deep relaxing breaths without moving her diaphragm. David quickly replaced the chain, moving it along the waist chain until it was back at its original place, leaving a five-inch gap between the two sections of cloth. Next he did the same to the right chain; then he removed the centre chain.

"Shall we dance?" he laughed. Leila gulped as she shook her head. The cloth had slipped forward on her legs, leaving the top of her thighs exposed. She was holding her legs tightly together, praying that nobody would notice the expanse of bare flesh. She knew that if she stood up, the cloth would droop far below her hips, exposing her totally, so she gulped and shook her head some more. David grinned at her, and gently replaced the centre chain. He then added the two other chains, and Leila's breath started to slow down again. She had been sure he wouldn't strip her here. Well, as sure as she could be with David.

"Now, shall we dance?" Leila smiled at David's deliberate repetition of his query. She swung the stool towards him, and slipped off the front, reaching back to sweep the back of her skirt off the stool, wondering all the while how much of her naked backside anyone had been able to see.

As they started to walk over to the dance floor, something felt different. Her feet. The tops of her feet. She could feel something brushing the tops of her feet, through the thin black socks. She glanced down. Yes, the skirt was brushing them; why hadn't she felt it before? She took a shivering breath then looked at her waist. And gasped. The two-inch gap was now more like three inches. The top of the skirt had been lowered. If her pussy hair had not been removed, the top of it would now be visible above the top of the skirt even when the skirt was resting against her body. She didn't dare to touch herself on the rear but by concentrating she could feel the hooks and the edge of the cloth against her skin, and she could tell that the top of her crack was now visible above the skirt; the old position had almost exposed it, now almost an inch must be visible.

"David! I can't dance with these chains," she shouted in a whisper.

"You want me to remove them?"

"No! You know what I mean. These are so much longer."

"Maybe they were stretched by the wind."

"Yeah, sure. Especially the four in your pocket," she hissed back at him. But she could not resist a smile at the explanation. Metal chains stretched by the wind.

"Don't worry, love. You'll enjoy the dancing, I'm sure. At least you always have before."

"But not dressed like this!"

"True enough, after all this is your first *Missee Lee* original. Of course, you could always dress as you did to dance the night we ordered it."

Leila blushed deeply as she recalled that evening in the coffee shop. She remembered sitting and eating totally naked. She recalled dancing after dinner. First dancing naked with David, his hands caressing her naked body in ways that were not appropriate in public; then dancing, still naked, with a stranger, what was his name? Jake, that was it; a stranger who was an excellent rock'n'roll dancer. She remembered how he had exposed her to the watching men by the various spins and twirls; she recalled the feel of his rough coveralls on her bare skin. She blushed deeper as she remembered the deep final dip that had shown her open, dripping vagina to the audience. She blushed at the memories, then blushed even more as she remembered how turned on she had been, how she had orgasmed, sitting at the bar, watched by all the men.

Leila blushed yet again as she noticed that the memories were not just embarrassing her, they were turning her on. She could feel the heat rising between her thighs. Damn. She had been so careful during the entire evening, and had managed not to disgrace herself; now she was becoming aroused in this very upscale club. She had to calm down. She tried to concentrate on her physical surroundings; anything to take her mind from the sexy thoughts of that other week.

She had noticed that the club was about half full, and wherever she glanced she could see the other patrons looking toward her. She knew she must present a very erotic picture, walking toward the dance floor in this wild outfit. After all, the totally opaque portion of her dress was less than a foot long, the rest of it gradually changed until it was totally transparent with an absolutely clear portion at the bottom matching the opaque strip that hid her privates. The top, too, was not exactly conservative, leaving her back totally uncovered and being thin enough where it actually existed that her breasts were visible through it. On top of everything else, the dress had no sides, there was absolutely nothing hiding her body at the side above her ankle socks except for the two chains, one at her waist and around her neck. This wasn't working. The thought of all those eyes on her half-naked body was doing nothing to reduce her arousal. She continued toward the dance floor, and concentrated on that destination.

There were currently only a few couples on the raised area, moving slowly to the waltz that was playing. This place might now claim to be a high-class club, but it looked as if it had once been a discotheque. The dance floor was in a corner, and both the walls behind it were completely mirrored. The mirrors continued along the edge of the dias. Leila blushed as she suddenly realized that the walls would be reflecting every movement she made to the watching eyes, each person able to see up to three different views of her at one time. Again she felt her embarrassment rise as she thought about the exposure, her embarrassment and her arousal. She looked down, keeping her eyes fixed on the floor, trying to ignore all else. As she stepped up onto the dance floor, she gulped. The floor was of polished metal, another mirror. She knew that with her split 'skirt' she would be very exposed to other dancers if they looked at the floor, and since the outfit that so exposed her screamed to onlookers that she was wearing no underwear they would be sure to look.

She bit her lip as she stepped up onto the reflecting floor, shivering delicately. A slow song was playing, and she pressed tightly against David, far more tightly than is quite proper for a waltz -- and she knew it -- but his body both hid her breasts and comforted her generally; the feel of his arms around her naked back a warm cape. She moved around the dance floor in a warm haze, just basking in the joy of this formal but adventurous evening. She could not believe that she had been to so formal an affair as the charity dinner, that she had actually eaten at the same table as the mayor. And that she had done so in such a revealing outfit. She shivered again, but this time it was a shiver of pleasure, not embarrassment; she had gotten away with it; she had been virtually topless at a public function, and everyone had accepted her semi-nudity because it was a designer original. The snobbery implicit in this acceptance had amused her at the time, and it continued to amuse her even now. She was about to talk to her boyfriend about it when the waltz ended.

