**Liza's Debt**

by shyones ©#

This was the part I hated most, the culmination of hours spent in sheer

dread. It began with the doorbell. Marc stopped what he was doing and gave

me a smile, or was it a mischievous grin? I sat up straight, jolted by the

sound we'd both been expecting.

"They're here," he said.

I stood and began walking slowly to the door behind him. I had to greet

them, too. It's expected of the hostess, after all. My light, summer dress

played against my thighs, just inches below my moistening pussy. The

fabric brushed my hardening nipples. My body responded to the fear that

now replaced the dread. Marc opened the door.

"Come on in. How ya doing?" he greeted them.

"Hi," I echoed, smiling and sounding sincere.

Sam and Jake returned our greetings and handed me a twelve-pack of beer.

Sam pecked me on the cheek, and then Jake did the same. I was a little

surprised by their forwardness, but their breath was warm and sweet

smelling, so I didn't mind. I even used the opportunity to steal glances

at their youthful, muscular frames. Though they were only five years

younger than Marc and I, their eighteen years seemed downright pubescent.

They struck me as young and inexperienced when we first meet them

yesterday, and those boyish looks were still there today, though I may

have detected a manly leer.

Sam and Jake had summer jobs with the furniture rental company where Marc

and I picked out things to fill up our new apartment. They arrived at the

new place shortly after we did and set to work bringing in the furniture.

I was ready for work, too. I wore one of Marc's t-shirts on top. It hung

loosely over my small breasts, so I went without a bra as I often do. Marc

doesn't like bras and always begs me to leave them in the drawer, or the

trash (I actually caught him throwing a bra away, once). I often humor

him, because I'm just the right size to get away with it. Marc refers to

them as small cantaloupes, and they do have that shape. They are still

firm and provide a nice shape to my blouses without the aid of a bra. I

admit it: I like my breasts, too. The only thing that sometimes causes me

some anxious moments is that my nipples are long, and grow to obscene

lengths at times of their own choosing. On the bottom I wore a denim skirt

that was mid-thigh. I chose it because I thought I would be able to move

freely as I worked without concern for modesty. Except for one thing.

During the final preparations for our move, my knickers got stuck in an

unmarked box and I couldn't take the time to find them that morning. Marc,

of course, was thrilled by the turn of events, and kept repeating phrases

like, "you'll be fine without them. Never mind. You're just with me,

anyway." He even used the weather to bolster his argument saying, "you'll

be cooler. It will feel good." If you're wondering why I didn't wear

jeans, or shorts or something like that to work in, well, I blame Marc

again. They had all been stuffed in boxes, carried to the new apartment

the previous day, and stacked in who-knows-which pile.

I directed Sam and Jake where to put things, Marc was busy lifting and

carrying, too. Toward noon the heavy pieces had all been brought in and

the boys were tired and sweaty. My own t-shirt was damp with perspiration

and was beginning to cling in ways I wished it wouldn't. No one seemed to

notice, though, so I didn't dwell on it.

"Hey, I'm going to jump into the shower before lunch," Marc announced.

After my shower I'll order some pizza for us, okay?"

"Great," Sam answered, "thanks." He and Jake sat down on the balcony in

the shade to wait.

I brought a couple beers to them.

"We really shouldn't," Jake feigned a protest. "We're still on the clock,

you know."

"Go ahead," I encouraged them. "We don't mind."

I pulled up the chaise-lounge opposite them and stretched out on it.

"Oh, that feels good," I said as I stretched my legs and arched my back.

"I worked hard, too, you know." I laughed.

"Yeah, I saw you," Jake replied with a smile. "You must be worn out from

giving orders."

"Hey, my t-shirt is every bit as sweaty as yours," I held it away from my

body. "Just look at that!"

"Stinky, stinky," he teased. "You should lose that stinky thing!"

"Yeah, you'd like that," I laughed, and then released my grasp to allow it

to settle once again next to my body.

The boys blushed and exchanged looks as they realized I had taken Jake's

comment as a suggestion that I go topless. I blushed then, too,

embarrassed that they had been embarrassed.

"So, do you guys work full-time?" I asked to change the subject.

Sam spoke up and explained that they had just graduated from high school,

one of those military academies, and were working at the rental company

only during the summer. College was on the agenda for Fall. I asked a few

questions about their experiences at an all-male high school and they

blushed some more when I mentioned how hard it must have been to go four

years without girls. As we talked I noticed their eyes wandered from my

legs to my breasts and back again. As a woman I've gotten used to such

meanderings, I suppose, but I couldn't dismiss it altogether. For one

thing, it was flattering to be the center of attention of these two young

boys. For another thing, I was self-conscious to begin with because of my

lack of knickers and my moist t-shirt. My nipples began to grow and harden.

"Wow, that felt good," Marc joined us. "How 'bout you take your turn,

Liza. The pizza's on the way."

A shower sounded like a good idea. As I stood I joked, "Yeah, the boys are

sick of smelling me."

"I put a stack of towels in the bathroom," Marc said. "Throw out your

dirty things and I'll add them to mine in the washer," he added as I

walked away.

I was glad to get my rock-hard nipples off the balcony and into the

bathroom. I smiled to myself as I thought about the sight those two must

have been enjoying, then blushed. Once through the bathroom door I removed

my skirt and top and threw them into the hall, calling to Marc that I had

done so. The shower felt good. It was cool. The water kept my nipples firm

and made them bounce in the stream. God, it felt good. I imagined that

Marc was playing with them, as he often does. I could see him in my mind's

eye, that boyish grin. Then, slowly, to his face were added those of Jake

and Sam. My left hand grabbed a nipple and squeezed. My right hand went to

my crotch. 'What are you doing?' I jerked myself from my reverie. I dipped

my head in the cool stream of water to chase the thoughts from my mind.

A single towel was on the counter where Marc had promised a stack, but I

didn't complain. One was all I needed. I rubbed my short hair dry and

buffed my back. I avoided my breasts and pussy, not wanting to get started

on that again. I wrapped the towel around me, as women do, and headed for

the bedroom to look for clothes.

"Are you done?" Marc called from the living room.

"Yes."

"Okay, Sam is taking a turn."

I didn't answer or think too much about it. I was busy with the boxes,

looking for something to wear. Kitchen appliances. Knives and dishes.

Small appliances. Office supplies. No clothes.

"Marc," I shouted, "I can't find my clothes."

No response. I tried calling again, but still got no response.

I looked around a little more. Marc had found his clothes; mine must be

here, too. I called again, then gave up and walked into the hall. Just at

the same time Sam opened the door to the bathroom and, dripping wet, came

out, not noticing me. I stood completely still, not knowing what to do at

the sight of this young athlete in all his glory. He grabbed a towel that

was on top of the stack on a box beside the door (so that's where they

were) and brought it to his eyes and face. I watched as his penis bobbed

and swayed with his movements. He was still oblivious to my presence.

Before I could decide what to do, Jake came around the corner to see me

standing there enjoying the show.

"Sam!" Jake shouted to his friend. Sam looked up to see Jake and me both

starring at him. He jumped like a rabbit back into the bathroom and closed

the door. I scurried past Jake to the living room, hoping to find Marc. I

heard muffled voices and giggling coming from the bathroom as the hair on

the back of my neck stood as erect as my nipples under the towel.

'I am an adult. I accidentally stumbled upon Sam. So what? We're all

adults. Why am I making so much out of this? Why was I so embarrassed,

intrigued. Why was I wet, very wet?' I wrestled with my emotions.

I wondered where Marc had gotten to. I paced the living room. I didn't

know where to go, what to do. I continued to pace, alternating between

looking out the window searching for Marc and glancing in the direction of

the bathroom, trying to make sense of the sounds coming from that

direction.

It wasn't long before Sam and Jake came into the room, each wrapped in a

towel. The three of us stood there in our towels, looking at each other,

waiting for something to happen, for someone to say something.

"Gee, Sam, I'm so sorry," I began, then let my voice trial off. We stood

there. Sam blushed brightly, Jake laughed nervously, lightly.

"Marc had to go pick up the pizza after all. They called, so he went for

it. He said we could wash up when the bathroom was free," Jake babbled.

"We didn't want to eat while we were so sweaty," his voice trailed off,

too.

We again just stood there looking at each other, not knowing how to

proceed. I suddenly felt very vulnerable. My towel wrapped around me, but

it was a stretch for it to tie at the top. It gaped on the side, the

opening growing as it reached to just a few inches below my hips, covering

my pussy, yes, but not by much.

"I couldn't find the boxes with my clothes," I blurted out finally.

Sam and Jake both just kind of shrugged their shoulders and shifted their

weight in response, not knowing how to answer a lady in distress.

"Oh, never mind," I said before they could speak. "We're all adults, after

all." I laughed gently and tried to bring closure to the situation.

"Yeah, what the hell," Jake said. "We'll just relax until after lunch,

then we'll put our dirty clothes back on and help you with your boxes."

"Of course, no problem. That makes sense. Here, let's just sit down and

wait for Marc. Would you like another beer?"

I walked quickly into the kitchen to get the beer without waiting for

their answer. I opened the refrigerator door, bent down, and grabbed a

couple cans from the lower shelves. I immediately felt the breeze on my

backside as I bent over. I straightened up quickly, hoping that the boys

hadn't seen what I'd displayed. I turned and saw they were watching my

every movement. I blushed a bright red. Sam and Jake blushed, too.

"Well, I guess you owed me that," Sam said and smiled.

I burst out laughing and they started laughing, too. Now, we had closure.

I brought our beer into the living room, sat gingerly down on the couch,

trying to be as lady-like as I could, and we began to drink and talk as if

nothing had happened. Marc came home with the pizza to find the three of

us getting along like old friends in our towels. He went directly to the

balcony with it and told us to join him, not bating a single eyelash at

the situation.

"But we're just in towels," I stated the obvious. "People could see us."

"We're on the second floor. Come on. Nobody will see or care. Don't be

such a prude," he replied as he placed the large pepperoni pizza on the

patio table.

I reluctantly and carefully got up and joined the commotion on the

balcony. I clutched at the towel trying to minimize the opening on my left

side. My bare ass settled on the cold, metal chair, the bunched towel at

my crotch provided my only cover in that area. I began to give an

explanation of my predicament to Marc, but, as I said, he continued to be

seemingly oblivious to our dress, to the situation, and wouldn't be

bothered with hearing what I had to say. He just casually turned the

conversation to other things. I watched him in confusion, not

understanding how he could be so nonchalant about his wife sitting here

nearly naked with two young movers. I shrugged my shoulders, used my free

hand to eat my pizza, and listened to the boys' talk of sports and cars

and such things.

When the pizza was finally gone and several more beers had been emptied,

Sam stood up and announced that it was time for him to put his grubby

clothes back on before, "I give Liza another show."

Now, finally, Marc decided to show some interest. I blushed, again, though

the beer was loosening all of our inhibitions. "Liza saw you naked?" he

asked Sam.

"Yep, just stood there and watched me when I got out of the shower," he

said, losing all of his former bashfulness.

"Well, you little devil!" he teased, as he looked me up and down with a

bemused look I'd never seen before. I recoiled. I was speechless. "Did she

return the favor at least?"

"No, not in the least," Sam lied.

I didn't know how I should feel about his lie. Was my virtue safeguarded

by it or was I now indebted by it? All I could do was sit there with one

hand still clutching my towel at my side and the other protecting my

modesty at my crotch.

"Well, that doesn't seem fair, does it," Marc said looking from Sam to me.

I nearly died. My tongue was tied in knots, along with my stomach.

"We'll have to make amends sometime," Marc joked.

"Oh, I insist," Sam joked with uncharacteristic boldness. It had to be the

beer, I thought at the time.

Before I could fully grasp the significance of what just happened, Jake

and Sam went to get dressed and Marc picked up the debris from lunch and

headed toward the trash. "I'll see if I can find the box with your

clothes," Marc said as he left.

Good to his word, he returned with a box labeled "Liza Clothes." I

followed him to the bedroom and tore it open. I was never so glad to see

skirts and blouses in my whole life. I quickly threw on a wrap-around

skirt and a halter-top with spaghetti straps. I still didn't have any

underwear, but I felt dressed enough to entertain the Queen of England. I

spent the next couple hours unpacking the boxes and staying out of the way

and out of sight.

About three o'clock I heard the engine from the truck start up and I

listened as it drove away. Marc came into the bedroom a few minutes later.

"Well, it's all done," he announced. "Boy, I'm glad that's over. Let's

never move again. How's the unpacking going?"

"Slow but sure," I answered.

"Sam and Jake were nice guys, huh?" he said.

"Yeah," I agreed, not wanting to pursue it.

"I invited them to dinner, tomorrow. I promised you'd give them what you

owed them."

My mouth went dry. I didn't answer. Marc left the room and we didn't talk

about it again that evening. We didn't talk about it again at bedtime, nor

did we talk about it again at breakfast. We didn't talk about it at noon,

or afternoon. The more we didn't talk about it, the more my dread built.

The day passed shopping and getting settled. I went through the motions of

life while my mind went over and over my supposed debt to Sam. All I could

think about was Marc's promise, Sam's expectation. What was I going to do?

Why was I agonizing over this? Nothing would happen I didn't want to

happen, I knew that. But what did I want? What did Marc want? Would I do

what he wanted, as I usually did, or would I say "no" to those beautiful,

plaintive eyes? God, he had a way of making me do things, but this

situation was a first. I know he likes me to dress sexily and enjoys

putting his hands up my skirts and blouses, sometimes even in public. I

always react like a stunned rabbit, blushing ferociously and scanning the

area to make sure nobody saw him. I usually mumble something incoherently,

but never upbraid him or tell him to stop. Why is that? This business

about the knickers is not new, but yesterday's argument against them was

the strongest ever. We never did find the box with my underwear, by the

way. It just disappeared. Marc looked for it with me, yes, but he teased

me as we looked and said he hoped we never found it. I mentioned the

possibility of going to the mall to pick up a few things while we were at

the grocery store, but that idea never took root. He just placed his hand

on my pantyless behind and said I looked fine the way I was, then changed

the subject. Why didn't I insist? I could have. I was being drawn toward

something. I was curious to see where this would lead, I suppose. Why

couldn't I just talk to Marc about it? Oh god.

About five o'clock, Marc said it was time to get ready for our guests. He

asked if I'd like to shower first while he got the grill ready for the

steaks.

"Wear that blue, summer frock I like so much," he mentioned casually. "And

a bit of stubble is beginning to sprout. I put your razor in the cabinet

next to mine."

I knew what he meant. He wasn't talking about my legs. This was another

concession on my part. We hadn't been together very long before I took

pity on his martyrdom. Every time he pulled a hair from his teeth during

lovemaking he gave me a little pout and asked me to shave. I did enjoy the

oral sex, so I finally did it. Yes, it's a bother sometimes, but I do like

the rewards. It really did feel great the first time I felt my bare pussy.

The sex was never better, and I got used to the feeling, and the chore. I

don't think I'll ever want to let it grow out again.

So, now they were here. The big box of beer cans in my arms rested against

my torso, pulling my short dress even higher. Marc loves this dress. It's

tiny buttons run the length of the front, from the low neckline to the

high hem. The thin cotton clings to my form, except when I bend over. The

front then falls away from my breasts, so I have to remember to be

careful. My braless breasts are nearly on display as it is, though. My

pink nipples can be faintly discerned on careful examination. I know,

because I looked in the mirror when I put it on. I couldn't believe I was

going to wear this as I stood there in front of the mirror and combed my

hair, adjusted my makeup. Surely Marc would ask me to change when he saw

me. The joke and the ordeal would then be over. The challenge would be

forfeit; my journey toward what I don't know would end. But no, he cuddled

me and told me how great I looked when he came into the bedroom. He said

he was proud of his beautiful wife. He just had to make a couple

adjustments, he said, as he unbuttoned first my top button, then the one

at my hem. My hand immediately went to his as he touched the first button,

but it merely rested on top to follow his motions. I couldn't bring myself

to stop him. He sensed my compliance and kissed me softly on the neck. He

said he loved me and looked into my eyes. At that moment all I wanted to

do was please him.

"Where'd you get the beer? You aren't old enough to buy beer," I said.

"Oh, we have our sources," Sam answered. "We drank so much of yours

yesterday, we felt we owed you." He laid special stress on the word

"owed," and I felt a shiver run down my spine.

"Yes, one must pay one's debts," Jake chimed in.

I diverted my eyes. Actually, I think I lowered my head.

"I'll put these in the 'fridge," I said as I went to the kitchen.

"Can we watch?" Sam and Jake laughed.

I didn't answer. I didn't know how to answer. Marc, of course, didn't

understand the significance of their request, so he just ignored it.

From the kitchen I heard them getting settled in the living room with the

normal chitchat. "Bring us all a cold one," Marc called, so I loaded four

cans on a tray and headed in. Sam and Jake sat on the couch, the low

couch. I knew I would have to set the tray on the coffee table before

them, but I just stood there for a few seconds and pondered how to go

about it. I couldn't bend over without revealing my bare breasts. Their

faces would be just inches away. I could lower myself by bending at the

knees, keeping my upper torso vertical, but I couldn't visualize just how

much leg would show and I would have to struggle to keep my knees

together. Their faces looked up at me, expectantly. I had to decide.

"Here, let me help you with those," Marc suddenly rose from his chair to

take the tray from me. He sat it on the table and took one for himself and

handed one to me. I quickly retreated to the other chair and sat as

lady-like as I could in a short dress with a couple buttons undone. I

breathed a sigh of relief.

"You look really nice, tonight," Sam smiled.

"Marc picked it out," was all I could think to say.

"Thanks, Marc," Jake raised his can in a mock toast.

"Yeah, a bit more elegant than a towel, don't you think," Marc laughed.

"Well, I rather liked the towel, though," Sam said. "It had a certain 'je

ne sais quois' about it.

"Wow, French! I'm impressed," I blurted.

"Four years of high-school French have their consequences," Sam laughed.

"What other hidden talents do you have?" I asked.

"From you he hasn't hidden a thing," Jake poked him and laughed.

"Yeah, you still owe me," he looked me straight in the eyes.

For the second time since their arrival I lowered my head to avoid their

gaze and said nothing.

"Ah yes, the debt," Marc brought out slowly, as if remembering something

with difficulty. "Debts should be paid, that's for sure."

I raised my eyes to meet Marc's. His were dancing, mine were terror

struck. I couldn't bring myself to look at the boys. Marc stood up and

came over to me. He extended his hands to me as if he were asking me to

dance.

"Stand up, Liza," he said.

I took his hands and they lifted me to my feet. My knees were weak, nearly

buckling, so I was glad for the support.

"What are you going to do?" I heard myself ask, finally. For over

twenty-four hours that had been the question on my mind. Those six words

should have been uttered long ago. The hours of uncertainty, dread, fear,

torture could have been eliminated. But I didn't say them as a challenge

or warning or protest, but as a meek interrogative. Marc had me in his

hands. I felt both terror and humiliation, like a child whose fate was in

the hands of others. I couldn't think straight. I didn't know what was

coming, how to act.

"Shhh," he whispered in my ear as he turned me toward the boys and stood

behind me, his arms folded around the front of me. "So, tell me again how

this debt arose," he addressed the boys. His chin played softly on the top

of my head as he spoke. His body pressed into mine and I could feel his

hardness against the small of my back. My pussy twitched involuntarily at

the touch.

"She spied on Sam, naked," Jake asserted himself.

My eyes grew to the size of saucers at the accusation of spying. They were

turning an accident into some sort of perversion. I tried to find my

voice, but Marc spoke up before I could.

