**My Summer Job**

by Hooked6

**My Summer Job – Part One**

My life sucked. Here I was a 17 year-old High school drop-out working at, of all places, the Burger Queen. Life couldn’t get any worse. I thought I had it all worked out. I wanted a place of my own and I was sure I could get a job and get on with my life. I wanted out of my parents place so bad I could taste it! School was so boring and was waste of time. I felt that most of the stuff I was learning wasn’t anything that I would use in real world anyway.

And forget about my home life! My self-confidence was at an all time low as my mom saw to it to remind me regularly of just how worthless I was. I really don’t know what she had to complain about as I wasn’t really a bad girl. I managed to stay out of trouble. I didn’t run with the bad crowd or use drugs nor was I boy crazy like most girls my age seemed to be even though I’m sure I was pretty enough to land any boy I wanted. No, I pretty much kept to myself and didn’t really cause any trouble at home yet my mom was always putting me down. I just wanted to prove to everyone – especially my mom - that I could BE somebody and all this time spent in school seemed to be in the way of me realizing my goal. I may have been a shy and introverted good little girl, but I was also very impatient!

So I quit school with one month left in my junior year. My mom was pissed as she usually is about all my decisions but I was sure I could make it. My plan was first to get a job then after saving enough money, get a place of my own. I would show everybody that Britney Adams was someone to be proud of!

Yeah well, that was the plan. So far it hasn’t worked out that way. It seems nobody wants to give a high school drop out a chance to prove herself. I KNOW I could do most anything if someone would just show me how! Everyone wants experience, but how can you get experience if nobody ever gives you a chance? Pretty much all my interviews ended with the same phrase, “I’m sorry but you must have at least your high school diploma before we can consider you for full time employment.” I don’t know if it was true or not but it sure was beginning to seem that way. I just couldn’t go back to school though, not after the ugly scene I created in front of my parents when I announced my plans to start my career. That would only confirm their belief that I was worthless. No, I HAD to stick it out. Something would come along, I just KNEW it would.

Despite my best efforts, all I could land was this lousy part-time job at Burger Queen. After a month of listening to my mom rag on me saying things like, “Look at my millionaire daughter. She made all her money asking people, ‘would you want fries with that’, Hahahahahahahaha!” I was about to scream.

Like I said, life sucked! Man was I ever depressed.

Then one day something happened that would change my life forever! I was cleaning tables at the restaurant when I ran into Kelli Peterson. She was a year ahead of me and had just graduated. She seemed to have everything going for her during her last year at school. She always wore the trendiest clothes and even drove a NEW car! Lucky her, I thought to myself, she’s on her way now while I’m stuck here. Some people have all the luck!

“What’s wrong, Britney?” she asked as she spotted me cleaning the table next to her while she was eating her burger. “You look like you’re having a really bad day. Want to talk about it?”

I took a break and joined her. I told her everything as she listened intently. It felt good just to talk with someone about my troubles. She seemed so kind and genuinely interested in my problems. After talking for well past my break time I abruptly ended my conversation when I saw my manager giving me a stern look. “I’m sorry,” I said apologetically. “I have to get back to work. I don’t know why I’m telling you all this anyway. I’m really sorry to have troubled you.”

She reached out and gently touched my hand, “Nonsense,” she said smiling. “I think I might be able to help you out.”

“You can? How?”

“You know that I’m leaving for college soon and because of that I have to quit my current part-time job. The owner is making the position full time and really wanted me to take it but my parents insisted that I continue my schooling so I can’t. But, I think you might do well at it. You should give it a try.”

She had an odd sort of smile as she spoke about her job that seemed rather weird. On one hand she seemed like she was absolutely euphoric yet I thought I detected an element of fear as well. I figured it was just my imagination and I did need a real job. Dejectedly I stated, “It all sounds wonderful but you know I dropped out of school. Your boss won’t even give me the time of day for a full time job. Nobody does. That’s why I’m working here.”

Kelli smiled reassuringly and said, “She gave me a chance and I made $20,000 working for her part time. I’m sure if you’re enthusiastic about wanting the job you could get it. If she hires you, she’ll teach you everything you need to know anyway.”

“YOU MADE $20,000 on a part-time job?!!!” I yelled incredulously.

Kelli giggled, “Yes, and don’t look at me like I’m crazy. I’m not exaggerating, of course I had to start on the ground floor and work at it. It was hard work too but the opportunity is there if you want it bad enough. I imagine a person could easily double that amount working full time.”

“What kind of job is this anyway? I’m definitely not going to sell drugs or anything.” I warned seriously.

“Oh no, it’s a legitimate job – nothing illegal. I’ll call my boss tomorrow and tell her you’re coming by for an interview. You’d better do it soon though before she fills the position. Hopefully you can be at the right place at the right time. The best jobs are never advertised in the paper you know.”

Boy that was surely true! For once I saw a glimmer of hope that I might be able to turn my life around. “I’ll do it!” I replied excitedly. “Just tell me when I have to be there!” I then gave her my phone number and went back to work.

The next day Kelli called, “It’s all set, she’s expecting you at ten o’clock this morning. Can you make it?”

“I guess so. I don’t have to be back at Burger Queen until next Tuesday, so yeah, I can make it.”

“Great!” she replied. “It’s a little hard to find so I’ll pick you up and take you there. That way I can even introduce you in person.”

“THANKS! I can use all the help I can get.” I hung up with phone and sighed with deep satisfaction. I felt relieved that after all that crap I had to listen to from my mom about being a loser I finally had an opportunity to make something of myself. Yes sir. Today was going to be a great day!

She drove me downtown and parked in one of those huge parking garages. “We’re in for a bit of a walk I’m afraid.” She said as she exited the car. “This is as close as I can get.”

“That’s fine with me,” I said cheerfully. I have always liked big cities, with all the tall buildings, the eclectic cacophony of sounds and the hustle and bustle of people. It was all so exciting somehow. We made our way down the stairs and onto the sidewalk and made our way up the street. We traveled several blocks and as we walked I eagerly soaked in the atmosphere of all the sights. “I’m going to work in one of those tall buildings someday,” I told myself silently. “You just wait and see. I’m on my way now! No more Burger Queen for me!!”

She led me to one of the small below street-level store fronts at the bottom of a rather tall office building. It reminded me of that bar ‘Cheers’ in that old TV series that I had seen reruns of on TV. After walking down the stairwell that led to the shop’s main entrance I saw a sign on the window that said, “CREATIVE SERVICES, INC.” It must be some type of advertising firm I thought.

“We’re here,” Kelli announced with flare as she held the door open for me.

As I entered the business I wasn’t sure what to make of all the things I was seeing. It looked like racks of clothes – no make that costumes of some sort filling about half the available space out front. In the back of the store was a counter, a room with a flimsy curtain covering the doorway and then a large open space behind the counter that contained several angled desks or easels like the type architects use. There were a few computer desks and papers piled up all over the place next to several filing cabinets.

What in the world is this business I wondered to myself?

An attractive, rather informally dressed lady who was sitting at one of the easels working on something noticed our arrival. She appeared to be in her early thirties and had a very welcoming smile. “Kelli!” she said excitedly. “Is this the girl you were telling me about?”

“Yes, ma’am,” she answered politely and proceeded to introduce me, “Amy Campbell, this is my friend Britney.” Then turning to me explained, “Britney, Amy is the owner of Creative Services, Inc., CSI for short. In fact she is the ONLY full-time person at the company. Everyone else is part-time. If you get the job . . .” she said winking at me, “You’ll be the only other full-time person here! I’ve told Amy that I thought you’d be perfect for the job. I guess I’ll leave you to it then. I’ll be back later. I’ve got some things to do in town while I’m here. Just call me when you’re through and I’ll come back and get you.” She then gave me another very reassuring smile, gave me a good-luck hug and left.

That was so nice of her to give me such a nice build-up. I only knew Kelli from school and not all that well either. I always thought she was rather a loner and standoffish. My opinion of her sure had changed now!

Miss Amy looked me over. “My you are a pretty one, aren’t you?” she said with admiration.

“Um . . . thank you.” I said nervously.

“Please turn around and let me get a better look at you. You don’t mind, do you dear?”

“Ah, no . . . I’d be happy to,” I replied unsure of what she was doing. I did as she had asked and slowly twirled around a couple of times.

“Yes, very nice indeed,” she finally said.

“Excuse me?”

“You have nice posture,” she explained with an awkward grin. “I can always tell about a person’s confidence level by their posture. It makes a good first impression.”

“Oh,” I replied and then carefully tried to stand up even straighter than I had been. I had never thought of myself as having a lot of confidence but if my posture was making a good first impression, then by all means I didn’t want to blow it by slouching!

The lady took a seat at her desk. There wasn’t really another chair readily available for me so I just stood there as she sorted through some papers.

“What type of work have you done?

“Um . . . well it’s like this,” I stammered nervously. “I haven’t done much so far. I have only worked at Burger Queen but . . .”

“I see . . .” she said cutting me off busying herself with her papers again.

“BUT I really do WANT to get a better job. I’ll work real hard and I’m very dependable,” I blurted out quickly before she had a chance to turn me down.

“You look rather young. I’m guessing you’re still in high school, right? ” She asked looking a bit serious. “You do realize that I was looking for someone full-time. I’m not sure . . .”

“Oh I’m out of school,” I said hurriedly.

“You graduated already?”

I lowered my head and admitted, “Um . . . no, I dropped out my junior year – but I think I can do whatever you need me to do. I’m really a good person and I do so want this job!”

The lady looked at me for a moment and then said, “I really need a person that I can count on as I’m out of the office a lot. I need someone I can trust to run the place while I’m out as well doing some contract work for my clients. I can’t do it all.”

“Oh I can work whatever hours you want me to. I’m SURE I can manage to keep an eye on the store and . . .”

“Can you take direction?”

“Um . . . I don’t understand.”

She sighed. “I need someone who will do WHAT I ask, WHEN I ask. I must know that when I give an instruction it will be carried out to the letter – no arguments, no complaining, and definitely no disappointments. I’ve spent my entire professional life developing this successful business and I can’t just trust it to anyone. I’m very demanding but also very fair. If you can commit to following my directions without fail it can also be very lucrative for you. I have a lot riding on this so I have to make the right choice here.”

“I’m sure you won’t be disappointed if you choose me. I want, no . . . I NEED this job and I’ll do whatever I have to do to keep you happy and succeed.”

The lady went back to sorting through papers as I stood there fidgeting with my hands. “I suppose I could take a chance on you,” she eventually sighed, “But it would mean a lot of work teaching you the business. I really don’t want to waste my time teaching you only to find out you don’t have what it takes.”

“I’m a quick learner,” I added confidently.

She smiled at me, looked me up and down and said, “Okay I’ll give you a trial period. If you do well during that time, the job is yours. Just remember you must follow my direction TO THE LETTER. Do that and you’ll not only keep your job you’ll do well financially too, understand?”

“GREAT!! I’ll do whatever you say. You won’t be disappointed!” I exclaimed excitedly. “Um . . . what exactly IS my job?”

“Oh didn’t I tell you? You’re my new Account Service Specialist.

“Oh . . .” I said trying figure out what she had just said. It sounded all so impressive. Moments ago I worked for Burger Queen, now I was an Account Service Specialist for a downtown firm! I had made it! I couldn’t wait to tell my mom. Unfortunately I still didn’t have a clue what an Account Service Specialist did. “Um . . . what does that mean exactly?”

“CSI is a creative support company for conventions, corporate clients and specialty firms. We work with production companies, advertising agencies, convention bureaus and some rather distinguished private patrons. Our clients come to us looking for help with certain projects; perhaps with costumes, specialty clothing or actual custom support services or promotional activities. We do whatever it takes to keep the client happy or make their event a success.

Well that explains all the weird outfits in the store I thought. “So my job is to ring up the sale of the costumes?”

“Oh heaven’s no! It’s much more than that. Yes part of your compensation consists of commission on the items you sell – 25% of the sales price actually. But the real money comes from customer support. The more projects you take on the more you can earn.”

I sure liked the sound of that! “What does customer support mean?”

“It varies by client. For example yesterday I worked a home appliance exposition and I had to stand next to this refrigerator and point to certain of its features as the company spokesman gave his speech to the crowd about how great his appliance was.” Amy explained. “Of course I had a lot a prep work to do learning about the device and so on so I could act intelligently in front of all those people. That’s why clients hire us. We make their event a success.”

“It all sounds so exciting,” I remarked. “I don’t think this job could ever be boring with all this variety.”

“No I’m SURE you won’t be bored. Can you start today? I could really use you this afternoon.”

“Um . . . yeah I guess so,” I said nervously.

“Good – you’re off to a good start. I was afraid you were going to make an excuse why you couldn’t. I just can’t abide people who don’t do what I want. It just so happens I have an engagement this afternoon for a client and I’m going to have you come with me. This will afford me the opportunity to see how well you handle yourself. Let’s get started shall we? Go ahead and take off your clothes.”

“WHAT?!” I exclaimed without thinking.

**My Summer Job – Part Two**

“You want me to take off my clothes? Why?!” I asked with my voice quivering.

“The fact that I TOLD you to should be enough of a reason. Didn’t you just assure me that you could take direction?” Amy snapped sternly.

“I’m sorry . . .” I muttered sheepishly. “I am just confused that’s all. I learn better if I understand the reasons behind things.” I then started unbuttoning my dress.

Amy sighed then took a deep breath. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to snap at you. It’s just that in my business there won’t always BE time to explain things. Sometimes you’re just going to have to trust me. Tell me now if you can’t do that so I won’t waste any more time with you.”

Now standing in front of her in just my bra and panties I wished that I had chosen fancier underwear – mind you not that I EVER expected to be showing them to a perfect stranger at a job interview! Nervously I replied, “You can count on me. Honestly, I wasn’t trying to defy you. I was just . . .”

“I see, well, get a move on then, I haven’t got all day!” she interrupted pointing at my underwear.

“Yes ma’am,” I said meekly finally understanding that she wanted me to remove them too. I nervously unsnapped the hook on my bra and let it fall to the floor, then clumsily stepped out of my panties. In no time I was standing naked before her. How totally AWKWARD! Here I was standing in the middle of a public office totally NAKED! Seeing the shoes of the pedestrians up at street level walking by through the windows sent chills up my spine. I mean ANY ONE OF THEM could have walked down those stairs and caught me totally exposing everything! But, she was the boss. I’m sure she had a reason for asking me to do such an outlandish thing . . . and I did need this job!

She paused for some time looking me over. Once again I felt very inadequate. Though I always considered myself “cute,” I was definitely no model. I didn’t have much of a tan and I was very self-conscious about my boobs. Then I looked down and began to regret that I still had all my pubic hair! Trimmed though it may be, most girls shaved completely these days. What on EARTH was this lady thinking about me?

“Very nice, better than I imagined, in fact.”

“My posture,” I asked innocently? Amy just laughed as she retrieved a garment from the racks of clothing and handed it to me.

“What’s this?” I asked as I took the garment from her.

“It’s your outfit for this afternoon. Your job today is at the Science Fiction Convention at the Municipal Conference Center. My firm has been hired to drum up interest in the convention from passersby on the street. I’ll be giving you fliers to pass out and hopefully people will be intrigued after seeing you and reading your flier that they will pay for admission.”

“Oh . . . that makes sense.” I then tried to make some sense of the garment I held in my hands. I’m not the brightest bulb in the pantry but I’d like to think I had common sense enough to dress myself, but I couldn’t make heads or tails out of the costume. “Um . . . how do I put this on?”

Amy giggled and remarked, “You’re not into Science Fiction much I take it. Don’t you recognize it?” As I shook my head she proceeded to help me. In no time I was dressed and she announced, “There. I must admit you make an adorable Princess Leia.”

“Princess, who?”

“Princess Leia of Stars Wars fame, silly. That’s a replica of her costume when she was taken prisoner by Jabba the Hut.”

I didn’t want to admit that I had never watched any of those movies so I had no idea what she was talking about. “Oh . . .” I said as if it all made sense. For those of you who have never seen that costume the bottom is basically two red pieces of almost floor-length material: one piece in front and one piece in back like a rather large loin cloth flowing down between my legs held together by a large wrap-around metal harness worn low on my waist. As I looked down I noticed that my legs were bare in front and along my sides. I wasn’t sure how much of my butt cheeks were covered either, though I couldn’t see for sure as there was no mirror close at hand. I got the feeling that only my butt crack and pubes were actually covered. The top was also a metal bra-like device that showed a LOT of breast tissue and cleavage. To make matters worse, neither the top nor the bottom fit very snugly at all! I got the feeling that either piece would fall right off my body if I wasn’t careful. There didn’t appear to be any way of adjusting the costume to fit better as it was all pre-formed gold-colored metal that resisted any attempts at bending it tighter. (I found this link later which shows many pages of examples of this costume on regular girls like me:

http://www.leiasmetalbikini.com/members/fansincostume\_intro.html

Just scroll through the pages 1 through 23 and you’ll get an idea of how risky this getup is!)

Amy then proceeded to place my hair into buns on each side of my head and seemed awfully pleased with her self.

“You look FABULOUS!” she said with obvious glee. “Let’s go and I’ll brief you on the way.”

She couldn’t really be serious about me appearing in PUBLIC dressed like this? I mean the darn thing was almost indecent! But alas when she grabbed my hand and headed for the door I knew she really was!!

“Where . . . where are we going?”

“To the Conference Center silly,” she replied a little impatiently. “We haven’t much time.” Taking a firmer grip on my hand she led me to the exit and once outside proceeded to lock the office door. I almost panicked when, while standing on the lower platform watching her secure the office, a strong gust of wind literally blew my panels sharply away from my legs exposing my private parts to anyone who might have been looking. Fortunately we were still below street level so I was hoping no one had noticed. I may be a high school drop out but I wasn’t a wild child and this outfit was the most daring thing I had EVER worn in public! I felt soooooo self-conscious I could hardly stand it. It was worse as we walked down the sidewalk among all those professionally dressed people. I felt totally out-of-place!