But the music didn't end, it merely paused. "Let's do the twist." Leila froze for a second and blushed furiously. She loved the outfit she was wearing, but it was definitely not designed with this dance in mind. But David was into the dance, and Leila decided she had to join in.

She was blushing the whole time she was dancing. She could feel her breasts bouncing, unfettered, beneath the see-through top and knew that their every movement would be visible to the audience, and with the mirrored walls, they would be visible no matter which way she turned; the gold lines that had been painted on her areolae only adding to the shimmering, shaking effect. The split skirt was also betraying her. As she swivelled her hips vigorously, making the famous 'towelling' motion, her skirt was being swung to and fro, and naturally it did not move exactly with her body. As she twisted her hips, it followed her movement, but when she reversed the movement the light cloth hanging on short chains continued in its former path. This bared one hip and thigh, almost exposing her pussy; in fact, she wondered if anyone in the audience could see her denuded sex by being at just the right angle. Naturally, the cloth eventually reversed its movement, and soon the other thigh was being bared. And behind her, her buns were flashing out the sides of the moving cloth.

She was barely able to keep the butterflies in her stomach from overwhelming her as she felt the eyes of the entire club on her lissom body as it flashed into sight and back behind the treacherous cloth. Then she noticed David sinking lower, and she too started to bend her knees and squat as she twisted back and forth. The transparent end of her skirt cloths started to drag on the floor immediately, the pull on the cloth adding to its devilish movements. As she crouched and swivelled her hips she dropped her eyes. As she gazed at the floor, she realized she could see her lover's butt, the tuxedo pants drawn tight by the crouch, his wallet bulging in the back pocket, and the butterflies in her stomach went wild. She could imagine the other dancers looking at the reflection under her; she was almost hidden from David's view because the lower she sank, the less transparent was the cloth between him and her reflection, and she would be equally hidden from the rear. But her dress had no sides, and her reflection -- her naked butt, her denuded vagina -- would be clearly visible to anyone standing beside her; she could feel the exposure causing her to become more aroused; her nipples had hardened even more, and her lower lips were moist. Could the other dancers see the dampness shining in the reflection; could they tell that she was near orgasm? Yes, this dress was going to make for a very interesting evening of dancing.

### Leila's Night Out, Part 18

The evening was almost over. Leila was feeling the effects both of her continued exposure here in the dance club, and of the alcohol she and David had both been consuming. Not drunk, either of them, not by a long shot; but definitely enjoying the release of inhibitions that the drinks provided. She was also feeling tired. Several hours in four inch heels tended to cause a certain strain on the legs, and much as she loved dancing, she was beginning to flag. It was almost closing time anyhow.

They had kept their places at the bar, rather than moving to a table; she knew that David had chosen to stay here as the bright light and high stool showed off her scanty outfit to great effect. At least that was part of the reason. She wasn't sure if he had other more devious reasons as well. Still it had been a very enjoyable evening, both the fancy dinner, and now several hours dancing. David had outdone himself tonight, dancing far more than he ever had before. When she mentioned it to him, he just said that her outfit, the semi-see-through designer dress, was inspiring him.

Of course, the twist that had begun the dancing had only been the first of many embarrassing exposures. With the longer chains holding her "skirt" even a slow dance had a tendency to display a bit more than she normally would have felt was appropriate. And as for the faster dances! Particularly that half hour of rock'n'roll a while ago. The management had announced the dance, a form that David was not yet ready to tackle in public, and a young man about her own age had asked her to dance with him as his date was also unsure of her skills in this particular forum. David had joined the young lady at her table so she wouldn't feel too alone, and the pair of them had watched their dates on the dance floor with a number of other people. There was no doubt that those two were as good a couple as any on the floor, and also no doubt that they were as into the dancing as possible.

Leila had been in a sort of dream state, as the young man twirled her, swung her, dipped her. It was not until the dance had ended that she realized just how similar this dance had been to her naked dance in the coffee shop with Jake. She had mentioned it to David after the set was finished and they were back at the bar, and he had confirmed to her that while she had not being paying any attention to just how her clothing moved, he definitely had been; and the way she had spun, she had exposed herself quite thoroughly indeed, her buns and her naked pussy flashing out from behind the twin cloths that made up her skirt. She had blushed as he recounted this, and was blushing again, now as she thought of it. The dance had been so energetic that her coiffure had started to unravel, many loose strands hanging from the chignon that Alice had so carefully crafted. At David's suggestion she had gone to the washroom with her rock'n'roll partner's girl, and had combed it out, so once again her hair was falling loosely to her shoulders.

David had stepped away to go to the washroom, and as she reminisced about the evening, Leila did not notice him step over to speak to the DJ on his way back to the bar. It wasn't until he had held out his hand to her and she had started to walk back to the dance floor with him that she actually realized that he had returned. As they started to move around the mirrored floor once again, Leila felt the arousal she always felt on exposure. She knew she was almost as exposed, if not actually more so, seated at the bar, but somehow the feeling of exposure was so much greater here, gliding around the metal floor, her entire body visible in the mirrored walls. She kept her body tightly pressed against David, his body both acting as a shield to hide her from the gaze of others and making her feel warm and protected.