"Ah, spying, was it?" Marc said flatly.

I twisted in his arms slightly and tried to see his face behind and above

me. He held me tightly, though, and pinned my arms against my sides. I

couldn't believe that Jake would make such an accusation. The boldness

these two youngsters had shown toward me of late was beginning to add up

and weigh heavily.

"And when you say she owes you, just what do you have in mind?" Marc

asked.

Now, suddenly, the two on the couch lost their tongues. The former

boldness vanished; they were young boys, again. Timid. They looked at each

other, then at me. I thought for a moment that I sensed a way out, that

this was going to blow over. I could relax.

"You think you should get to see her. Is that it?" Marc continued.

The boys were obviously afraid to answer such a direct question. They

looked at each other and fidgeted in their seats. I held my breath,

wondering if this was an attempt by Marc to make the boys see the

absurdity of such a request, or if he was putting words in their mouths at

my expense.

"Would you like for me to unbutton this button?" he said in a teasing

voice as his fingers grasped the second button from the top of the dress.

I gasped and brought my hand to his, as when he'd undone the top one

before they arrived. "Like this?"

He'd done it. My hand again followed his movements, like I was riding a

wave. I lowered my eyes to see what the boys were seeing. My dress was

still holding its own, open slightly in the front to just below my

nipples, which were standing firm. Marc's hand went back to my waist to

join his other hand, and mine stayed on top, resting there. I was

incapable of individual movement.

"Or like this," he continued as our hands went to the second-from

–the-bottom button and quickly undid it.

The hem of my dress was now open to the bottom of my quivering pussy.

"Well?" he asked.

The boys showed renewed vigor, but still retained some hesitation. Like

me, they weren't sure where this was going and what their participation

should be. Was Marc mocking them or giving them a show?

"May I undo a couple," Jake asked, deciding to find out once and for all.

Again I tried to twist to see Marc's face, but he grabbed my wrists and

held my arms firmly to my sides.

"Sure, help yourself."

Marc's answer hit me like a thunderbolt. My knees buckled, but Marc kept

me upright. My eyes moistened with tears. I felt trapped, humiliated.

"It is, after all, what she owes you. We always pay our debts, don't we

Liza?"

My mind raged a loud "no," my brain told me to break away, run for my

life. The tears began to flow down my cheeks.

"Yes." I heard myself say. To this day I don't know how that happened. I

bowed my head. I couldn't look at the young man who had risen from the

couch to unbutton me. I closed my eyes.

I felt his hands brush my nipples as they went for the button. I drew a

quick breath. I felt the air rush to my chest as the opening of my dress

grew. The next button was near my bellybutton, and it was quickly

dispatched. The dress gaped in front now; I could feel it fall away from

my nipples. I opened my eyes to look. Yes, my nipples were on display. I

looked up into the eyes of my tormentor. What I saw surprised me. Jake was

a little boy, wide-eyed and trembling. He was shaking more than I was.

There was a reverence to his stare that I'd never seen, never enjoyed

since boys started looking at my chest in school.

"You want to finish the job, Sam?" Marc asked.

Sam was already standing beside me and he quickly undid the remaining

buttons. My dress fell completely open. The boys were riveted on my

freshly-shaved pussy.

"Wow!" they said.

I tried to bend my hips, move my legs in some way to limit their view, but

Marc gave me a little shake and put his own leg between mine, forcing them

apart. I got the idea without further ado and complied. I stood as

straight as I could, my legs spread, my eyes straight ahead, dry now. Once

I'd settled in that position and Marc felt no more resistance, he released

my arms to slide the dress from my shoulders. I stood motionless, naked.

The cool air played on my skin.

"Is this what you had in mind?" Marc grinned.

"Wow, this is so great," Sam brought out at last. "She's beautiful. Can I

feel her smooth pussy just once?" He begged.

I gave a start, but didn't budge.

"Did she touch you?" Marc asked.

"No," Sam replied in disappointment.

"Then she doesn't owe you that."

An awkward silence followed. I just stood there as the three of them

looked at me as if I were a statue in a museum.

"Hey, it's time to eat," Marc spoke up finally. "I'll put the steaks on.

Liza you bring the salad from the 'fridge, and Sam, you and Jake make

yourselves comfortable at the table."

I turned to Marc, somewhat amazed at my ability to do so, finally, to

retrieve my dress. I thought the nightmare was over. As I turned, though,

I saw my waded up dress flying toward the trashcan. He made a "basket,"

gave a little victory dance, and headed for the balcony without catching

my eye or saying another word.

I went to the kitchen to get the salad. I suppose another person would

have run to the bathroom and locked the door. Looking back on it, that, it

seems, would have been the reasonable reaction to what just happened. Was

I mesmerized? Was I completely overwhelmed by Marc? Perhaps I was both.

Maybe, too, I was being dragged along by something inside me that I

couldn't yet identify. For whatever reason, or reasons, I took the large

bowl of greens I had prepared with such anxiety earlier in the day from

the refrigerator and returned to the dinning room.

The boys were at the table, sitting quietly in expectation. When I came

around the corner their heads swiveled toward me, their eyes fixed. I

smiled. Yes, I smiled at them, even cocked my head slightly in a friendly

manner. They returned my smile. Their expressions were not just friendly,

but loving. Gone was the air of aggressiveness I had sensed earlier. In

its place was graciousness and boyish charm.

I placed the bowl in the center of the table and turned to settle in my

chair. Sam jumped to pull it out for me and held it in a gentlemanly

fashion as I sat slowly onto the leather-covered seat. It felt cold and

sent a shiver through me. I thought of the ice cube I saw a man in a movie

apply to his lover and suddenly understood.

"Okay, the steaks are well underway," Marc announced as he came in from

the balcony. "Umm, that salad looks great!"

He sat down and lifted his fork, then paused. He looked at me and smiled.

I could sense his pride, his loving adoration.

"I love you," he said.

"I love you, too," I replied.

The rest of the evening was as a dream. I floated in my nakedness on wave

after wave of, well I'll just go ahead and say it, yes, worship. I enjoyed

a concentrated, honest attention that only a god can know. When Marc took

me after the boys left it was as never before. Marc was never as hard, our

orgasms never as intense as that night. I fell asleep in his arms, having

lost track of time and space.

**Liza Makes Promises**

I was sitting on my kitchen counter without a stitch of clothing. My legs

were spread and dangling over the edge; my hands clutched that same edge

at my hips. I wouldn't move. I could have moved, but I wouldn't. I was

fulfilling a bizarre promise to stay in that position until my husband got

home. Left alone like that, another person would have moved, not felt

bound by promises, but I'm not like that. I am famous for paying my debts,

keeping my promises. No one would have known had I moved but me, but that

was enough to keep me in place.

It was Sam and Jake who made me promise to stay like that. I was working

off a debt, you see. It all started when I saw Sam naked and Jake caught

me looking at him. They decided, and my husband agreed, that I owed them a

showing. Marc, my husband, stood me in front of those two

eighteen-year-old boys and took off my dress. I was mortified, of course,

but to my surprise the humiliation mixed with an inexplicable excitement,

and I ended up having dinner with them and even spent time with them

afterward: I in the nude, they fully clothed.

That was last night. Today they were back, and I wound up, through a long

series of events, with more debt to pay. It was a traumatic day, with many

more people seeing me naked than I bargained for: Ally, the apartment

leasing agent, Steve, my husband's friend, and Sarah and Mike, our future

next-door neighbors. Well, sitting spread-eagle was the last of the debt,

finally. Sam and Jake had to leave, but they made me promise to do this

"counter time" until Marc came home.

When they left I didn't hear the front door close, and I was thinking

about that. While the kitchen where I sat was just around the corner from

the entry and I couldn't be seen, I still worried that someone might find

the open door and come in. I was tempted to leave my perch to check on the

door, lock it, but I couldn't get over my promise not to move. I knew one

thing for sure, though. I knew that as soon as I heard Marc at the door, I

was going to scramble to the bedroom as quickly as I could, before he

could see me. After all, my promise extended only to his arrival home.

That was the deal. I did not want to explain this to him, even though he

would be delighted. A girl is entitled to some secrets.

I sat and thought about my day, reviewing in my mind how my landlord had

spanked me, how I had been taught a daring new way to pee by Ally, whose

soiled knickers I then wore to lunch, how I'd been exposed to Steve in a

bar, and how the new neighbors walked in on me while I was being naked for

Sam and Jake. At some things I smiled, at others I cringed. I was blushing

at the thought of Steve when Ally came around the corner from the entry.

"Oh, my god! Are you still sitting there, like that?" she said as she

rounded the bend to catch me on the counter for the second time. "Where

are the boys?" she asked, remembering that I was doing it for them. "On

the balcony?"

"No, they've gone," I replied.

"Then why are you still sitting there?"

"I promised them I would."

"You idiot! And you're actually doing it? Idiot!"

"Please, Ally. You've got to understand..."

"Oh, all right. I understand. Idiot. Well, how long are you going to sit

like this?"

"Until Marc comes home. I promised."

She pulled up a stool to sit right in front of me, between my legs. She

settled on the stool with her short skirt hanging in back with only her

knickers between her and the stool. Her hand, as usual, went to her crotch

under her hem. Her fascination with her knickers was child-like, endearing.

"I came by to thank you for your help, today. The Smiths were going to

turn down the apartment until they met you."

"I figured as much. Mike was quite 'smitten by me.' Sarah told me."

"Do you think having them next door will be a problem?"

"Yes, but I'll muddle through."

"Good, I'm glad you feel that way. You did me a huge favor. We've had

trouble leasing that apartment. Everybody who can afford to live here

wants a corner apartment."

"I can imagine."

"I want to do something nice for you, now. What can I do for you?"

"Well, you could bring me a coke. Put a straw in it and hold it for me. I

can't move my hands."

Ally hopped off the stool and was back in a jiffy. She held the coke in

front of me and I drank.

"Um, thanks. That's good," I said.

"Don't you think you're carrying this a little far? I mean, really, not

even moving your hands?"

"How many times do I have to tell you? I promised I would stay in this

position and not move. I keep my promises, you know that."

I took another swig from the straw.

"If you drink a lot, I've have to take you to the bathroom," Ally said

with a twinkle in her eye.

"The boys took me," I smiled coquettishly.

"You devil!"

"Yep. It was kind of nice. I held it a really long time; you'll be pleased

to know. You would have been proud of me."

"Oh, you're so lucky! I never have anybody around to take me when I need

to go."

"Perhaps you can train Mike or Sarah," I teased.

"Sarah is pretty, don't you think?"

"You like her?"

"Sure, what's not to like? If she were in your position right now, I'd

know what to do, that's for sure."

"You devil!" I laughed.

"I'd put my mouth real close to her pussy, you know..."

Ally leaned forward and blew gently on my exposed labia. Her tongue

extended to touch my clit. I reveled in her touch. She circled my clit

with her tongue several times, then plunged it inside me. I pushed against

her...

"Liza! It's us... We're back, again."

Mike and Sarah came around the corner to catch Ally in mid lap.

"Oh, my god!" Sarah exclaimed.

Ally extracted herself from between my legs and jumped back as if she had

just licked a light socket. In her rush backward, she slammed into the

stool and sent it tumbling across the floor. She scrambled after it.

"Hi," is all I could manage to squeak.

"We're sorry we intruded," Sarah stammered. "The door was wide open,

and..."

"No problem," I said regaining my composure. "It's not like this hasn't

happened before..."

"You've got to start closing your door," she laughed.

"Yeah, I've had that same thought."

"Pull up a stool and sit down," Ally told them as she picked up her stool.

"Thanks, but we can't stay. We just wanted to bring you these flowers."

Mike held forth a beautiful bouquet of roses and carnations. "To say

'thanks' for being so nice and helping us decide to move in."

I couldn't move to accept them, but Ally jumped to my aid and took them

from him. She laid them on the counter next to me.

"Are you two...in a relationship?" Sarah asked Ally.

Ally's hand was already back at her crotch, and she stroked it pensively

before answering.

"We've become friends," is all she said.

The Smiths looked at us, staring closely and intently at me. I felt my

nakedness, again. I was beginning to realize that being nude in front of

others was going to have periods of comfort, but would mostly cause either

arousal or panic. I never seemed able to control my reaction to having

fully-clothed people stare at my naked body.

Sarah came right up to me and put her hand on my bare shoulder. It was

warm, but I shivered nevertheless.

"Is this the way you expect all your friends to treat you?" She broke into

a broad grin.

"Hi, Liza! We're home!" Marc called as he and Steve came through the door.

No one had a chance to react before he appeared around the corner heavily

laden with sacks and bags. They were piled in his arms so high that he had

trouble seeing where he was going, and Steve stumbled in the same way. I

immediately jumped from my perch to grab a garment bag from him. He

thought I was helping, and I was, but mostly I was glad to have something

to hold in front of me, covering my nakedness. I don't think he even had a

chance to realize that I had been sitting there nude in front of our

guests, who also pitched in to help.

I stepped into the living room away from the commotion, keeping my bare

buttocks away from the crowd. I clutched the bag close to me. When the

time was right I introduced Marc and Steve to our new neighbors, not

abandoning my safe distance. I stayed out of the way but available as they

concerned themselves with introductory chitchat and putting away

perishables. Ally introduced herself to Steve and accused Marc of keeping

an eligible bachelor from her, then made her excuses, making her way

toward the door, with a slight detour.

"Liza," she whispered to me. "I have to make my daily report to Ms Thomas,

now."

I grabbed her by the arm and pulled her into the bedroom, not caring in

the least whether the others might consider it rude. I closed the door.

"What are you going to say to her?" I demanded.

"Please don't be angry..."

"Don't give me cause. What will you tell her?"

"You know I can't lie to her anymore than you could break one of your

promises. She'll ask me if you've been wearing knickers. That's one of the

reasons I had to come this afternoon, to find out if you've had on your

knickers. She's obsessed with your knickers, you know."

"Everybody is. She wants 'em on; Marc wants 'em off. I can't win! What are

you going to tell her?"

"I don't know. She'll ask me questions."

"Are you going to tell her I've been naked all afternoon? If you do,

she'll spank me with a hairbrush! You know she will!"

"Yes, I know. By the way, if you're done with my knickers, can I have them

back? They're one of my favorite pairs."

I was about to lose my temper, but I managed to look her in the eye and

say in an even tone: "If you want them, you'll have to ask Steve for them.

He has them."

"What?"

"I gave them to him at lunch, if you must know."

She just looked at me, not knowing how to respond to that.

"I've got to go, Liza. She's expecting me."

She turned and left the room, closing the door behind her. I heard her ask

Steve if he would like to walk her back to the office, then the voices all

blended. I was sure he went with her, the randy little devil. 'Boy is he

ever going to be surprised when she asks for her knickers back,' I chuckled

to myself. I wondered if he put them on as he threatened to do.

I sat on the bed, still clutching the garment bag to my body. I didn't

think to open it. I just sat there, listening to the muffled voices from

the other room. I was glad not to be the center of attention for a change,

though I did feel a strange loneliness. Part of me wanted to run naked

back into the kitchen to mix with the fully-clothed group, to feel my

pussy moisten as I felt their eyes on me, but another part of me wanted to

crawl under the bed and hide forever.

Soon I heard the front door close. Everything was quiet. I strained to

hear something that might give me a clue what had happened. The bedroom

door opened. It was Marc.

I threw the garment bag aside and rushed to him. He spread his arms and I

buried myself in his chest. He held me. I could feel the strength of his

arms, but they cradled me as if I were a delicate flower: gentleness and

power enveloped me. I pressed myself into him with all my might. I wanted

to crawl into his skin, be one with him. He stroked my temple and arranged

my hair while still holding me closely with one arm. He kissed me on top

of my head, then turned his own head to rest his cheek there. He stroked

my back, sending shivers up and down me.

When he felt my body relax, he effortlessly picked me up and carried me to

the bed. He lay down still holding me, still stroking me. We lay together,

holding one another. Not a word was said. We cuddled. I buried my head in

his chest. Time passed but I didn't notice. I was at peace. I discovered

then that complete bliss leads to slumber, for that's exactly what

happened next: I fell asleep.

"How long have I been asleep?" I asked when consciousness returned. He

still cradled me, so I spoke into his chest. I felt my drool on his shirt.

"Oh, about a half hour, I guess."

"You held me the whole time?" I asked.

"Of course. There's nowhere I'd rather be. Nothing I'd rather do."

I hugged him with all my might. This was the Marc I remembered from our

honeymoon.

"If you're waking up, perhaps you'd like to open a present, huh?"

"One of the packages Jake brought?" I sat up enthusiastically.

"Yeah."

"Come on!"

I grabbed his hand and dragged him to the living room, bubbling like a

child at Christmas. I directed him to the chair and settled on the floor

between him and the packages.

"Which one first?" I giggled with anticipation.

"The little one," he responded.

Jake had already told me what was in it, but knowing and having are worlds

apart. I picked it up and jumped onto Marc's lap to open it. I felt like I

was sitting on Santa's lap, except Santa's hand never had the electricity

that Marc's exuded on my bare hip. I loved the way his touch felt on my

skin. I was glad I was naked. At that moment I wanted nothing more from

life than to be naked for him.

I took off the ribbon first and put it aside. I lifted the scotch tape

from the pretty paper carefully, trying not to tear it. Once the paper was

gone, I lifted the top of the box and peered inside. The bikini bottom was

folded on top, so I took it out, unfolding it in the process. It looked

just like the bikini bottom that Raquel Welch wore when she was discovered

on that island by James Bond. White material fell from a wide belt to form

the crotch and back. The material was like none I'd ever felt. All I can

say of it is that it was neither silk, nor cotton, nor latex, but indeed

all three.

"I've never worn a bikini," I said in my best, sexy voice.

"Don't I know," Mack laughed. "Put it on."

I stood beside his chair. First I held it against me, just out of habit,

then I undid the belt and drew it from the front loop. When I put the belt

around my waist, the entire suit dangled behind me. I had to hold the belt

in place, reach between my legs to grab the suit and draw it up between my

legs and insert the belt in the loop. I wiggled my ass seductively at Marc

as I did. Once the belt was fastened and adjusted on my hips comfortably,

the white material hugged me, caressed my every curve. The back, while not

full, was certainly contrary to the thong trend of late. The loop at the

belt was about five inches wide and the material narrowed gradually as it

descended from it. By the time it began its ascent in front, there was

little material to spare as it stretched tightly over my labia. Once past

my pubic bone, the material widened hardly at all as it reached the front

loop, about two and a half inches across. I reached to smooth the material

in back, but there was no need. It was smooth to the point of adhering to

my skin. I could feel how it clung to my buttocks, outlining my crack

shamelessly. I brought my hand to the front and felt the same outline: I

sported the most prominent camel toe I'd ever experienced. I looked down

at myself in disbelief.

"It's beautiful, Liza. It looks better on you than I dared hope. How does

it feel?"

"Like a glove," I smiled. "Are you sure this is okay?"

"I love it! Try on the top."

I drew the top from the box. It was cut like a normal string bikini, with

cups large enough to please all but the most conservative crowd. I slipped

it over my head and Marc stood to tie it in back for me. He turned me

around to have a look. Because the material at the bottom of each cup was

looped on the string, he was able to gather it to form a narrow strip that

covered just my nipples. He stood back and had a look.

"No, I guess that is a bit too daring," he chuckled. "Unbunch the material

a bit."

I did and he nodded approval. I did a twirl to illicit his appraisal from

all sides. He whistled and grinned broadly.