I learned very quickly to keep both of my hands on the panels – one in front and one behind me resting on my butt lest I’d expose myself again. As we headed towards the same parking garage I had another worry. Just as I had feared the harness on my waist began slipping. Talk about your low-riders! I was sure that wisps of my pubic hair were showing above the metal frame. We were walking so fast however there wasn’t time to try and adjust it. I just prayed that it would stay on until we reached her car!! Gawd, this was awfull!! But I couldn’t let on that this bothered me. I tried to convince myself that this was a perfectly respectable outfit for a perfectly respectable job. I mean the actress who played this Princess Leia was respectable and wore this costume on the big screen for heavens sakes. By then it dawned on me that I was sure using that word “respectable” a lot in my mental argument with myself. I had to admit I felt like ANYTHING but RESPECTABLE!

Once we reached her vehicle, I gave a firm tug on my waist harness trying to secure it better on my hips and then got into the passenger seat. On the way, Amy began explaining the Star Wars trilogy to me and a little about my character. She instructed me how to stand and what to say and most importantly what she expected of me. All too soon we were arriving at the Conference Center. Amy grabbed a large box from the backseat and we headed towards the main entrance. The Center was also located in the downtown business district and, although the parking deck was on the side of the building, the principal entrance was actually just a stone’s throw from the sidewalk that ran along Main Street.

People were entering the Center as well as milling about outside. My presence generated quite a lot of interest from those present making me very uncomfortable. Even though I still had my death grip on the front and back panels I was sure I looked totally “stupid.”

Amy set the box on a small table and opened it. She handed me a stack of fliers and instructed me to approach people and offer them one. She emphasized that in handing out the fliers I was to be sure to concentrate on the passersby on the sidewalk and not just those people already heading into the Center. After all, she explained, my job was to attract people that were not already planning on attending the convention.

“I’ll be watching you and will be around if you need me. Remember, this is your trial period. I have to know I can count on you to make my business successful. Remember you are representing Creative Services, Inc. so do me proud! Do you have any questions?” Amy asked looking me directly in the eye.

“Um . . . no, I think I understand.”

“Good. The Convention doors are open now so you had best get started. I’ll need you to keep this up until most of the businesses downtown have closed and the workers have left their offices. I’m guessing around six or seven o’clock. By then the only people left will be those going to the convention anyway. If you run out of fliers I’ll get you some more.”

“Yes ma’am,” I replied nervously and headed towards the sidewalk. Fear once again overtook me as now my hands were totally occupied – one holding the stack of fliers and the other passing handing them out. There wasn’t anyway to hold my panels in place. Fortunately there wasn’t much of a breeze.

The first people I approached to hand out my fliers were a group of businessmen hurrying down the sidewalk. “Hello,” I said with my voice quivering, “Be sure and check out the Sci-fi Convention going on now at the Conference Center.” I gave them each a paper. The taller gentleman nudged his friend standing next to him and they both proceeded to look at me with a stupid expression on their faces. I was sure that I must be showing strands of pubic hair above the harness again judging from where they were staring. I ignored them deciding not to torture myself by trying to figure out what they were on about and confidently moved on to the next group of people and repeated my line. They too gave me odd looks and I began to feel very disheartened. This certainly wasn’t helping my self-esteem.

Seeing Amy watching my every move, I forced myself to eagerly approach more people and tried to do my job as professionally as I could despite my concerns about exposure. There were so many people about and I was sure each and every one of them had an eye on me – or at least some part of me anyway!

Then I heard the excited voice of a child exclaim, “MOMMY, MOMMY LOOK! It’s Princess Leia!” The little boy literally dragged his mother towards me clearly enchanted at his good fortune to see a famous character. I began to feel proud. His excitement was just the boost I needed to inspire me to keep on.

“Excuse me miss, do you mind if I take a picture of you with my son?” the lady asked as she reached into her purse for a camera. “Star Wars is his FAVORITE movie of all time!”

“Why no, not at all,” I replied and extended my free arm out around his shoulders as he stood next to me. As we posed I added, “Be sure and see the Sci-fi Convention going on at the Center. I’m sure he’d really like it!”

“SMILE . . .” the lady said as she aimed her camera. Just after the flash went off a gust of wind blew the front panel of my outfit to the side and I was sure I had just flashed everything to the lady and anybody else who happened to be looking at me. It couldn’t have been more than a brief second or two but still . . . she had seen it. I was sure of that.

“Oh . . .” the lady said in both a surprised and somewhat disapproving tone. She was clearly caught off guard and was visibly nervous as she fumbled to put her camera away. Her whole demeanor changed. “Come on Son,” she said sternly reaching out to pull her boy away from me as if I was some kind of escaped felon or something. So much for my ten seconds of fame, I thought.

I looked over at Amy and saw her urging me on to continue passing out my fliers so I wasted no time in resuming my job. She didn’t seem upset or disappointed at what had happened so I figured I too would just ignore it. I chalked it up to just an occupational hazard.

Hour after hour passed and during that time I received more than my fair share of snide remarks about my body, as well as several lewd propositions from the business men that passed. On more than one occasion I had to adjust my top after discovering I was showing a nipple or two as that metal bra had the awful tendency to slip lower and lower without my sensing it. There was no telling how many people had seen an eyeful before I noticed and discreetly pulled in back into place. I really had to keep an eye on that. Through it all I did my best though I was ogled, lusted after, and oh yes, looked down upon – mostly from the women who saw me. Still I kept my mind on the job at hand. Amy would come and go and every so often bring me more fliers or something to drink when it was slow. After that she would disappear into the Convention Center. Of course it wasn’t all bad. I had several more people who wanted their picture with me and most of them were truly thrilled at being seen with my character and then too there were those that seemed to appreciate my outfit and seemed envious of me. That more than made up for the other not so pleasant things.

Then it happened.

It was about 6 o’clock and one of the busiest times of the day as the sidewalk was literally filled with people going home. I had run out of my current stack of papers. I was headed toward the box on the table to get more. I had only taken a few steps when the harness holding my skirt slipped off my hips and the garment fell to the ground causing me to stumble and unceremoniously hit the concrete. Immediately, several men and a couple of teenage boys helped me to my feet. I was so shocked at what had happened trying to make sure I wasn’t hurt I hadn’t realized that when they stood me up I was naked from the waist down – my garment still on the ground. In fact I had actually stepped out of it as I tried to regain my composure. Those around me where constantly asking, “Are you all right? Did you hurt yourself?” I took stock of myself being quite worried from all the attention that I might actually be bleeding or something.

“No, I don’t think so. I’m okay,” I said coming to my senses. Then I looked down and saw my state of undress “OH MY GAWD!” I shrieked and started to panic quickly covering my self with my hands. I heard all sorts of people laughing now. Up till that time everyone seemed so empathetic. As I looked around EVERYONE was smiling and staring at me – at my body . . . at my . . . you know!

**My Summer Job – Part Three**

So there I was acting like a school kid stomping my feet in a panic as I stood bottomless before and ever-increasing crowd of on-lookers. “Calm down miss, It will be alright,” I heard some kind voice say. If people weren’t all around me I would have took off like a scared rabbit, clothes or no clothes! But there was nowhere to run. Then I mercifully I saw out of the corner of my eye a young man kneeling on the sidewalk holding the harness of my garment urging me to step back into it. Immediately I complied and no sooner had I extended one leg inside the harness I realized just WHO that kind man was. It was Johnny Taylor – a nerdy, pimple-faced boy from my school!! Of course I thought. Who else would attend a Sci-Fi Convention but a nerdy, pimple faced moron! Then I also realized that with my legs spread apart as they were trying to step into the harness he was looking straight up between my legs getting the thrill of a lifetime! The stupid grin on his face told me everything I needed to know. I could have just died!

I blushed profusely, squeezed my legs together, bent over and awkwardly pulled the harness up myself, frequently wiggling my pelvis to get it seated on my hips. I made no pretext of trying to protect my backside from all those prying eyes behind me. If they hadn’t seen it all by now I figured there was no use in pretending to be modest! I wanted to be covered and I wanted to be covered immediately!

Once I was dressed several people tried to console me by putting their arms around me and saying things like, “Don’t be too upset with your self. It was just an accident. It could happen to anybody!” But it didn’t happen to ANYBODY it happened to ME! I was so mad . . . then I spied that stupid Johnny Taylor again and as he gawked - it hit me! Like a tidal wave of emotion it consumed me! The look of sheer admiration and ecstasy on his face and as the erotic nature of what had just happened dawned on me it made me wetter than I had EVER been in my entire life. Electricity ran up my spine and my breathing quickened and muscles tensed. Hell I was on fire! I had never – EVER experienced something quite like that before. I savored the moment just standing there for a minute.

Soon the crowd dispersed and Even Johnny Taylor left to go to the convention. I returned to my job with even more enthusiasm than I had shown before. I was ashamed at my feelings but deep down inside I was hoping for another “accidental” exposure. I couldn’t care less if the wind lifted my garment. In fact I was secretly hoping that exactly that would happen! In fact I totally ignored my costume. If it fell, it fell. I relished each leering glance from those on the sidewalk and that funny feeling grew inside of me. For the first time I didn’t suppress it – I EMBRACED it!

My nipples were now clearly poking out above their cover as my top had slipped lower. It thrilled me to actually watch the men’s eyes as they stared at my chest as I talked with them. I knew what they were looking at and I loved it. It was all so naughty and right out in the middle of downtown. Of course I pretended not to notice and they of course NEVER said anything. That’s what made it all so much fun. It was like a game where everyone wins! I was so wet and really needed to get myself off but that would have to wait.

Amy came out and saw my obvious enthusiasm and smiled appreciatively. “You’re doing a fine job,” she said with a smile.

“Thank you,” I said with a not so subtle suggestive twirl that exposed copious amounts of flesh as I resumed passing out my fliers. By now the harness on my waist had slipped lower once again and I was sure that the top part of my butt crack was visible from behind me as well as an obvious display of the top of my pubic hair in front. It didn’t matter to me. I was excited and enjoying myself. I figured if someone said anything I would feign shock and quickly cover up. But until they did I would flaunt it. Anyway, it wasn’t as if I was really NAKED or anything – just very daring.

All too soon Amy announced that our work was done and it was time to go. Her comment was like someone had burst my balloon!

On the way back, Amy didn’t say a word which was a good thing as I was lost in my thoughts. As we entered the office Amy went to her desk and began doing some paperwork. Not knowing what to do, I just stood there waiting for her to tell me what she wanted me to do next.

She finally looked up from her writing, smiled and gently remarked, “You can get dressed now if you would like.”

“Oh . . . um . . . okay.” I carefully removed my bra-like device and placed it on the counter then proceeded to step out of my loin-cloth harness. I stood there naked for a second relishing the freedom I was feeling when Amy looked up and caught me.

Grinning from ear to ear she said, “You know you surprised me tonight. I honestly wasn’t sure how you would do. I’m glad. The job is yours if you want it.”

I literally jumped several times with joy as she grinned at me. She then handed me a piece of paper.

“What’s this?”

“Your compensation for today’s work.”

“EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLARS!” I exclaimed. “You’re kidding right?”

“No. Part of it is for your time today and part is, well, let’s just say I threw in a little bonus too as I picked up three more clients at the Convention and I think maybe it was because they liked your work. It’s just my way of saying Thank You.”

To say I was thrilled would be an understatement. I had never earned so much money all at once in my whole life. This was more than TWO MONTH’S work at Burger Queen!!

“I . . . I don’t know what to say . . .”

“I do. You got the job because you did exactly what I asked you to do without compliant, hesitation or protest and you did the job with enthusiasm. That’s the type of person I need here at CSI. Someone I can rely upon without having to worry about whether they will follow through. Welcome aboard. I’ll see you tomorrow morning at 9 o’clock.”

“THANK YOU, thank you, THANK YOU!” I stammered over and over as she went back to her paperwork. I stood there looking at my paycheck. $800. The figure just didn’t seem real. I couldn’t wait to show it to my mom and tell her about my new career. Man was I ever going to show her! Suddenly I felt “respectable” again. Funny how things change?

I was startled back from my daydreaming by Amy’s voice. “Ahem, Britney, are you going to stand there naked all night or are you going to get dressed?”

I blushed profusely and lowered my head. “Oh . . . ah . . . sorry,” I replied sheepishly and quickly donned my clothes.

“Don’t forget to call Kelli for your ride home,” she reminded me.

“Oh good heaven’s I totally forgot! I hope she won’t be mad at the late hour!”

“Don’t worry. Kelli used to work here remember? She knows what I’m like. She’ll understand and be fine with it.”

Sure enough Kelli was cool with everything and seemed genuinely happy for me . . . almost too happy. There was something in her smile that seemed odd, unnerving in a way. I couldn’t quite put my finger on it though. I eventually dismissed it as just my over-active imagination.

My mom had the exact opposite reaction. She doubted every aspect of my new career. Of course I left out the part of my costume and glossed over what I had done by saying I now worked for a marketing company and helped out at the convention. I told her the check was mainly my commission for helping to sign up three new clients. She was sure that in order to earn THAT kind of money I just HAD to have done something illegal! She just couldn’t or wouldn’t give me any credit for being a success. In her eyes I guess I would never amount to anything. Still, the professional company logo on the check did verify enough of my story that she seemed on the surface to finally go along with it.

The next day Amy trained me in bookkeeping, office paperwork and tried to develop my sense of creativity by having me work on coming up with ideas for some small projects she had to get out. I was sure my ideas weren’t very good but if they weren’t, she didn’t say anything. Later that day, I quit my job at Burger Queen, confident that if I had made it through two days I was probably going to succeed.

In fact my routine never varied for the next two weeks. Office work was hard – harder than I thought it would be but it sure beat flipping burgers. When Payday arrived and I opened my first regular check I was a bit disappointed. That’s all?? I thought to myself. The amount per hour wasn’t much different than Burger Queen. I had worked long hard hours these last two weeks and my takings were meager compared to that whopper of a check working at the convention. My dreams of a place of my own would have to wait a bit if this was all I was going to make.

Amy sensed my affect had taken a downward turn. “What’s wrong?”

“Oh . . . nothing,” I said forcing a smile while putting my check in my purse.

“Hey, you can trust me. Feel free to confide in me if you want. Perhaps I can help.”

“Well . . . I don’t want to seem ungrateful but I was kind of expecting more, you know . . .”

She raised an eyebrow and got that disappointed look. I quickly said, “Oh don’t get me wrong. I LOVE working here. I didn’t mean it like that. I was just, well . . . I am desperately trying to get a place of my own, you know, and BE somebody.”

“You liked that big check didn’t you?” she asked with a knowing smile.

“Yeah, I never had that much before.”

“If you remember I told you the day I interviewed you and I’m, sure Kelli may have also told you that custom client services pay more than the essential office duties. But those office duties pay the bills. I can only be generous when the client is generous. You have to work up to that responsibility.”

“I understand. I just want you to know that I welcome any opportunity to be of assistance.”

“You mean you want to do custom services again.”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“Well . . . I don’t seem to have anything that I feel you can or would want to do right at the moment. Most of my upcoming stuff requires more experience than I think you have right now. Perhaps later on something will turn up.”

“It’s the same old story. You need experience to do a job but how can you get experience when no one will give it to you?”

Amy looked at me sternly and I could tell I over-stepped my bounds. “I’m sorry,” I said apologetically. “I didn’t mean to offend. Don’t mind me. I guess I need to learn patience.”

Amy looked at me silently for several minutes. I was beginning to think she was going to fire me. Finally she spoke up, “So you really want to do this? Do you really think you can handle it?”

“Sure! Just tell me what I have to do. I won’t let you down. I’ll do whatever you need me to do. I did okay at the convention and I didn’t have much experience then. I know more now so I’m positive I won’t disappoint you.”

“Britney I’m not sure you’re ready for this yet. You have no idea what you’re getting into.”

“Oh please give me a chance. I’m sure I won’t disappoint you.”

Amy sighed. “Okay. I have a client with a project tonight at the Swann Hotel downtown. I suppose I could use you instead of one of the more experienced part-timers. You’ll have to work late though.”

“THANK YOU, THANK YOU! I’ll work as long as you need me to.”

“I must be out of my mind,” Amy lamented as I gave her a hug. “Let’s just hope I don’t live to regret my decision. This client is very important to me. He gives me a substantial amount of work. I can’t afford to have anything go wrong you understand.”

“You won’t regret it! I promise! I’ll do everything you ask of me to the best of my ability.”

“Okay fine. I’ll take a chance on you but remember this was YOUR idea. Now let’s get those clothes off and get you ready.”

**My Summer Job – Part Four**

Her request didn’t faze me in the least. Like my last experience working outside the office, I figured she had another costume for me to wear and after working with her the past few weeks I felt I could trust her. In no time I had stripped naked and stood before her. She took my clothes and put them away. She smiled and after looking me over simply said, “Wait here. I’ll be right back. I need to get something for you from my car.” With that she left and went outside and disappeared up the stairs.

“At last,” I thought. “I’m getting to do some real work again.” It felt weird standing naked in the office and I tried to calm my nerves by dwelling on thoughts of making sure I did well at this event so that I’d get more assignments and earn even more money. Of course I had to caution myself that Amy never really promised me any specific amount. She just said I’d earn more working special events.

My thoughts were often interrupted by the sight of footsteps walking on the sidewalk above. If they only knew that a naked young girl was watching them. I silently laughed at that thought. I then heard footsteps coming down the stairs. Finally, I thought, Amy is back.

The door opened and it wasn’t Amy!!

“HI!” said a surprised-looking gentleman with an obvious grin on his face.

There was no use in running. He had already seen everything. My only hope was to try and act natural – as if it was normal for me to be naked in a professional office. “Um . . . hello . . . can I help you?”

“Yes, I’m looking for Amy Campbell. Is she around?”

I cleared my throat and replied, “Yes sir she is but she just stepped out. She should be right back though.”

“Okay. Mind if I wait?”

“Ah . . . no,” I said nervously. I looked around and spotted a chair and quickly moved it from the open back office area to a location in front of the counter where I had been standing. “Please, have a seat. I’m sure she won’t be long.”

The man looked at me obviously pleased at his good fortune. I just stood there in awkward silence. I couldn’t very well disappear now as it would look foolish. Besides, there wasn’t really anyplace for me to go, so I just remained frozen in place as he looked at me. Finally he smiled and said, “I don’t believe I’ve had the pleasure. I’m Jason Robards. And who might you be?”

“Oh I’m sorry I’m Britney. Britney Adams.” I said as I nervously approached him and shook his hand. He was definitely getting the up-close-and-personal view now! Even though I hated being that close I tried to imagine how I would professionally respond if I were dressed and working. “I’m the Account Support Specialist for CSI.”