But the waltz soon ended. "Ladies and gentlemen, it is almost time for the final dance of the night. But first, we have a special request." Leila wondered who the special request was for, but the start of the music indicated at once what it was: the Charleston. She was pleased with the appropriateness of the song; she and David had been practising the special moves involved in this fast dance at home. Now, they would have a chance to show them off. Of course, the dance was intended to be performed in a flapper's mini-dress, not the long skirt she was wearing, but she was sure she would manage.

As she and her partner started to kick to the music, she caught the smile on his face and suddenly she realized just who the song was for: her. David must have requested it so she could show off the work the two of them had put in to perfecting the routines. Once again he had surprised her with a delightful little gift. As had happened with the rock'n'roll routine earlier, Leila became caught up in the music and did not notice just how much was being exposed as the skirt was thrown from side to side by her flailing legs.

It was only when they were side by side facing the audience doing the distinctive hand-on-knees movement for the last time that Leila once again paid attention to her clothing. What first brought her back to herself was the feeling of her pointed nipples rubbing gently back and forth on the thin silky cloth of her top as her breasts hung down. But as her arms crossed and uncrossed, she heard a male voice from a floor-side table. "See, dear, she shaves. Not a hair visible." It took a few seconds for Leila to register that this speech must refer to her, and she glanced down at herself. The sight that met her eyes turned her beet red. She had felt the front of her dress between her legs, and had known that her legs were pushing the sides of the hanging cloth together, narrowing the curtain so that much of her hips would be visible, but she had imagined she was still decently covered. What she had forgotten, however, was the five chains. Of course she was leaning forward to place her hands on her knees, and as she did so, the chains fell straight from her waist, leaving a gap that was three inches at its narrowest, a gap that perfectly framed her now totally hairless pussy. She wanted to jump up, cover herself with her hands, and run from the club, but instead she decided it would draw less attention if she finished the dance. She did change her stance so that her body was more nearly upright and the gap at her waist had narrowed so that she was once again nearly covered, and in a matter of seconds the music had ended, and she was standing on the floor beside her lover, her breasts heaving with emotion, the nipples still being aroused by the brush of the light fabric, her pussy starting to drip with arousal.

The last dance was announced, and Leila once again tried to bury her body in David's welcoming arms. She found his embrace still as comforting and safe as ever, but for the first time on this dance floor, his hands started to roam over her skin. She felt his gentle fingers teasing her spine between her shoulder blades, then slip down her backbone. When they reached the top of her skirt, they tickled the exposed top of her buttocks. David was not so brazen that he would slip his hands under the cloth and cup her buttocks, not on this dance floor. But he did let his hands slide down just a bit further so that the tips of his fingers were under the top edge of the thin cloth. As he moved those fingers gently, Leila could feel the fabric move away from her skin and then fall back, rippling and twisting in the tiny air currents from the air conditioning, the feel of the cloth moving away from her bare skin and back again reminding her just how vulnerable she was, how easily she could be totally exposed. If for example, he should unhook one of the chains. The touch of the cloth, and the feelings that her imagination was raising in her was keeping her aroused, keeping her moist. She knew that David could feel her shivers of emotion as they moved among the other dancers.

It seemed no time at all, and it seemed like ages had passed when the last waltz ended. Recalling the evening and the feeling of David's hands so nearly exposing her had done their worst. She had succumbed to a small orgasm just as the song was ending. David had gripped her tightly, holding her twitching body against his own, and she was able to suppress the vocalizations that were so common to her climaxes, so the other patrons never realized the sensual act that was taking place on the dance floor. However, there was a small sign of her arousal. In pressing herself against David, she had pressed her wet lips against the dark cloth and now the front of her skirt showed an even darker wet patch. Black on black, it was not easy to make out, but Leila decided to make a quick stop in the ladies' room to do what she could, and to dry herself so that the damage would not become any greater.

When she returned from the washroom, David was just chatting with the bartender. He slipped his arm around her waist and told her, "There is not a cab to be had for love or money right now. There was a brief shower a short while ago, and they can't send a car for nearly an hour. Looks to me like we should take transit. The subway is only about three blocks away."

Leila was not particularly enthusiastic at the idea of taking public transit while wearing such a fancy outfit. But there was really no alternative. The club was starting to close up, and would certainly be closed long before a taxi would arrive; moreover, she did not want to see the club once they started to close up; she wanted to remember it as it had appeared in the dim lights. The idea of standing outdoors waiting at this time of night was even less appealing than the idea of public transit, so she just nodded her head as the pair headed for the door.

As David held the large wooden door open, Leila stepped through into night, and only then did she realize just how much the weather had changed.

### Leila's Night Out, Part 19

The street shone wetly under the street lights; the ground was wet all over, and there were many large puddles. Obviously there had been a significant downpour, not just a shower. Leila would have to walk very carefully; her high heels were not particularly slippery, but neither were they designed for walking on wet surfaces. The feeling of imminent rain had not, however, abated; a further downpour before the morning was not unlikely.