"I'll throw on my suit and we'll try it out, okay?"

He ran off to the bedroom to change. I stood there and stroked my camel

toe a few times, wondering how on earth I was going to wear this in

public. I liked the feel of the material against my pussy, though. It was

downright delicious when my finger played against it. 'Ally would die for

this,' I thought. I couldn't help but bend over to get a good look. Not

only were the mounds of my labia accentuated and my slit defined, my

clitoris strained against the material like a tiny nipple.

"Let's go," he announced as he took my hand. "You're going to be the envy

of every woman there!"

"At least the dream of every man," I joked.

"As always," he replied.

We walked hand in hand to the pool, swaying our arms gently. All I could

think about was my camel toe, my apprehension growing as we approached.

Marc brought a single towel, which he carried over his shoulder. I longed

to be able to hold it, seek some cover from it, but I knew full well why

he brought only one and why he carried it. I was beginning to learn the

rules of this new game and found myself playing without any coaching. I

sensed that I was supposed to love my new bikini, so I did. I sensed that

I was supposed to model it shamelessly, so I did. I just wished that the

painful knot in my stomach I got from the game would go away. As the pool

came into view, the blush in my cheeks grew bright.

Fortunately for me, the pool was not crowded. It was still a little before

five o'clock, so most people wouldn't be arriving home for a while yet.

Only a couple of young men were sitting on lounge chairs near two girls

about the same age who were just finishing their swim. The guys were

obviously trying to score, and the women, though playing hard to get, were

subtly encouraging their advances. I felt relief at the thought that they

would be so engrossed with each other that no one would pay any mind to

Marc and me, especially if we took the lounge chairs at this end of the

pool. That was the logical thing to do.

Marc marched us right up to the lounge chairs next to the boys, and

signaled me to use the one next to the closest young man. Not only were we

invading their space, we were obviously going to cramp their style. That

wasn't what worried me, though. My plan to be invisible was shot to hell.

My luck held. Despite our rude presence, the four were indeed so engrossed

with each other that Marc was unable to find an opening to introduce us. I

took secret pleasure in his frustration.

"Ready to take a dip?" he turned to me.

"I'd like to get a little sun, first. You go ahead."

So he did. I rolled quickly onto my stomach, feeling that I had been given

a reprieve by the governor. I can't explain why, but for some reason,

without thinking, I reached behind me and untied my top as I'd seen many

women in bikinis do. The string fell from my back for that perfect tan,

and the sides of the cups fell flat on the lounge. It hadn't occurred to

me that the sides of my breasts, though flattened against the lounge,

would be so bared. I cursed myself, but didn't want to struggle with the

string. I decided I would just have to endure until Marc got back. I was

pretty confident that no one was watching me. I turned my head away from

the foursome. If I couldn't see them, they couldn't see me, right?

The sun felt good on my back. God, I love California! What a life, just

lying around beside a pool in perfect weather. I was so happy. I crowded

out all thoughts of the unpleasant episodes of the day, like that spanking

from Ms Thomas this morning or the one that was sure to come, and just

focused on the good times, like falling asleep in Marc's arms. 'God, I'm

lucky to be married to him,' I thought to myself. I closed my eyes and

enjoyed the warm feeling that engulfed me.

"Hey, you falling asleep, again, Liza?"

"No, just enjoying the sun."

"Well, open your eyes and look at what I found in the pool."

Marc held a long, rubber snake.

"Hey, Girls! Did you lose this in the pool?" he shouted to them and held

it high.

I don't think it was on purpose, but the fact remains that he dropped that

cold, slimy thing on my back. Well, you know what I did next: I screeched,

jerked and sat up, my top flying every which way. The young man next to me

turned to see what was happening and nearly got an eye full of breasts

both figuratively and literally as I twisted. I came to rest facing the

stranger with my hands cupped over my breasts. The two girls ran like they

were being threatened with a gun, and the other young man, apparently

unwilling to give up trying to seduce them, lit out after them.

"Hi, I'm Marc. This is Liza," Marc said casually to the young man whose

nose was just inches from my hand-covered breasts.

"Glad to meet you. I'm Brad," he laughed.

We all laughed. As I sat there facing him with my hands still the only

cover for my breasts, Marc began the normal prattle that is appropriate to

a first meeting. I tried to use body English to bring my top back into

place, but it never worked for me in bowling, either. As I struggled and

they purposely ignored my dilemma, we learned that the other guy is his

roommate, that Brad is an artist working at home, and that he really,

really likes my bathing suit.

"The material is cutting-edge technology," Marc boasted. "Liza is among

the first to ever have it touch her skin."

Marc sat down beside me.

"Stand up, Liza," he said.

'Oh, god. Here it comes,' I thought to myself. Of course, standing up was

the last thing in the world I wanted to do, but I also knew that I would

do this, for Marc. My stomach ached. I stood straight and tall. I even

spread my feet to the "at ease" position that soldiers use. I don't know

why I did it, I just sensed that that was what Marc would like. My camel

toe was now at Brad's eye level. I couldn't help but lean over slightly

and try to peer over my chest to see what Brad could see, but Marc touched

me gently on the back as a reminder he wanted me to stand up straight.

"Just look at this space-age material," he began in the tone of a true

advertising pitchman.

I closed my eyes and my ears. I didn't want to hear this. I knew it was an

act, a persona that he was able to turn on at will. When he used it, he

did so as much to mock his profession as anything else, so I didn't blame

him. In other circumstances I would have laughed and encouraged him, but

this time was different: I was standing with my hands covering my breasts

and my clearly defined pussy was inches from a stranger's face.

"And as pretty as the material is, you can't appreciate it unless you feel

it," he continued. "Just feel the texture!"

With his index finger, Marc burrowed under my bikini at my crotch. He drew

the material out and caressed it between his finger and thumb. As tight as

the material was against my skin, it wouldn't stretch very far. I could

feel the back of Marc's finger lightly brushing against my slit.

"Yes, this is quality," he said. "Just feel this for yourself!"

My eyes grew to the size of saucers. I couldn't believe that Marc was

inviting him to feel the material at my crotch. My disbelief was short

lived. Brad reached forward tentatively, shaking slightly. His hand

replaced Marc's. Just as Marc's had, his finger brushed my swollen labia

and I couldn't help but jerk slightly.

"Careful!" I exclaimed.

In response he pulled the material away from my body as much as it could

possibly stretch, pulling it slightly to the side as he did. I was on

display!

"Yes, that is really something, alright!" Brad delighted.

"Have you ever felt anything like that?" Marc exclaimed.

"Never," Brad replied and let the elasticity of the material press his

finger against my pussy, again.

I felt his knuckle rub against my slit. I bent over slightly at his touch,

still clutching at my breasts. I said nothing this time, though I silently

wondered how far Marc was going to allow this aspect of the game to

progress.

"You've got to envy women for getting to wear such things," Marc

continued.

"I'd put this on in a heartbeat," Brad replied as he began an up and down

stroking movement of both the material and me.

I couldn't help but bend further forward. I curled to his touch, then

without warning, he released the material and it snapped back into place.

The sting brought me erect.

"Well, are you ready for a swim, now, Liza?" Marc changed the subject.

"In a minute," I replied. "I just need to sit down for a minute or two."

My knees were weak, my pussy on fire.

"Sure, join me when you're ready." He ran to the side of the pool and dove

in at the "No Diving!" sign.

I sat straight down, which meant I was again face to face with Brad, less

than an arm's length apart. I smiled weakly.

"Um, could you help me with my top? If you could just tie it in back, for

me..." I twisted to present my back to him as much as I could.

He picked up the cups that were dangling at my side and brought them

around the front. He put them in position over my hands, and then busied

himself with the string in back. As I felt the cups become taut, I removed

my hands and quickly placed them on top of the cups, holding them in

place. I knew that even though I'd moved quickly, he must have caught a

glimpse of my nipples. They strained against the material.

"There ya go," he said when he'd finished.

The back wasn't tied as tightly as it had been, so the material didn't hug

and conform to my nipples the way it had earlier. I was actually glad

about that, thinking I'd come out pretty well on this.

"Hi," Tom announced as he returned from his failed mission with the girls.

Brad introduced us.

"That's Marc, over there swimming," I pointed.

Tom waved, but Marc didn't notice. He was doing laps.

"Liza's got the most fantastic, suit," Brad said to his friend. "It's of a

material that's out of this world. Can Tom feel it?" he asked me.

I was still sitting down and wasn't about to stand to show off my camel

toe or be groped again, but I didn't see the harm in letting him feel the

edge of one of the cups of my top. I pulled the side away from my breast

and invited him to touch it. With the same initial nervousness that Brad

had shown, and a quick glance to the pool to see what Marc was doing, he

reached to replace my hand. He rubbed the length of the side, up and down

slowly several times. Of course he held it away from my breast more than

was necessary, but it didn't reach the point where I had to intervene.

"That is something!" Tom was enthusiastic.

"Yeah, isn't that great?" Brad chimed in, and then, uninvited, reached for

the edge of the other cup.

I didn't stop him. Tom was at one breast, Brad at the other. I could feel

their hot breath on my face; they were that close to me. They continued to

rub and chatter to me and each other about the material, trying to make

their rubbing seem logical and make it go on as long as possible.

"Are these adjustable?" Brad noticed.

"Yeah," I replied, cursing myself for my honesty.

With his free hand, not willing to release for a moment what he already

had in the other, Brad bunched the material at the loop at the bottom of

my breast. He bunched it just the way Marc had bunched it earlier, so that

it just covered my areola and nipple. I just sat there and watched the

process. I felt like I should do something, protest in some way, point out

to them that they were taking uninvited liberties, but I didn't. My hands

remained at my sides, clutching the edge of the lounge just as I had

earlier held on to the edge of the counter for Sam and Jake. Perhaps I was

spellbound by that earlier memory, acting according to a training that I

only now realized I had undergone.

"That looks better, don't you think?" He announced proudly.

I looked down to see my round breast with just a narrow strip down the

center. I looked around the pool area, hoping we were still the only ones

there. We were, thankfully. I wondered if anyone was watching from the

apartment windows in the not too far distance.

"Yeah, let me do my side," Tom was excited.

I continued to watch as a casual observer, wondering to myself how far I

was going to let this go. With the material now bunched, their fingers

couldn't help but brush against my nipples as they continued to rub the

material up and down. They grew bolder until they had the now narrow

strips of material fully enclosed by theirs thumbs and forefingers,

rubbing up and down, pulling it away from my breasts and continuing to hit

my nipple with each stroke.

Finally I could stand it no longer. I brought my hands to my breasts,

pinning their hands against my nipples, holding them still.

"That's enough, now." My breath was labored, speech difficult.

When I released my grip on them, they removed their hands, letting the

narrow strips of material cover only my areolas. I reached to spread the

material at the loop.

"Oh, please," Brad begged. "Please don't do that."

"It's perfect the way it is," Tom added.

I stopped what I was doing and looked at them. I then looked down at my

breasts. Never had I seen a bikini top this indecent. The only thing that

could possibly be worse was the camel toe at the bottom of this salacious

suit.

"Yeah, that's the way I had it at first," Marc said.

He startled us all. During my attention to the boys' play, I didn't notice

he was back, and certainly Tom and Brad were watching only my chest. The

boys, of course, were confused. Tom especially thought he was going to

catch hell, not having been tutored by Marc the way Brad had been.

"The only thing is," he went on, "the material should be tighter against

the skin."

He retied the string in back so tightly that my breasts were actually

flattened a little. My nipples protruded further than I'd ever seen.

"Perfect," he announced and moved around to the boy's side to have a

better look.

Tom and Brad, of course, had to agree, wondering no doubt what stroke of

luck had brought this crazy duo to their pool.

"Well, are you finally ready to swim?" Marc asked me.

Instead of answering, I saw my chance to escape and took it. I stood and

ran to the side of the pool so quickly that Tom had no chance at all to

introduce himself to my camel toe.

I dove into the deep end. The water was wonderful. I swam underwater for

as long as I could hold my breath. Earlier, in Marc's arms, I felt

protected, now in the water I felt secure, hidden. I swam and swam, never

wanting to surface. I pushed the limits, just as I had with Ally when we

sat there clinging to one another in my urgency to pee. Finally, at the

very last possible moment, I surfaced at the ladder.

Marc and Brad were waiting. They grinned at me attentively, as if I were a

star. I knew my bikini was worthy of attention, but their intense stares

and animated expressions puzzled me somewhat. Before I could investigate

or think it through, Marc held out his hand to me and I took it.

"Thanks," I said. "That felt great."

My foot was still on the top rung of the ladder when I heard Tom's voice:

"Catch!" A frisbee came sailing at us.

So, we began to play catch. It was after five now, and other people began

to arrive. We continued to play. The boys delighted in the way I would

twist and bend and throw and catch. I knew they wanted to see my camel toe

and protruding nipples and reasoned that if I kept moving, they would

catch fewer glimpses. The game continued and other people were added as

they arrived. They were all friendly and eager to play. I was having fun,

and gradually forgot all about my bikini. I greeted new players as they

arrived and learned some of their names. I chatted with them as I waited

my turn to catch the Frisbee. It wasn't until I overheard a rude comment

by a randy young stud that I figured out something was amiss. I looked

down at my bikini for the first time since I climbed out of the water to

discover something that made me double over in shame: once wet, the

material in my bikini was completely transparent.

Marc rushed to me thinking I'd been shot.

"Are you alright? What's wrong?" He was worried.

"You can see right through my suit," I said between clinched teeth.

"Yes, but only till it dries," he said nonchalantly.

"All these people..."

"Yes, you have many fans here at the pool," he said matter-of-factly. "You

can't disappoint them now."

He placed one hand at the small of my back and with his other hand he

pressed me gently upright at my aching stomach. He held me there in full

view of the growing crowd.

"Just a minor cramp," he announced. "She's fine. Hey, Brad, throw it

here."

I didn't catch it, Marc did. He handed it to me, though, and I threw it to

a great cheer. A half dozen of my neighbors were now part of the game,

enjoying watching me bounce. I obliged as well as I could, playing Marc's

game, this naked game, just like a Greek at the first Olympics.

Marc was such a dear, though. He could see that with each new person who

joined the crowd at the pool, my anxiety over my transparent bikini grew

ten fold. It wasn't long after I discovered I'd been playing frisbee with

visible pudenda that Marc said it was time to leave.

I hugged him close as we walked back to the apartment: half out of

gratitude and half to hide myself.

"This is a great place to live, isn't it?" Marc said happily. "We couldn't

find another place like this in a million years."

"You're right about that," I agreed.

I was so happy when we finally walked through the door of our apartment

that I couldn't help but giggle like a schoolgirl.

"I'm going to burn this suit," I laughed good-naturedly, playing the role

of a good sport who had just been the subject of a prank.

"Well, okay, but then you won't have one," he teased.

I stopped laughing when I remembered that indeed, I had precious few

things to wear. I remembered how Marc arranged for all my clothes, every

stitch I owned save the chemise I was wearing at the time, to be put in

storage. In my mind's eye I saw my bare closet, and then I thought of the

few neatly wrapped packages, which were the beginning of a new wardrobe.

"You mean there's not another one in one of those boxes?" I pointed in

their direction.

"Oh, you're curious about those, are you?" His voice was that of an adult

addressing a child on her birthday.

"Yes! Yes!"

"Shower first, then we'll see..."

"Race ya!" I started giggling again.

We peeled off our suits as we ran and stumbled into the bathroom. We made

sure we arrived together, though. There was never any doubt that we'd

shower together; never any doubt that he would pin me against the wall and

take me as the water cascaded on our bodies. He was even more passionate

than he'd been after he exposed me to Sam and Jake. As he continued to

thrust, I knew he was picturing in his mind how he pulled down the front

of my chemise for Steve at lunch. I knew he derived strength from watching

me play frisbee good as naked in front of our neighbors. I couldn't help

but think of those things, and others too, as my own orgasm grew near. Not

even the powerful showerhead could drown our shouts, our pleasure.

He wrapped me in a large towel and carried me for the second time that day

to our bed. We cuddled; holding our faces against one another, fearful

that breaking the touch could be lethal. I was never more in love with

Marc, despite, or perhaps because of, everything I'd suffered on his

behalf the past three days. He stroked me gently. Neither of us considered

such nonsensical concepts as "past" or "future." This was our whole life,

right here, right now.

While sex is the greatest motivator, hunger also plays a role. It was

suppertime. Marc got up, went to the closet, and returned wearing a robe.

Over his arm was draped a matching robe.

"For me?" I cooed.

"Yep! Try it on. See how you like it."

Marc's robe was black, of the finest silk, with gold embroidery depicting

some sort of mystical animal, like a dragon. It wrapped around him fully

from the neck down to his knees. A belt tied it securely at the waist.

I took the small piece of embroidered silk Marc handed me with eyes

blinking, hoping to make them adjust to see the rest of the garment. I

held it against me, thinking maybe I had shrunk in the pool, making this a

fine fit.

"Go on, put it on." He encouraged me.

I found a sleeve and put my arm through it, then did the same again. I

grasped the sides and pulled it around me. It was cut to leave cleavage

right down to my bellybutton, the sides coming just past my nipples. It

hung loosely, never making any real attempt to cover my breasts. At my

belly the sides were joined by the tiniest square of velcro. I had to hunt

for it. The sides overlapped by no more than a half inch at that point,

and then fell straight down together to just slightly below my pussy. I

reached around back to check if it covered my buttocks: just barely.

"Beautiful!" Mark exclaimed.

"Does it become invisible when wet?" was all I could think to ask.

We had a hearty laugh, then Marc announced it was time to eat and headed

for the kitchen.

As I walked I could feel the silk play against my shaved labia, baring my

slit with each step. I tried grabbing the ends of both sides in front and

holding them together, but it wasn't practical. I remembered how difficult

it was this morning to try to use my hand to lengthen my chemise at my

crotch, and decided to just let it go. I had to admit that the silk was

extremely sensuous against my skin, though. I'd never owned anything like

this before, and I knew I could get used to the feel, that's for sure.

"I'm going to boil water for crab legs. Do you want corn on the cob and a

salad with it?" Marc had it all planned, just like he'd planned so many

things of late.

We were well fed and finishing up the bottle of wine we'd opened for

supper on the couch. The television was on, but the Monday night pickings

were slim, so we paid little attention. The telephone's ring was not a

disturbance.

"Hello," I answered.

"It's me. Ally."

"How's it going?"

"Okay, except Ms Thomas wants to see us tomorrow."

I sat up straight.

"What did you tell her?"

"Liza, you must..."

"Oh god, no!"

"It might not be as bad as you think."

"Why?"

"I told her you helped me with the Smiths...I'll come by for you at ten."

"Oh, god."

"Did you say anything about this to Marc?"

"Of course, not!"

I looked at Marc and smiled, trying to act like everything was fine.

"Guess what?"

"What?"

"Steve was wearing the knickers!"

I burst out laughing. I held my hand over the mouthpiece and turned to

Marc. "Ally says Steve was wearing those knickers."

He laughed and said, "I'm going to give him such grief..."

"He's in for it tomorrow," I said to Ally. "Did you get them back?"

"I demanded them back, and stood right in front of him and made him take

them off right there in the leasing office."

"No! You devil."

"Yes! He has the cutest little thingy. It was all shriveled up in those

tiny knickers. As it turned out, he ruined the elastic, stretched it all

out of shape, so I told him to keep 'em. He's going to buy me a new pair,

though."

I doubled over in laughter and told Marc what she said.

"Hey, Ms Thomas would appreciate his devotion to knickers," I giggled into

the phone.