“Very pleased to meet you Britney,” He said as he continued to hold onto my hand. “Worked here very long?”

“Um, no sir, just a couple of weeks but Amy says I’m making great progress.” I hastily added that last part so the man wouldn’t think I’m a total idiot.

“I’m sure you are,” he said with a smile and then gently let go of my hand.

Just then the door opened and Amy walked in carrying a box. Upon seeing us she smiled widely and hurried towards where we were. “Oh, I see you two have met. Good. I hope everything is all right.”

“Fine. Perfect in fact,” the man said.

Amy put the box down on the counter and looked at me. I was afraid that she was upset with me for getting caught naked by a customer but I didn’t now what else to do. I was sure she was going to motion for me to quickly leave, or get dressed or something in order to defuse the situation. Instead she didn’t seem to pay any mind to my state of undress. She simply said, “I’m glad you two have met. Britney, Mr. Robards is the person that hired our firm for this function at the Swann Hotel. He was the gentleman I was telling you about earlier.”

The gentleman smiled politely. Man was I ever glad I acted as professionally as I did when he entered the office instead of cowering like a school-girl because of my exposure. I could have ruined everything!

The man stood up and faced my boss. “Amy, the reason for my visit was to drop by the attendance list for our event this evening,” he said as he produced several sheets of paper from the folder he had in his hand. “It indicates those who have paid and those we need to collect from. It’s pretty self-explanatory really.”

Amy took the papers and looked them over. Finally looking up she remarked, “Britney here was just about to get changed into her outfit for this evening. Would you like to stay and see if everything meets your approval?”

“No, that’s not necessary. I’ll see her at the hotel. Besides,” he added slyly with a grin, “I have liked what I’ve seen so far so I’m sure everything will be perfect.” Though I did my best not to show it, his comment made me blush. The man bid us both adieu and left the building.

“Well,” Amy said proudly. “That seems to have worked out well. Maybe things will turn out okay after all.”

I was glad she wasn’t angry with me. If I hadn’t acted cool about my nudity I might not have a job right now.

Amy gave me a weird smirk and asked, “How come you didn’t excuse yourself and get dressed when Mr. Robards came in?”

“Well . . . I . . .”

“Face it, you LIKE being nude, don’t you?”

“That’s not true, it’s just, well, I wanted to act professional and there was no time and . . .”

“Save it sister, I can tell.”

“Tell what?” I snapped back.

“Just look at that magic button of yours,” she said laughing heartily as she pointed right at my clit. “I’ve never seen it THAT big before.”

I wanted to just crawl under a rock and die. I had forgotten that my body has this awful feature – my clit gets absolutely HUGE when I’m aroused. The more aroused I get, the larger it protrudes and right now it was totally humiliating me. To make matters worse I wondered if it was like that when that man was looking at me. DAMN, it probably was. He must have mentally mocked me the moment he saw it. At least I’d have an outfit to wear tonight. One disaster was enough for today.

“Let’s get you dressed shall we?” Amy said as she opened the box and folded back the tissue paper lining. She first handed me a pair of highly polished, black vinyl or imitation leather boots and told me to try them on. I took them from her and sat on the chair vacated by Mr. Robards. The boots came up to just barely below my knee caps and fit remarkably well. Amy then handed me a pair of similarly polished, black gloves that came up to my elbows. Strange, I thought as I looked at these accessories.

“PERFECT!” she exclaimed as she stood back and checked me out.

“Uh . . . I don’t understand. Where’s the rest of the outfit?”

Amy giggled, “At the hotel. I’ll put that on you when we get there.”

I gave a huge sigh of relief. For a minute there I was afraid that this was ALL I was going to wear! Though the thought did cause my heart to flutter, the very idea was mortifying and obscene! How stupid, I thought chastising myself for even thinking such a thing. She gave me a light overcoat and we left the office. Once again Amy briefed me on what my duties were to be.

“Tonight you will man the registration table. As the guests arrive you will look them up on this list and if they have paid you give them an admission sticker and instruct them to display it where it can plainly be seen inside the auditorium. If a guest arrives that has not paid you will need to collect their fee and then once they have paid, give them an admission sticker as well.”

“What if their name isn’t on the list?” I asked.

“Then they can’t attend, simple as that. Apologize politely but inform them all guests had to register in advance. This is a private function and it is full. There is no more room to accommodate walk-ins. If you have any trouble, please send for Mr. Robards and he will deal with them.”

It seemed to make sense to me. I thought for a moment and recalled that she said I would be working late. “So after everyone has registered then I’m done for the night?”

“No, you’ll man the table until everyone is accounted for then I’ll have some more support-type duties for you inside the hall. Just see me when you have finished the registration process.”

After arriving at the Swann Hotel the valet parking dude took our car and we entered the ornate lobby. I felt so nervous knowing that all I had under my overcoat was a pair of boots! Though it was a weeknight, people were milling about everywhere. I was sure they knew! Who wears an overcoat in the middle of summer unless they’re naked underneath! I just had to stop thinking such things or I would be a basket-case in no time!

Amy led me to a long angled corridor off the main lobby and to a set of large wooden doors. The sign next to the door said “Main Ball Room.” There was a rather small knee-high table in the middle of the floor facing the corridor that had a couple boxes of supplies, a metal box with a slot on top, several loose pens and a magic marker. There was no chair. The corridor continued past the table but I had no idea where it led.

“This is where you’ll work,” Amy explained. “I’m afraid you’ll have to stand. Mr. Robards thinks sitting is too casual and unprofessional.” She then laid the registration list on the table and went over the columns with me so I could differentiate those who had paid and those who needed to pay. She explained guests had to pay by cash or personal check only. No credit cards were accepted. After receiving the fee I was to drop it into the locked box and when I was through I was to give the box to Mr. Robards personally.

“WOW! The registration fee is $500.00!” I exclaimed in a half-whisper.

As if she was embarrassed by my remark she moved closer, lowered her voice and said, “Yes. That’s $500 PER PERSON or in other words a $1000 for couples. This is a very exclusive function for a very important client so you see why I can’t afford any screw-ups tonight. Everything has to be perfect!” Then as an afterthought she added, “Please don’t disappoint me.”

“Not to worry. I won’t. You can count on me!”

Amy started to leave to enter the auditorium and I just had to ask. “Amy, uh . . . you said you were going to give me the rest of my outfit when we got to the hotel. Perhaps I should put it on before any guests arrive.”

Amy got a funny smirk on her face. “Good idea! See you’re already proving to be responsible. I like that!”

She returned to the table and as she rummaged through one of the boxes she casually remarked, “Take off you over-coat.” To say I was shocked would be an understatement!

“Um . . . here?!”

After getting “The Look” from my boss I knew that I had made a mistake asking my question so I quickly took off my coat and handed it to her. The corridor was empty and though I could plainly hear all the people in the lobby, they couldn’t actually see me unless they entered the angled corridor. Still it was unnerving to be standing there naked. Like the office, any one could have walked down that corridor at any minute! I comforted myself with the thought that I would only be like this for a short time as she would give me the rest of my outfit in a few seconds. Besides it was probably better to quickly change here instead of in that auditorium where any number of people might already be inside.

Amy produced a black 2–inch band and wrapped it around my neck like a dog collar. I put that thought out of my mind until she quickly attached a gold metal leash to the ring on the band. It WAS a dog Collar!!

Amy then picked up my over-coat and once again headed for the auditorium. “Where . . . where are you going with my coat? Where’s the rest of my outfit?”

My boss looked confused. “The REST of your outfit? Why that was it, dear. And as for your coat, it will be hanging on a coat rack inside. In fact if anyone else needs to store their coats just inform them of the rack inside.”

“You mean I’m to work out here like THIS??!! In a hotel corridor?! I’ll get arrested for sure!!”

**My Summer Job – Part Five**

Amy made a deliberate turn and gave me a scowl. She then softened her features, slowly walked up to me and said firmly, “No, you won’t get arrested. This is a private function and the hotel management knows all about it. You have a LOT to learn.” She just shook her head and sighed. “I just KNEW I shouldn’t have trusted you.”

“NO! Everything is fine, really. I was just taken by surprise. You remember like that first day when you interviewed me. Like I said then I just sometimes do better when things are explained to me. That’s all.”

Amy looked at me for a minute then said, “Okay I’ll go into it JUST THIS ONCE. If you are going to work for me though, you’re going to have to start trusting me. But since you’re new I’ll give you the benefit of the doubt. Mr. Robards owns a highly successful niche clothing company which is sponsoring this event. YES you are expected to work dressed just like you are. It is essential for this event to be successful. If it wasn’t I wouldn’t have required you to do it.”

“Yes ma’am . . . what type of event is this? I mean if I knew I could try and really put my all into it without screwing things up. I want to do my best.”

“It’s a Fetish Ball. People attending are buyers and devotees of fetish adult clothing for use in all kinds of erotic scenarios. It’s all perfectly legitimate. Now that you know, do you want to back out?”

The tone of her voice indicated that she was growing more disappointed in me and there was no way I was going to jeopardize my job. “NO, I’m not going to BACK out. I told you that you could count on me and I meant it.” I was starting to realize that sure was a whole lot easier to say than to do.

Amy smiled and disappeared along with my coat into the auditorium. My legs started to shake. What on earth had I gotten myself into? I looked down at my body – boots, gloves and a collar with a leash – how humiliating!! The black shiny color of the gloves and boots framed my pale body almost screaming “LOOK AT THE NAKED BOOBS AND HUMONGUS CLIT!” Oh my Gawd, my clit!! It was huge again! I would just die if anyone saw it like that!

Then I heard voices! Someone was coming down my corridor! My heart raced and I thought about running or covering up but if Amy caught me I’d be out of a job! It turned out it was a man and a woman walking towards me arm in arm. I immediately scooted behind the table, I guess hoping for some defensive cover. Some cover! The table was only knee high. All the good bits were still exposed! Still, I felt safer behind it than away from it.

With my voice trembling quite noticeably I said, “Welcome. May I have your names, please?” As I picked up the registration sheet my hand was also shaking horribly. Try as I might I couldn’t stop it. Looking up I saw them both staring at the quivering paper in my hand. “Sorry, I’m a bit cold.”

The man looked me over and then gave me a wink. “I guess in that get up I would be too!” Sure go ahead and mock me, I thought to myself. It was easy for you to dismiss my cold story because you are wearing an overcoat! Then a smile came over my face. They were both wearing over-coats! I imagined they too were wearing some risqué outfits that out of necessity had to be covered to gain entry to the hotel, thinking that definitely made me feel better.

“We’re the Tremwells.” The woman said while staring at my crotch. I was sure she disapproved of my bush and my self-esteem plummeted again, I looked up the name and it was there under the “Pay at the Door” column.

“Ah here it is, the Tremwells. “That will be . . .” I swallowed hard not knowing how they would react when I told them the fee. “That’s $1000.00 for the entry fee, please.”

The man reached into his coat pocket and pulled out ten $100 bills and casually gave them to me as if the amount meant nothing. I counted them out and put the bills in the lockbox. I gave them the stickers saying, “Please display these in some obvious place at all times.”

“Would my ass be okay? All the guys seem to always be looking at it anyway.” the lady said laughing as she took the man’s arm and entered the auditorium. I wasn’t sure if she was being sarcastic or if she really intended on placing her sticker there.

Soon I heard the sound of music emanating from inside the hall. Maybe it really IS a dance, I thought. Maybe I was wrong about why they were wearing overcoats. Maybe I AM the only bizarrely dressed person here. My heart began to race again.

Just then Mr. Robards came down the hall. “Hello Britney. YOU look FABULOUS!” he said warmly as he looked at me. “I see you’re all set up here. I’m sure you’ll be the hit of the ball. I’ll see you later. I’ve got a million things to do.”

I didn’t have long to wait as several people came around the corner – three men and two women. I swallowed hard as I noticed NONE of them were wearing overcoats. They were dressed in rather “unusual” party garb but they were all decently covered – unlike me!!! I felt very out of place! Of course they all gawked at me waiting for me to acknowledge them.

Again with my voice shaking I asked for their names. It turned out they were all registered separately and all paid in full. I gave them their stickers and as they were heading in MORE people began arriving. Most of them were young – early 20’s or so. With such a crowd it took me awhile to look everyone up. Everyone that was waiting their turn seemed to be staring right at me – or rather parts of me. Most seem to appreciate my body. Fortunately nobody asked why I was essentially naked, however.

The crowd got bigger and I had to step up my pace. My Gosh, I was exposing myself to hoards of people – men, women, girls and boys, young, old and middle-aged!!! I began to get very stimulated and yes my clit was embarrassingly huge! I didn’t have to look – I could feel it! More than once I caught people looking at it and several times I saw girls nudge their boyfriends surreptitiously pointing out my condition. It seemed strange to me that the girls were always the ones to draw attention to my aroused state. Perhaps it was because the boys were too polite to do that or maybe it was because the women knew what to look for. Either way it was awful!

Eventually I lost myself in my work. I caught sight of Amy watching me a few times. I couldn’t tell if she was pleased with my work or not and frankly I was too busy to worry about it. I just wanted to get through the list.

The outfits people were wearing definitely fit the “scene,” as it were. I saw several girls with collars, boys with exposed chests and black leather vests. There were a lot of short, short skirts, some flimsy girls’ tops and a few thongs but NOBODY seemed to be naked! That thought both scared me to death and aroused me at the same time!

After a while the crowd thinned out. All but 5 people had checked in and 4 of those were in the “Pay at the Door” category. I was left exposed in the quiet corridor alone with my thoughts. Since not everyone on the list was accounted for I assumed I had to keep manning the table so I waited and listened to the noises coming from the hall. It sounded like everyone was having a good time. Later the music stopped and things got quiet. I heard the muffled voice of someone talking on the PA system but I couldn’t make out what was being said. It sounded like some kind of lecture to me but I really had no idea.

Then all of a sudden Amy burst open the door and shouted in a panic, “QUICK GO GET ME ANOTHER LASER POINTER! THIS ONE DOESN’T WORK!!”

“Where am I supposed to get one?” I asked confused.

Amy sighed disgustedly, “HOW SHOULD I KNOW! JUST GET ONE AND HURRY!! TRY THE FRONT DESK!” She was visibility stressed – the first time I had ever seen her that way. I could tell this was a major problem.

“What about the cash box?”

“GIVE IT TO ME AND SCRAM! MR. ROBARDS NEEDS THAT POINTER NOW!!!!!”

I rushed the box over to her as she stood blocking the door and dashed down the corridor bent on helping my boss. It was only when I rounded the corner that panic overtook me as I realized I would have to walk out into that ornate lobby naked! I started to turn back. Being naked in a secluded corridor was one thing, but being naked in a VERY public hotel lobby was quite another. I was sure Amy didn’t realize what she had asked me to do. I took a few steps back towards the auditorium but all I could see in my mind’s eye was the look of terror on Amy’s face. If I didn’t quickly find a laser pointer I would make my boss look bad and if she looked bad in front of an important client I was certainly going to be unemployed. On the other hand if I solved this dilemma I would be a hero and maybe earn her respect and possibly earn more lucrative jobs.

My choice was clear. I swallowed hard and boldly walked right out into the lobby as if I hadn’t a care in the world. Besides Amy said the Hotel management knew all about this function. Well, I was part of this function. I walked right up to the desk. A young blonde woman had her back to me doing paperwork.

“Excuse me,” I said politely.

“Yes, how can I help you?” she asked as she turned around. She stopped dead in her tracks when she saw me standing there. I was sure she could at least tell I was topless wearing a dog collar.

“I’m with that meeting in the auditorium and our laser pointer went out. I need another one quick or my boss will kill me! He’s right in the middle of a lecture.”

The clerk looked me up and down, smiled and said, “Come with me.” She led me behind the counter and into a back office, as she sat down and picked up the phone she noticed I was also bottomless too. She gave me a wicked grin, winked and began talking to someone on the line, “I need a laser pointer immediately at the front desk. It’s urgent so drop what you are doing and get right on it . . . Thanks.” She then hung up the phone and looked right at me still smiling. “It’s on the way.”

I felt creepy having to stand there but there was nothing else I could do.

She finally made no secret about checking me out. “You must really LIKE what you do?”

“What do you mean?” She then nodded towards my pelvis. “Oh . . .” I said sheepishly.

“Oh I think it’s cute! I bet your boyfriend doesn’t have any trouble getting you off. Mine can’t seem to even find mine - the loser!” She giggled at her own wit.

I blushed and felt hot all over hearing someone talk about something so intimate like that.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to embarrass you.” She said empathetically. “I wish I had the courage to get naked in public like that. It takes a lot of guts! Besides you’ve got nothing to be ashamed of with a smoking hot body like you’ve got.”

I was shocked! This girl was definite model material and she thought “I” was hot! Go figure.

Just then a freckle-faced teen rounded the corner half-out of breath. “Here you go Miss Carter I got here as quick as . . . WHOA!” he said as he noticed me standing there. He was so shocked he couldn’t get another word out and just stood there with his mouth open - it was like I was the first naked girl he had ever seen!

I took the pointer from him, thanked them both and hurried back across the lobby floor. I saw out of the corner of my eye a couple entering the hotel doing a double-take as if they couldn’t believe what they had just seen.

As I rounded the corner I saw Amy still propping the door open beckoning me to hurry. I started to literally run down the corridor, boobs bouncing and everything. I quickly handed it to her as she whispered a sincere “Thanks” and she scurried back inside.

I resumed my post at the table hoping my heart would slow down. The more I thought about that walk across the lobby and my exposure to the cute girl and freckle-faced kid, the wetter I became. WOW! What a night this has been so far.

Eventually the music started again. I guess everything worked out okay for Mr. Robards.

I was beginning to get thirsty and was wishing for something to quench my thirst. As if by magic I saw two girls pushing a cart full of canned soft drinks heading my way. I assumed they both worked for the hotel as they were each wearing black suit-pants, a black vest, white long-sleeve shirts and black bow ties. It must be for our function I thought. Perhaps I could snatch one before they took them inside the auditorium.

I was jolted back to reality when I heard one of the girls say, “Britney? My Gosh, It’s Britney Adams!”