What had been a brisk breeze during the walk to the club was now a strong wind. As soon as Leila stepped out of the door, the wind grabbed her skirts and whipped both parts out to her side, almost horizontal. Her hands flew down to her privates, and she pressed the top of the front against her thighs, using her purse to help hold the cloth in position. Only once she had her shaven privates carefully covered did she attempt to protect her backside. Still holding the front piece in place with her right hand and her purse, she felt behind herself with her left hand. She could feel that her buns were completely exposed as the cloth was pulled off to the side, flowing straight out from her waist. She tried to pull the errant cloth down against the wind, but it did not seem to want to move back. As she felt around, she finally discovered the reason: the left chain had moved along the waist chain until it was hard against the next one; even if she pulled the cloth down, it fell on the inner curve of her buttocks, not the outer one. A minute's struggle with the chain and she was able to once again move out onto the sidewalk more or less protected from the view of others. True her legs were bare, but the cloth that had covered most of them was so see-through that there was little difference now that it was blowing aside. She bit her lip gently as David stepped out onto the sidewalk with her. The three block journey in this weather was going to be a lot longer than the walk to the club had seemed, and the cold wind was causing her nipples to harden even as it increased her humiliation by continuing to try to pull her skirts away from her body.

It was a slow but relatively easy stroll down the street until they arrived at the corner. The wind had been strong before, but now it was able to whistle straight down the side street and the sudden increase in strength almost pulled the cloth out from under Leila's hands. She managed with a struggle to keep her naughty bits covered, but she did not notice that the wind had eddied under her top and lifted the cloth away from her perky breasts. Only when the couple turned to cross the street, now facing directly into the wind, did it press the top back against her body. Unfortunately, it pressed it back to one side, so that both her breasts were uncovered. David's comment of "You should always wear it like that" brought her new exposure to her attention. Her left breast was in what would be the armhole of any decent top, while her right breast was poking out the decolletage. She blushed furiously, and looked around to see if anyone else had seen her shameful exposure. She could see a couple of young men approaching from the direction they had been headed, but they were still far enough away that they could not have seen the details. She quickly readjusted the see-through top, placing her nipples once again behind the cloth that did so little to hide them.

As they started down the new street, Leila was able to shift both hands to the cloth covering her backside. The wind was now straight in their faces, and she had managed to adjust her front skirt so that it was being blown back between her legs, rather than to the side. Of course this pressed it tightly against her denuded vagina, outlining her lips in the thin black cloth, but at least they were covered. She did not feel up to the task of holding her back skirt down against her buttocks while simultaneously trying to pull the front skirt away from her body. She would just have to accept the "covered exposure" to coin an oxymoron. She strode along as quickly as she dared on the wet pavement, wondering if the occasional drop she felt on her body was rain, or just the previously fallen rain blowing off a rooftop or tree.

The couple had passed the first intersection on this street, an intersection that had again caused strong eddies for Leila to fight, and were more than halfway down the second block when the wind dropped to a faint breeze. Leila let her hands fall to her sides, looked up at the dark sky and whispered to herself: "Thank God."

She was still thinking how lucky she was that she would not have to fight the wind when the rain began, a cold, heavy drizzle that soaked her thin outfit in seconds. She shook her head in dismay as she realized that the dying wind, the very thing that she had thanked God for, was actually the premonitory signal of the rain that was now pelting her.

The couple continued to slog forward in silence, soon reaching the corner, crossing the street and finally, a few yards down the street reaching the entrance to the subway station. As she stepped into the shelter of the station, Leila caught sight of herself reflected in a window. She blushed at the view she was given. Her hair was plastered against the head, the lank strands dripping onto her shoulders and back; the skirt was now much more transparent than before. Only the top, black portion continued to be opaque, the rest was almost all transparent, not just the bottom few inches. And as tightly as the skirt had clung when blown against her, now it stuck to her so tightly that the top part of it seemed to be painted onto her. And if the skirt was paint then the formerly translucent top was now a coat of varnish; it had turned virtually transparent and was stuck tightly to her skin.

A glance down at her body confirmed what the reflection had shown her, she was far more naked now than she had been all night. She shivered with emotion as she thought of the trip ahead.

David had managed to find a Kleenex in an inside pocket and was busy drying his glasses. As soon as he had them clean, he looked over at Leila, and murmured, "The wet look really works for you, love." Leila could not help smiling at the comment as he guided her through the turnstiles and onto the escalator down to the platform. She could not help but think how different a sight she must make on this escalator from the vision she made descending to the dinner. Her hair bedraggled, she must look from any distance as if she were wearing only a miniskirt or hotpants, and nothing else.

As they reached the platform, she could just see the back of the previous train as it entered the tunnel at the end farthest from the escalator. Since there was a single male standing a short distance down the platform, Leila moved towards the nearest end. Only when she was near the end wall, did she turn back to David.

She shivered as she stood there, bending slightly forward, squeezing the water out of her hair. David stepped past her, and ran his hands down her back and sides, squeegeeing most of the water off the exposed skin. The brief massage both warmed her physically and made her feel loved again. She felt the cloth of the back half of her skirt peel away from her buttocks. She half turned towards her boyfriend, but spun back to face the rest of the platform, blushing red, when she realized that he had removed the only cloth that covered her back, and that she was now totally naked from that side. She could not believe that he was stripping her here on the subway platform.

She was about to speak to him, when she saw him take the cloth and give it a hard snap, like a towel in a dressing room, a snap that sprayed water over the end wall of the station. He then passed the cloth to her with a curt, "Here, hold this." As she stood there, blushing, facing the other passenger, holding the back half of her skirt, she could feel him using his hands to dry her buttocks and legs. She blushed again at so intimate a caress in so public a place, feeling his hands smoothing her buttocks, a finger sliding down the crack between them. She blushed even more as a group of teenagers in formal attire, mainly boys but with a couple of girls as well, stepped off the escalator. She guessed that they were high school seniors who had been attending their prom, and she realized that they would be able to tell that she was basically naked on the side away from them.