"Yeah, she and I both!"

"You devil!"

"Liza?"

"Yes?"

"You'll be ready at ten, right?"

"Yeah," I muttered.

"Promise?"

"Yes, I promise." I sighed deeply and hung up.

"Everything okay?" Marc asked.

I wanted to tell Marc about Ms Thomas, about how she threatened to throw

us out of the apartment for my having appeared on our balcony in only a

towel, but I couldn't. I wanted to tell him how I convinced her to let us

stay by accepting a spanking, but I couldn't. Ms Thomas said that Marc

must never know. I wanted to tell him how she ordered me to dress more

conservatively, always with knickers, but I couldn't. I wanted to tell him

how she threatened me with a hairbrush if I was ever caught without

knickers again, but I couldn't. I wanted to tell him that I'd just been

summoned to her apartment again because of what that little snitch, Ally,

had told her, but I couldn't.

"Never better," I cringed.

I cuddled close to him on the couch.

"Marc, we're really happy here, huh?"

"You bet! We could never find another place like this. I love it here. You

feel the same way, right?"

"Of course."

"Good. I assure you: we're going to be happy here. Let's agree that it's

going to take a typhoon to pry us away from this place, okay?"

I kissed him sweetly on the check.

"I'll calm the typhoons, just for you," I promised, thinking to myself of

Ms Thomas.

Marc answered the phone the next time it rang.

"Hello," he said into the receiver. "No, I have to meet with clients

throughout the day," he said in response to something said, then turned to

me with his hand over the receiver: "Sam doesn't understand that adults

with real jobs just can't run off..." "What?" He said back in the phone.

"Maybe, I'll ask." He replaced his hand on the mouthpiece and said to me,

"Sam and Jake want you to join them and a girl on their dad's boat..."

I shook my head, "no." "I don't want to spend the day with a bunch of

eighteen-year-olds," I whispered.

"She can't, either," he said into the phone.

He listened another second, and then handed me the phone. I shied away

from it mouthing, "no," and shaking my head. He shook it at me and gave me

that look.

"Hi, Sam!" I said in my best, perky voice.

"Come on, Liza. You'll have a great time, I promise. The boat is huge and

you'll really like Jake's girlfriend, I promise."

"I think we've all made enough promises lately," I laughed, "don't you?"

"No, come on, now. Don't be that way. Besides, a promise is a promise and

Jake needs you to be there."

"Why?"

"I'll explain tomorrow. Please?" He pleaded.

"No, Sam, I really don't..."

"Let me talk to Marc, okay?"

I handed the phone back to Marc with a shrug of my shoulders. He listened

for a while, but I was unable to guess what was being said.

"Yeah," I heard him say. "Of course, well... Yes, good as gold. All right,

then. Eleven thirty. I'll tell her." He hung up.

Marc turned to me. He smiled sweetly with just a hint of guilt and said,

"I think you might really enjoy yourself. Give it a try, okay?"

Instead of saying anything I just curled my mouth in a disapproving way,

shrugged my shoulders, and began to pout.

"I won't be home until late, tomorrow, anyway. You go have a good time.

I'll be thinking about you. It will make me happy just knowing you're

having a good time. I'll be thinking about you," he said again.

"Oh, yeah?" I began in a teasing tone. "Just how do you see me when you

think about me, huh?"

He reached over and pushed away a tiny bit of silk that had fallen against

the side of one of my pussy lips. He smiled and winked.

"You are so evil!" I punched him playfully.

He kissed me.

"When I was at work today, I couldn't help but think of you naked in front

of Sam and Jake," he confessed. "I'd close my eyes and relive the entire

evening, over and over."

He kissed me again, but as he did my thoughts were only on what he'd just

said. For three days I'd wanted to talk to him about this, and now,

finally, the discussion had begun. I was anxious to talk some more.

"If I go with Sam and Jake tomorrow, they'll expect to see me naked."

"I know."

"How does it make you feel when I'm naked in front of other people?" I

asked and held my breath.

He looked at me like a guilty little boy.

"It turns me on...like nothing else. Just thinking about it..." He took my

hand and placed it at his crotch. Through the silk I could feel him grow.

"Do you hate me?"

"No, not at all." I smiled sweetly and gave him a little squeeze.

"You're so beautiful, and I...need so much just to...look at you...and

have others see... I get so excited... You understand, right? You're so

beautiful."

I liked his compliments, but was rather unimpressed by his inarticulate

explanation, and guessed that perhaps the wine was directing this

conversation. I wanted to go in a different direction.

"It's just that everything has happened so fast. Since dinner with Sam and

Jake things have...escalated, and I wonder where...

"Wherever we want. This is the best it's ever been with us, don't you

think? Don't you feel it? I know you enjoy it. Admit it, now."

"It's just that I'm worried..."

"No, Liza, don't worry. Don't worry about a thing. Taking your dress off

in front of the boys was the best thing that's ever happened to us. It's

just going to get better and better, you'll see. It's going to be great."

"I'm just not sure how far I can go. Part of me..."

"Let go of any part that holds you back. Just let it go. Tell me you'll

try, okay?"

I realized he was like a dog with a bone and wasn't about to let it go.

When I hesitated to answer, he gave me that look that turns me to jell-o.

"Okay," I smiled at him, "I'll try."

"You promise you'll try?" The wine was making him repetitive.

"Yes, I promise."

Marc hugged me.

"Marc, what did you mean when you said, 'good as gold' to Sam on the

phone?"

He looked at me and smiled, then stroked my hair at the side of my face,

as is his habit when he's being especially affectionate.

"Your promises, I told him, are as good as gold."

"And you think I should always keep my promises?"

"Of course, silly."

He picked me up and carried me to our bed. I knew what was on his mind,

and the phrase, "In Vino Veritas," was going through mine.

It was already past nine when I awoke the next morning. I stretched and

brought my hand to my belly. It was still a strange feeling: my own bare

skin in the morning. For the second night in a row I'd slept in the nude.

That made two times in my whole life I'd done such a thing! I smiled at

myself, wondering why it took me so long to discover something so

wonderful. I counted it among the more tame activities I'd been introduced

to in the past couple days, and smiled again.

As I came to my senses, I began to understand I would have to get out of

bed sooner or later to face the day. Ms. Thomas and Sam loomed large in my

mind. I ran my hand over my pussy, testing whether I needed a shave; I

did. 'Coffee first, though,' I thought.

I walked into the kitchen naked. I found the pot of coffee Marc had made

earlier and poured myself a cup. I let the aroma fill my nostrils as I

contemplated the benefit of being married to a morning person, one who

doesn't try to inflict on me his morning routine. By the time I get up he

has made coffee, done some housework, and left quietly for work. You've

got to love a man like that.

I climbed on a stool at the counter to glance at the newspaper Marc had

refolded neatly for me. I skimmed the headlines and sipped my coffee. When

I set my cup down, I noticed the scotch tape was still on the counter from

yesterday. I blushed slightly, wondering what Marc had thought of the

tape, and why he hadn't removed it when he wiped the counter. I started to

lift the edge of one of the strips to pull it up, but stopped; I pressed

it back down. A smile crossed my face.

I pushed the paper to one side and, with cup in hand, climbed onto the

counter, sat down with my legs dangling over the edge and spread them

until my thighs were on the outsides of the two strips of tape. I was in

position. I laughed out loud. I drank my coffee. I wondered what the boys

would think of me now, getting into position without even being coerced. I

remembered the good times this position brought me: the orgasm, the

adulation, and that final kiss to my pussy lips. Sam was so attentive, so

ingenious, and so inventive in his interpretation of our deals. I

remembered our deal, that he could kiss me on the lips when he asked

nicely, and shivered slightly at the memory of how he interpreted that to

mean pussy lips. I was glad he did; it felt nice. I made a mental note to

watch out for him, though.

In my mind I reviewed the rest of the deals we made the day before, and I

remembered the telephone conversation with Sam. It occurred to me that

perhaps the boys might try to hold me to those same deals when I saw them

later. I remembered how they grabbed me and were about to throw me outside

naked, but stopped when I promised to do 'anything they say.' 'Yes, I

expect them to want to see me naked again, and Marc is excited about that,

but what if they took my promise, to do anything they say, literally? It

was just something said in the heat of the moment, part of the game,' I

thought to myself. 'Surely they must realize that such a promise was just

for yesterday's bizarre play, not meant for anything more,' I tried to

console myself. 'No way could a reasonable person expect what happened

yesterday to continue!'

I looked down at myself, sitting in yesterday's position. My eyes grew

wide at the realization that even as my mind was saying, 'no,' my body was

acting it out quite the opposite. I put my hand to my crotch to touch my

own wetness. "Oh, god!" I said out loud.

I finished my coffee in a gulp and headed for the bathroom. Lying on the

counter were my robe and bikini. A note lay on top of them in Marc's

handwriting: "Boat attire – Have fun!"

That's when I remembered I had no clothes. I went to the closet to make

sure it hadn't been all a hallucination. There, behind the locked

sliding-glass door, hung the chemise I wore to lunch yesterday, and that

garment bag. On the chest of drawers lay the unopened packages that

contained the beginnings of my new wardrobe that Marc was having such fun

collecting. I tested the door; nope, it was locked, all right. I tried to

open Marc's side of the closet, but it was locked, too. I couldn't even

steal one of his shirts. 'Oh, god,' I muttered silently, cursing myself

for not remembering to open more packages after dinner last night, and not

reminding Marc to leave the closet open for me. It dawned on me that I

hadn't even thought to ask him about the locks on the closet. 'What in the

hell are they for, anyway?' I asked myself.

It was clear I was going to have to spend the day with my pussy and

nipples clearly outlined by that bikini. The robe might help a little, but

not close up, for sure. A wave of panic flowed over me when I thought of

my summons to Ms Thomas', and my afternoon with Sam, Jake and his

girlfriend. "Think, girl, think!' I shouted to myself. I needed a plan.

I went back to the bathroom to get ready while I puzzled over my

situation. I got the razor, inserted a new blade, found the cream, and sat

down on the edge of the toilet with my legs spread. I dabbed on the cool

cream until it covered my entire mound. It was cool and nice. I pulled the

skin taut and began to shave. I ran a finger over the shaved area to make

sure the blade had done its job; it was smooth. I took another stroke,

then another. I made sure that every hair on every fold was completely

gone. I went over the insides of my thighs and above my pubic bone. The

stray hairs at my clitoris were sought out and destroyed. I explored the

area completely with my hand, making doubly sure that no stubble was

present. 'How many people are going to see this, today?' I asked myself

whimsically. Next I did my legs and arm pits with the same attention, and

then I jumped in the shower.

After I finished showering, I reached for a towel to find only a very

small hand towel on the bar. Why I hadn't noticed before, I can't say. I

had to make do, wondering where all the towels were. When I was dry enough

to roam, I went to the linen closet. It was locked! I couldn't believe it.

'Why on earth would there be a lock on a linen closet?' I asked myself,

then had another thought. I looked in the laundry area for the

clothesbasket, but it wasn't there. I ran to the closet: there it was

behind the locked door on Marc's side. A few full-length towels and Marc's

dirty clothes from yesterday were in it.

It finally dawned on me. There was nothing available to me in the entire

apartment with which I could cover myself except for what Marc laid out

for me. Every piece of cloth larger than a few inches was under lock and

key. It was his intention that I wear what he chose, or go without. Here

I'd been under the impression that my participation in this "naked game"

of his was voluntary, that I was just being a good sport, putting a little

spice in our love life, but now my choices were obviously being limited,

and I was being forced to play along.

I should have been really angry, but instead, to my surprise, I felt a

certain amount of relief: I understood intuitively that not being able to

go to the closet and put on a dress, or the linen closet to wrap up in a

towel, made my nakedness easier to bear. This way, Marc's way, I didn't

have to rely on my own sense of responsibility or discipline to comply

with the demands of the game. I wouldn't be constantly barraged by the

urge to put something on in a weak moment. Temptation had been removed.

Marc was making the game easier for me to play. I promised him I'd try,

and he was assuring my success. He was also increasing the chances that I

would be inappropriately dressed, or not dressed at all, to an exponential

degree.

Standing there in the closet as I went over the situation in my mind, I

began to feel very naked, vulnerable. I felt my resolve "to try" weaken,

and I hurried to the bathroom and quickly put on my robe. I held it

against myself, feeling protected, even by that small garment.

I glanced at the clock to see that I had only a few minutes to finish

getting ready before Ally was to arrive. I brushed my teeth and applied

some lip-gloss, and then I brushed my hair. I admired its contrast against

the silky blackness of my robe. I examined the gold embroidery and

marveled at how nearly it matched my hair. 'Marc does have excellent

taste,' I marveled to myself.

"Hi, Liza."

I jumped at the sound and sight of Ally as she came in the bathroom.

"I didn't startle you, did I? The door was unlocked, so I just let myself

in. You don't mind, do you?"

"I'm getting used to it, I suppose." I smiled meekly, not wanting to

offend this little spy in the service of her mistress, Ms Thomas.

"Hurry up and get dressed," she said. "It's nearly time to go."

"I'm going to slip on my bikini under this...cover up," I stated

matter-of-factly, as if it were the most logical thing in the world to

wear.

"Hm," she replied. "Don't you think...?"

"Look," I cut her short. "This is what Marc laid out for me to wear,

today, so this is what I'm wearing. Understand?"

Her eyes grew and she stared at me.

"He laid..."

"You heard me. Now, I've got to pee before I put it on. Are you going to

help or just stand there arguing?"

I knew that my peeing would shut her up. She continued to stare at me as I

removed my robe. Under her eyes my nipples shot out and my pussy grew

moist. I straddled the commode as she taught me.

"I'll help!" She got with the program.

She kneeled in front of me and I leaned forward slightly, bracing myself

by placing my hands on her shoulders. She held my pussy open with one

hand, placing the other hand in position to catch the flow.

"Okay, ready," she said.

I relaxed. The stream hit the palm of her hand and she directed it into

the bowl. She turned her hand to wet it thoroughly. Her breathing was

labored. I watched the intense look she focused on my pussy, and I

realized I really enjoyed that look. As the flow began to ebb to just a

trickle, she played with the drops, rolling them between her fingers. When

I was finished peeing, she leaned forward and cleaned my pee hole with her

tongue, then sat directly down on the floor in front of me. Her wet hand

went under the hem of her short skirt to her crotch. Whether she was

rubbing herself to dry her hand or masturbate wasn't a choice, she was

doing both. I watched as she moaned and bucked as the orgasm reached its

climax.

"God, that was good! Liza, don't ever pee without me," she said as if

casually telling a friend to send her a postcard while on vacation.

"I'll try." I smiled, remembering those were the same words I'd said to

Marc.

I reached for the top of my bikini and pulled it over my head, letting the

cups hang loosely for the moment. I picked up the bottom and stepped into

it, tightening the belt after I had adjusted it at my hips. The sight of

my camel toe mesmerized Ally.

"I thought you'd like the way the bottom fits," I said. "Feel the

material, if you'd like."

Ally got back up on her knees and pushed her index finger between me and

the material, just as Marc had done at the pool in front of Brad. She

rolled the material between her thumb and index finger, and then released

it. She watched as it went back into place, like elastic, to mold to every

fold, outlining my slit to perfection. She pressed against my pussy and

rubbed gently, cooing as she did.

"Okay, tie my top in back for me and let's go," I said.

She tied the string together loosely at the back and the cups covered my

breasts quite normally, not like the second skin that is created when tied

tightly. I put my robe on over the suit and looked in the mirror. I

smiled, satisfied that I just might get away with this. If I was careful,

my camel toe just might not be noticed. We were off.

Martha, the maid, opened the door and led us upstairs to the same room as

before.

"Stand facing the couch," she addressed us for the first time since we

entered.

Ally and I looked at each other, but only for mutual support. We knew we

would obey; there was no mutiny in our look. We got into position,

shoulder to shoulder facing the couch.

"Mrs. Daniels, madam would like to inspect your knickers. Please remove

them so I can take them to her."

"This is...I'm wearing a bathing suit," I stammered.

"I'll take what you have," she replied in a monotone, with just a trace of

impatience.

"But..."

My protest was cut short by the tilt of her head toward the end table. I

followed her eyes to see a hairbrush there. I reached under my robe and

undid the belt completely and drew it out of the front loop, letting the

crotch fall away. I tried to stand as still as I could so that the robe

would not sway from covering my pussy. I removed the bikini bottom and put

the belt back through its loop and fastened the belt. I held it out for

her. She produced a nearby tray, motioned me to place my garment in the

center, then left the room with it.

Ally and I exchanged glances again once left alone, but neither of us

dared say a word. Martha returned without my bikini bottom.

"Madam has asked me to tell you that she will join you in a minute. When

she comes in you are to speak only when spoken to and you will end each

sentence with 'ma'am.' You will obey her every command and accept whatever

punishments she decides to give you. If these conditions are not

acceptable to you, you are to leave and be off the premises before

nightfall. Your belongings will be sent to the address of your choosing at

madam's expense. If one of you decides to leave, the other will have to

follow. I shall remain here to ensure that no communication occurs between

you. You have thirty seconds left to decide."

I don't know what was going through Ally's mind, but I was scared to

death. I was afraid I would weaken and not be able to meet the conditions.

I was afraid Ally would panic and run off, getting me and Marc kicked out

of our apartment. I didn't look at Ally, afraid that that might be

interpreted as communication. I concentrated on Marc and held my breath. I

knew I had no choice but to ride out this typhoon. I resolved to do

whatever I had to do to keep the apartment.

Ms Thomas came in the room and walked over to Ally and me. She looked us

up and down as a general might do reviewing the troops, then sat on the

couch in front of us, looking up at us.

"Take off your robe," she said to me.

I didn't respond in word, I did in deed. I was frantic to obey just as

Martha had told us to, and the robe was off and in my hand in the blink of

an eye. Martha walked over to me and took it from me, retreating once

again to the other side of the room.

Ms Thomas looked at my bare pussy. She didn't move for several seconds.

"Come, lie down on my lap, you know how," she said to me sweetly, almost

lovingly.

Though caught off guard by her tone, I moved quickly. I lay face down,

centering my buttocks on her lap. The couch was long enough for my legs

and torso to extend on either side with plenty of room to spare. I turned

my face to the back, burying it in the cushion. I felt her left hand

resting on the small of my back, her right hand casually stroking my

buttocks.

"How often do you shave, my dear?" she asked.

"Every couple of days, I guess."

I felt a stinging slap on my right buttock. I jerked.

"You will end each sentence with 'ma'am,' understand?" I heard Martha's

voice. "Try it again!"

"Every couple of days, ma'am," I barked out like a soldier to a drill

sergeant.

"You did an excellent job on your pussy," she brushed it and forced my

legs apart, "but you missed some hairs, here." She circled the area around

my anus with her finger, then pulled at a few of them. "Martha, bring me

the tweezers!"

I was in shock. Every muscle in my body tightened as I felt her playing

with the fine hairs near my opening. Never before in my life had I been

touched there. To have it on display and examined by this woman was making

me want to die of shame. I buried my face further into the cushion.

The plucking began almost immediately. They were stubborn hairs with deep

roots, and my skin was pulled quite far before I felt a stinging pop. I

jerked slightly with each extraction, but Ms Thomas seemed to take little

notice and proceeded quickly to the next hair. She used her left hand to

knead and stretch the rising flesh around my anus to find every hair. She

pressed her thumb right against my opening at one point. I could not

believe the sensation! Instead of hurting, it felt like a bold kiss and I

tried to clinch my buttocks on her thumb, to hold it there.