I recognized both girls from school – Tracy and Anna. They had been in my class when I dropped out. They both gave me a hard time about being a quitter and how I was never going to amount to anything when they heard of my decision. Of all people to catch me like this.

“My Gawd, You’re naked!” Anna exclaimed.

“What are you some kind of Hooker?” Tracy asked smugly.

“I always wondered how you’d make it when you left school. Now I know!” Anna added. “It’s not how it looks . . . honest.” I protested. “I work for a marketing company. It’s a respectable job and I make good money.”

“I’ll bet you do,” Tracy said laughing!

“I don’t know . . .” Anna interrupted looking at my clit. “Do you think guys would actually PAY for THAT??!”

“Very funny!” I snapped back.

Both girls grew closer to me and kept playfully touching me. “You should at least get a tan if you are going to run around like that.” Tracy kidded.

I was trapped. I couldn’t leave and they weren’t about to give up. I had to get rid of them before they caused such a scene they would ruin my boss’s image.

**My Summer Job – Part Six**

“If you’re not a Hooker, what are you doing here dressed like that for?” Anna asked.

“If you must know, I’m helping with a special function for my marketing company. The sponsor is a famous clothing manufacturer.” I said snidely. “I have nothing to be ashamed of. Even my mother is proud of me!”

“Does your mother know you WORK in the nude?” Ana asked sarcastically.

“I’ll bet she doesn’t,” Tracy said laughing and then I saw her holding up her cell phone and a flash went off. “But she will now!!!”

“HEY!!! CUT THAT OUT!” I yelled.

“Just wait until Mrs. Adams sees what her daughter has been up to working late at night!” Both girls were laughing hysterically.

“Yeah, maybe she can get a job here at the hotel doing ROOM SERVICE!!”

“At least that way she’d be off the streets.” Anna retorted.

“Listen . . . please don’t show that photo to my mom. I’m begging you. She won’t understand and this is the first good job I’ve ever had. I don’t want to lose it! Please.” I pleaded with them for several minutes and all they did was eat it up – they were having a blast at my expense. “Please erase that photo!” I asked in a panic. I shouldn’t have said that as Tracy immediately started taking several more.

“And will you please stop making such a scene. My boss will kill me if you ruin her function.”

“Why? What’s in it for us?” Tracy asked coyly. “HUH . . . ?”

They calmed down and got right up in my face. “You heard me, what’s in it for us. Why should we leave you alone or forego all the fun of showing your nasty pictures to your mom?”

“I . . . um . . . what do you want? I don’t have any money to speak of I just started this job.”

Anna started playfully running her finger around the nipple of my left breast. “Oh I don’t think we’re interested in your money.”

“You’re . . . you’re not?”

“No. We want to get something out of this that will be fun.” Tracy explained.

“Hey! I’m mot that kind of girl so forget it!”

They both laughed as they looked at each other knowingly. “No that’s not what we mean, silly. I think we would both like to humiliate you some more just for our own amusement. Would you let us do that in exchange for our cooperation, hmmmmm?”

“I can’t let you do that. I’m working here. I can’t do that to my boss. Don’t you understand? I’m being serious. I can’t lose my job.”

“Ohhhhh . . . big important job is it?” Anna asked teasingly. “Come on Tracy lets really screw her up and get her fired.”

“I’ve got a better idea . . .” Tracy mused looking at me smiling. “How about this, instead of us humiliating you here at the hotel, what do you say you come along with us after you get off work and then we’ll play?”

“NO!” Anna protested “She won’t do it and I want to have fun now?”

“Okay, how about she agrees to give us two nights to do as we please?” Tracy offered her friend. It was like I didn’t even exist.

“No . . . THREE nights,” Anna countered.

“Three it is,” Tracy concurred. “Well Britney, what will it be? The two of us ruining your boss’s affair and later showing your pics to your mom, or THREE nights with us?”

“What exactly are you asking . . . I mean what do you want with me?”

“You’ll see. Can’t ruin the surprise can we? You must agree to let us humiliate you in any way we want for three nights of our choosing. I mean what’s the big deal anyway? It can’t be worse than what you’re doing right now for your boss, can it?”

”No, I guess not . . . you promise that you’ll keep your end of the bargain if I agree?”

They looked at each other, winked and smiled heartily. “Oh we promise.”

Just then Amy came out of the room and saw me chatting with the girls. “What’s going on?”

Both Tracy and Anna gave me an evil glare. There was mischief in their eyes and I feared that any minute they were going to ruin everything. I just knew they were going to tell Amy about how my mom would disapprove of my job or worse, they might even give away my real age. If my boss found out I was underage she would NEVER let me work at the company doing this type of work. I mean I never really told her I wasn’t 18 yet. I just let her believe I had dropped out of school a long time ago and was having a hard time making a go of it since then. I didn’t lie. I just let her believe what she wanted to believe. But if these two told her my real age I was done for.

I cleared my throat and spoke up, “Ah . . . these girls were just asking me to do something for them later and I was just telling them that I would.”

“Oh . . .” Amy said. “You two had better get the drinks inside. They’ll be breaking any minute and I’d like this set-up to be complete before they do. Follow me and I’ll show you were to put them.” With that Amy turned and headed towards the door.

Tracy looked at me, smiled and said, “You had better be serious about agreeing to do as we ask, because WE certainly are serious about our threat!”

“I am. I accept your terms,” I whispered and ushered them on towards the auditorium.

Several minutes later they came back out again all smiles. “Guess what your boss gave us?” Tracy teased.

“I have no idea.” I was beginning to get mad at these two. If they even hinted to my boss anything that would get me in trouble I would . . .

Just then Tracy waved a laser pointer in front of my face. “She told us this one was broken and that we should return it maintenance for repair.”

“So . . .” I said nervously.

“I think that maybe YOU should return it to maintenance. I think it would be a good way for you to prove that you are sincere when you agreed to give us three nights. Call it a good-faith gesture.” Anna said.

“I can’t leave my post. If my boss came back and I wasn’t here I’d be in trouble.”

“Nonsense, Tracy will stay here and if your boss comes out she’ll tell her you had to use the bathroom. If you are quick about it she’ll never even know.”

I couldn’t risk them screwing up my life so I agreed. “Fine, where’s maintenance?”

“Follow me,” Anna said as she took me by the arm, turned me around facing the corridor that went in the opposite direction of the lobby. I had no idea where we were going but she seemed awful happy about it. We made a turn and she suddenly stopped and let go of my arm. The maintenance shop is that first door on the left. I’ll wait here while you drop it off.”

“Okay.” I took the pointer and quickly went off down the hall. Reaching the door I wasn’t sure what was inside but I figured whatever I encountered was best done quickly. I half-closed my eyes, opened the door and boldly walked right in. I was suddenly aware of 5 men in various states of undress all looking at me with surprised expressions on their faces!

“Ah this is the men’s locker room miss. The Ladies locker room is next door.”

I freaked. I put my hands over my face, made a little scream and bolted out the door and back down the hall. Anna was laughing so hard I thought she was going to pass out! “Oops, my mistake, it was a different door. I’m so sorry,” she said still laughing her fool head off. “Come on,” she instructed as she took the pointer from my hand and took me back to my table.

“Well at least we know you’re good for your word.” Anna then explained everything to Tracy and they both seem awfully pleased with themselves. ”See you after a while. Don’t leave without us . . . or else.”

After that little experience, I could only imagine what those two would do to me. And I agreed to THREE nights! I must really love this job.

A few minutes later my boss came out and informed me that she felt that I could leave the registration table. She doubted that anyone else would come. I packed up my materials and she led me inside the auditorium. I placed the material on a table in the back.

What I saw as I looked around was the most unusual thing I had ever seen. People were dancing about some quite lewdly and others milling about talking with each other. I saw more skin now as people had made themselves more comfortable. Still, no one was completely naked. There were several booths around the walls displaying all sorts of leather goods, erotic toys and stuff I had never seen before and had no earthly idea what anyone would do with it.

My boss took hold of my chain and led me around the room like some kind of pet. I felt ridiculous. We stopped and chatted with several people. While Amy made polite conversation, people stared at me, some appreciatively, some with a wild look in their eyes. I wasn’t sure what to make of it but I liked it in a strange sort of way.

Mr. Robards approached us and asked if he could speak to Amy for a minute. Of course I nodded my approval. They stepped off to the side and talked. I could hear Amy say, “I think we could arrange that. Just let me know the date.”

When she rejoined me she informed me that he wanted to hire the firm – more specifically “me”, to assist at another private function. Amy asked if I was interested.

“Yeah, sure I suppose so.”

“Great! When all the arrangements have been finalized I’ll let you know. You’re doing well dear. I appreciate it a lot.”

Amy continued working the room for several hours and I was even asked to dance a couple of times – once by Mr. Robards. I naturally couldn’t turn him down. All in all it was kind of fun.

As the evening wound down people started leaving and before long Amy decided that we could go. She handed me my coat from the rack at the back of the room and we exited the auditorium. There waiting for me were Tracy and Anna.

“I’ll give you a ride back to the office. You did a fine job this evening.” Amy said with pride. I was glad she was pleased.

“Thanks all the same, but I have something I need to attend to.” I said remembering my obligation to the girls.

“We’ll get her home,” Tracy chimed in.

“Okay. You have a key to the office. Thanks for everything.” With that she left.

Looking at those to with their evil grins gave me the shivers.

“Okay, let’s get this over with,” I sighed.

**My Summer Job - Part 7**

Tracy and Anna both kept looking at me without saying a word. Making me wait without knowing what I was in for was maddening. A few more people exited the auditorium as I was standing there in my overcoat. “Nice party,” one of the guys said as he escorted his date down the hall. “Look forward to seeing you again sometime.”

“Ah, sure and thanks for coming.” I said politely.

“Looks like your boss’s function went well,” Tracy remarked.

“Yeah, we kept our word, now it’s your turn,” Anna added. I just nodded my head and looked towards the floor. I was really starting to hate these two. The girls turned toward the back of the hotel and took a couple of steps then Anna stopped suddenly saying, “Oh I almost forgot let’s leave that stupid coat here.”

“But it’s not mine,” I said quickly.

“It will be fine. We’ll get it back to you later. Besides, you won’t be needing it tonight.”

As the girls giggled I took off my coat and Tracy opened the door and tossed it back into the auditorium.

Another person followed Tracy out and saw me standing there and bade me goodnight.

“You seem quite popular,” Anna added to which I shrugged my shoulders. “Maybe it’s the leash. Let’s see how this thing works.” She grabbed the leash and forcibly yanked it down puling me to the floor. “Crawl,” she instructed firmly.

I was on my knees now but I resisted doing such a humiliating thing. She yanked harder but I still held my ground. I had my pride, you know. Then, just as another couple walked out the door, Tracy hauled off and slapped my exposed butt HARD with her bare hand! The resulting sound reverberated down the hall. I heard the couple behind me laughing then the lady said, “Oh look – they’re doing a demonstration!” I started to get flushed with embarrassment realizing that they had just seen what Tracy had done. Then much to my chagrin, I heard the auditorium door open and the same lady shouting, “Hey guys . . . they’re doing a demo out here. COME ON and CHECK IT OUT!” Just then I heard few more people join the original couple.

I tried desperately to stand but Anna had a tight grip on my leash and she was strong enough to keep me on my knees. WHACK - came another resounding slap on my butt causing me to moan a bit! Anna started walking onward pulling ever harder on the leash. I had no choice but to either resist and choke myself to death or do as she asked and crawl – so I crawled. Bent over crawling on my knees I was aware that those behind me were able to see everything – not only my private areas but how totally wet I was as well! It was terrible. I was reduced to acting like . . . like a DOG! I heard the people talking about me and they quite clearly LIKED what they were seeing. They all thought it was still part of the Fetish Ball! I mean they were actually INTO stuff like this and that must have thought I was too. How weird!

Tracy followed me slapping my butt a few more times and they both seemed to take great pleasure in my humiliation. They walked me down the length of the corridor and then back again. Coming back was worse as now I could see everyone’s faces. They were all smiling while I was filled with shame. I had no idea why but it made me feel awful. The girls made me sit, beg, roll over and to top it all off, play dead! The small group of onlookers then clapped and one of them even asked if I was available. To my relief, Anna said that I wasn’t.

As I sat up again the group left leaving me with the two girls.

“That was pretty cool!” Tracy remarked excitedly. Anna had me stand, patted me on the head like a good little doggy. “I think it’s time to go,” she said giving my leash a gentle tug. Finally I was getting out of this place before any more of the guests stumbled upon me. I didn’t want word of any of this somehow reaching my boss. I wasn’t sure what she would think, especially after I refused her offer of driving me back to the office.

The girls led me out the back of the hotel and down by the loading dock. I got a couple of wolf-whistles from some of the guys working there emptying trash, but no direct confrontation. Tracy had me get into the back seat of her car as the two girls sat in front. In no time we were off.

As you can imagine, driving around town without any means of covering yourself is unbelievably stressful. To make matters worse, the girls initially said nothing. For my part I was still wearing my stupid collar, gloves and boots. All sorts of thoughts ran through my head. At least it was late - I’m guessing around two in the morning, so there wasn’t much traffic downtown.

“Best drive carefully, Tracy,” Anna said teasingly. “I wouldn’t want you to get pulled over by the police. I can only imagine what they’d do to poor Britney back there!” That’s just great, I thought as the two girls laughed out loud, something else to worry about!

Anna sat up on her knees in her seat and turned around to face me. “So tell me Britney, how often do you get off?”

“What???” I replied.

“You heard me. How often do you get off; you know, climax, have an orgasm, bang the button to the top floor?”

“Enough to satisfy me,” I replied guardedly. Both girls laughed. I HATED talking about such intimate stuff.

Tracy just HAD to get a dig in, “I’ll bet she’s only played with herself. I doubt she even has a guy. If she did have a boyfriend, I’d bet he’d be named Bob.”

“Yeah – B.O.B. - Battery Operated Boyfriend,” Anna quipped. What really hurt was that they were right. I didn’t have a boyfriend. I really did have to resort to taking matters into my own hand, so to speak. Anna seemed to realize that she was onto something with her line of questioning. “So tell me, Britney, what do you think about when you’re trying to get off?”

I couldn’t believe they were asking me questions like that. “That’s none of your business,” I snapped.

“I’m afraid it is sweetie, unless of course you want to renege on our deal.”

I sighed. This was hopeless. What else could I do but play along? Reluctantly I answered evasively, “Just stuff, nothing in particular.”

“Surely you must think about boys, right? Unless, of course, you are really into girls. Are you into girls, Britney?”

“NO! I think about boys . . .”

“Like WHO for instance? What boy do you think about?”

Before I could answer Tracy suddenly stopped the car right in the middle of the street drawing attention of several cars as they passed us by. “Don’t even THINK about lying to us or our little deal is over!”

The tension was mounting – both because of the nature of their questioning and the fact that we were so conspicuous stopped in the middle of downtown. All I could think about was sitting there naked and Tracy’s car attracting the attention of a passing officer. “I’m not moving until you answer,” she added for emphasis.

My heart raced. I knew I had to answer honestly. “Billy Jameson.”

“Billy Bob Jameson? You’ve GOT to be kidding!! Oh this is rich!”

“I told you his name would be BOB,” Anna said sarcastically as both girls laughed.

“Does he know you think about him when you’re masturbating?” Tracy asked now eagerly looking at me.

“No, of course not! And could we get moving now before we get into trouble? I answered your question.”

Tracy giggled and eventually put the car in gear and resumed driving. After a minute or so Tracy pulled into an empty parking lot of an office building and stopped the car. “Here,” she said as she handed me her cell phone.

“What’s this for?”

“Call him.”

“Call who?” I asked nervously.

“Call Billy Jameson. Tell him that you think about him when you play with yourself.” She said seriously. By now both girls were on their knees looking over the front seats at me.

“I . . . I can’t do that!!”

“Look we can play this game all night like you promised or we can quit. Frankly I’m tired of having to bully you into doing everything we ask. What did you think we meant when we said we wanted three nights of humiliating you? Now for the last time, what’s it going to be?”

In a panic I tried to think of what I could say to diffuse the situation. “No . . . um . . . you don’t understand. What I meant was I can’t call him. I don’t have his number.” I heaved a deep sigh of satisfaction. I thought my response was pretty clever and it would keep me out of trouble.

“I have it,” Anna said gleefully. “Give me that thing.” She then grabbed the phone from my hand and began dialing. “Here, I put it on speaker phone. All you have to do is push ‘send’ and you’ll be connected.”

I swallowed hard as I took the phone from her. I looked at her one last time in the hope that this was all a joke. Billy Jameson was unbelievably cute and he knew it too! He was not only the biggest flirt in school but also the biggest gossip. Many girls had their reputations besmirched by this jerk just by associating with him and here I was about to call him and confess that I . . . oh GAWD!

“Wait a minute!” Tracy said interrupting my thoughts. I looked at her hopefully waiting for her to tell me not to do it. Instead her eyes widened and the smile on her face got bigger. “Before you call I think you should get warmed up first.”

“Huh?”

“Rub that huge love-button of yours first and keep on playing with yourself while you talk with him.”

“And remember . . . we can hear everything.” Anna added sadistically.

Could my life GET any worse? Not only did I have to call this guy but I had to finger myself while these two bimbos watched!! I knew what I had to do. I reached down between my legs and gently touched myself. A jolt of electricity shot up my spine. My clit was already so ultra-sensitive from all the excitement I had experienced so far that night. It wouldn’t take much to make me climax. I had to be VERY careful or these two would never let me live it down! My fingers began slowly making circles and I nervously pressed the ‘send’ button. Just then Tracy turned on the dome-light of the car and I was instantly illuminated.

“Just wanted to be sure we didn’t miss anything,” Tracy said slyly.

**My Summer Job - Part 8**

When his phone rang the first time I nearly jumped out of my seat! Then the second ring and then the third . . . I began to think that maybe he wasn’t home and I could dodge this bullet after all.

“Hello?” a groggy voice on the other line answered.

“Um . . . is this Billy Jameson?” I asked with my voice quivering so hard I could barely get the words out. Of course the two idiots in the front seat could hear every word and were snickering like crazy!

“Who is this?! Don’t you know it is THREE O’CLOCK in the morning?!!”

“Ah . . . yeah . . . um . . . I’m sorry about that.”

“Well, who are you and want do you want?!” He was sure grouchy at this time of the morning, I thought.