She breathed a low sigh of relief as David took the cloth from her now trembling fingers and hung it back on the five short chains. She knew the very top of her buns would be visible above the cloth, and that the damp fabric would cling, outlining the curve of her buttocks, but at least most of them, and more importantly her private openings would be covered.

She gave a small cry of surprise as she felt David unhook one of the two lower chains of the thin top from the waist chain and start to pull the bottom of the cloth away from her body. She quickly turned so that her now covered backside was toward the students. He quickly unhooked the other short chain and his hands slid up the damp cloth pulling it away from her breast, then quickly lifted the upper eyelets from the hooks. He removed the lower chains from the thin cloth, slipping them into his pocket, then snapped the thin cloth just as he had the skirt back, once again spraying the end wall with the rainwater.

As before he handed the thin cloth to Leila, this time without a word. His hands press the water on her upper body downwards, starting with a strong slide from the top of the shoulders down outside her breasts, stopping only when they reached the waist chain. The next sweep was from the base of her neck straight down the middle of her body to the waist. A finger circled her navel, tickling her, then she felt a strong puff of air as her boyfriend blew the final droplets out of that little nook. She shivered at the sensation, and wondered how much the teenagers, who had moved to a position only about ten feet behind her, could make out. She jumped as she felt hands start to slide down the tops of her breasts, from her chest right to the rock-hard nipples. Next each breast was handled separately, a hand sliding from the top surface down the inner side and underneath to the very bottom. She tried to take her mind off this intimate caress and off the group of watchers by studying the filmy cloth she was holding. As she felt two hands on her breasts again, this time moving from the top down the outer sides and underneath. This was followed by a brushing movement from the nipple along the underside of the breasts to the chest wall.

As David's hands brushed down her chest from the just under her breasts to the waist chain, Leila murmured half to herself, "This top is so transparent, I might almost as well not be wearing it."

"You're right. And the damp only chills you." Leila was surprised at David's quick agreement to this almost inaudible thought, but she was shocked when he took the top from her hands and, instead of reattaching it to the chains hanging from her neck, he folded it up like a handkerchief and slipped it into his pocket. He then removed the two short chains from her neck chain, and continued, "There, that should be more comfortable," as he unhooked the front skirt from its five chains.

Leila was too shocked to speak, but she placed her fists on her hips and glared at her boyfriend as he treated the third piece of clothing the way he had the previous two, again spattering the concrete and tile with water. The pose did her little good, however, as David's attention appeared to be on the rectangle of cloth, not her. At his single word, "Here," she grabbed the top of the fabric, afraid that if he let it drop, it might blow down onto the tracks and she would be left with nothing to cover the front of her body for the rest of the trip home -- not to mention losing her designer original under the wheels of the train.

Once again David's hands slid over her damp skin, running from her waist down her legs, first the outside, then the front, then the insides, from just below her privates to her ankles. This was followed by a single hand sliding from the waist chain down her front. This was the first time anyone had touched the skin formerly covered by her pubic hair, except for her own brief caress as she rinsed off the depilatory cream earlier that evening. The skin was extremely tender, and the unaccustomed feeling of skin on skin turned her on tremendously. David slid his hand lower, his palm still pressing on the soft, newly exposed skin, while his fingers ran along her vaginal lips. She started to breathe deeper and faster, her exposed breasts heaving.

"I don't think rubbing is going to get that any drier," David whispered as he drew his hand back and took the skirt front from her shaking hand. Leila was stunned. She could not believe that her lover would arouse her to that extent and then leave her just hanging there. Now that he had reattached the skirt, he moved a couple of steps back toward the watching students, and Leila turned to remonstrate with him

"Look, she's topless!" Leila knew that the statement had come from the group of teenagers, and blushed at the comment on her exposure. Leila could hear low whistles and quiet comments from the nearby group and wanted to cover her breasts, but did not want to show how embarrassed she was, so she crossed her arms in front of her as she glared at her boyfriend.

David was quite unaffected by her look of displeasure, and she was quite upset to see his smile broaden as he looked at her standing there, wearing only those high heels, socks, that unbelievable skirt and nothing else -- unless you counted the neck chain as clothing -- with her arms crossed over her chest, trying to appear furious. Only seconds later she understood the reason for that evil smile. The next train came flying into the station with tremendous blast of wind, a great blast that blew her skirts up well above her waist. With her arms entwined in each other, she was unable to grab the errant fabric, and the rest of the waiting passengers were treated to the view of her private parts as the cloth twisted in the wind.

### Leila's Night Out, Part 20

Leila was so surprised by the sudden arrival of the train that she wasn't able to get her hands down to protect her modesty until the train was almost completely in the station. Once she had her arms untangled, she used both hands to press the front part of the skirt down, ignoring for the time being her naked backside, which was turned towards the wall at the end of the station.

She was blushing furiously as David ushered her through the last door on the train, and the blush deepened as he whispered lovingly in her ear, "You **do** know that the wind blew the right chain loose." She looked down at once but saw nothing amiss. Only when she checked the back part of the dress did she see that her right buttock was over half exposed, and what made it worse, that was the side that was toward the main part of the car. God only knew what had the dozens of passengers had seen as she entered the car. At once she slipped eyelet in the corner of that rectangle of cloth over the hook of the short chain, which fortunately had not slipped off the waist chain in the breeze. As she was still carrying her purse and David made no attempt to take it or to help her in any way, she had to perform this rather tricky feat with one hand while the other did the double job of steadying her on a pole and holding that troublesome bag. Of course this was tricky, and she was sure that she had exposed more of herself to the rest of the car as she fiddled with the edge of the fabric.