Smack! She swatted me hard.

"Relax!"

"Yes, ma'am," I shouted into the cushion.

The depilation continued and the pain was beginning to mount. It felt like

a nasty horse fly was biting me over and over again. I began to whimper

and yelp. She paid me no mind.

"I'll do a couple at a time; it will go faster," she said as if to

herself.

The pain was twice as bad and I continued to jerk.

Smack! She hit me hard right on the button. I arched my back and yelped,

but she pushed down on me forcefully.

"Ally! Hold her shoulders down. Martha! Hold down her legs!"

I felt the crush of Ally and Martha pushing me into the couch, then the

sting of several hairs being pulled at once. My body jerked but went

nowhere, thanks to Ally and Martha. With her thumb and finger, I felt Ms

Thomas spread my flesh so much at my anus that I felt it gape open. I

wanted to die, right there on the spot. I felt a stinging pull right on

the rosebud. I cried out in pain. One tearing and pulling sting followed

another in rapid succession. She was getting into a rhythm that was

robbing me of the ability to breathe through the pain. I thought I was

going to choke.

"There, all done!" she exclaimed at last. "Don't you think that looks a

lot better, now, Ally?"

"Yes, ma'am." I heard Ally's hoarse, traumatized voice.

"You know, I think this should be your job from now on. You will keep

these hairs plucked for her, okay?"

"Yes, ma'am," Ally replied.

"Liza, say 'thank you' to Ally for volunteering to keep your derrière hair

free."

"Thank you, Ally," I said obediently.

"Good, good," Ms Thomas said.

She was rubbing my buttocks now and the sting was beginning to subside. I

could feel my muscles begin to relax. She brought her hand to rest against

my rosebud. Her hand pressed my cheeks apart; I felt full, like having a

monster wedgie.

"Now, let's talk about your deportment, shall we, Liza?"

"Yes, ma'am," I squeaked.

"Ally, you may stand up, dear. Liza doesn't need you to hold her anymore."

I felt both Ally and Martha release me.

"Ally tells me you took off your knickers in a bar? Is that true, Liza?"

Her voice was like honey, sweet and flowing slowly.

"Yes ma'am," I answered, and thought that my greatest pleasure in life

would be to strangle that little snitch.

"Well, I'm not even going to ask why you did that, silly girl." Her voice

was so sweet to me I couldn't believe my ears. "Whatever the reason,

though," she continued, "it's going to get you acquainted with the

hairbrush. Now, I've heard you wore a rather revealing swimsuit to the

pool, yesterday. Is this the suit in question?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, it doesn't seem too bad to me. The cups cover your breasts nicely

and the bottom has a larger rear than most these days. Are you sure this

is the suit you wore yesterday?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said again, smiling to myself at her confusion. I was

suddenly very happy that I wore "exhibit A." This was my lucky day, as

long as nobody spilled water on it.

"Well, I guess some reports just can't be trusted, huh?"

"No, ma'am."

"Ally tells me you were instrumental getting the Smiths to sign a lease. I

want to thank you for that, Liza."

"My pleasure, ma'am."

"So, let's recap what we've got here. I owe you for your help with the

Smiths, you have been falsely accused of wearing a salacious swimsuit, but

you admit to inappropriate behavior in a bar."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, let me think..."

Her fingers tapped against my hole playfully, then she lightly pinched my

rosebud. She pressed and pinched and played with it. When the telephone in

the next room rang, Martha went to answer it, and then called: "It's

Moscow, ma'am."

"Stand next to Ally and wait for me," she said.

I got up quickly and she walked into the other room and closed the door. I

looked at Ally and she looked at me. It was obvious that neither of us was

sure whether talking was permitted, so we remained silent. Martha came

into the room a minute later, carrying the tray with my bikini bottom and

robe.

"You are to bring Mrs. Daniels back tomorrow at ten o'clock," she said to

Ally. "Madam has decided on twenty-five swats. Let yourselves out."

Martha set down the tray and left the room.

I grabbed my things from the tray in one hand and Ally in the other. I

pulled her downstairs and through the door as fast as I could. I pulled

her along the sidewalk at a gallop. I could hear faint protests, but I

didn't listen. I needed to get back to my apartment as quickly as

possible. I was possessed. I didn't care that I was naked from the waist

down. I didn't care that Ally was complaining. I had to get home and I

needed Ally with me. We ran past a startled gardener, but I didn't care.

I dragged Ally through the door of my apartment and directly to the

kitchen. I still had her hand in mine, and I forced it to my butt crack. I

pushed it firmly against my hole.

"Hold it there. Don't move it!" I shouted frantically.

Her eyes grew and her jaw dropped, but she did as she was told. I opened

the refrigerator door and grabbed a stick of butter. I opened a nearby

drawer and rummaged around until I found just the right thing: a spatula

with a round, plastic handle about as thick as my thumb. I have no idea

how I came up with my plan, but I was working feverishly to make it work.

I went to the table and leaned over it at the waist. Ally kept her hand in

place until I unwrapped the butter. I told her to remove her hand, then I

pressed that stick right up against my rosebud. I pushed and rubbed until

the butter began to melt and lubricate. I picked up the spatula and

quickly rubbed butter on the handle. I handed it to Ally.

"Do it!" I commanded.

Nervously, Ally put the tip of the handle against my anus.

"Push it in!" I shouted. "Push it!"

She applied pressure and I felt my sphincter open. The tip slid in, then

she applied more pressure. I screamed encouragement. I wanted that spatula

buried in my ass! I couldn't stand another moment without it! Ally pushed

it until the entire handle was deep inside me.

"Pump!" I yelled.

She began to pull it out and thrust it back in, slowly at first, then

quicker at my urging. My hand went to my clit and I furiously squeezed and

rubbed it. I shook my head, my hair slapped against the table. I was on

fire. I was out of control. My body shook. I spurted vaginal juices on my

hand, down my leg, and onto the floor.

When Ally saw the convulsions of the most powerful orgasm she'd ever

witnessed, she stopped pumping, leaving the spatula's handle completely

buried, and stepped back. She watched as my body rocked and spasms jolted

me. The end came suddenly and I collapsed on the table, panting. I rested.

Ally stood transfixed.

A minute or two passed before I began to stir. Ally, thinking that it was

time to put things away and clean up, reached for the spatula to remove

it. I caught her hand.

"No, leave it." I said. "Just leave it where it is. Help me stand up."

Ally took one of my arms and I pressed against the table with my other.

Slowly I rose to the standing position, the spatula sticking out of me at

an angle toward the floor. I had to keep my legs spread slightly to make

room for the flat part of the spatula.

"Help me to the shower," I said.

Slowly, ever so slowly, I walked to the bathroom as she supported me. She

pulled back the shower curtain and helped me into place. She removed my

bikini top, and then, standing back to not get her clothes wet, she turned

on the water. I turned slowly, letting the water cascade against me, then

the spatula, making it vibrate. I supported myself against the wall of the

stall and let my body adjust to the new sensation in my ass. I felt the

water against my buttocks and legs, and gently wiped away the butter from

them. I washed off all the vaginal juices; my skin squeaked from the soap

and water.

"Liza, I've got to get to work. I'll be missed."

I turned off the water.

"Help me dry," I replied.

She did.

"Help me to the bed," I instructed.

She supported me as I gingerly walked to the bedroom with the spatula

still buried deep within me. I lay down on my side, allowing the flat part

of the spatula to jut from me like a beaver's tail. I covered myself with

the sheet. I faced away from Ally, toward the wall.

"Liza, I've really got to go, now."

"Okay," I agreed.

"I'll check on you later, okay?"

"Okay," I replied.

I listened as the sound of her footsteps left the room. I felt a strange

loneliness at her departure, yet rejoiced at the solitude. I concentrated

on the spatula, on the fullness and pressure at my rectum. There was a

dull pain there, but it felt good. I wanted to remove it, and I wanted to

keep it there forever. I was cognizant of the conflicting emotions and

sensations within me, and I tried my best to understand them if I couldn't

reconcile them. In my mind's eye I hovered above myself, looking down at

this new creature I couldn't recognize or explain. 'Who is this person who

runs around naked in public, submits to spankings, pees on people and

shoves kitchen utensils up her butt?' I asked and marveled. I thought back

to that moment when I first realized Marc wanted me naked in front of

others, and I relived the moment my dress fell open in front of Sam and

Jake for the first time. I tried to remember what my life was like before

that, but it was just too hard; my past and former vision of the future

were clouded by the ache at my rectum and the pain in my nipple that I

realized I was causing by rolling and pinching it. I didn't know whether

to laugh or cry, but I needed to do both.

The sheet tickled my cheek, and I realized suddenly that Marc hadn't

though of everything after all. The idea came to me that I could get the

scissors, fashion a dress of sorts and leave. I could leave this place of

spankings, where people put me on display and masturbate to my private

bodily functions. I could leave and let go of the knot in my stomach. I

could go and...

"Liza, are you asleep?"

I jumped slightly at the sound of Sam's voice. Immediately my hand went

under the sheet to the spatula and I discreetly pulled it from my bowels.

No way did I want Sam to find out about this! I pushed the spatula as far

from my body as I could without rousing suspicion that something was going

on under the sheet, and I kept my hand over it to prevent its outline from

being determined. I turned toward him and lay on my back, facing up at

him. I felt empty, an absence, nothing.

"You didn't forget, did you?" He looked hurt.

"No, not at all," I assured him. "I was just resting up while I waited."

"Liza, may I give you a 'hello' kiss?" He asked in that butter-melting

tone that I promised would bring a positive reply.

'Not here a half minute and he's already invoking one of yesterday's

deals,' I observed silently...and drew the sheet at my hip away from my

body to uncover my torso from below my breasts to my knees. I spread my

legs, revealing and making available my pussy.

Sam lowered his mouth to me and pressed his lips to my labia. I gently

pressed the back of his head to me with my free hand as I furtively moved

the hand with the spatula to the head of the bed where I was able to

quietly hide my latest fetish between the mattress and the wall. Sam was

encouraged by the touch of my hand and lingered at my pussy, kissing

several times up and down my slit. He spread his lips just slightly at my

clitoris, surrounding me with his hot breath. My nipples grew and my thigh

muscles twitched. I moved my hands to the sides of his head and put my

middle fingers as deeply inside his ears as I could. I drew him to me –

hard. I wanted to be filled. His teeth slammed against me and I jumped.

Sam took fright and sat up.

"I...I'm sorry. Did I hurt you?" he asked, his voice trembling.

I smiled and shook my head.

"Just the opposite," I said in a dreamy voice.

"Oh, good...I was afraid I..."

"It was nice," I assured him.

"Liza, I've got a gift for you. Give me your ankle."

He pulled the sheet from around my feet and I raised my ankle to him. Sam

drew what looked like an identity bracelet from his pocket; it had a gold

chain with a flat, round gold piece at the middle. He took a small pair of

pliers from his other pocket and fastened the two end links together

around my ankle: there was no clasp. I realized right away that the only

way it was ever going to come off was with even bigger pliers and more

strength than I possessed.

"How do you like it?" he asked.

I twisted my outstretched leg one way and another, admiring it from afar.

"Read the inscription," he said.

I sat up in bed and the sheet fell from my upper body. You'd think I

wouldn't bother by now, but instinctively my hands went to my breasts, to

cover them. I drew my foot toward me until my heel nearly touched my

crotch. The flat part of the gold piece was presented just right, but I

had to bend to read the small letters. Beginning at the outer edge of the

coin-sized gold piece and circling inward, like the shell of a snail, the

words "Anything," "No Limits," "Anytime," and "I Promise," were inscribed.

I gasped and looked up at Sam.

"I had it made this morning. So you'll always remember," he explained,

"you know, what you promised, yesterday."

"Um, yes, I remember," I replied cautiously. "I'll never forget yesterday,

never..."

"But on the phone last night you seemed to, you know, act as if you'd

forgotten the deal you made."

"I remember several deals: the deal to go out on the bedroom balcony

naked, to sit on the counter until Marc got home, that you could kiss

me..."

"That's not what I'm talking about!"

"What do you mean?"

"This was the deal." He pointed at the words on the anklet. "You promised

to do whatever we said, for as long as we said, anytime we said.

Remember?"

"Yesterday's promises..." I began slowly, realizing my worst fears had

come true, and searching my memory for those particular, inscribed words.

"Yesterday's promises were promises made yesterday, but not just for

yesterday." Sam interrupted. "A promise is forever, like gold."

Marc's words, "good as gold," came back to me and I understood that this

anklet was not meant to commemorate an event, rather to perpetuate it. I

thought my debt to Sam and my promises of yesterday had ended with the

completion of certain tasks, but now I was being told that I my promise

was to fulfill every task, no matter what, anytime. My mind was spinning

at the magnitude of what Sam expected, and at what he said was the true

meaning of my promise. The words "anything," and "for as long as we say,"

came flooding back to me, but I was unsure about "anytime."

"My promise..." I mumbled as I began again, trying to collect my thoughts

and think it through as I spoke, hoping to bring to question and negotiate

certain items.

"Your promise is as good as gold. That's what Marc said," Sam interrupted

me again. "Are your promises as good as gold?"

"Yes, of course..."

"You promised these things." Sam pointed to the anklet.

"I just can't..."

"Jake and I remember these words. Do you keep your word?"

"Yes, of course, I..."

"Will you do what you promised?"

So, there it was. That was the question I'd been wrestling with. My

promises were the soul of this new creature who played this incredible

game with her husband and invited players. I promised Marc I'd try to do,

to be, what he wanted. I evidently promised Sam to do whatever he wanted,

without limits, anytime he wanted. If these were indeed my promises, I

knew I would be compelled to keep them, as I've kept all my promises, my

whole life. I wanted time to think calmly, remember certain things, but

Sam was throwing questions and statements at me rapid fire, telling me

what I said and what I promised. Part of me wanted to challenge him, but

another part remembered Marc's plea to "just let go." I was able to think

only at the pace of the snail-like inscription burning into my ankle, but

I did figure out that my next response would be a fateful one.

"Put your hands to your sides," Sam said.

I was startled by this new direction, and it took several seconds for me

to understand what he was saying. I had forgotten that my hands clutched

my breasts, hiding them from his view. As soon as I realized what he was

saying and remembered where my hands were, though, I complied without the

slightest compunction, feeling it quite natural to have my hands at my

sides, my breasts on display...and to obey.

"Read me the words on the anklet," he said.

I swallowed hard. I knew the words and didn't have to look at the gold

piece, but I did anyway, as instructed.

"Anything," I began slowly. "No limits," I paused for a breath. "Any

time," I pronounced the words separately, with emphasis, trying to find

them familiar. "I promise," I concluded and looked at Sam.

"That's right. There it is. There it all is. You see?"

I suddenly felt as if I were hovering above myself, again. I was split

between a figure sitting naked on the bed under the expectant gaze of an

eighteen-year-old boy and a specter that hovered, poised ready to break

her promises and escape once and for all. The pain and excitement of the

humiliations I'd suffered the past three days crashed anew on the naked

figure on the bed; the hovering apparition felt nothing. I knew Marc's

pride was in the naked figure, not the ghost of my past. Sam's worshipful

stare was on my jutting nipples and moist pussy; he would never look at

the ghost of the old Liza. The naked figure commanded full attention; the

hovering specter was invisible, empty.

"Keep your promise, Liza."

Whether it was a command or a plea, I couldn't tell. I knew only that the

conflict raging within me was about to be resolved. The pain in my gut

from the "game" would now be embraced or rejected forever. The naked

figure would know pain, torment and humiliation, but also pleasure, love

and devotion. The hovering ghost would feel nothing, and have nothing but

broken promises and no one with whom to share them. These things I knew

for certain.

"I will," answered the naked figure.

The hovering ghost of my past was let go.

"You'll be good. Right, Liza?"

"Yes, I promise."

**Liza Makes Deals**

by shyones ©

Outside the bar, Marc and Steve walked me to my car to say good-bye. They

had to go back to work.

"Thanks for the most memorable lunch ever, Liza," Steve said as he gave me

a peck on the cheek.

"I doubt I'll ever forget it either," I tried to chuckle and act

nonchalantly. My mind was still reeling from having exposed myself to him

in the bar, and, I have to admit, my pussy was throbbing.

"You and your husband are my best friends. You know that, don't you? We're

still friends, right?"

"Yes, of course," I replied and gave him a peck on his cheek for emphasis.

I saw his eyes go to my breasts as I leaned toward him. The lace of my

chemise fell away from my nipples as I leaned, affording him the

opportunity to peek once more at what he'd seen so well in the bar. I

smiled in a way that let him know I caught him.

"But it's permitted, now. Isn't it?" A guilty blush accompanied his

argument for absolution.

I looked at my husband, signaling that I would let him answer that. I was

actually looking forward to his answer. I needed some clarification of the

issue myself. To say that I was confused would be an understatement. All

I'd been able to figure out so far was that somehow Steve was entitled to

see me naked, because yesterday I'd been nude in the company of those two

young men who brought our new furniture. Why I got naked for them was

simply payback for accidentally seeing one of them come out of the shower.

My debt to them was expanded during lunch just now to include Steve

through a baffling train of convoluted logic that left me, well, sitting

in a bar with my pussy and breasts exposed. 'Just how far was this debt

going to travel?' I wondered. 'Is it paid in full, now? Will my modesty be

henceforth safeguarded, or will the debt just keep growing like the

expanding universe to anyone who, like Steve, feels he has a right to see

me naked because others have. And now that I've shown myself to Steve,

does he have the right to see me again?' I waited with bated breath for

Marc's answer.

"All you have to do is ask," Marc said casually, as if he were lending a

power tool or a golf club.

My breath left me in a rush. My breasts heaved as I drew the next breath

heavily. I felt dizzy and leaned against the car. My head was spinning and

I thought I heard bells, but it was Marc's cell phone.

"Hi, Sam," he answered the phone. "Good," he said in response to what was

said on the other end. "Thanks, we owe you! See you later." He hung up.

My eyes grew wide at the thought that Marc was talking to Sam, no doubt of

Sam and Jake fame, the boys who started this whole naked theme. 'Why was

he talking to Sam? Were they a part of our lives, now? Oh, my god. He said

we'd see him later. What next?' I asked myself.

"That was Sam," Marc said to me. "He and Jake have been running some

errands for us today, doing some chores."

"Oh," I stammered.

"Sam's at the apartment, now. He'll still be there when you get home, so

don't be surprised and call the cops," Marc laughed.

"What's he doing?" My voice quivered.

"He'll show you when you get there. Steve and I've got to get back to the

office. I'll be home around four."

Marc kissed me gently, then opened the car door for me. In a mental fog, I

slid behind the wheel as Steve watched my chemise slide to my waist. I

knew he could see my pussy, and I started to arrange my hem to cover it,

but I didn't. I frankly didn't know what was expected of me, or indeed,

what I wanted for myself. I looked up at Marc, saw his reassuring smile,

and my head cleared. I understood that smile, and knew it would make me do

things I would never do on my own. I drove home with my chemise at my

waist, my hand lightly stroking my pussy.

"Sam! Are you here?" I called as I walked through the slightly ajar

apartment door.

"Yes, here I am," he replied as he came out of the bedroom carrying a

large box.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Didn't Marc tell you?"

"No. He said you'd show me something."

"Yeah, right. Come on in the bedroom."