Anna whispered forcefully, “Go on. Tell him who you are.”

“You probably don’t know me, but . . . um . . . this is Britney.”

“Britney? Britney who?!” he asked growing rather impatient.

Anna prompted again, “Go on tell him!

“Britney Adams.” Hearing the words finally come out of my mouth caused my clit to begin aching all the more. It was begging for release! If I kept this up it wouldn’t be long either! I couldn’t believe I was actually talking with this guy while I was fingering myself. I had sunk to a new low.

“OH, I know you! How are you?”

“Um . . . fine.”

With his voice now sounding more lyrical after recognizing my name he said, “Well . . . what can I do for you Britney Adams?”

My heart was now literally pounding out of my chest and I felt weak all over. “I . . . um . . . that is . . . I just wanted to tell you something.”

“Okay, what?”

I just want to . . . to . . . tell you . . . that I think . . .” then my voice sped up so fast that all my words practically ran together, “I-just-want-to-tell-you-that-I-think-of-you-when-I-masturbate.”

There was a bit of a pause then a small chuckle. “YOU DO????? Well now, how very interesting Britney Adams.” Why oh why did he have to keep repeating my full name? It was as if he was trying to commit it to memory or something. “So Britney Adams, are you playing with yourself now while you are talking to me, hmmmm?” There was no doubt that he was definitely wide-awake now!!

The girls about lost it they were laughing so hysterically when they heard his question. Anna then gave me a threatening look and I knew I had to answer.

“Well, yes . . . I am.”

He then broke out into hilarious laughter. This went on for several minutes before he said, I just love prank calls!” Then without so much as a goodbye – he hung up!

I was about to orgasm when Anna pulled my hand away. “Not yet, sweetie,” she said with a grin. I could have just killed her. I wanted to cum so desperately.

“What happened?” Tracy asked. “Why did he hang up?” I shrugged my shoulders. I really didn’t have a clue.

“Oh well, that was fun! Wasn’t it Britney?”

“Oh yeah . . . loads of fun!”

Tracy started the car up and turned off the dome light. “Let’s have some more fun, shall we?” Once again we were back on the road and heading out of town. I had so many feelings running around my mind I didn’t know what to make of them.

We drove for another half an hour while the girls continued to ask me embarrassing questions like, had I ever gone skinny-dipping? Did I ever think about anal sex? Had a boy ever gotten past second base with me? What was my wildest sexual fantasy? You know stuff like that. Of course no matter what I answered they thought it was ridiculously funny. It’s hard answering questions like that riding around naked in someone’s car hornier than you have ever been before. In a strange way I found myself looking forward to and at the same time dreading each question. Answering their questions honestly actually made me a party to my own humiliation. I found that I couldn’t help myself. It was as if my hormones had disengaged my brain! I told them the honest truth!

My eyes widened when Tracy pulled into a convenience store. “Why are we stopping?” I asked as fear overtook my arousal.

“Anna and I are going into the store,” Tracy said as she shut off the car. “

“What a relief! For a minute there I thought . . .”

Tracy interrupted me saying, “Then I want you to literally run into the store and ask the clerk where the condoms are.”

“Here’s five dollars,” Anna added. “If they carry condoms I want you to buy some and then run back out of the store. We’ll meet you at the car after you leave.”

“But . . . I’ll get arrested for sure! I don’t mind you having fun but I don’t want to go to jail!” I protested.

“Women don’t go to jail for streaking, stupid. Besides, there’s hardly anyone here.”

“But what’ll I say if the clerk makes a big deal about my being naked?”

“That’s the beauty of it,” Tracy said giggling. “That’s why you have to RUN into the store, like you are in a major hurry. That way if the clerk asks you why you are out naked you can say that you were parked with your lover up the street and just discovered he didn’t have any protection and not wanting to lose the moment you ran in here to get some.”

“He’ll think I’m a total whoring slut!”

“THAT’S the whole idea.” Tracy said laughing as they both got out of the car. “From the way you look and smell it’s a totally believable story. See you inside!” The girls then walked across the front of the store and went in the door.

From where we were parked I had no idea how many people might actually be in the store. I couldn’t see in at all. The store might be empty or there may be several people in there to witness me making a complete fool out of myself. It was all so maddening!

I knew what I had to do and it was best to get this over with quickly. After looking around to be sure no cars were coming, I hurried out of the vehicle and, as instructed, ran up to the front door and burst inside. The young man behind the counter was shocked to say the least, partly because of my wild entrance and partly because of my lack of clothing. As he stood there with his mouth open I blurted out excitedly, “Do you sell condoms?”

“Excuse me?” he asked still somewhat confused.

“Do you sell condoms? I need condoms!! Quickly I’m in a hurry!” That was the truth as I had no intention of exposing myself one minute longer than necessary.

“Yes we do,” he said being less than helpful.

“Well???? Where are they???” I asked in a panic. I could hear the girls giggling somewhere behind me. I was glad they were enjoying themselves because when this was all over I was going to get my revenge.

“Excuse me miss, but, why are you naked,” He asked rather seriously?

Great, now I had to tell that stupid story. My face grew flushed and I explained, “Look, my lover and I were parked down the street you know, getting it on, and I discovered he didn’t have any protection. I was desperate so I ran up here to see if I could fix that now WHERE ARE YOUR CONDOMS?”

I don’t know if the look on his face said that he felt sorry for me or if he was looking at me with disdain. He shook his head and pointed, “Back there.”

I ran towards the back of the store where he had pointed as he watched my ass running away from him. I then looked frantically among the shelves. There were no condoms there. I looked back at the clerk, raised my arms gesturing that I was giving up. “I don’t see them,” I said hoping he would offer more explicit directions.

”What? I can’t hear you,” the reply came from up front.

Oh for crying out loud. I wasn’t going to get into a shouting match so I ran back up to the counter and said, “I can’t find them!!!”

“You’re looking in the wrong place. They’re in the restroom.”

“Oh . . .” I said and ran back to the ladies restroom. There I found a Kotex machine but no condoms. Just great, this guy was obviously just having fun with me so he could prolong my agony as well as get a better look!! Once again I ran back to the counter amid laughter from Tracy and Anna. “THEY AREN’T THERE!” I snapped angrily.

Shaking his head like he couldn’t believe what an idiot I was he said, “Not in the ladies restroom, you dummy. Try the men’s room.”

DUH, why couldn’t he have said so in the first place? I dashed once again to the back of the store my breasts bouncing awkwardly. I burst in the door and saw a man taking a leak at one of the two urinals in the room. He about pissed on himself when he saw me. He was standing there holding his little thingy and looked at me with eyes so wide I thought they were going to pop out of his head. It was all he could do to keep his stream going onto the porcelain. I chuckled a bit at that as now I wasn’t the only person embarrassed. I smiled at him and he quickly looked back towards the wall in front of him. I spied the machine on the wall and sure enough it dispensed condoms! Then my mouth dropped open. The machine said plainly “75 cents each” and there were slots for three quarters. I only had a five dollar bill!!!! Crap, I had to make another run to the front of the store.

“Excuse me,” I said as I ran back to the counter. I stopped short as I saw he was waiting on another customer. The lady who appeared in her mid-thirties quit talking to the clerk, turned and gave me the eye.

Of course the clerk felt he just HAD to explain as I stood there, “She was down the street making out and the guy didn’t have protection.”

“Damn hookers, they’re ruining this town!” she said as she picked up her beer and left the store.

“Now what?” the clerk asked.

I looked at him with puppy-dog eyes and said sweetly, “Could I trouble you for change for a five? The machine only takes quarters.”

“No.”

His answer surprised me. “No???”

“Look lady this isn’t a bank. If you want change you’ll have to buy something.”

“Fine,” I said snapping up a pack of gum and handing him the money. He rolled his eyes and gave me my change. Fortunately he gave me four quarters in with my change. I thanked him and ran back to the men’s room once more. I had just reached the door whereupon I literally ran smack dab into the arms of the gentleman peeing earlier. I had just barely regained my composure when I heard him laughing. Then I felt his hand on my left breast playfully giving it a squeeze! That pervert just copped a feel!!! I wasn’t about to complain given the way I was dressed. I just wanted to get out of there. I pulled my self free from his embrace without much trouble and ran inside and retrieved my prize.

On the way back towards the front Tracy and Anna were nearly doubled over with laughter. I waved the condom quite plainly for them to see and ran outside. I had no sooner taken two steps when I heard, “CHIRP, CHIRP!” The lights on Tracy’s car blinked and I heard the sound of the locks clicking shut. I ran to the car anyway and sure enough they were locked!

I spotted another car coming heading for the entrance to the parking lot so I ducked down in front of her car and carefully scooted around the car as the customer’s car approached the parking space near the door. Somehow I managed to keep Tracy’s car between me and the driver. By now the girls had left the store and I could hear them talking to whomever it was that had just arrived. They were deliberately making small talk keeping me outside and exposed! OOooohhhh I hated them!!!

**My Summer Job - Part 9**

My legs were growing tired from squatting down beside the car trying to keep myself hidden. I could only imagine what I must have looked like if someone happened to drive by. I used my arms and bent legs to keep myself as covered as I could just in case some other fool needed a beer at three in the morning!

Finally the guy went into the store and the girls came back. As they stood there, lording their new found superiority over me for several minutes, I stayed in my crouched position. “Okay you can get up now,” Tracy said as she practically knocked me over trying to open her car door. It didn’t matter though as I only wanted to get back into the safety of her vehicle.

As we drove away I couldn’t resist asking, “Where are we going now?”

“You’ll see,” was all they would say.

After a while I saw a sign, “Jefferson High School – Home of the Fighting Panthers.” Tracy entered the school grounds and parked near the large sign. “Let’s go,” Anna said as she politely opened my door for me.

They led to the sign to a spot directly in front of the image of the school mascot.

“Ugly isn’t it?” Tracy said. “You know of course that this particular school is our bitter rival. At least you should still remember that much even if you did drop out last Fall.”

“Yeah, I remember. What of it?”

“I thought it would be neat if you were to piss on their sign.” Tracy said giggling. “How in the world am I going to do that? I’m not a guy you know?”

“Not our problem,” Anna said smiling. “Best figure something out.”

I tried squatting over the sign but my stream never even made it close to the image of their mascot, which gave great entertainment to my tormentors. I turned around and stood in front of the sign like a guy, spread my lips and let go. I found that if I pulled my skin tight I could indeed control the position of my stream and shortly thereafter I hit the bull’s-eye! The girls laughed themselves silly and then I was startled by a flash going off.

“What in the hell did you just do?!”

“Took your picture . . . I mean we can’t have such a momentous occasion go by unrecorded can we?” Tracy said laughing. She held up her phone and showed me her handiwork. There I was clear as a bell standing naked with a stream of urine defacing our cross-town rival’s mascot.

“What are you going to do with that?” I asked fearfully.

“Nothing,” Tracy said plainly. “YOU are.”

I scrunched up my face and tried to remain calm. “What do you mean?”

“I want you to think of somebody to send this photo to – anyone you like and then after you do that, I’ll delete the photo.”

“But . . . but you said if I gave you three nights you’d . . .”

“No, I all I said was that we wouldn’t send your MOM naked pictures of you if you did as we asked. I never said anything about anyone else. Besides, I’M not sending a naked picture of you to anybody, YOU are!”

I was screwed. No matter whom I sent the message to I knew I couldn’t control who that person subsequently forwarded it to. And I was SURE that given the subject of a naked girl pissing on our rival’s mascot it would definitely make the rounds! I had to think, who could I trust?

“Come on, we haven’t got all night, pick someone!” Anna demanded. “I’ll give you two minutes then, if you haven’t decided on someone, I’ll send it on . . . to your MOM!”

Nothing like a little pressure to really screw up your thought processes. I had to pick someone that I could trust, someone who liked me. Fat chance – nobody liked me in school. That was one of the reasons I dropped out! Then it hit me, JESSICA Simmons! I’d send it on to her. I have known her since I was little and she, like me, was fairly quiet and reserved. I was sure I could reason with her.

“Time’s up!” Anna announced.

“Jessica Simmons.” I said hurriedly. “I’ll send it to her.”

“Pretty boring choice but, I did say that it was up to you,” Tracy said as she handed me her phone. I punched in her number and attached the photo. A sinking feeling developed in the pit of my stomach as I watched the advancing blue bar under the words: “Sending Message” on her phone. My heart skipped a beat when the screen finally said: “Message Sent.” It was done!

I watched every move Tracy made after that to be sure that she really did indeed erase that photo. True to her word, she did. My only hope was that Jessica was still sleeping and that she wouldn’t check her messages before I could get to her – well, that and that she would be sympathetic to my plea and erase the photo before looking at it.

The girls forced me back in the car and once again we were off.

“Gee, would you look at the time,” Anna said checking her watch. “I guess we only have time for one more little thing before we call it a night.”

“What time is it?” I asked.

“It’s almost 5 o’clock.”

“OH MY GOSH! It will be light soon and I have to get home before my mom realizes I was out all night!”

Tracy chuckled and said, “Don’t be such a worry-wart. We’ve got plenty of time to do this little stunt, take you back by the office to get your clothes and then drop you off at home.”

I got very silent. I came to the sudden realization that I didn’t have my key with me. I had left it in my skirt pocket at the office. I had never dreamed I would need it since I was riding with Amy. How was I going to get my clothes?!!!

The girls must have sensed my growing anxiety because they asked what was wrong. After explaining my dilemma they howled all the more. “Don’t worry sweetie, I’m sure you’ll think of something. In the meantime, open that window of yours back there,” Anna instructed.

I did as she asked. We then pulled onto a ramp and headed towards the interstate. Once in traffic Anna turned towards me and said “Okay we have five miles before we reach your exit. Every time we come upon a truck you are to stick your chest out the window and shake those boobs of yours at the driver. Make it really lewd and seductive.”

I must have really looked worried because Tracy seemed to sense my apprehension. “Who knows we may not even see one before we have to get off,” Tracy added feigning encouragement.

As I looked ahead, there was a large semi-tractor trailer on our right. I reluctantly slid over in my seat and propped myself up. When we were alongside I stuck my breasts out the window and gave a little twitch back and forth. I couldn’t stand seeing who was looking at me so I closed my eyes as we passed. I jumped so hard when the stupid driver blew his horn that I hit my head on the car roof! I figured Tracy would have matched her speed with the truck but she didn’t. We passed him by and I resumed my seat.

Anna turned around again and gave me a stern look. “That was the most pitiful boob shaking I have ever seen. Haven’t you ever seen the program ‘Girls Gone Wild?’ Since you can’t seem to follow directions, the next time you will bend over stick you butt out the window and moon him! Got it?”

“Yeah, I got it.” I thought at least I wouldn’t have to look at the person I was flashing and he wouldn’t be able to see my face. True he would see everything else, though!

Another mile passed us by and then I saw four large trucks in a row! Anna was laughing hysterically as I prepared myself. The cold night wind on my naked ass gave me Goosebumps as I hung my butt outside the car. This time Tracy slowed down and matched her speed with each truck giving them a long opportunity to take in my body. The first truck honked. The second trucker yelled something at me that I couldn’t make out but from the tone in his voice I was sure it was something nasty! The third and fourth yelled and whooped it up. The only words I actually heard and understood were, “Nice Ass baby!!” I was so embarrassed I felt like a piece of meat, albeit a horny, wet and totally on the verge of orgasm piece of meat.

Tracy sped up and got ahead of the truckers and got off at my exit. In no time we were parked in front of my house. It was beginning to get light and I didn’t have a clue how I was going to get in the house. My house key was in my skirt along with the office key at work! “Listen guys, you can’t just drop me off dressed like this. My mom will kill me!”

“You’re right,” Tracy said empathetically. “You were a good sport and did every thing we asked of you. Here, take off that stupid dog collar and give me those gloves and boots. You’d have a hard time explaining them to your mom anyway. You’d be sure to get into trouble wearing those.”

I gave a big sigh of relief and quickly took them off. They were human after all, I thought.

Anna held out her hand and took each item from me. “Listen, we’ll take good care of these as we know they belong to your company. We’ll give them back to you the next time we get together, along with your overcoat, I promise.” Anna then put my things on the floor between her and Tracy.

“Gee thanks guys. I really appreciate it. Now what’s your plan for getting me inside the house?”

Tracy looked at me with understanding eyes and said, “Okay you’ll have to act quickly. First go ahead and get out of the car and I’ll keep a lookout.” With that she opened her door and leaned out of the vehicle. “Okay, the coast is clear. Hurry up and get out.”

It was getting even brighter outside so I didn’t have much time and I figured any plan she had was better than what I had thought of, so I quickly got out of the car. “So now what,” I asked through the open back window?

“Now what . . .” Tracy asked coyly? “We drive off and leave you. That’s what. BYE!”

She revved up the engine and took off before I could even react leaving me stark naked on the street in my own neighborhood!!!!

After the shock of my betrayal wore off, I made a mad dash for our screen porch. I quietly snuck onto the porch and slumped down between the rocking chair and porch swing trying to figure out a way out of this mess. I couldn’t even call for help as I didn’t even have a phone! I wouldn’t know who to call anyway without having to answer a lot of stupid questions. I was a goner!

My life was passing before my eyes. Everything had seemed to be going so well and now . . . What was I going to do?? I just curled up into a ball and leaned on the rocker and began to feel sorry for myself.

True, I secretly enjoyed some of the things that had happened that day and as I reflected on some of the highlights like walking across the lobby and seeing the look on that freckle-faced kid when he saw me standing in the office naked I began to get very aroused. I liked being looked at with lust. I had never experienced that before. Before I knew what I was doing my hand found my special place between my legs and I was rubbing myself close to ecstasy!

Just then I heard the front door open and saw my mom walking out onto the porch!!

**My Summer Job - Part 10**

I froze with fear and tried to still my labored breathing lest it would give me away as I stayed crouched silently between the rocker and the porch swing. I knew any minute that she would spot me so my mind raced with what I would say. Even a crappy excuse was better than none. After all, my mom had very Victorian ideas about modesty and I would surely catch hell if I didn’t at least say something plausible. I saw her stretch, give a big yawn and head out toward the street to retrieve our newspaper.