"Why doesn't David be a gentleman and help me with this when he knows that I can't fix it without exposing myself more?" she thought as she fumbled with the hook. "Talk about answering my own question," the thought continued. "He doesn't help me **because** he knows I can't fix it without exposing myself. If I really needed help, or if I was going to lose part of the outfit, he would help me at once, but now he is just letting me expose myself, and enjoying the show."

She finally had her dress rearranged just as the train pulled to a stop in the next station. Several passengers got off, and Leila took one of the vacated seats, hoping that her naked breasts would be less visible to the rest of the car if she were seated. Unfortunately for her, the only close seat that had been vacated was on a bench that was parallel to the length of the car, so there was no other seat in front of her to block the view of those lovely painted areolae with the hard nipples. She had decided that she would sit on the skirt, so for the first time ever she felt the slippery, silky damp cloth between her bare buns and the cold hard vinyl seat. The cold seat, added to her exposure, caused her to break out in goose bumps. These covered her entire body, but they seemed to her to be most noticeable on her breasts, so once again she crossed her arms like a sultan, covering her bare boobs.

It wasn't long, although it seemed so to Leila, before they arrived at their station. When they disembarked, she noticed that six of the formally dressed young men descended with them. She decided not to try covering herself again, so when the train rushed out of the station, she was able to drop her hands to her skirts at once, protecting what was left of her modesty.

When they reached the top of the escalator, Leila was surprised to find the station rather full. She realized as soon as she thought about it that it was bound to be full, with all the bars and clubs closing at this time, and of course the buses were running only at fairly long intervals this late at night.

With all the doors in the station, some standing open, some being opened as various buses arrived, plus of course the gusts of wind from the trains below, Leila decided it would be better to be ready for breezes, so she did not try to cover her breasts but kept her hands down at her sides. She tried to use her boyfriend as a shield, standing in front of him and pressing her body up against his, hiding her painted breasts in his pleated shirt. She was definitely feeling hot, and as she leaned against her lover, she could feel his interest pressing back against her. She knew that, in spite of the number of drinks both had consumed that night, the evening would be continuing after they got to her place.

But David did not let her hide for long. Placing both hands on her waist, he gently moved her away from him after giving her a gentle kiss, and turned her so that she was standing beside him, leaning back against the railing around the stairwell to the trains below, her naked, glistening breasts pointing toward the many waiting passengers. He placed his arm around her waist, rather than her shoulders, and gently caressed her bare hip below the chain. Leila felt his hand on her bare skin, the fingers tracing gentle circles on her thigh. From time to time a finger would flick the edge of one of the cloths hanging there, reminding her just how easily she could be exposed (well, more exposed) in this wicked outfit.

Topless might be legal now, but it was definitely not common, and from the looks and comments of the people waiting there it was also not totally accepted. She felt embarrassed that she was flaunting her nudity in such a public way, so to take her mind off the sometimes negative reactions, she studied those passengers who were watching her with apparent approval. Most obvious were the teenagers from the subway, who were for some reason standing quite close to her. Even as she watched them, two left the group to get on a bus, leaving just four of them. But those four were still taking a great interest in her semi-naked body.

Soon their bus arrived, and Leila and David got on. She found herself standing in the rear of the bus, surrounded by fully clothed strangers. David hugged her close for a minute, then let her go as the bus started off. She stood there, holding on to a metal pole, swaying slightly as the bus rolled through the night, stopping occasionally, her painted breasts shaking and shimmering under the fluorescent lights. She closed her eyes, wondering why she had this feeling of *déjà vu*. She felt David's hands on her once again, this time on her buttocks. She shivered at the intimate touch, somewhat surprised that he would permit himself so private a caress in so public a place; but the touch cleared her mind, and she knew why she had this feeling that she was reliving a scene. It was her dream, that dream she had had in the car during the ride to the motel after the picnic.

Of course, there were differences. That time she had been wearing only the top of her outfit, the jacket of a suit; this time she was wearing only the bottom, the odd semi-skirt. That time her buns had been caressed by two colleagues, not by her boyfriend. No, that wasn't right; she had thought it was her colleagues, but it was actually two schoolboys. And then her pussy had been exposed, and it had been fondled by some unknown businessman, whereas today only her still covered buttocks were being touched. But the public fondling was getting her aroused, just as it had then. And finally, there was the biggest difference -- that day had only been a dream; today was reality.

"Hey, sweetheart, our stop's next!" David's voice cut into her reverie in another echo of her dream, even as the gentle caress of her globes continued. She opened her eyes, and saw that her boyfriend had moved halfway to the door; he could not be fondling her. She spun round, and saw that two of the four high-school boys, the two youngest by all appearances, had been then ones whose hands were on her backside. She gasped at the knowledge that her dream had been parallelled yet again, and blushed to think that she had been so intimately touched by mere teenagers, then blushed even deeper as she realized that she was extremely aroused by that fact.