He set the box down by the front door, then led me to my bedroom. Right

away I noticed that the door to the closet was open. I found that

interesting, because before Marc left this morning he had attached a note

to it warning me not to open it. He hinted that there was some danger

within, and based on that I was forced to wear only the chemise which he

had laid out for me. All my clothes had been in the closet. It was a huge,

walk-in closet complete with drawers and everything. One side was Marc's,

and the other side was for my things. Sliding glass doors covered each

side; I imagine to safeguard things from dust, or whatever. When I looked

in, though, I was startled to see that while Marc's things were hung and

arranged neatly, filling up his side, my side was bare. Absolutely bare!

"What's going on here? Where are my things, Sam?" I blurted out.

"In my car. I'm taking them to storage," he replied.

"What? No! You can't take my things. What are you doing? Bring them back,

right now!" My eyes began to tear; I was angry, confused, and bewildered.

"Hey, no, you don't understand," Sam said in an assuring tone. "This is a

good thing. Didn't Marc tell you? He's getting you all new stuff."

"What? He never said anything. Why is he doing that? I want my old stuff.

I like my things. Bring them back, please," I pleaded. "I need them."

"I can't spoil this for Marc. Please don't ask me to do that. He's really

excited about this, I know."

"But I just can't understand why..."

Sam put his arm around me and cuddled me, as a parent might do to a

disappointed child. I put my face in his neck and whimpered.

"Jake is bringing over some of your new things for you right now," Sam

said excitedly, again as one would talk to a child.

"Jake?"

"Yes, he'll be here soon."

"What things?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, now, I can't tell you that. That's part of the surprise."

I sighed deeply. I didn't know what to say or do. I just stood there in

the closet as Sam held me.

"Hey, you know what? That sure is a cute little dress you've got on

there." His voice continued to address a child.

I'd forgotten all about my chemise. I'd gotten used to it by now, I

suppose. I guess that if I could get used to running around in public in

bedroom attire, I could get used to just about anything.

"It's not a dress," I replied with an edge to my voice. "It's a chemise.

Sleepwear," I added. "Marc...laid it out for me to wear, today." I

couldn't bring myself to say, 'Marc made me wear it,' which crossed my

mind. I knew that if Marc were here, he'd simply say he made a request and

that it was up to me what I did. I knew there was truth to both ways of

looking at it.

"Well, I tell you what. Let's hang it up on your side of the closet, then

there will be something there. It will be the first of what will be many

pretty things. Okay?"

"What?" was all I managed to squeak.

Sam took a hanger from the rod and held out his hand. My mind took a few

moments to sort out just what was going on here, but I got the message.

Marc's words, "All you have to do is ask," rang in my ears. The moisture

in my eyes began to build, again. Yes, Sam spent several hours with me

yesterday while I was naked, and yes, I did rather enjoy it, but this was

different. First of all, my husband was there last night, and he wasn't

here now. I did it to amuse Marc; he really enjoyed seeing me naked in

front of them. It was for him! Secondly, I thought that after last night I

would never see Sam again. That was one of the things that made last night

the least bit possible. I was like a person on vacation in a foreign

country, behaving in a way I would never even consider behaving back home.

I couldn't just hand over my last bit of modesty to this young man. I just

couldn't!

"It's not as if I haven't seen it before," Sam prodded when he sensed my

reluctance. "Marc would want you to, I'm sure."

Those were the words that were the key to everything. I knew he was right,

of course. Marc would want me to strip off this chemise in a flash. Yes,

in the last few days Marc had become very vocal and demonstrative in his

desire to have me naked. It's as if suddenly all his subtle hints and

veiled suggestions of years past had finally come together full force in a

loud crescendo: Marc wanted me naked! I knew it, but still I couldn't

budge.

"Jake and I have been working..."

I stopped listening to his words, though he continued to speak them. I

knew he was restating in one form or another the words I heard Marc say on

the phone: "We owe you." It dawned on me it was Marc's intention for me to

pay our debt to these young men for today's chores. I now understood the

debt and the required method of payment. I knew what Marc wanted.

I placed my fingers gently on Sam's lips to indicate he needn't say

anymore. 'All right, if I'm again in their debt and this is how I must

pay,' I thought to myself, 'I'll show them. I'll show them all that I know

how to pay my debts!'

Slowly, ever so slowly, I drew my hem upward, stopping just at my pussy. I

don't know whether I did it to tease, or to have a final thought. Sam

stepped back so he could see better what I was doing. I watched his face

as I began again. My shaved slit came into view and I continued to raise

it further. I felt the cool air hit my clitoris at the same time a gentle

stream of air could be heard coming from Sam's lungs. I continued the

upward motion smoothly past my belly and did not stop. When the hem

cleared my nipples I felt the moisture in my loins. I drew the garment

over my head and handed it finally to Sam. I shivered slightly. I thought

I was going to be strong, defiant in my role as debtor, but I couldn't

help but blush. As Sam held the chemise and didn't move to hang it up, his

gaze on me burned like a laser. I felt naked, very naked. Involuntarily my

left arm crossed my breasts and my right hand covered my pussy. I was

thoroughly humiliated standing there before this fully-clothed

eighteen-year-old. My body posture was one of shame. I felt degraded. My

eyes were as wet as my pussy.

Sam moved at last. He placed the chemise on its hanger and hung it on the

rod. He bent down to my feet and unbuckled my shoes. He gently raised one

of my feet, then the other to remove the high heels; my cooperation was

mindless, robotic. He put them in the shoetree hanging on the wall, then

closed the sliding glass door. That's when I noticed something new,

something strange. The click I heard as the door closed was that of a lock

engaging. Sam had installed locks on the glass doors! My eyes grew as

large as saucers. I dropped my breasts and reached for the door. I pushed

it, but it would not open. I turned to Marc's side of the closet to find

it locked as well.

"What have you done?" I demanded. My left arm returned to my breasts.

"Marc wanted the locks installed. I don't know why, really. Do you?"

I was as dumbfounded as I'd been already many times on this bizarre day.

All I could do was shake my head in disbelief.

"Well, I have that last box to carry to my car, then I'm finished with

Marc's list. Is there anything you'd like me to do for you? I've got some

time..."

He stood there and patiently waited for my response. He seemed not in the

least nonplused that a woman was standing before him frantically clutching

herself, hiding herself. All I could do was shake my head.

"Say, could I have a beer? I'm really thirsty, come to think of it."

I shook my head up and down slowly, still not finding my voice.

"Great. I'll take that last box out, first."

He left me standing there looking like an idiot. I felt like an idiot and

reasoned like one, too. I knew I would have to go to the refrigerator,

find some beer, and serve him. I also knew that I would have to talk to

him, entertain this guest in my home, in the nude, as he drank. Marc's

voice saying, "We owe you" and "All you have to do is ask," went around in

my head like an unwanted song.

I don't recall how long he was gone. It couldn't have been long, but for

however long it was, I just stood there in the closet, covering myself.

Another person might have closed the bedroom door and barricaded herself

from prying eyes, but that never even occurred to me. I heard the front

door open and close when he returned. I heard the door to the refrigerator

open and close. I did not move.

"Liza?" he called from the kitchen. "I got you one, too. You want it?"

When I didn't reply, he came looking for me. He was startled to find me in

the exact same position he left me.

"Are you alright?"

I looked at him, but still said nothing. He gently grasped me by an elbow

and escorted me from the bedroom. He said a few things, but I wasn't

listening. I just tried to walk as gingerly as I could with my hand at my

crotch and my arm over my breasts. He made no comment about the way I

covered myself.

When we got to the kitchen he helped me up on the stool at the counter. I

sat staring at the opened beer before me, unwilling to uncover myself to

pick it up. Strangely enough, though, I did want to drink it. Sam was

content to ignore my predicament and continued to talk to me, tell me

stories. I can't say exactly what was going through my mind, but I suppose

I was reliving the events of the day, trying once again to reconcile

myself to the idea that I had an obligation to be sitting naked in my

kitchen in the middle of the afternoon with a fully-clothed

eighteen-year-old boy.

Suddenly, without forethought, I reached for the beer with the arm that

had been covering my breasts. I drank hungrily. As the cool liquid

drenched my throat, I began to revive. Some of the good feelings I

remembered from the previous evening's naked adventure began to fill me. I

felt my nipples harden as I felt Sam's eyes on them, and it was okay. I

continued to drink.

When I sat the bottle down, it was empty. I continued to hold it, though,

as if it were my only grasp on reality. With the hand that had been

covering my crotch, I reached over to Sam and laid it gently on his arm.

"Thank you, Sam. I needed that," I said sweetly.

"Yeah, nothing like a good beer," he grinned. "Too bad it doesn't stay

with ya long, though. I'll be right back."

He jumped down from the stool and headed for the bathroom. It occurred to

me that I, too, needed to use the bathroom. I'd had several beers at lunch

and now this one. With all that had been happening, with my mind so

occupied with other matters, I guess my brain just couldn't be bothered by

the pressure down there. I thought of Ally, and warmth flooded my body. I

remembered how she taught me to wait until the very last second, and it

occurred to me to try that again. I decided to wait.

"Ah, that's better," Sam announced his return. "Would you like another

beer, Liza?"

"Sure, why not?" I smiled broadly at the thought of the added pressure it

would cause.

As he was getting the beer, there was a knock at the front door, followed

by its opening. Jake hadn't waited to be let in, and entered carrying

several beautifully wrapped packages.

"Hi, Liza!" He said as he went past us into the living room to set down

the packages on the coffee table. "I've got some really nice things for

you."

I jumped down from my stool and scurried to the packages. I picked up one,

then another. I tugged at a ribbon.

"Oh, no! You can't open them till Marc gets home," he laughed.

"Oh, please. Just one. Please." I jumped up and down like a five-year-old,

feeling my breasts bounce for his visual pleasure.

"This is all you can have for now." Sam handed Jake and me each a beer.

"At least tell me what's inside, then," I begged.

"Nope. I'm under strict orders."

I must have been feeling that beer, because it seemed just the right thing

to do to sidle up to him, put my arm around him with my bare breast

pressing against his chest, and beg some more.

"How about just the little one? I'll unwrap it carefully and rewrap it

after I've had a peek. Marc will never know. Please?"

"Sure, let her do it. Why not?" Sam took my side.

"Well, sure you'd agree with her," Jake said to Sam. "She's been sitting

here naked turning you into silly putty." He laughed.

"Well, now I'm naked for you, too," I said. "You should let me do whatever

I want. I am, after all, naked. New rule!" I announced. "The naked person

gets whatever she wants."

"How about this," Jake countered, "if I let you open it, you have to do

whatever we want."

I took a swig from my beer. I had to think about this a minute.

"Tell me what you want, first!" I began negotiations.

"Well, let me think." After a pause and a drink from his bottle, he said,

"Last night you didn't really let us get a good look between those

beautiful legs of yours. How 'bout you have to sit on the kitchen counter

with your legs spread?"

I gasped. He was asking me to do something I had never done even for my

husband. The idea that I would be so closely scrutinized down there was,

well...if not humiliating, then certainly embarrassing...yet, somehow

flattering, maybe even...intriguing.

"Come on, Liza," Sam joined in, "let us have a good look."

"I don't think..." My heart raced. I blushed.

"Yeah, come on, Liza," Jake chimed in. He took the small box and dangled

it in front of me: tantalizing me.

"If I did that, it would only be for the big box," I weakened.

"Deal!" Jake shouted. "Up on the counter with you!"

"No, wait a minute. I get to open the box, first."

"How do we know you'll hold up your end of the bargain if we let you open

it first?" Sam asked.

"Haven't I always paid my debts?" I challenged.

"All right," he had to agree, "but you have to stay there as long as we

say, okay?"

"Within reason, for god's sake," I shot back.

"Deal!" Sam agreed.

I kneeled on the floor next to the coffee table and set about carefully

undoing the scotch tape on the largest package. As I worked and the boys

watched in silence, I had time to notice the fullness of my bladder. The

pressure was becoming really uncomfortable. I pressed my legs together

tightly. I concentrated on the task at hand.

Inside the box was an elegant black dress, though short, very short, with

spaghetti straps. It was the kind meant for parties and important

gatherings. The material was light, as if woven by butterflies. I pressed

it against my body, as women do to take the measure of a dress, but Sam

and Jake raised such a fuss that I had to remove it quickly. Nothing could

come between them and my nakedness, apparently.

"Okay, it's time for the counter, now," Jake said in a jubilant voice.

"I have to rewrap it, first." I stalled.

"No, I'll do that later."

Sam took my elbow again and led me to the kitchen counter. He helped me

climb on the stool, then onto the counter. I circled like a dog, looking

for just the right spot to sit.

"Put your legs over the edge," Jake instructed. "Move as far forward as

you can and spread them wide." He was absolutely gloating.

I noticed right away a problem. I needed the pressure of my thighs to help

counteract the pressure of my bladder. Spreading my legs could be

dangerous. I wondered if maybe it was time to abandon this game I was

playing with myself and go to the bathroom. As I was mulling it over,

though, Sam and Jake were prodding, giving instruction, and telling me to

hurry up. When I was in position and ready to spread them widely, I closed

my eyes, held my breath, and bore down against my bladder with all my

might. Beads of sweat formed at my forehead.

"Wider," they chanted.

I found that if I leaned back, pressure was relieved on my bladder a bit,

so I did, much to the delight of the boys. The more I leaned back, the

greater their view; I supported myself on my elbows. It wasn't as bad as I

thought it was going to be, and I must admit that I enjoyed their

attention.

They hovered close, even pushed my knees apart themselves for a better

look. I was a little surprised and concerned by their manipulations, but

let it pass as forgivable, boyish exuberance. I began to grunt against the

pressure at my bladder, though. Finally, I could stand it no more.

"Boys, I'm sorry, but I have to go pee," I said between clenched teeth.

"Oh, no you don't. We aren't going to let you get away with that old

dodge," Jake said. "You just sit there and fulfill your debt, like you

promised. We made a deal."

"No, I'm serious," I begged. "I really need to go. I promise I'll come

back. I promise."

"No way!" Sam said.

I needed a plan, desperately. Then it came to me.

"If you let me go pee, I'll let you watch."

They looked at each other with big grins on their faces.

"Then you'll come back here? For as long as we want, no limits?"

"Yes, anything, it's a deal..."

Gleefully they helped me off the counter and to the bathroom. I straddled

the commode the way Ally taught me. The boys got as close to the action as

they could. I held my pussy lips open, relaxed, and the stream began. The

boys were in heaven, and so was I. For the second time today my peeing had

an audience, and I was reveling in it. Every muscle in my body felt

relaxed, as if just having had a massage. It was wonderful.

"Jake," I said when the flow stopped, "tear off some toilet paper and dab

my hole." I inexplicably turned bold, and wanted my fans to serve me.

I held myself open for him as I felt his touch. It was gentle, yet firm:

hesitant and bold at the same time. Sam was jealous and wanted to help,

but Jake pushed him away.

"Next time will be your turn," I placated Sam, doling out my favors.

"Well, all right, but it's back to the counter with you, now."

The three of us headed for the kitchen. I marveled at how I was now

completely at peace with my nakedness with these two young men. I felt no

degradation, no humiliation, not the slightest embarrassment. I climbed

willingly, perhaps even with a dash of enthusiasm onto the counter. I slid

my butt to the very edge and spread my legs as widely as I possibly could.

The boys resumed their places between my legs, but still weren't

satisfied. They asked me to hold my lips apart, as I'd done in the

bathroom. As I complied they examined my clitoris and asked if I could

make it emerge from its sheath. I pressed at the base and they marveled as

its pink head bobbed forth. I'd been in an aroused state since my

humiliation in the closet, and now my juices flowed and the scent of my

sex filled the room. All it took was my own gentle touch to quickly summon

the familiar trembling deep within. I gushed as an orgasm surfaced. I

rocked as wave after wave jolted me. The boys stood witness to something

neither had truly seen before. I collapsed backward on the counter and lay

there, panting and still wide open to their view. A reverent, worshipful

silence reigned in the presence of a goddess.

"Knock, knock," a voice called at the door as it opened.

I sat straight up as if hit by a bolt of lightening, slamming my legs

closed. Sam saw the panic in my face, but instead of helping me seek

shelter someplace, he pushed down on my shoulder to hold me in the sitting

position there on the counter. I brought an arm across my breasts, but he

pulled that away quickly, forcing my hand to grab the edge of the counter

at my side. As quickly as he removed the first arm, though, I covered

myself with the other. Again, he forced that arm to my side. The struggle

lasted only a second and ended after he had forced my knees apart with a

whispered warning not to move.

So, there I was, sitting naked on the kitchen counter, my legs hanging

over the edge, knees spread, and hands with a firm grasp of the counter's

edge at my hips. My breasts heaved wildly as I frantically sucked air into

my lungs. In no way did I want anyone to find me entertaining the boys in

this fashion. I was scared to death. Sam hovered over me to make sure I

remained in position. I was a trapped animal, now, no longer a revered

goddess.

Jake had gone to the door to see who it was. Though the door was only a

few feet from the counter, there was a wall between the kitchen and the

entry. The voice would have to come those few steps around the corner to

see me. All I could do was hope that Jake could head it off, get rid of

it.

"Hi, I just dropped by to check on Liza. Is she here?" I recognized Ally's

voice.

"No, don't come in Ally!" I shouted from around the corner.

In hindsight, I realize that wasn't the best thing to say. The strange

command and the stress in my voice only propelled Ally past Jake like a

rocket. When she saw me and Sam, she stopped in her tracks, eyes wide and

jaw lowered.

"I...I can explain," I stammered.

"What the Devil?" she brought out at last.

"Um, Liza was just giving us an anatomy lesson. That's what," Jake was

quick on the uptake. "She's been so kind. We've learned so much..."

"Liza?" Ally looked at me quizzically.

"Um, yes. The female reproductive system," I added, blushing so hard I

thought I was going to faint.

"Well, is it over, now?" She asked in an incredulous tone.

"No, not quite. It's not over till we say it's over. Right, Liza?" Sam

looked me straight in the eyes.

I hung my head, wondering how a worshiper could so quickly become my

tormentor.

"We'll be just a little longer, Ally. Could you come back later, please?"

I begged.

"I just wanted to drop by and check on you, Liza," she continued as if I

hadn't asked her to leave at all. "I'm showing the apartment next door.

They're making up their minds, so I thought I'd check on you while they're

deciding," she continued. "I just wanted to check to see how your lunch

went with your husband," she babbled on, "and see how he liked your, well

you know," she looked at Sam and Jake, then lowered her voice and leaned

toward me slightly as if to prevent their hearing the next word,

"knickers." As she said 'knickers,' her hand went under the hem of her short

dress to the crotch of her own knickers. The boys' eyes became as big as

saucers.

"Ally, this really isn't a good time. I'm really rather occupied at the

moment, as you can see..."

Jake and Sam were struggling to hold back the laughter, really enjoying my

predicament. My knuckles were white from squeezing the edge of the counter

with all my might. The counter was taking the place of Ally's neck, and

the necks of Sam and Jake, too.

"Yes, well, if you're sure. I do have to get back next door. As I said, I

just dropped in for a minute to check on you while the Smiths are

deciding. I can see you're in good hands, though."

I really wanted to strangle this meddlesome little leasing agent, standing

there in front of my naked body with her hand stroking herself. She made

no move to leave, despite her words.

"No, don't leave on our account," Sam couldn't refrain from torturing me.

"Stay and enjoy the lesson with us. Maybe you can help..."

"I doubt I could show you anything that Liza hasn't already shown you,"

she replied coquettishly. "She does have such a beautiful...reproductive

system, doesn't she?"

"Oh, you've seen it before?" Jake asked.