She hadn’t seen me!!! Now was my chance. As she made her way down the driveway I carefully sneaked my way across the porch and into the open front door. I carefully peaked out the window and saw her casually bending over to pick up the paper and then head back towards the house. I was fairly sure I had made it! I heaved a big sigh of relief and started towards my bedroom. What a night this has been. I exposed my body to more people than I had ever done in my entire life, been utterly humiliated at the hands of those so called classmates of mine and knocked ten years off my life trying to avoid my mom! To top it all off I still had to go back to work in two hours and I was so unbelievably tired! I wasn’t used to staying up all night. I still needed my beauty rest.

“Britney?” I heard my mom call out from behind me. My heart skipped a beat. Damn! I had almost made it. A screaming voice inside my head kept saying, “Just be cool. Just be cool. Don’t blow this. Just be cool!”

I turned around smiling and said in my most cheerful voice as if nothing was wrong, “Oh good morning, Mom.”

“What are you doing walking around naked like that?”

“Oh . . . I was just going to grab a quick shower when I saw the front door was open. It seemed funny and since I didn’t see you around anywhere, I went over to check it out. That’s . . . uh, when I saw you outside getting the paper.” I probably sounded like an idiot but I tried my best to sound calm. It was a good thing Tracy had taken my outfit earlier because I could have never thought of a plausible explanation to explain that damn dog collar!!

My mom looked at me skeptically for a minute. “What time did you get home last night? I didn’t hear you come in.”

“It was . . . after midnight I think.”

“After MIDNIGHT?! I’ll say . . . more like a LOT after midnight. I got up around two to go to the bathroom and you weren’t home yet.” She said with disapproval.

I was starting to think that I was busted – that she knew more than she was letting on. I learned a long time ago, however, never to admit anything as mom’s sometimes pretend to know things when they don’t just to get you to confess. I had to stand my ground. “Well, I guess I just lost track of time. The function at the Swann Hotel ran longer than I expected and of course I had to stay and clean up, you know, repacking our materials and things.”

“Oh,” she replied indifferently looking at the paper. I decided not to hang around so I turned and headed for the bathroom. “Britney, how did you get home? I didn’t see that old junk-heap you call a car in the driveway.” She was now looking at me above her paper with a raised eyebrow.

“Oh, my boss Amy drove me home as it was on her way. She said it would save us both time by not having to go back downtown.” Not waiting for her reply I quickly went to the bathroom and closed the door. I mentally kicked myself for my last answer. I must have really sounded stupid. We both knew that the Swann Hotel was downtown and not too terribly far from my office. My explanation wouldn’t stand up to scrutiny. I finally got in the shower and cleaned myself up. Oh yes, I took care of some unfinished business too if you must know.

As I dressed myself I realized I had another problem, how was I going to get to work? My car was at the office parking garage. Then it came to me, Jessica! I had to call her anyway and try my best to explain that awful photo I had sent her. Of course if I called her cell phone it would only draw attention to her, hopefully still unchecked, message.

I quickly looked up her home number and fortunately it was still in the book. She was definitely surprised to hear from me out of the clear blue. “Jess, I hate to ask, but is there any way you could take me to work today? My car isn’t available and I could always get a ride home if you could drop me off this morning.”

I stretched the truth a bit hoping she wouldn’t ask too many questions. I was hoping she would agree to take me because I wanted to actually talk with her in person and explain things rather than awkwardly go into such details on the phone.

“I guess I could do that. It might be a while before I can get there though as I still have to get dressed and all.”

“That’s fine! Whenever you get here will be fine. I’m sure my boss would rather have me late than not at all.” The rest of our conversation was spent catching up on a few details since we hadn’t seen each other in so long. She didn’t give any indication of having seen my message yet and I sure wasn’t about to bring it up.

Around 8:30 Jessica drove up. When I got to her car I knew I was screwed. That huge Cheshire-cat grin on her face told me everything I needed to know – she had seen the photo.

As I got inside her car she said coyly, “Looks like you were busy last night.”

“Ah listen about that photo. That’s sort of what I wanted to explain you see . . .”

“I can’t believe you pissed on the Jefferson High Mascot. That is so cool,” she interrupted excitedly! “What was with that get-up you were wearing though? It almost looked like you were wearing a DOG COLLAR!” She was still giggling as she pulled out of my drive way and headed down the road.

“Oh . . . that was supposed to be a disguise. Yeah, that’s it, a disguise.”

“Some disguise. I could easily tell it was you. Anyway you’re going to be the most popular person at school this fall. I don’t think ANYBODY has ever had the nerve to piss on our biggest rival’s mascot before. You’ll be a hero for sure!”

“NO!!!!!!” I exclaimed in a panic. “PLEASE tell me you haven’t sent that to anybody!”

“Why? I thought that was the whole idea. How else would anybody know what a marvelous thing you did? I mean a picture of just a wet sign doesn’t mean anything to anybody does it?”

“True, but in case it escaped your attention I’m like, NAKED in that photo!”

Her eyes suddenly got huge as if that thought hadn’t occurred to her before. She seemed so preoccupied with the idea of trashing our rival that she hadn’t really paid any attention to my lack of modesty. “Oh,” was all she said.

“Oh, what,” I quickly asked? “Please tell me that you haven’t sent that photo to anybody.”

“Um, just to Pamela . . . and Karen” she added as an afterthought.

“My gawd, the whole school will see me naked by the time they forward that photo to their friends!”

Jessica got very defensive all of a sudden, “Well I didn’t think you cared. I mean YOU were the one posing naked. Why would you do such a thing if being seen naked mattered to you? And why would you send that picture to anybody anyway?”

“I was drunk. I wasn’t thinking clearly. Besides if you check your message you’ll see that I didn’t send it to you, Tracy did. It was her idea, not mine.”

“Oh . . . Britney I’m so sorry I didn’t realize . . .” Jessica said apologetically. “Look maybe I can call them and explain. I’m sure they’ll understand. I screwed up. I’m so sorry. I’ll make it right, you’ll see.”

All I could do was let out a big sigh. It was worth a try, yes, but I doubted very seriously that she could prevent the inevitable from happening. Man was I ever glad I had dropped out of school already! The thought of facing everybody that fall would be darned near impossible.

We sat in silence for a while as she drove me downtown. She finally spoke up and asked me about my job and I took the opportunity to lay it on thick about how it was such an important job. I really needed to do that just to salvage my self-esteem. Upon reaching my office building she reassured me she would try hard to fix my little problem. I thanked her and told her we’d keep in touch.

“There you are,” Amy said as I walked in the office. “I thought after last night you might have decided this job wasn’t for you after all.”

“Oh no nothing like that. I had a good time and from the look of your client he seemed to think everything went well too.”

“Yes he did seem rather pleased. Oh by the way here’s your check for last night.” Amy then handed me the envelope.

I eagerly opened it. “A THOUSAND DOLLARS,” I exclaimed wildly!! I literally had to sit down. Never in my wildest dreams did I think I would get that much. Amy just smiled and said, “You earned it. You did well last night and when the client is happy, I’m happy. Keep up the good work.”

“Oh I WILL . . . I WILL,” I replied positively.

The rest of the day dragged on as I was put to task working on filing and preparing forms. I was so tired I could hardly keep my eyes open. My thoughts kept drifting to my mom and concern over how close I came to getting killed. I HAD to think of a way to insure something like that would never happen again.

On my way home, I passed the University. I thought about how hard those kids were working studying for a career. I chuckled to myself. Here I was a high school drop-out earning more in one night than most of them would earn in two weeks. My daydreaming came to an abrupt end when I saw a banner by an apartment complex near the school. “Summer Move-in Special, Student Discounts,” It said.

An apartment, I thought, that’s my solution to my problem at home. I quickly pulled in. The lady at the office was very helpful and showed me around. They had an efficiency apartment that was well within my budget. With my two special checks and the money I had saved from my regular payroll I had just enough for the first and last month’s rent and the security deposit. The office lady just assumed I was a student. The fact that it was so close to the University was probably the reason she didn’t ask my age, or required a ton of paperwork, or even a credit report; well that and the fact that I had a good job and a corporate check in hand to prove it.

The apartment was small and on the second floor. It was only one bedroom and had a rather small combination kitchen/dining room/living room. Still, I was thrilled to finally get a place of my own. The only problem I could see was that I didn’t have any furniture, though I couldn’t afford any if I wanted to right at that moment. I didn’t let that bother me as I had a week to figure that out before I could move in anyway as they had to clean it from the last tenants.

As I drove home I wondered how a day that started out as awful as mine did could turn out to end so remarkably well.

Yes sir, I was on my way, just like I knew I would be. I had said all along that I would show my mom and anybody else who doubted my ability to succeed that I would in fact amount to something. Despite my rather demeaning treatment at the hands of Tracy and Anna, I knew I was the better person – after all they were still I high school while I on the other hand had a place of my own AND a good job.

Nothing could ruin my life now!

**My Summer Job - Part 11**

Over the next week I was relegated to the office doing general clerical work. When payday came around my check was meager as usual. I had hoped that I would get another custom support job but nothing was in the offing. The time came when I could move in my new apartment and I used all my check to pay the deposits on the utilities so I could have electricity and water. I was running very low on funds but I still felt it was worth it as I had a place I could call my own.

I still hadn’t moved in though as I had no furniture and I had yet to tell my mom of what I had done. I figured there was no sense in rushing things until I could make good on my departure.

Another week went by and still only office work and I was beginning to panic. The only good news was that I had not heard from Tracy and Anna about collecting on their remaining days.

On Monday, Amy asked if I’d be interested in working another event. At last, I thought! It turned out, however, to be just a lame job of passing out food samples at a local grocery store. It didn’t pay that great either but as all custom events were paid right away I got some much needed cash in-between paydays.

I was a genuine apartment owner for a week now and all I could do was drop by and look at the bare walls and carpet. On Wednesday I got a call at work. It was Tracy. “Hey sweetie, remember me?”

“Yeah,” I replied with a depressing tone.

“If you aren’t working Friday night we’d like to collect our second day.”

“Yeah, fine, whatever.” I said with resignation. Since I was still living at home I felt I really had no choice because they could still screw me over with my mom. And the fact that I had a lease now meant I really needed to protect my job. I may have been taken for an adult by my boss and landlord but I WAS underage, if only by a year. No, I had to make good on my deal.

Tracy seemed pleased that I was probably going to be free that night. “Great. We’ll pick you up at your office. That will give us a chance to bring back your coat and accessories, don’t worry, we’ve taken good care of them. See you Friday.”

The rest of the week I kept hoping my boss would ask me to work late or help her with a project Friday night so I could legitimately avoid paying off my debt to those girls. No such luck. True to their word at precisely 6 o’clock they dropped by and brought my stuff with them. Amy had long since gone so I was alone when they arrived.

“So this is where you work. Nice place,” Anna said as she rummaged through the outfits on the racks. “What’s all this stuff for?”

“Those belong to our clients. They have been used for special projects in the past.” I hoped my evasive answer would satisfy them. I began to dread that they might discover some embarrassing outfit and make me wear it for the night.

“Ready to go,” Tracy asked?

“I suppose,” I replied as I followed them out the door. Truth be told I was surprised they didn’t make me strip or put on some ridiculous outfit. One thing I had learned from our last encounter though was that these two could be very devious. They took me to the parking garage and I noticed that they had parked right next to my car.

Out of instinct I grabbed the door handle of Tracy’s car waiting for her to unlock it so I could get in. “What are you doing?” she asked. “We aren’t taking you anywhere.”

“You’re not? I don’t understand. I thought we were doing something together and . . .” then an overwhelming fear overtook me as I came to the conclusion that they might force me to do something in the middle of downtown!

“Oh you’re doing something for us all right but you’ve got your own car.” Anna explained.

“Okay . . .” I said flippantly. “I get it. I await your instructions and am at your service, ma’am!” I even made a mock salute like an army soldier. I probably shouldn’t have done that but I figured whatever they had planned it was already set in motion so I figured I might as well let them know they hadn’t stolen my dignity even if they could make me do their bidding.

The girls laughed and then handed me an envelope. “Tonight we are going to have you play a little game. If you finish the game following all the rules you win and you will have completed your second day. If you fail, or break ANY of the rules . . . well let’s just say things could get ugly.”

“I’ll do my best. What are the rules and how do I play this so-called game?”

Tracy smiled and very patiently explained, “The envelope I gave you will give you a specific instruction to follow and take you to the place where you’ll find one of our judges. You will give the paper to the judge to sign attesting that you completed the assignment. Then you will get another envelope with another instruction which will take you to yet another judge, and so on. You will collect all the envelopes required, follow each instruction and return all the signed papers to us by the appointed time at the appointed place mentioned in the last envelope.”

“If you fail to collect even one envelope or don’t follow an instruction to the letter, you lose!” Anna said firmly.

“Oh and keep in mind that this is a timed contest. You must finish by the time we have set. Understand?”

“How long do I have?” I asked.

“That’s the fun part,” Tracy said chuckling. “You won’t know until you collect the last envelope. The deadline is listed in there.”

“That’s not fair!” I protested.

“Nope,” Anna stated. “Let’s just say it will keep you from wasting time and give you an incentive to finish each instruction and move on to the next.”

I was getting a little bitter so I said snidely, “This doesn’t sound like much fun for you two – collecting a bunch of papers and missing all the fun stuff between now and then.”

“Trust me,” Anna said grabbing hold of my chin, “this will be even more fun for us than watching you the last time.”

I sure didn’t like the sound of that. “When do I start?”

“Now sounds like a good time.” Tracy said grinning and stood back and watched as I opened the first envelope.

The paper said, “Go to the Westmark Mall and park directly underneath the light pole number 321. Get out of your car. Directly across from your parking space is a traffic Island with several shrubs and bushes. Underneath the largest bush you’ll find a package containing clothing. You are to take the package back to light pole number 321 and strip completely out of ALL your clothing RIGHT UNDER THE LIGHT POLE and then change into the garments in the box. Once changed, you will put ALL of your personal clothes into the box and return it under the shrubbery. The judge for this event will be sitting in one of the parked cars in your section. Have the judge sign this paper and you will then receive another envelope.”

“Um . . . how will I recognize who the judge is?”

Anna busted out laughing. “I guess you’ll just have to ask everyone who happens to be sitting in a car in your section. Who knows you might guess right on the first try.”

Tracy added, “There can’t be THAT many people at the mall on a Friday night in the middle of summer can there?”

I pulled out my keys and got in my car. The sooner I started this stupid contest the sooner I would get it over with. It took a while to get to Westmark Mall with the typical Friday night stop and crawl going home traffic. Not knowing how many envelopes I had to collect or what the appointed deadline was I sure hoped the girls took traffic into account when they planned this stupid thing.

Finally I reached the mall I roamed the parking lot looking for light pole 321. I finally found it next to the mall’s perimeter road. It was pretty far out from the mall but it was also across from one of the major anchor stores. The lot had many cars in it but most seemed clustered close to the store. The good news was that meant there weren’t a lot of witnesses up close to my car. The bad news was that there weren’t many cars to shield my public stripping. The light pole they had chosen was pretty isolated. I would be changing right out in the open in broad daylight next to the access road. Anyone could drive by looking for a place to park!

Like the instructions had indicated there was indeed a traffic island not ten feet from the pole. I made my way over to it and began looking under the shrubbery. Sure enough there was a small cardboard box. I picked it up and brought it back to the light pole. They had planned this well I thought. If I changed now it would be in broad daylight. I’d be visible for a country mile. If I took a chance and waited until dark, I’d be illuminated by the bright light from the lamp atop the pole! Either way I was sure to be seen.

I looked around and studied the traffic for a minute. One thing was sure. The mall was only going to get more crowded the longer I waited. As it was now, cars only came by occasionally. Curiosity got the better of me and I decided to open the box to see what outlandish thing I was going to change into.

“That’s not so bad,” I thought as I gazed at the contents. The box contained a blue button blouse, a matching blue skirt albeit somewhat short, a black bra and matching panty. To my surprise the panty wasn’t even a thong. It was just a regular French-cut panty. Oh yes and a pair of dress shoes. Not very imaginative I thought.

I decided there was no time like the present so I slipped off my shoes and socks. Then I had an idea. Whoever was the appointed judge HAD to be watching me the whole time otherwise how could they verify I had completed the task. I looked around and saw two people sitting in their cars – an older lady in one car and a young man in a pick-up truck. Both seemed to glance in my direction every now and then. Since no one else was present I figured it had to be one of those two.

I unbuttoned my jeans and let them slip to the ground. The tails of my shirt kept my panties covered. I decided to take off my clothes in such a manner that I would expose the least amount of skin for the shortest amount of time. I then slipped off my panties. My shirt kept me decently covered. I’ll outsmart them I thought. Then I remembered what the instructions said: “strip completely out of ALL your clothing RIGHT UNDER THE LIGHT POLE and THEN change into the garments in the box.” There was no way around it I had to first get naked – no hiding under my garments exposing only a little flesh each time. DAMN! I looked around again and the access road seemed clear of traffic. I spotted people going into the mall entrance but they were pretty far away and not looking directly at me. I took a deep breath and yanked off my shirt then my bra. I was now completely nude! I crouched down and quickly put on the new bra and then the matching panties. I had just stood up after picking up the skirt when a car came around the access road passing right by me. I held the skirt up to my chest covering as much as I could and closed my eyes. The car mercifully passed me by without so much as a honk. I had no idea if the occupants even noticed that I was standing in just my underwear or not but I was a nervous wreck! I put he skirt on, then the blouse and finally the shoes. I guess I was really exposed for maybe two minutes in various states but to me it seemed like an eternity.

I placed my original clothes into the box and returned it to the place I had originally found it. Now to find the judge and I would have finished this task. Fortunately for me the lady had left leaving only the young man in the truck and he was indeed looking right at me. It must be him I thought so I took my paper and headed towards his vehicle.

“Are you the judge,” I asked nervously as he rolled down his window.

“I’m not supposed to say,” he replied.

“You must be because you knew not to say - otherwise you wouldn’t have known what I was talking about.” He snapped his fingers as if he knew he had blown it. He took the paper and signed it on the designated line and gave it back.

“You know you’re supposed to give me a blow job in order to get the next envelope, right?”

“Fat chance. . . If it isn’t in the instructions I don’t have to do it. Now where’s my envelope?” Once again he frowned; outsmarted again. HA! I was good at this stuff.