Leila hurried off the bus, practically falling down the rear steps into her lover's arms, another reflection of her dream, although that time she had fallen into a stranger's arms, not her lover's. She stood on the sidewalk, her naked breasts pressing into the pleats of David's shirt, her deep breaths causing her hard nipples to slide against the material, as she felt her juices start to leak down her thighs, her arousal shaming her, and her shame arousing her. By the time she had herself once again more or less under control, the bus had pulled away and the other two couples who had descended had continued on their way, so she and David were alone.

"Oh, God, David, that was just... just like...," she began, unable to get her thoughts in order.

"Just like a dream? I thought it might seem so to you. Particularly since you do have a lovely arse, lady."

Leila looked into his laughing face, and suddenly it dawned on her that he must have seen the two boys start to fondle her, but he had not done anything to prevent it. And that sentence told her why; she had told him of that dream -- he had insisted on all the details -- and he had used this opportunity to allow her to relive it. She knew with an absolute certainty that only for that reason had he allowed the touches, that he had been monitoring them carefully, and that he would have stopped things cold if they started to get out of hand. She could feel herself still dripping with emotion, even as David changed the subject.

"As usual, they managed to mis-connect," he said as he pointed to the rear lights of a bus just down the street. "We can wait here for the next bus, or we could start toward your place. I know it is a bit far, but we will probably get there before the next bus arrives." As he spoke, David ran his fingers from the base of her neck straight down her body, tracing her breastbone, skipping gently past her belly button to be stopped by the waist chain holding up her skirts. She had never thought of the sternum as a particularly erogenous zone, but the reminder of her exposure brought a blush to her face and she gasped deeply at the unexpected touch.

Leila looked at the bench in the bus shelter; she wanted to sit held in David's arms, feeling his hands roam over her half naked body, but she was certain that they would no sooner get comfortable there than somebody would come along to disturb them. It was probably better to walk, and it might even be warmer, so the couple set off in the wake of the bus. Leila was very aware of how lightly clothed she was, as the faint breeze kept the bottom of her skirts in constant movement, although it was not strong enough to blow them so she would be exposed as she had been on the subway platform.

They had only walked about three blocks, chatting quietly, when a police car approached them. Leila knew her naked breasts must be totally visible in the headlights, and waited for the inevitable confrontation. She had just time to see a happy grin on the face of the officer behind the wheel, when his face became suddenly grave and the lights started to flash. Leila stiffened, foreseeing her certain arrest, but the car sped off to the wail of the siren.

Leila's heart was still pounding when the rain began again; another drizzle. David swung off onto the side street and Leila followed him until they were standing under a tree at the corner of the next street, a narrower street and since it was zoned for light industry a very quiet one at this late hour. David held her tight to him, caressing her back and then her buttocks as the drizzle turned into a light rain. She could feel his hands on her skin, then she felt the cloth of her skirt back sliding on her buns.

"I think this is the time to fulfill a fantasy you mentioned the other day." David stepped back from her and quickly folded the rectangle of cloth lengthways. Leila gasped and shuddered from the knowledge that she was now totally uncovered from behind. She watched with surprise as David slid the sleeve of his jacket up past his elbow, then carefully wrapped the thin cloth around his forearm. Once he had it binding him like a bandage, he slid the sleeve back down over it. "You told me the other day that you have always wanted to walk naked in the rain. Well, tonight is the perfect time to do it."

"B... but I meant out in the woods, in nature, not in the city, not here."

"That would be nice, wouldn't it? Too bad we can't do that tonight. You'll have to settle for only the rain part of the fantasy," David calmly replied, pocketing the five short chains as he spoke.

"But the police... We just saw them."

"So much the better. We know they are no longer here, and that they are busy with something much more important." He was now removing the only remaining piece of cloth from her body (aside from her socks). He treated this one in the same manner as the previous one, 'bandaging' his other forearm. Leila wondered why he did not just carry the two pieces of fabric, but decided to work it out for herself rather than ask him.

Just as he had placed the final five short chains in his pocket and taken the now totally naked girl back in his arms for another hug and fondling, she decided she had the answer, or more accurately the answers. First of all, if he carried the cloths, at least one hand would be occupied by that, and he was currently using both on her buttocks to very good effect. Secondly, this way the cloth was hidden from sight; there was no visual sign that she had any clothing with her, that she had not spent tonight as naked as she had spent that other weekend. Thirdly, with the cloth wrapped around his arms and covered by his jacket sleeves, it was not quickly available to her; should someone see her in her present, naked state, she would not be able to grab one of the cloths to cover her more private parts. She shivered at the thought of being once again so naked, so exposed, so vulnerable.

### Leila's Night Out, Part 21

David gently ran his hands over every inch of Leila's now exposed globes, then, stepping back a bit from her body, he kissed her passionately. She returned the kiss with equal passion, a passion that only increased as she felt his hand slide around her waist and then down between her legs, two fingers sliding into the well-lubricated slit, very softly touching her clitoris, forcing her to end the kiss as she pulled back to gasp her arousal. The feeling of his skin on her denuded pussy was once again reminding her just how naked she now was. She did not even have the too sparse covering that she had had before, when he had stripped her in public; now her naked lips and pussy were totally exposed to any stranger's view. She shivered at the knowledge.

David placed an arm around her shoulder and gently drew her along as he started to walk down the sidewalk. As they left the shelter of the tree, Leila could feel the now larger drops hit every inch of her exposed skin, the continual touch keeping her total nudity at the very front of her mind. They wandered past several darkened buildings, the parking lots empty. At least the road was free of traffic. Leila noticed that the intersection they crossed was a four-way stop, probably another reason, besides the narrowness of the street, that it was so little used. She felt relatively safe on this street, it was so quiet and empty, the rain also acting as a shield against prying eyes. Only when they crossed the side streets was she nervous, afraid that she might be seen from the main drag, or that a car might turn up the street to reach a home in this area.