"This morning."

I was about to die of shame.

"How did that happen?"

They were discussing me and all I could do was sit there with my pussy

spread widely.

"Oh, well, it's a long story, but it all started when Ms Thomas sent me

over..."

"Please! Ally, don't," I interrupted.

"No, go on, Ally. I want to hear this," Sam said.

"Yeah, me too," Jake added.

"No, please," I begged.

"Miss Faber, are you in here?" came a voice from the open door.

'Oh, god. I have got to start locking that door,' I thought to myself.

Sam placed his hand back on my shoulder, just to make sure I would

remember not to move. I wanted the earth to swallow me.

Mr. Smith came around the corner first, followed immediately by his wife.

They were a handsome couple, early thirties, dressed in expensive suits.

They were obviously professional, well-to-do people. I thought I was going

to swallow my tongue when I saw them, or was it they who were about to

swallow their tongues? Either way, the situation couldn't have been more

awkward or bizarre. The five of them now crowded around me, taking in

every inch of my nakedness. Ally was still fingering her crotch, her dress

bunched at her wrist. Sam's hand on my shoulder still held me in place.

The Smiths held hands and stared, waiting for some sort of explanation.

Jake was on the edge of hysterical laughter.

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith, this is Liza Daniels. She will be your next-door

neighbor if you take the apartment. Liza, let me introduce Mike and

Sarah."

I couldn't believe it. Ally was making introductions as if it were the

most natural thing in the world to find a naked woman surrounded by people

in her apartment. I was dumbstruck. My whole body shook. My cheeks flamed.

Mike offered his hand for me to shake. I glanced at Sam, who nodded for me

to take it, so I released my grip on the counter to shake Mike's hand. My

hand was a pool of sweat, but Mike pretended not to notice, just as he was

pretending not to notice my body. Sarah stepped forward next, though

reluctantly, and I shook her hand, mumbling some pleasantry as I did,

accepting the same mumbled pleasantry in return.

"Is this the same floor plan as next door?" Mike asked Ally as I was

shaking Sarah's hand.

"It's the mirror image. The only difference is that because Liza and her

husband have the corner apartment, they have an additional balcony on the

side. The two apartments share a balcony in back, separated by a

partition."

I still couldn't adjust to what was happening. Here I was on my kitchen

counter, naked as the day I was born, and people were milling about as if

everything was perfectly as it should be.

"Liza, may we look around your apartment? Get an idea what it looks like

with furniture?" Sarah asked.

"Um, sure, I guess so," I stammered. "Help yourselves."

The Smiths headed for the bedroom with Ally in tow, and I turned quickly

to Sam.

"Please let me down, now," I begged quietly, not to be heard by the new

neighbors. "Hasn't this gone on long enough?"

"Maybe she's right, Sam," Jake took my side.

"Here's the deal. I'll let you down, but, hey, they've already seen you. I

want you to be with them just as you were with us last night: natural and

nude. If you are, I'll consider shaving some time off the counter

requirement. Deal?"

"Yes, deal." I agreed, though with some degree of begrudging. I saw his

logic that they'd already seen me, and thought that at least I might get

some small concession from the boys out of my public display.

"I want to see perky. Understand? If not, I'll consider it a breach on

your part. Understand?"

"Yes," I tried to comply with the required enthusiasm.

"Now, let's join them and see what happens."

Jake and Sam each held one of my hands as I slithered from the high

counter. My knees were a little wobbly, but I managed to walk to the

bedroom on my own, careful to keep my hands away from my crotch as Sam

whispered orders and instructions for behavior on the way. They were on

the balcony off the bedroom.

"As you can see, from the second floor you have a nice view of the park

and the ocean in the distance," I jumped right into the fray with my best,

bouncy voice...and breasts.

"It's great!" Mike replied. "We really didn't expect such a view. I'll bet

you're out here a lot, huh?"

"Well, we just moved in over the weekend, but that is one of the things

that drew us to this place. We have a barbecue on the other balcony with

some furniture. I suppose we'll be using the other one more. It's off the

kitchen and living room."

"May we see it?"

"Of course."

I led the way from the bedroom. I could feel all five pairs of eyes on my

butt as it swayed with each step. My nipples jutted and my pussy began to

leak. When I got to the sliding glass door to the balcony, I opened it and

stood to one side, inviting them to step outside. They brushed past me. No

way was I going out on that balcony! All I needed was for Ms Thomas to

catch me naked on the balcony, after spanking me for being on it in just a

towel.

The group milled about out there for a while, then rejoined me in the

living room.

"Would you guys like a beer?" Sam made a general invitation.

I swallowed hard. I knew what he was doing. I saw that he obviously has a

cruel streak, or at least a penchant for mischief, and that he really,

really likes beer.

"Yes, please. I'm parched," Sarah smiled.

Sarah's acceptance surprised me. I would have expected it more from Mike.

"Sit down. Liza will bring them," Jake said.

I headed for the kitchen as they all made themselves comfortable. Ally

prattled on about the apartment to the Smiths; Sam and Jake listened

politely. I grabbed the last cold six-pack and rejoined them. The Smiths

were on the couch, Ally and Sam were in the facing chairs, Jake sat on the

floor at the far end of the coffee table. My packages and the little black

dress were still piled on the table in the middle of everything. I set the

bottles down next to the packages and, with nowhere to sit, just stood at

the end of the coffee table looking down at them.

"You have a lovely apartment, Liza," Mike said after he unscrewed the top

from his bottle of beer.

"Thanks. We're renting the furniture until we make up our minds just how

to best decorate it."

"That's a good idea. I never thought of that," Sarah said.

"Yeah, Sam and Jake, here, work for the company."

"Well, that's good to know. We could use a few pieces ourselves. Do you

have a card?" Mike asked Jake.

Jake had one in his pocket and was glad to give it to him, mentioning a

few things about the company that might encourage business. When he

finished his short sales pitch, he fell silent and no one said a word for

several seconds, which is an eternity in a situation like that.

"Liza," Mike began with something that was obviously on his mind, "do you

mind if I ask: are you a nudist?"

"No, not at all," I gave a half laugh; trying to keep it light, shrug it

off. "Not at all."

"Well, then why...If I might ask?" Mike pointed at me with an up-down

motion, and I realized he would not be satisfied until he got an

explanation.

"Oh, boy!" I began. "Well, I don't know where to begin." I looked to Sam

and Jake to see what they were going to do, but they just sat there as

observers. "You see, it all started on Saturday, when the boys, here (I

pointed to Jake and Sam), brought our furniture. It was hot and they

worked hard, so we rewarded them with a beer and the use of our shower.

Well, when Sam came out of the shower to get a towel, I accidentally saw

him naked."

"Accidentally?" Jake mocked. "You were spying on him! Don't deny it."

"What?" I said in disbelief. "You shouldn't think that! It's not true. It

was an accident, I promise. Really."

"You stood there just staring at him. I saw you!" Jake would not be

dissuaded.

"You must believe me, please," I begged.

"Hey, it doesn't matter. Just tell the rest of the story," Ally called a

halt to hostilities.

"Well, after that Sam and Jake convinced my husband that I owed

them...Well, I had a certain debt, if you know what I mean..."

"So you had to let them see you naked? Is that it?" Sarah caught my drift.

"Yeah, that's pretty much it," I said.

"And that's what we walked in on?"

"Well, sort of. It's a little more complicated than that." I didn't quite

know how to continue, or explain further. My own understanding of events

and the logic behind them was too muddled. I shifted my weight from one

foot to the other. I could feel my pussy lips pucker slightly. I glanced

over at Ally, who still had her hand at her crotch. I could just imagine

what the Smiths must be thinking about this looney bin.

"Well, how long do you have to stay naked? You couldn't have watched Sam

for very long." Sarah wanted to know more.

"Yes, well, that's a good question," I blushed, unable to answer a

question I, myself, wanted to ask.

"I'll let you know when her debt is paid," Sam jumped in.

"Well, don't you think that making her stand in front of us naked is a bit

excessive?" Mike began to plead my case. "It's clear that she's a good

sport and serious about paying her debt to you, but don't you think you're

asking a lot more from her than she got from you?"

"Not in the least. You haven't heard the whole story, the deal she made.

And besides, you're enjoying the view, aren't you? You liked the view from

the balcony, but thanks to me you're having the best view of all right

here in the living room. Right?"

"Yeah, I suppose you've got me there," Mike laughed. "Here's to the view!"

He raised his beer in a toast.

For a moment there I thought I had found a champion, but I guess all men

are the same. Whatever small protest they make against indecency fades

quickly.

"She is pretty," Sarah raised her bottle as well.

'Et tu, Sarah,' I thought to myself.

"Well, perhaps it's time to head back to the office and do some

paperwork," Ally, always the agent, addressed the Smiths.

"Sure, okay," Mike agreed and Sarah nodded.

They rose to shake my hand good-bye, and we said all the expected things

about how nice it was to meet and how wonderful it will be to be

neighbors. I had a knot in my stomach the whole time, of course. All I

needed was two people who have seen me naked living right next door.

'Damn! What if they expect to see me naked again, just like Steve and the

rest?' I muttered in horror to myself.

"Okay, break's over!" Sam said after Ally and the Smiths left. "Back to

the counter. Let's go."

"Please, Sam..." I gave a pitiful pout, hoping for mercy.

He looked at me sternly. "A debt is a debt and a promise is a promise. We

made a deal. No limits, remember."

I didn't like the sound of that, and it stung my senses. I started to

protest, but remembered that, indeed, I had made that deal. I started to

remind him of his promise to shave time off the deal if I behaved for the

Smiths, but I sensed the futility of that. I could also sense, though,

that the only power he was going to exert over me was that of my own sense

of responsibility. I knew I could put a stop to this just by telling him

to go to hell. I wondered if it really made a difference what he or anyone

else thought about my ability to keep my word, to 'be a good sport' as

Mike put it. I toyed with the idea that I could just let it go with these

two, get them off my back once and for all, then try to keep my word to

others, in matters that made sense.

I made up my mind that I wasn't going to let them hold me to all the

absurd deals I made, each under enormous pressure, but then I remembered

my new neighbors. I couldn't get rid of them as easily as I was about to

dispatch Sam and Jake. Sam would tell them if I broke my promise. Mike was

probably going to rent some furniture from them. Mike and Sarah seemed

impressed that I would be naked like that, taking my debt seriously. They

actually seemed to like me because of it. I remembered how Marc told me in

the bar at lunch that my willingness to pay my debts was what people loved

about me so much. It occurred to me that perhaps I was one of the reasons

the Smiths decided to lease the apartment, and I realized I wouldn't let

their good opinion of me be shattered. Damn!

I walked to the kitchen, climbed up the stool and onto the counter. I

draped my legs over the edge and spread my legs. For good measure I stuck

out my chest as much as I could, daring them to accuse me of reneging on a

debt.

"Would you like to listen to some music, Liza?" Jake asked politely.

"Yes, that would be nice, thanks," I replied sweetly, hoping the adoration

they showed me before was returning.

Sam went in the bedroom to make a call on his cell phone as Jake turned on

the radio to a jazz station and began to rewrap the package with the

little black dress. He looked up at me frequently, then walked over to the

counter. He took two lengths of tape, spread my knees a bit more, then

stuck the tape on the counter at the insides of my thighs.

"Don't let your legs come together past the tape," he said

matter-of-factly.

My hopes to regain my god-like hold over them were dashed, but I complied

in good humor, trying to get through what I hoped to be the last few

minutes without any more whining.

"Hey, good as new!" Jake raised the package so I could see it. "Marc will

never be able to tell we opened it."

"You're an artist," I agreed. "Say, what's in the other packages?" I hoped

to catch him off guard.

"Well, the little one is a bikini," he replied without thinking. "That one

there is..." He stopped short. "Hey, you're not supposed to ask me that. I

told you, it's a surprise."

"Yeah, I tricked you," I laughed teasingly, satisfied by my triumph.

Sam came back in the room just then and wanted to know what was so funny.

When Jake confessed how he'd been tricked, Sam's brain went to work.

"It seems to me," Sam began slowly, figuring out what he was going to say

as he went, "that when a debt is being paid, as you are paying one now, an

indiscretion on the part of the debtor becomes a penalty incurring

interest charges, which must be paid in addition to the original debt."

I laughed out loud.

"I don't think even you understand that gibberish," I teased.

Sam didn't join in my mirth.

"I'll make it easy to understand, then. You will perform a task in

addition to serving counter time. Only then will our deal for you to do

counter time be fulfilled."

I made no reply. I knew I wouldn't win, perhaps didn't even want to. I had

become a tourist on a path, curious now to see what was around the next

bend.

"What are you going to make her do?" Jake asked.

"Let me think..."

"I got it!" Jake exclaimed. "She was awfully careful to avoid the balcony.

Let's make her go out there."

"No!" I blurted out quickly. "You can't do that. I could be seen out

there!"

"Well, duh!"

"No, please. Listen. My landlady will throw us out of the apartment if I

go out there."

"What makes you think that? That won't happen."

"No, really. Listen. She saw me on the balcony that time with you when I

had on the towel, remember? She had a fit. She just about kicked us out

for that."

"But she didn't, did she? She won't kick you out as long as you pay your

rent, believe me."

"She will!"

"No, she won't. You're going out on the balcony."

"Please, don't do this," I pleaded as Sam took hold of my arm. "Okay,

you're right," I cried desperately, "she won't kick us out, she'll do

worse."

"What do you mean, worse?"

"I'm not supposed to say. She told me not to."

"You have to tell me. It's part of the penalty."

"You just can't pile on penalty after penalty. It's not fair," I

whimpered.

Sam grabbed a hold of my clit with his thumb and forefinger. I was in

shock. I never expected Sam to touch me there, like that. That was never

part of the deal. I was scared. This tour bus was careening out of

control.

"Tell me what she'll do!"

"She'll spank me with a hairbrush!" I shouted.

Sam released his grip on me as they both burst out laughing.

"Come on, then. Out you go!"

"Please, don't."

They each took me by an arm and pulled me toward the balcony off the

living room.

"Okay, okay, I'll go outside, but please, only on the bedroom balcony.

Please, just the bedroom balcony! Please. I'll do anything you say, just

not the living-room balcony, please," I cried.

They came to a stop just before the door leading to my most dreaded

balcony.

"If we give you this, do you promise to be good? You'll do anything we

say?"

"Yes, I promise. Just not that balcony. Anything, I promise."

They led me to the bedroom balcony, put me through the sliding glass door

and closed it behind me. They stood there watching me and I felt like an

animal in a zoo, behind the glass. I cautiously approached the railing,

about twenty feet from the door. I was curious about who might be below to

see me, but I surely didn't want that. I put my arm over my breasts,

confident that my pussy was hidden by the railing. I couldn't see anybody

in the park close enough to care what was happening on my balcony. The

more I explored my surroundings, the more I realized that I made a pretty

good deal. I dried my tears and wiped my nose on my arm, making a mental

note to wash it later. I also made a note to myself that one of the big

drawbacks of being naked was not having a sleeve, then chuckled to myself.

There's nothing like bettering someone in negotiations to lift the

spirits. I turned to my captors with a big smile and a wave, but they

weren't there. I became confused, not knowing whether to rejoice or panic.

I ran to the door and tried to open it, but it was locked. I put my face

to the window, cupped my hands at the sides of my face to block the glare,

and peered into the bedroom. It was empty.

I didn't like the idea of being locked anywhere, but this wasn't bad, I

consoled myself. If they weren't watching, it was their loss. To me, this

was preferable to "counter time."

The sound of the glass door opening next door caught my attention. My

hands went instinctively to my breasts, but I wasn't really concerned. The

wooden lattice between the apartments allows one to see only a blur of

what is actually there.

"Liza, is that you?" I recognized Sarah's voice.

"Yeah. Did you sign the lease?" I asked.

"Yeah. We came back to take some measurements. Have your friends left?"

"No, they're inside. I'm having a little 'me' time."

"Are you still..." her voice trailed off.

"Nude?"

"Yes, are you?"

"Yeah."

"Liza..." she paused.

"Yes?"

"I need to confide in you. Can I?"

'Oh, oh. Here it comes,' I thought to myself, but said instead: "Of

course, what are neighbors for?" I tried to make light.

"Michael is quite smitten by you."

"Don't worry," I said, smiling to myself over the word 'smitten.' "Men are

all pushovers for a naked woman. It will pass as soon as I'm out of

sight."

"He says I should be more like you."

"How do you feel about that?"

"I don't know. I need time to think."

"Don't we all?" I muttered.

"What?"

"Oh, nothing. I'm just saying that this is all new to me, too. My mind is

going in circles. You seemed pretty cool with the situation earlier,

though. I was surprised...You acted rather...nonchalant."

"I was in shock...at first...then I was, I guess...intrigued."

"Um, that happens, I guess...

"Liza..."

"Yeah?"

"I shave my pussy, too. Mike makes me do it."

"Same here. Marc hates the hair. Does he ask you to go without knickers?"

"Sometimes. I treat it as a joke, but do it occasionally in a long skirt."

"The requests will become more frequent, the skirts shorter, believe me."

"Will I end up like you, naked on the balcony?"

"It's up to you, but don't knock it until you've tried it."

I laughed and she laughed, too.

"Liza..."

"Yes?"

"I have to admit that I was more than a little apprehensive about moving

in next door to you."

"I'm not surprised. Why did you sign the lease?"

"Mike was so excited. Something came over him. I don't know how to explain

it except as...perhaps...a spark. I haven't seen him like this in a long

time: it's as if years of...life...have been rolled back. He's got that

boyish enthusiasm again. I couldn't disappoint him. You should have seen

his face! I just had to sign."

"Yeah, I know that face. I'm surrounded by that face... Sarah, do you

think all men look alike?

"What?"

"Oh, nothing. It was just a thought..."

"Sarah!" Mike called from inside.

"I'm on the balcony talking to Liza," she yelled back.

In no time at all Mike appeared on the balcony. I could tell through the

lattice that he had put his arm around Sarah as he spoke.

"Hi, Liza. We leased the apartment. Did Sarah tell you?"

"Congratulations! Welcome, neighbor."

What happened next was totally unexpected. I saw movement toward the

partition, then heard a cracking, a breaking of boards, and then I noticed

a small hole in the lattice. An enlargement of the hole followed another

cracking, and then Mike's face appeared, about waist high.

"Hi there!" He seemed quite proud of himself.

Without thinking, my hands went again to my crotch and breasts. My spine

curled to hide my shame.

"Hey, there's no need for that," he cajoled. "We've seen it all before."

He'd sung the refrain of what had become the music of my life. If I didn't

know it before, I knew it for sure, now. Once someone has seen me naked,

he expects to see me naked all the time. There would be no hiding, no

escape. I removed my hands and stood upright. I smiled sweetly at him, the

sweet smile of resignation to one's fate. I even walked right up to the

partition, right in front of the hole.

"When are you moving in?" I asked.

From his position at the hole and my closeness to it, he had to strain to

try to look up the length of my body to find my face. He gave up and spoke

to my pussy. "Maybe this weekend, if we can get a mover lined up. We have

a lot of packing to do first, though."

"Yeah, it's tough," I said. "Marc says he'll never move again."

"I don't blame him. Once we're here, with this beautiful view, we won't

want to move again, either."

"Ha," I laughed. "The best view is over there, believe me." I pointed

toward the ocean.

"I'll be the judge of that, if you don't mind," he laughed.

There was a rustling, then Sarah's face replaced her husband's in the

newly created hole.

"We're leaving, now. It was nice to see you, again," she laughed.