I walked back to the car leaving that pervert behind. When I opened the envelope and read the paper I yelled out loud to no one in particular, “THEY’VE GOT TO BE KIDDING!!!!

**My Summer Job - Part 12**

I was so taken aback that I had to re-read the instructions a second time. The note said: “Go to the mall’s public restrooms at the Food Court and remove the blouse and skirt. Leave them there and walk back into the mall wearing only your Bra, Panties and dress shoes and head for the store called ‘TrenZ.’ Once inside that store ask for Tina.”

My heart began to pound. This was a major mall on a Friday night and they wanted me to walk around in my underwear?!! No, I wasn’t going to do it. Screw them I thought, I’ll deal with my mother. Then I thought of my apartment and the lease I had signed. There was no way I could afford it without my job and these two could ruin that for me easily. Anybody who could plan something this elaborate just to humiliate me for their own amusement could easily trash my career. No, I had better not risk it. After all I loved my job. Besides, I was already on day two with only one more to go. I could stick it out.

I returned to my car and removed the car key from my key ring and threaded it on my leather watchband. This time I had thought ahead. I wasn’t going to get caught without a key again. I steadied my nerves and headed into the mall. I was sure everyone was looking at me and that scared me because I was still dressed! I found the Food Court and luckily the store TrenZ was only 6 stores down the hall from it. Wow, that surprised me. I was sure they were going to have me walk the entire mall looking for that place. I can do this I said to myself over and over.

Once in the bathroom I entered a stall and unbuttoned my blouse and slid off my skirt. I must have looked at the stall door for ten minutes before deciding to leave the safety of the cubicle and check myself out in the mirror. Naturally I waited until the restroom was empty.

Not bad, I tried to convince myself as I stared at my reflection. I mean the bra and panty set was pretty conservative looking and the dark black color was certainly NOT see-through. The black dress shoes seemed odd but at least they matched.

Just then the door opened and three girls came in. They looked at me, chuckled and then went about their business. They didn’t say anything but I was sure they’d be talking about me after I left. When I noticed one of them whispering to the other I decided it was time to leave. I reached back and adjusted the leg elastic on the back of my panties stretching it down over my butt cheeks making sure I was as covered as I could be, then I headed for the door.

I was immediately greeted by stares from those seated at a table right across from the restroom hallway. They even stopped eating and seemed to follow me as I headed towards the main mall. In fact everyone seemed to be staring. For my part I just held my head high and walked on as if it was perfectly natural to walk around in your underwear. Of course that’s what my brain said. They rest of me was like a bowl of Jell-o.

A couple of teenage boys passed me by openly laughing at me which did nothing to help my dwindling self-esteem. Others hardly seemed to notice me as I walked along as they were busy shopping or staring into storefront windows. I was just another body in the crowd as far as they were concerned. What did concern ME though, was that I was starting to get aroused by all this.

I had only 100 feet to go before reaching the appointed store when I felt someone grab my right arm. “Excuse me miss, just what in the hell do you think you’re doing?”

I turned as saw a mall security guard and he didn’t seem to be at all amused by my attire. In fact his whole face reeked of bad attitude. Again that little voice in my head started repeating again and again, “Just stay cool. Just stay cool. Don’t blow it. Just stay cool!”

I gave him a disapproving stare and said, “Let go of me you pervert.”

He squeezed my arm harder and demanded to know where my clothes were.

“I’m a swimsuit model for Trenz,” I said confidently pointing at the store just up ahead. “I’m working there. If you MUST know, I had to use the bathroom at the Food Court and was on my way back to work. Now let go of me before I call the cops – the REAL cops.” I then jerked my arm free as he stood looking at me.

“Okay then, but cover-up decently when you’re walking around the mall. This isn’t the sort of place where that sort of thing will be tolerated. Got it?” he said glaring at me with those beady eyes of his.

“Sure, fine, whatever,” I said indifferently and proceeded to walk towards the store. I was never so nervous in all my life. I had actually pulled it off. It felt as though I could barely make my legs move and it was all I could do to put one foot in front of the other. As I looked casually over my shoulder I saw he was still watching me, I guess to be sure I was really going into that store.

Once inside I let out an audible sigh. I stood just inside the door for a moment until I saw the security guard walking back into the food court. One disaster averted. Now, who was I supposed to ask for? CRAP! I left my paper inside the pocket of my skirt in the ladies’ room!

There was no way I was going to risk another confrontation with Officer Ugly again. Okay Britney, think, who was it? What was her name? It started with a “T” I think. Terri? Tracy? Tammy? I decided to just check out the name tags on the employees and see if anything rang a bell.

I walked up to the register and got the most icy-cold stare from the girl working there. “Just what are you supposed to be?”

Not the most welcoming of greetings I must admit. The name on her tag was Angela. Definitely not her, I thought. “I’m supposed to see someone here.”

“Oh yeah . . . who” she said smacking her gum.

“Um . . . Terri, I think.”

“No Terri’s here.”

“Tammy?”

The girl sighed a bit in disgust as she continued folding clothes on the back counter.

“Look I really am supposed to see someone that works here, um, how about . . . Tina?”

She popped her gum, shook her head and yelled across the store, “HEY TINA, SOME BIMBO’S HERE TO SEE YOU.”

A few minutes later a young blonde came eagerly to the front smiling as she saw me. “It is okay, Angela,” she said “I’ll deal with her.”

Tina took me by the arm and escorted me to the stock room in the back of the store. She looked me over a bit then smiled appreciatively and said, “I see you made it. Not bad. Have any trouble?”

I recounted my run-in with Officer Ugly to which she seemed genuinely sympathetic. “Okay, give me your paper and I’ll sign it for you.”

“Ah, there’s a slight problem you see I left it in my skirt pocket in the ladies room at the Food Court.” Tina busted out laughing. “You really are a piece of work aren’t you?”

“Yeah, well, could you help me out? I’ll get in trouble for sure if that security guard catches me again.”

“I’m not supposed to help you.”

“PLEASE?” I begged. “I really want to finish this but . . . I’m really in a bind here.”

Tina looked at me and I guess felt a bit sorry for me. “Okay but it’s going to cost you.” “What do you mean?”

“If I do something for you, you’ll have to do something for me. Is it a deal?”

“What do you want?”

Tina smiled, “oh nothing much. Let’s just say I reserve the right to make a LITTLE change to your next instruction.”

“Okay but if you don’t find that paper I’m off the hook.” I said trying to bargain with her.

“Agreed, you wait here and I’ll go a look for it. I’ll be right back.” With that she left the store leaving me in the stock room. In no time at all she returned with it in hand. “Here ya go. I already signed it, see?”

“Thanks. I really do appreciate it. You have no idea how grateful I am.” She then handed me an envelope and watched as I read its contents.

The note said: “Tina will escort you to the men’s dressing rooms. Once inside a room, you are to remove your remaining clothing and remain naked in the dressing room for 30 minutes. If you are accidentally discovered you are not to try to cover yourself. After 30 minutes if you complete this task, Tina will sign your paper and give you your next envelope.”

“That doesn’t sound so hard,” I said. “What change are you going to make?”

“Oh I’ll change the next instruction after you finish this one.” Tina said with a smile. She then escorted me to the other side of the clothing store and into the men’s dressing area. A small aisle lined with mirrors ran in front of the dressing cubicles. There were 4 rooms side by side with, surprisingly, floor-length solid doors. This ought to be a piece of cake, I thought. No one would be able to tell I was inside. I’d just lock the door and wait a half an hour. Tina opened the door of the first cubicle and motioned me to enter. With the door opened only a crack I removed my covering and gave Tina my bra and panties as well as my shoes. She seemed to snicker when she noticed my pubic hair as if that was something rare for women to have these days.

As she shut the door she paused for a second and said, “Oh, by the way, the lock on this particular door is broken.” She then gave me an evil grin and added, “Have fun!”

I was beginning to understand why this all sounded so easy. I then heard footsteps entering the dressing area. I about jumped out of my skin when I heard the handle jiggle. The door opened wide and the middle-aged man stood there frozen in place as he spotted me. I was warned not to try and cover myself so I was forced to let him gawk. He instinctively apologized “Oh Excuse me, I’m terribly sorry,” and hurriedly closed the door. I heard him leave then return and enter the next cubicle. He must have been making sure he was indeed in the right area. It was weird standing naked knowing a man was stripping off on the other side of the flimsy vinyl wall. I felt very vulnerable. Nothing happened though and he soon left.

In no time I heard another set of footsteps and sure enough my door handle turned. I came face to face with the most gorgeous hunk of a young man. He made no pretext of averting his eyes as he leered at me smiling. True to my instructions I let him look. Finally he spoke up, “Why are you in the men’s dressing rooms?

“The girl’s rooms were all full. Why are you leering at me? Have you no scruples?” I asked trying to make him feel guilty, not that deep down I was trying to rush him along. I fact I was getting very wet.

“Scruples? What does that mean?” he asked acting all naïve.

“It means you aren’t being a gentleman,” I said coyly. “The proper thing to do would be to leave . . . immediately.”

“Oh, I disagree, the MANLY MAN thing to do when seeing a beautiful woman is to admire her beauty, especially if she’s enjoying the attention.”

“How do you figure I’m enjoying this INTRUSION into my privacy?” I asked trying to sound indignant.

“Oh your body tells me you are,” he said with a wry smile. Oh, that Damn clit of mine!!!! I dropped my head in shame.

“Nice seeing you,” he said as he shut the door.

Once he left I had to resist with all my might the urge to touch myself.

Time after time I was “accidentally discovered” by all sorts of men. Each time was thrilling regardless of what they looked like. I never got used to be seen naked, trapped in a small cubicle with nowhere to run. They all seemed appreciative which gave a little bright spot to this horrible situation. Well, all but one man, anyway. When he opened the door he seemed downright upset and said loudly, “Just what are you doing in here?”

“The girl’s room was full.”

“And you were in such a hurry you couldn’t wait?”

“That’s right.”

“Just what are you changing into?” he asked skeptically. “The room is empty.”

“Ah . . . the clerk went to get me another size? She’ll be right back.”

His face seemed to grow angrier by the moment. He seemed clearly offended. “SURE she will. And where are your own clothes?”

“Um . . . she took them to match my size?” I mentally kicked myself for having made that sound like a question instead of a statement. The other men took it all in fun. THIS guy was likely to get me in trouble.

Fortunately he sighed and remarked, “Look if you want to play your little sex game, fine with me. Just don’t let my wife see you.” With that he left leaving me embarrassed and humiliated at being lectured to like a school kid.

It seemed like forever with the tension mounting with each passing minute especially after that last guy before Tina finally returned and announced that my time was up. I was watching you. You seemed to have fun.”

“How were you watching me? I was in this dressing room the whole time.”

“That’s a two-way mirror to prevent theft.” She said as she pointed to the mirror on the back wall.

“That’s illegal!” I protested. “You can’t spy on people while they are changing! People have a right to privacy in a dressing room!”

“It’s not illegal if we tell you in advance that we are doing it and you choose to change anyway, See?” she said pointing to the sign above the mirror.

The sign said: “Caution, area under surveillance. Shoplifters will be prosecuted.”

She laughed and added, “You really made Johnny Taylor’s day. He watches the men’s room. He wants me to tell you that you can come back any time!”

“I’ll bet he does the LITTLE PERVERT!” I snapped looking directly at the mirror. “Probably jerked off the whole time I’ll bet.”

I was hoping to humiliate him by saying that in front of Tina. I knew it didn’t work though when she said, “Not the whole time.”

She handed me another envelope. The note said: “Change back into the bra and panties and leave the mall and head to a house at 324 Elmwood Avenue. On the way stop and pick up two pizzas. Deliver the pizzas to the party at the house on Elmwood. Pick up your next envelope.”

Not too scary I thought. I knew where Elmwood was as it was just a few blocks from my former school. It had been awhile so I was also pretty sure I could dodge Officer Ugly on my way out.

“I guess I had better get going, then” I said to Tina. “Thanks for being so nice.”

“Not so fast.” She said touching my shoulder.

“Oh yeah, you wanted to make a change didn’t you.”

She nodded her head. As she handed me my shoes she explained, “It’s nothing much really. The only thing I want you to do is leave without the bra and panties, that’s all.”

“YOU WANT ME TO STREAK THE MALL???!!!”

She waved a document in front of my face, “Only if you want me to sign that paper saying you completed the dressing room task.”

“I can’t do that. Even if I was brave enough, HOW could I get away with such a thing?”

“Speed . . . and a little short cut I know about.” She said plainly.

“You’re serious. You want me to go out there naked?!!”

“Yep.”

I looked at her menacingly. It didn’t seem to faze her at all. She wasn’t backing down. “Fine . . . Sign that damn paper,” I said as I put on my shoes.

**My Summer Job - Part 13**

Tina handed me my papers grinning from ear to ear. I was pretty sure she didn’t think I would do it. If I had any sense I wouldn’t. But somehow like before my brain wasn’t thinking clearly. I was all worked up and another part of my anatomy was in charge at the moment. I kept telling myself I couldn’t lose my job. I wanted that apartment and I wanted my mom to be proud of me and the only way I was sure that would happen is if I actually made something of myself. Tracy and Anna had already proved to me that they were cunning. I had no idea to what lengths they would go to just to screw me over if I didn’t do what they wanted of me – at least those were the thoughts running through my mind at that moment.

“So what’s that short-cut you were talking to me about?” I asked trying to move things along before I changed my mind.

Tina took back one of my papers and turned it over and began drawing making a huge rectangle which I took to be an outline of the Mall. “You are here,” she said making an “X” on her drawing, and this is the Food Court. I believe you parked under light pole 321, which would be there. Instead of walking all the way around past the food court and then down to the department store entrance go this way.” She then indicated with an arrow that she wanted me to go in the opposite direction. “About three stores down from TrenZ is an employee service door. If you go out through that door it puts you right in line with your car see? It’s a straight shot – save you loads of time and steps.”

“Let me get this straight. When I leave this store I make a left and three stores down there’s an employee exit. Which side of the mall is it on?”

“The exit is on the right,” Tina said sounding very sincere. “It’s just a plain beige-colored door. There’s no sign saying exit or anything. Just push it open and you’re outside.”

I sighed and looked at the clerk. There was excitement in her eyes as if she was vicariously living this experience through me! I recognized a kindred spirit in her and the tension was contagious. They way she was looking at my naked boobs made my skin all tingly and my nipples as tight as pencil-erasers. For some strange reason I liked the erotic attention. “Okay it sounds easy enough, but, what about Officer Ugly? I need to somehow make sure he isn’t standing outside this store, you know, when I make my mad dash in the buff.”

“I’ll go look and check things out. When it’s clear I’ll rush back and tell you. But once I come back you’ll have to go quickly though as things could change at any minute.” She handed me my paper and said, “See you in a minute.” I wanted to shout after her as she started to leave and tell her that I had changed my mind but she was gone. My heart began to pound once again as the full weight of what I was about to do hit home.

I prayed that I wouldn’t run into anybody that I knew! I had been a frequent shopper at this mall for several years. After tonight I doubted that I’d ever be back! Just then I heard footsteps approaching. She couldn’t be back so soon, I’m not ready!!! It wasn’t her, however, but some man entering the dressing cubicle next to mine. I heard him clear his throat a couple of times which made me jump!

Then my mind went into over-drive and I began to get all paranoid. She’s been gone a long time, I thought. Something must not be right. I’ve been discovered, perhaps somebody complained and the cops were in the store! I’ll bet it was that old prude of a man that lectured me before. Where are my clothes?! I NEED my clothes!!!!

I started to hyperventilate when the dressing room door opened and Tina stood there before me. “The coast is clear and I saw your Security Guard sitting down with his dinner tray. He’ll be busy for a while so you had best get going!”

I shook my head and she could plainly see I was chickening out. She grabbed me by the arm and forcibly dragged me out of the dressing room into the aisle-way. “GO!!!! NOW!!!!!” she exclaimed frantically.

Instinctively I ran, boobs bouncing and shoes clicking loudly on the tile floor. I didn’t have time to focus on who was watching or what they were thinking. I just ran. I made it to the store’s entrance and bolted through it and turned left as fast as I could. Once in the mall proper I was aware that it was a lot more crowded than it had been and I had to slowly dodge and work my way through the mass of humanity. It was mostly a younger crowd – many of them my age, on Friday nights! Though I didn’t know exactly who they were, I recognized some of them from previous times I had hung around the mall. Here they were, now getting a free show of what I really looked like without clothes!

“THAT LADY’S NAKED!!” I heard someone say.

“Excuse me . . . pardon me . . . . Let me through, please,” I hurriedly said repeatedly as I pushed, prodded and squirmed my way through the hoards of people. Everyone was getting an up close and VERY personal view of my body. There were so many people that I almost missed my exit door. I had actually passed it before I realized what I had done and had to make an upstream u-turn to get to the short hallway where it was located. In the process I gasped as I felt someone squeeze my ass and several hands “accidentally” brushed some of my more personal spots. I didn’t care. At that point I just wanted to get out of there! I never felt so exposed or vulnerable in my whole life!

I turned down the hallway and there was the door just as Tina had said. I pushed the door open and . . . an alarm sounded!! I jumped back and it was then I saw the sign that said: “An alarm will sound when this door is opened!” I looked behind me and saw that everyone’s attention was riveted on my naked body – now more than ever because of the ringing alarm bells!

Screw it, I thought, shoved the door wide open and went through it anyway. At least Tina was right about one thing - I was outside and I saw my car in the distance directly ahead of me. Mercifully it was dark outside now even though there were many more people milling about.

“It’s YOU!!!” I heard a voice from behind me shouting. “STOP RIGHT THERE!!

I turned around and through the still half-opened door I saw Officer Ugly huffing and puffing his way down the hallway!

CRAP!!! I bolted towards my car running faster than I had ever done in my life!

“LOOK A STREAKER!!!!” I heard some guy say followed by lots of laughter and cheering. I then heard a lot of booing which puzzled me. At first I thought they were upset with me for running about naked and my self-esteem plummeted, but when I heard Officer Bad Attitude’s voice yelling at me I realized they were booing HIM for chasing me!

As I ran, I fiddled with my wristwatch trying to unclasp the leather strap so I could get my key. I wanted to be ready to make a quick get away. It was a good thing that security guard was over-weight and out of shape or he would have caught me by now! Though he was a ways back, he didn’t give up though and was still in pursuit!