David's arm across her shoulder had been comforting as they started their walk, but his fingers had started to play. They had tenderly touched the top of her breast then migrated along it until they were circling the ever harder nipple, rubbing it, squeezing it, pinching it, keeping it and her aroused. After a few blocks, as the rain became even heavier, his arm left her shoulder, and his hand slid down her back to play once again with her naked buttocks, cupping, caressing, fondling, kneading, a finger slipping into the crack between the two globes, sliding down past her anus, even sliding between her legs touching the bottom of her slit. She could not believe he was touching her this way on a public street, even with the rain as cover.

Leila was beginning to have trouble walking, the heavy rain on the much repaired sidewalk created slippery patches, particularly those sections that had not been fixed with concrete, but rather with a smooth asphalt.

As she stumbled yet again crossing another street, David suggested, "Why don't you take your shoes off? They really are not meant for walking in this weather." Leila decided that would be best, so she stopped under the first tree, and bent over to undo the buckles holding the high heels to her feet. She jumped slightly as she felt hands caress her out-thrust globes, then fingers insinuate themselves into her soaking slit. She could not believe that David would actually go so far as to finger her on the street; she had been shocked at the public caresses, but this was beyond all belief; even if the downpour made visibility nearly zero. The surging emotions made concentration nearly impossible, but after several fumbles she had the buckles open and slipped off the heels and then the sweet ruffled socks. David took the latter, squeezed them out and slipped them into his top pocket.

As soon as Leila was again erect, her shoes buckled together and dangling from her right hand, her purse still clutched in her left, David reached over and undid the waist chain, his action so swift that he had pocketed it and was opening the other chain around her neck. That followed the waist chain into his pocket, and his hand slid from her belly button down to her pussy, rubbing the bare skin. The intimate touch gave his whispered words, "There, naked as the day you were born," an embarrassing second meaning, once again reminding her of her total lack of pubic hair.

As they approached the next cross street, Leila was feeling particularly vulnerable, so she moved her purse to the hand that held her shoes, and took David's hand. His firm grip gave her a marvellous feeling of safety, of protection. As she stepped off the curb into the stream of water rushing along the gutter, she was again reminded of the feelings she had had earlier that day, crossing the street with Dr. Hillock. She told David about it, bypassing the rest of her naked adventures -- those would be told later, as pillow-talk -- and just concentrating on her feelings and on the episode with her father from her childhood. David listened intently, asking her several questions to bring out her exact feelings and to be sure he had the details of her childhood adventure. For once he did not reply with an immediate quip, he would have to think on this. He wondered how much it contributed to her exhibitionistic tendencies.

This discussion continued until they were nearly at her place. She was not so immersed in it that she did not remember her nudity every second. The rain beating cold on her bare skin and the feel of the sidewalk and streets on her naked soles kept her always aware of her total exposure. But now, as they turned down this final side street heading back to the wide main thoroughfare, her nakedness returned to the very forefront of her thoughts. Her body was covered with goose bumps as they stepped out of the small street onto the main sidewalk, and stood waiting for the light to turn green so they could cross, and it was not just the cold rain that caused them.

Finally the light turned green, the light itself invisible, the rain just turning from a red haze to a green one. This heavy rain would also hide her nudity, she hoped. Leila padded across the street, her hand still in David's, the water in these gutters even deeper and faster than on the side streets. Since this artery had once been the dividing line between two communities, the streets did not always meet squarely, and so she started to walk the twenty yards to her own street, the longest twenty yards of the night. Here she was walking down one of the most used streets in the city, naked as a jaybird, not even shoes and socks, not even any jewellery. And in her own neighbourhood. What if one of her neighbours was returning home late? She could never face them again. Fortune seemed to smile on her, however, until just before she reached the corner. Then a returning bus rushed by; she could see the driver as it passed her, and she wondered if he had noticed her. She also wondered with a shiver how many passengers had been on the bus, and how many had seen her nakedness. The thought of her exposure to all those potential eyes kept her arousal at its peak, and she shivered again from the emotion.

Once they had turned down her street and were nearly at the walkway to her apartment building, she could wait no longer. She turned and grabbed her boyfriend, pulling him tight against her naked skin, pressing her nude body hard into his clothed one. Her lips clamped hard against his, her tongue raping his mouth. She felt his arms clasp her tight, crush her rib cage in a bear hug. A long minute passed, then she relaxed a bit and his hands again moved southward, cupping and caressing her naked buns, touching her inner thighs, raining her emotions again.

"Come on. I need you now." Her voice was a hoarse whisper of emotion.

There was a brief pause, as he recovered his own voice. "Well, I have to hurry or I'll miss the last bus. I need a good night's sleep."

Leila looked at him in shock. There was no hint of laughter on his lips, although his eyes were half hidden behind the streaming glasses. She could not believe he was serious. She pressed her body tighter against his, and immediately she got her answer. His voice and face might show reluctance, but she could feel his desire hard against her naked pussy; he was not as anxious to sleep as he made out. At least not yet.

"Then you will miss the last bus," she said as she pulled her willing victim towards her door. He would get a good night's sleep, but not yet, and maybe not this night.

### Leila's Night Out, The End