"I hope to see you one of these days," I countered as her face

disappeared.

Mike and Sarah laughed and hollered, "good-bye" once more before the

sliding glass door closed. I was alone, again. I looked inside: nothing. I

made another mental note to put a chair out here, then leaned against the

glass. It felt cool on my butt. I liked it. My ass was still a little

tender from Ms Thomas' ministration, and sitting on the hard counter

hadn't helped any. I peered out at the ocean.

About five minutes later, Sam and Jake reappeared.

"Have you learned your lesson?" Sam asked sternly.

"Oh, yes. Please don't ever make me stay out here again, please." I tried

to sound sincere as I silently mocked them.

"Let me hear again that you promise to do anything we say, for as long as

we want, then I'll let you in," Sam lectured.

"Well, here's the thing," I began. "Just as you were collecting penalties

on me, I've collected a few on you, too."

"Oh," Sam was taken aback.

"Yes. For instance, your touching me was never part of the deal. Marc made

that perfectly clear to you last night."

Sam blanched.

"Secondly," I continued, "that Jake made a mistake and told me something

he shouldn't have was a penalty for him, not me. I've been falsely

penalized, creating a double penalty for you both."

"All right, hold it right there," Sam interjected. "You started the

touching. You let Jake touch you in the bathroom, remember? Do you

remember that you promised me a turn? Huh? Well, I just took it a little

earlier than you planned, that's all. And as far as Jake's mistake goes,

well, you tricked him and there's no getting around it. The blame is

yours, and your penalty remains."

Sam's reasoned eloquence caught me by surprise and I made no response. I

bowed my head and he understood he'd won the argument.

"So, are you ready to come back in and do as you are told?"

"No more touching. Marc said so." Sam used the Marc card against me once

today, now it was my turn to use it against him.

"Deal," Sam said.

"Deal," I replied.

Sam opened the door fully and allowed me to pass inside. He took my arm

and led me to the counter. I knew what was expected of me, so I climbed

into place with my thighs spread outside the strips of tape. I grabbed the

edge of the counter with my hands at my hips.

"Good," Sam said. "Now, here's what's going to happen. Jake and I have to

leave, but I happen to know that Marc will be coming home soon. You are to

stay in this position until he arrives. You are not to move your hands or

legs from where they are now. Not even for an instant. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand."

"Do you promise?"

"Yes, I promise."

He stood and gazed at me for a few seconds and I watched as his stern

façade faded into a boyish smile.

"Does the 'no touching' rule exclude good-bye kisses to the cheek?" he

asked humbly, sweetly, adoringly.

My heart melted at this unexpected renewal of respect.

"I'll make you one last deal," I said. "As long as you ask nicely, you can

even kiss me on the lips."

"May I?" he asked in a tone that would melt stone.

"Yes, that's a deal maker."

Sam gently bowed his head between my legs and planted a kiss on my swollen

labia.

I drew a quick breath in surprise.

"A deal's a deal," he grinned broadly.

"Yes, a deal's a deal," I had to agree.

**Liza's Lunch**

by shyones ©

The drive to the bar near my husband’s office wasn’t far, but traffic this

Monday noon was unusually heavy. I was glad for the time to collect my

thoughts: I somehow needed to put recent events behind me and prepare for

what was in store for me next.

The breeze from the window blew my light chemise and made the lace at my

nipples ripple. This was not a garment meant to leave the bedroom, but

here I was in the car on my way to have lunch with my husband…and his

friend. Marc asked me to wear this, even created the conditions under

which I was unable to wear anything else, but that’s a long story. He

didn’t even want me to wear knickers, but my friend, Ally, lent me hers,

which is another long tale. Suffice it to say that in the last twenty-four

hours I have been stripped by my husband in front of strangers, spanked by

my landlord, and introduced to fetishes by Ally that I never knew existed.

Yes, I had a lot to think about as I sat in traffic with the short hem of

my garment bunched at my pussy, and my nipples at attention.

Things had been happening fast, and with such convoluted logic that I

progressed from one absurd event to the next thinking that there must be

some sense to it all. I guess it all started with that beguiling look Marc

gives me that makes me say “yes” to anything. My efforts to please him

have been my undoing, but I can’t imagine disappointing him. I do want to

please him. He got such pleasure from seeing me naked in front of those

two boys. It was for him, to keep us from getting kicked out of our

apartment, that I took that spanking from our landlord. As for Ally,

well…I have to be nice to her, the little snitch, or she’ll get me into

more trouble with the landlord. No, I shouldn’t be hard on her: she’s such

a dear, and I do enjoy her.

My mind was such a jumble that I was able to settle nothing, figure out

nothing, before I pulled up in front of the small establishment with the

neon sign inviting me to eat a sandwich and drink a beer. I was ten

minutes late.

I looked down at my chemise one more time. ‘How could I wear this in

public?’ I asked myself. I blushed at the thought of a passer-by peering

into my car. I panicked at the idea of actually getting out of the car and

waking into the eatery. ‘Marc must be out of his mind,’ I said out loud.

The more I argued against leaving the car, the more moist my pussy became.

I knew I would do as Marc asked.

I waited until the sidewalk was empty, then I jumped out of the car and

rushed to the door of the bar. Holding my breath, I opened it and walked

in. It was dark, and I paused just inside to let my eyes adjust. I was

relieved that it was so dark: I thought perhaps people wouldn’t notice my

bedroom attire.

“Ah, you made it,” Marc’s voice reached me through the darkness and I felt

his arm around my waist. “You look great.”

“Thanks. Sorry I’m late…”

“No problem. Our table’s just over here, in the corner.”

As he guided me through the room, my eyes began to make the adjustment and

I could make out a bar along the length of one wall, several ordinary

tables and chairs in the middle of the room, a small stage at the wall

opposite the bar, and tall round tables with high stools around the

periphery. Businessmen occupied several tables, but I saw no women.

“Why is it so dark in here?” I asked. “I expected a little nicer place

than this,” I added.

“Yeah, it’s more a bar than a restaurant, but the food really is good.

You’ll see.”

“Hi, Liza!” Steve greeted me as we approached the table.

“Um, couldn’t we move to another table?” I had to look up to address him,

because the seat of the stool was as high as my chest; the table was at

eye level.

Before he could answer, Marc lifted me by the waist unto the stool across

from Steve and I came down on it with a “plop.” My chemise billowed as I

came down on the seat with the short hem hanging loose behind me.

Instinctively I held the fabric at my crotch to prevent a show, but the

boys did catch at brief glimpse of my knickers.

“My god! I’m going to get a nose bleed way up here,” is all I could think

to say as I adjusted the top of my chemise.

“It’s great. You’ll love it way up here. It’s like being on top of a

mountain with all the little people below.” Steve waved his hand over the

sparse crowd at the normal tables.

I surveyed the room from my perch and another disturbing fact hit me: all

the tables were made of glass. My bare legs were on total display to

Steve, and my attempt to hide them under the table had been in vain. All I

could do was bunch the material of my chemise at my crotch and hope for

the best. An unavoidable strip of panty at my hip was visible. I said a

silent “thank you” to Ally for lending me her knickers. At least I had some

protection from prying eyes and the dirty bar stool. My eyes were

completely adjusted to the dim light, now, and I realized that everyone

could see pretty well in here after all.

“Did you bring a big appetite with you, Liza?” Marc asked.

“I haven’t eaten all day.”

The bartender arrived just then to take our order. I wanted to order a big

meal right away that would require a lot of plates to clutter the table

and obscure the view of my legs, but Marc just ordered three beers and

told him to come back after we had a chance to study the menu. The large

man drank in every inch of me with his eyes, then slowly set out on his

mission.

“I think he likes you,” Marc joked.

“I have enough admirers, thanks.” I smiled sweetly.

“Well, you can certainly count me as one of them,” Steve spoke up. “That’s

a great dress.”

“Um, thank you.” I replied. “Marc insisted I wear it.”

I gave Marc a playful jab in the ribs.

“Yep. Marc’s got great taste. That’s why he’s so good in the advertising

game.” Steve raised a salute.

“Well, not everything about the outfit was my idea,” Marc said in a coy

tone of voice.

“Oh?” Steve lengthened the single vowel into an inquisition, but one I was

unwilling to answer. I sat as if I’d been turned to stone.

“Well, you see, Steve,” Marc began as the bartender set our beer on the

table and ogled my chest, “I did lay out her outfit for her this morning:

the dress (he called it a dress!) and those sexy shoes. Do you like her

shoes, Steve?”

“Yeah, they’re great.”

The bartender continued to stand there, having shifted his gaze now to my

legs. I couldn’t believe that Marc was talking about my outfit like this

to Steve, and in front of this stranger to boot. I remained rigid,

thinking that a statue was less likely to attract attention.

“Well, you don’t see any socks with them, do you?”

“No.”

I didn’t like where this was going.

“As well you shouldn’t, because, as I said, I laid out her dress and her

shoes. That’s all.” Marc concluded with a slight twist of the head and an

elevated eyebrow meant to infer that certain conclusions were wanting.

Steve used only a moment to come to the proper conclusion with a huge

grin.

“I’ll have a house salad and a steak, medium-rare,” Marc turned his

attention to the bartender.

Steve and I took his cue and placed our orders, too. I sighed in relief

that now the subject would change, and even thought I could help things

along.

“So, what have you two accomplished this morning at work?” I asked.

“We worked on an assignment for a client, fulfilling it just the way he

asked. Isn’t that right, Steve?”

“Yeah, I guess.” Steve shrugged his shoulders not quite understanding

where this train of thought was headed.

“We followed his specifications to the letter, not adding a single item he

didn’t want. Right?”

I was cringing again, hoping beyond hope that we really weren’t going to

explore the mystery of my knickers.

“Right. No extras,” Steve chimed in.

“Well, the same precise adherence to detail doesn’t seem to be the way

Liza does things.”

Marc gave me a hangdog look and pouted. He winked at Steve.

“I saw that wink,” I poked him in the ribs, again. “What are you two up

to? No, never mind. I don’t want to know,” I added quickly.

“I saw your knickers when you sat down,” Marc said.

So, now it was out. We were going to talk about my knickers in front of

Steve. I blushed every shade of red, but said nothing. I just wanted to

melt into my stool.

“So, where’d you get ‘em?” Marc pressed.

I looked at Steve with horror in my eyes, but his expression was quite

natural, as if this were normal table conversation among friends. I turned

to face Marc. I started to say something, but my voice failed me.

“I thought we lost all your underwear. Did you go shopping this morning?”

“No.” I squeaked.

“You found some, then?”

“No.” I repeated with a shrug.

“What, then?”

“What’s it matter? I’m sure Steve isn’t interested in this.” I found my

voice.

The bartender arrived with our lunch. With each plate he placed on the

glass tabletop I felt more and more dressed. We all watched him in

silence. I hoped that this break in the conversation would accomplish what

the last one did not. ‘Couldn’t we talk about the weather, or religion, or

politics,’ I begged silently.

Marc put his arm around me and leaned close to my ear.

“I love you, Liza.”

Then he kissed me on the cheek. It was a genuine kiss. One not meant to

add pressure, but simple reassurance. Well, if I wasn’t befuddled before,

I assure you, I was now. I felt like melting into my stool all over again,

but this time from my husband’s touch.

“Liza, I have a confession to make,” Marc said.

“Yes?” I ventured. The hope that Marc was about to put an end to this

lunacy in front of Steve went quickly through my mind.

“Today at work…Well, I told Steve what happened yesterday. Everything. The

whole story.”

“Oh my god…”

“Please don’t be upset, Liza.” Steve jumped in. “I really think it’s okay,

really!”

“You think it’s ‘okay’ that I was naked in front of two young men?” I

blurted out in an incredulous tone. “You think that that is ‘okay?’” My

voice was shrill. I trembled. I shook.

“Please don’t be upset,” he repeated. “Marc said you really got into it

after a while. He said you got to like it. I wouldn’t have mentioned it

otherwise.”

I didn’t know how to respond. Yes, I remembered how I enjoyed the

attention I got from Marc and the boys, but I also remembered the panic

and degradation I felt. Yes, the truth be told, there were things about it

I did enjoy and it did feel good at times, but I couldn’t admit that to

Steve. How could I look at Steve in the eye and say, ‘Yes, Steve, spending

the evening naked in front of people was a turn on and led to the best sex

ever?’ I just couldn’t do it. I wouldn’t admit such a thing, ever. It

would be too humiliating.

Marc hugged me and kissed me again.

“Let’s eat,” Marc said as he picked up his fork.

No one said a word for quite a long time. I picked up my own fork with

reluctance, but once I dug in I ate with great appetite. I drank my beer

with gusto and gestured for more. Still not a word passed among the three

of us. We drank and ate, but we didn’t talk. We were finished eating and

through our second round of beer before Marc finally broke the silence.

“Please take them off,” he said and looked at me with that look that can

bend the will of a saint.

“What?” I stammered.

“He asked you to take off your knickers, Liza.” Steve joined the fray.

I just looked at him, dumbstruck.

“You know, Liza,” he continued, “I really must say that I’m a little hurt

that you would be nude for two perfect strangers, but not for me. Yes, I’m

hurt. I thought we were friends.”

“You do owe him this, Liza,” Marc added.

“What do you want from me?” I blurted out senselessly.

“We’ve told you. We want you to take off your knickers,” Marc said

patiently, as if to a child.

I looked him in the eyes. His expression was both plaintive and stern. I

looked to Steve and saw the same.

“Oh, all right. I’ll take them off, already, if that’s what you want,” I

said with that certain resignation in the voice meant to put a stop to the

bickering. “Which way to the ladies’ room?”

“Do it here,” Marc said matter-of-factly.

“Here?” I stammered. “I can’t…”

“Yes, you can. Please, Liza.” Marc gave me that look, again.

Steve looked at me intently. His eyes bored through the tabletop to my

upper thighs. My hand pressed against the fabric still bunched at my

crouch. I blushed. I cringed. My nipples jutted against the lace. My pussy

gushed. I inhaled sharply. Another person would have bolted, run for the

hills, but I knew that I would do this. For Marc.

I braced myself with my left hand on the table. I put both feet on the

rung of the stool and lifted my butt from the seat. With my right hand I

worked the waistband of the knickers off my hips, trying my best to keep

the hem of my chemise over my pussy. I glanced around the room wondering

who was going to catch me doing this. The wet crotch of the knickers clung

to my swollen labia and the waistband was well on its way down my thighs

before the panty could stretch no more and came away from my shaved pussy.

Once the panty was at my knees I bent low to work it further down over my

shoes: it got caught on a buckle, of course. Finally, I had it in hand.

“Give them to me,” Marc said.

I handed to him the knickers that Ally had placed on me with her own hands

just a little while ago. Ms Thomas’ admonition that I should wear knickers

and her promise to spank me with a hairbrush if I weren’t good flew

through my mind like a jet with its afterburners glowing. Marc placed them

on the table near Steve.

“These are for you,” he told his grinning friend. “You can wear them if

you like. I have nothing against your wearing knickers,” he laughed.

“Gee, thanks!” Steve laughed. “I just might surprise you!”

“You’d look really cute in them,” even I joined in the laughter.

The bartender appeared again to clear the table. When he saw the knickers

lying there on the table he looked at me with renewed interest and a

knowing look on his face.

“They’re his,” I laughed and pointed to Steve.

The bartender disappeared with the plates and an order for more beer. I

felt bared once more by the removal of the plates. I clutched the fabric

at my crotch in an attempt to bring back a sense of modesty.

“I think you should show me what you’re hiding there, Liza.” Steve said

with a nod to my upper thighs. “As your friend, you owe me that.”

Now things were serious again.

“Would a friend ask such a thing?” I retorted without thinking.

“Steve is a friend, and he has asked, so obviously a friend does have such

a right,” Marc spoke to me again as if I were ten years old, with a logic

that should only satisfy a child.

My eyes watered. I felt I was about to cry.

“Please don’t ask me to do this. I just can’t. Please! It’s Steve, for

god’s sake. It’s embarrassing to even think…”

“Liza,” Marc said softly, patiently, “Steve is our friend. We owe him

this.”

“Owe him?” I repeated in confusion.

“If you find it possible to do something for strangers, can’t you,

shouldn’t you, do the same for a friend?”

“Just because I…”

“Yes,” Marc cut me off.

“You owe me this,” Steve said again. “It’s a debt, now.”

“You pay your debts. I know you do, Liza. That’s what makes you so

special, why we all love you.” Marc cuddled me.

The tears ran slowly down my cheeks as it dawned on me at last what I’d

gotten myself into. Yesterday’s exhibition for those boys had changed the

rules and bestowed on me an obligation from which I would not be allowed

to hide. I obediently raised the hem of my chemise and parted my knees to

reveal myself. My bald pussy was on display in a crummy little bar and I

accepted the logic of it. I owed a friend a showing. It all made perfectly

good sense when you stop to think about it. Indeed, it would have been

wrong of me not to be on display. I closed my eyes and waited for it all

to end.

“Your breasts, now, Liza. Show me your breasts,” Steve directed.

My eyes sprang open of their own accord. My brain registered immediately

the danger here. While no one but Steve could see my crotch from where I

was sitting, my torso was in plain sight of the entire bar. He was, in

fact, asking me to flash the entire room. I looked at Marc, hoping to see

that he, too, recognized the problem with this latest, friendly request.

“Your beers,” the bartender announced as he returned from out of nowhere.

I pushed the hem of my chemise firmly against my pussy and slammed my

knees shut. The breath left my lungs at a record rate.

“Thank you,” Marc replied. “How much do we owe you?”

The bartender settled the bill with Marc as Steve and I sat there and

watched the process as if from another dimension. We were locked in the

past, each waiting for a resolution to a situation blocking history

itself. Neither of us breathed.

Marc took a long, satisfying drink from the new bottle. He placed it

gently on the table. At long last he looked at us: first at Steve, then at

me. He turned and surveyed the room. The bartender was pouring drinks for

two men at the bar who were facing away from us. Two businessmen were

clicking away at their calculators at a table near the center of the room,

three young men of college age were drinking and telling stories at the

far wall, at a table like ours, and a solitary old man nursed a beer near

the empty stage. He stared into his mug and sighed.

Marc’s next move was smooth and deliberate. With his thumb and forefinger

he grabbed the lace between my breasts and pulled down. My chemise rose in

the back as it plunged in front to free my breasts to Steve’s gaze. Both

my hands still clutched the hem at my crotch, and there they remained. My

breasts were on display and I made no move to cover them. I looked about

the room quickly to see what reactions might be taking place, but no one

was looking. Not a single eye was cast in our direction! I started to

rejoice, but realized I felt a twinge of disappointment, too.

“Your pussy, Liza,” Steve reminded me.

I brought the hem of my chemise again to my navel and opened my knees. The

scent of my arousal filled the area around the table as I blushed and

reveled in my humiliation. I stared at Steve directly in the face as he

drank me in with his eyes. My hands holding the hem at my navel brushed

against Marc’s hand still holding down the top. He maneuvered to entwine

his fingers in mine. We kissed.

“That’s what the stage is for. You know the rules.” The bartender was

back.

Marc replaced the chemise over my breasts and I did the same at my pussy.

I stared at my lap, too ashamed to look at the bartender.

“Sorry,” Marc replied. “We got a little carried away. Maybe next time

she’ll dance for us, but we have to leave, now.”

And we did leave. I have no recollection of it, though. It was as if I

suddenly found myself out the door and on the sidewalk. My mind was too

busy mulling over the words “stage” and “next time” to pay attention to

anything else.