I made it to my car, opened the door and literally jumped inside. I started the ignition, put it in gear and took off before even closing my door! I was gasping for breath both from my mad dash as well as from fear! My heart was pounding and . . . my vinyl seat was wet! I was so overwhelmed by feelings I didn’t know what to make of it. What a rush!!!! I zoomed around the perimeter road worried that the security guard may have radioed the description of my car ahead to his buddies. By the time I got to the mall’s exit the traffic light was green and I didn’t even stop. I darted onto the main roadway and headed away from the mall.

I then had to force myself the slow down lest I get caught for speeding! Wouldn’t do to have a real police officer catch me naked!!

Once the actual danger had passed I began to dwell on just how exciting that was. The danger and my horniness combined to produce a high that bordered on ecstasy and I don’t mean the drug either!

I headed towards my old high school neighborhood eager to get on with my next task so I could get this over with and eventually get home to take care of some personal business, if you know what I mean. Then when I spotted the Pizza-Nut franchise a few blocks from my high school it dawned on me that I was supposed to pick up two pizzas! It would have been an embarrassing enough thing to do wearing just my bra and panties. There was no way I could walk in the restaurant flashing my charms without a stitch of clothing and hang around for a half an hour while the pies were made. Tracy and Anna assumed I would be covered when they made out their instructions. They had no way of knowing that Tina would have altered the plan on the spur of the moment. And I wasn’t bright enough to have thought this through ahead of time before agreeing to Tina’s terms!

That was it then. I just had to show up at the house without the pies. I figured that showing up at the door naked would more than make up for my lack of food. At least that’s what I was going to tell the judge. I’d even show the original paper that said I was to re-dress before leaving the mall. I kept on rationalizing my story in my mind as I sat idling across from the Pizza-Nut Restaurant. The more I tried to convince myself that it would be okay to skip picking them up the more doubts kept creeping in. “Follow the directions TO THE LETTER,” I recalled Tracy telling me.

Well, I didn’t HAVE any underwear and I wasn’t about to go up to a perfect stranger and ask to borrow theirs, I chuckled to myself at the very thought of doing such a thing! Sitting in such a bright spot as I mentally debated made me very uneasy. I was sure some customer would spot me sitting in the car naked and report me or worse come and check to see if I was alright. As I put my car in gear, I saw it!

The sign right under their illuminated logo said: “Free Delivery call 800-pie-to-go”! That’s it! I’ll call and order the pizzas! I reached into my glove compartment and retrieved my cell phone and placed the call. “Yes, I’d like to order two pizza’s for delivery, please. What type? Um . . . make that one cheese and one pepperoni. Address? That would be 324 Elmwood Avenue. 20 minutes? That would be perfect.”

I drove off feeling pretty clever about my ingenuity. All I would have to do was park up the street a little ways from the designated house, wait for the delivery car, get the pizza’s before they had a chance to ring the doorbell and after the delivery car left, go up to the house as planned.

Driving around on Elmwood I finally found the house with the number 324. It was a modest place and seemed pretty quiet. I backed down the street a little, shut off my engine and waited. My only worry was that someone would see me sitting in my car and think it suspicious. I nervously looked around but no one seemed to be paying attention.

Twenty minutes passed. Where was that delivery car? I began to wonder if they had somehow delivered the goods while I was still searching for the house! That would be terrible!!

I was starting to panic when I finally saw a small car with a lighted box on the roof. The Pizza-Nut car at last! The driver parked in front of the house and got out. I wasn’t thrilled with making another naked encounter with a total stranger on a dark street but I figured it was at least a better option in my mind than flashing an entire restaurant. I could see his shadow opening the insulating wrap and checking the order before going in. I HAD to make my move.

I quickly got out of my car and ran towards the delivery vehicle. On my way another car seemingly came out of nowhere and passed right by me illuminating my ass in his headlights. I kept going and the car passed without incident. “Excuse me . . . are those for 324?” I asked half out of breath?

The guy looked up and was about to answer when I froze. “Britney?” he said obviously confused seeing me approach his car completely nude. It was Jack Graham from school. I used to think he was really awesome and now for him to catch me like this was so embarrassing!

“Um . . . hi Jack,” I said nervously. “Are those mine?”

Jack smiled and quipped, “I have always heard of people answering the door naked when getting pizza’s but it never has happened to me before – and you don’t even have a door!” He chuckled at his own wit.

“It’s a long story. Please feel free not to say anything to anybody. Here’s the money for the pizzas and here’s a twenty to thank you in advance for being discreet.”

“Keep the twenty, I’d rather tell the guys . . .” I was looking very dejected until he added, “but I won’t mention your name okay?”

**My Summer Job - Part 14**

Even in the dark I could tell he was eyeing every detail, noting every crevice and imperfection of my body. I felt myself flushing with shame. It is a whole lot easier exposing yourself to someone you don’t know than to someone you do.

“Were you expecting someone else? Is that why you are out here naked? You didn’t know it was going to be me, did you? That’s why you seem so embarrassed. You were expecting Jimmy Johnston weren’t you? It figures. He gets all the babes.”

“No, NO nothing like that . . .” I said feeling a bit sorry for him. “It’s ah . . . just an initiation thing. I’m sorry, it’s not you honest.”

He seemed to cheer up a bit hearing my words and looked right at my breasts and had the nerve to ask, “So . . . would you like to go out sometime . . . maybe?”

“Um . . . gee I’m seeing someone now, but if things don’t work out I’ll give you a call,” I said lying through my teeth. Standing there naked in the middle of the sidewalk having a conversation about dating was really weird. I mean why date when he’s already seen the whole package – there’s nothing left, there’s no mystery is there? I could think of only one reason to go out with someone after seeing them naked and by the way he was gawking at me I knew what he had in mind.

He just kept standing there and I was afraid the occupants of the house would notice the pizza car and I’d be in trouble for breaking the rules. “Um, don’t you have to make other deliveries?” I asked strongly hinting that he should leave.

“Yeah I suppose. It was good to SEE you,” he said as he got into his car. In your dreams, I said to myself as he sped away. I used to think he was really something, now I realized he was just like every other guy with only one thing on his mind.

I looked at the front door of the appointed house. I wonder who lives here, I thought. Surely they picked this house for a reason. Perhaps this is Tracy’s house or maybe Anna’s. No, that would be too easy. I’m sure it’s some boy who’ll get his jollies out of seeing me naked just like Jack the Pizza dude. Oh well, it was time to get it over with. I walked to the front porch and hesitated before climbing the two front steps. I listened carefully to see if I could hear anything helpful. After all, the note said to deliver the pizzas to the party at 324 Elmwood. Maybe there was indeed a real “party” here and I would be seen by a large group of people!! I strained my ears but it didn’t sound like a party going on. Besides, there weren’t a whole lot of cars parked near the house. Still, they could have hidden the cars. I wouldn’t have put it past those two to plan everything in great detail like that. Just then, another car came down the street and instinctively I crouched down next to the bushes until it passed by. My nerves were shot! I didn’t know how much more of this I could take.

Finally all was quiet again and I swallowed hard and mustered up my courage to go up to the front door and ring the bell. I waited scared half out of my wits but nothing happened. I rang the bell again and waited. I began to worry that perhaps I was too late, that I had missed that secret deadline by wasting time at the mall. That was so unfair of them not telling me how much time I had to do all these things and keeping the deadline secret until the last envelope.

Just then I heard footsteps approaching the door from the inside. The porch light came on bathing me in blinding illumination! The door opened and I SCREAMED! Not one of those little half-hearted screams like in a Hollywood movie, mind you, but a real, blood-curdling, ear drum popping howl! It was Mr. Hardgood – the principal of my former school!!! His eyes got huge and his mouth fell open as he stared at the sight before him. In a panic, I dropped the pizza’s on the porch and ran literally at the speed of light down the steps and out onto the sidewalk and up the street, heading towards my car.

I could hear him yelling “COME BACK HERE!! If I ever figure out who you are, you’ll be EXPELLED! YOU HEAR ME?? DAMN TEENAGERS!!!!”

I ducked under a large bush as another car was approaching up the street. It gave me time to catch my breath as it passed. Before leaving my hiding place, I looked back towards the principal’s house. The porch light was now off and I saw no signs of anyone chasing me. I figured I had better get out of there before he called the cops. I darted out from behind my cover and ran to my car. Just as I put my hand on the door handle I heard laughter – lots of laughter. It was Tracy and Anna.

“You looked RIDICULOUS!!” Anna said barely able to get the words out she was laughing so hard.

“What in the hell are you doing naked? You were supposed to be in your underwear.” Tracy asked as she put her arm around my shoulder.

“It’s a long story,” I sighed. “Listen I need to get out of here!!!”

“Have you got your paper signed?”

My eyes widened, “Don’t tell me that HE was the judge??!!”

The two girls laughed all the more. “No you dummy, we are! Give me your paper.” Tracy replied.

I opened my car door and handed her my instruction sheet which she in turn signed. She then handed me another envelope.

“You mean there’s more??!!!!”

“I hate to be the one to break this to you but if thought this was bad, being naked like you are you’re going to hate this next one.”

I started to panic again. “Listen it’s not my fault that I’m naked. Can’t you help me out here?”

“Nope, this is even better than we had planned. Best get a move on. Time is running out.” Anna said with a smile.

I nervously tore open the envelope and read its contents. “Go to the Megaplex Cinemas on Fourth Street. Use the magic marker included in the envelope and obtain FOUR autographs from any passersby, one on the upper part of each breast and one on the each butt cheek. After you have obtained the autographs go to the ticket window and ask for Brooke. She will verify you have the required autographs in the proper locations and sign your paper. Bring ALL of your signed instruction sheets back to the parking garage downtown near your office building by no later than 11:00pm.”

“I CAN’T DO THAT????? I can’t approach 4 people naked and get them to you know . . . then walk up to the ticket window!! That place is mobbed on a Friday night!!”

“You weren’t supposed to be naked sweetie. The fact that you are naked is YOUR problem. Just deal with it.”

“You mean I can figure out a way to get a bra and panty set and then do my task as long as I complete everything by 11:00pm?”

“I never said that,” Anna said snidely. “If you can’t keep track of our stuff, that’s your problem. Just be thankful we aren’t holding you accountable for breaking the rules. Now If I were you, I’d get a move on it’s almost 10 o’clock!”

“Yeah,” Tracy added, “It will take at least twenty minutes to get there and at least another 25 minutes to get back downtown. That only leaves you 15 minutes to get those autographs.”

I cussed at them both under my breath and got into my car. During the entire way there I tried to figure out what I was going to do. How was I going to pull this off? I thought seriously about cheating and writing the names myself but I couldn’t figure out how to write on my butt without totally screwing it up. I must have thought of a dozen ideas but I ended up dismissing every one of them for one reason or another. Eventually I ended up at the Megaplex Cinemas, though I’m not really sure how I got there. Man was it packed!!! There were so many cars I had to circle the lot twice before finding a place to park.

When I did finally find a space I pulled in and shut off my ignition. I put my key back on my watch band like before and looked around. There were a few people at the front entrance but most people were already in the theatre. Who was I going to get to sign?

Then I spotted an older man walking towards the entrance and I got out of my car. At least that would be one signature. Then I thought of that crotchety old man that lectured me at the mall and decided against that idea. Too prudish-looking, I figured. I spent another five minutes scouting around but nobody was in the parking lot. Figures, I thought to myself, most of the features probably started at 10:00 or 10:30. Anyone arriving now would be late. What in the hell was I going to do??

I could always go up and ask the theatre employees to sign. No, it was bad enough I had to walk up and get Brooke’s attention. Besides all the commotion I’d cause would only draw the manager’s attention and I’d be screwed for sure.

Then I saw a car pulling in the lot. This looks promising, I said to myself. I watched where it pulled in and saw that 5 people got out, four guys and a girl. With time growing short I knew I had to take a chance. I ran out between the rows of cars trying to catch them before they got to far away. When I got close enough I called out, “Excuse me!” They didn’t look my way but kept on walking. I yelled louder, “EXCUSE ME!!! COULD YOU HELP ME PLEASE?”

“My GAWD she’s naked!!” one guy said.

The girl immediately took control and started barking out orders, “Tom, call 911. She’s in some sort of trouble. Jim, take off your shirt and give it to her! Quickly now, hurry.”

“NO WAIT!!!!” I shouted as I saw the young man open his cell phone. I ran all the faster and caught up with them. “DON’T CALL. I’m fine, honest.” I was so out of breath I could hardly breathe let alone talk.

“Calm down. What’s the matter?” the girl said grabbing the shirt and trying to wrap it around me then, while giving the boys a disapproving look, added “You guys turn around. Where are your manners?”

After catching my breath a bit I said, “I’m so sorry to trouble you that is . . . please don’t be mad at me, but . . .”

“Go on spit it out,” the girl said encouragingly. “How can we help you?”

“Could I get your autographs?”

The girl looked at me as if she couldn’t believe her ears. Just when I thought she was going to slap me silly for scaring her to death she said, “I think you have us mistaken for somebody else. We’re not famous.”

“Now, now,” One of the boys said giggling. “If she thinks we are and was willing to run over her naked just to get our autograph I think we should oblige her.”

“Happens to us all the time, miss” another boy said as they all turned around.

“Since when?” the girl asked sarcastically.

“Well . . . I have my groupies you know. I DO play in a garage band.” The first boy said.

“Is this some sort of joke?” the girl asked growing more disgusted.

“Look,” I said as sincerely as I could, “I have to be honest with you. I’m trying to get into an exclusive club at school and I have to collect four autographs, see?” I then showed the paper to the girl who looked it over.

“Oh . . . college prank, eh? I’ve heard about stuff like that.” She said handing me the paper back. “Okay, I’ll sign. She took the marker from my hand, gently took hold of my left breast sending chills up my back and proceeded to write her name. The marker gliding across my breast felt weird! Her touch was so sensuous that I was sure she knew what she was doing to me. She lingered in inordinately long time and I began to get very aroused. I couldn’t believe that another GIRL’S touch would do that to me!

“MY TURN,” Jim shouted and took the marker away from the girl. He duplicated her exact technique taking hold of my right breast to steady it in his hand. After writing a letter or two, he re-cupped my breast and then continued with the next letter. It took 5 or 6 so-called adjustments with his hand before he finished his signature. I was totally on the edge by the time he was done! If he hand spent another second I would have climaxed right then and there in front of them all!

“Give me that thing,” another boy said grabbing the marker. “You’re having waaaay to much fun with that!”

My Summer Job - Part 15

This boy also took hold of my breast and was about to sign just above my nipple when I quickly stopped him. “NO! The next one has to be on my butt cheek.”

“Spoil sport,” he has giggling and spun me around. He knelt down on the pavement and instructed, “Bend over.” I did what he asked without thinking. It wasn’t until I heard them laughing that I realized what a view they had.

I jerked myself upright and said, “HEY! Just sign my ass and get on with it.”

“Okay, okay, don’t get your panties in a wad. Oh wait, you don’t HAVE any panties!” They all laughed at that – even the girl.

Like before, the third boy wrestled the marker from the previous boy when he had finished. He put his fingers between my thighs at the lower level of my butt-crack and pulled the skin downward driving me insane! I could feel his wet fingers on my skin and I knew that he had discovered just how wet I really was. I wanted to make him move his hand as he was obviously just getting his jollies but I was afraid to say anything lest I call attention to my aroused state. I couldn’t believe how wet I was. I was so embarrassed!!

After getting all four signatures I turned around and thanked them for their help.

“HEY! What about me? I didn’t get a turn!” the last boy protested.

“She only needs four, Jim” the girl explained. “You’re out of luck. Let’s go before we miss any more of the movie.”

They started to walk away when I had a whale of an idea. “Jim, I make you a deal,” I said nervously.

“You can sign anywhere you want, IF you go up to the ticket booth, ask for Brooke and get her to come out here to me.”

“SWEET!” he said reaching for the marker.

“Not so fast. You can sign AFTER you bring her here.”

“Okay, but why will she come out here with me anyway? She doesn’t know who I am.”

“Just tell her what you all did to me and I’m pretty sure she’ll follow you. If she doesn’t just tell her I’m naked.”

“Okay, but you had better not leave without letting me sign.”

“I won’t. Please hurry though I’m on a deadline here.” I said as they all walked away,

I moved closer a little at a time and eventually hid myself by crouching down between some parked cars. I watched as they talked with a girl at the booth, then another girl joined them. They all seemed to be having a good laugh at my expense. I could only imagine what they were talking about. Finally one of the girls left with Jim and headed my way.

When the girl reached my position I stood up and thanked her for coming out to me.

“Holy CRAP you ARE naked!!” I didn’t believe them but you really are!!”

I just blushed. I then pointed out the signatures front and back then asked, “Would you please sign my paper?”

“Not before I get to. I get to sign first!” Jim said uncapping the marker. Brooke just shrugged her shoulders as if to say that she wasn’t going to interfere. In fact I think she kind of liked the idea of getting to watch my embarrassment.

“Fine, where do you want to sign?” I asked.

“Spread your legs apart.”

“WHAT??!!”

“You said I could sign anywhere I want so I want to sign on your inner thigh. I can’t do that if you keep your legs clamped shut, can I?”

“Oh . . .”

Brooke was laughing hysterically now. I chided myself for being so dumb. And, of all places to hide, I picked a spot right under a streetlight! I stepped aside and spread my legs a bit.

“Farther,” he said with a smile. “You can write now, there’s enough room,” I protested. Jim gave me a very puppy-dog look. “Oh, all right!” I said resigning myself to further humiliation. I really spread my legs even farther apart giving Jim and Brooke quite a view between my legs. “Happy now?”

Jim smiled as he bent down on one knee, moved his face closer to my pelvis while moving the marker high up my inner thigh and tried to write. I could feel his warm breath on my clit and it was aching for release. If he took much longer I was going to cum! I was brought back to reality when he said, “Hey it doesn’t work. It’s too wet in here . . . oh sorry,” he said realizing the significance of his comment.

Brooke really laughed it up. She was obviously enjoying this!

When he was through he thanked me very politely and left to rejoin the others. I could only speculate about what story he would tell all his buddies later.

Brooke shook her head in disbelief and said, “When Tracy told me about her plan I never thought it could possibly be true. I wondered what they possibly could have over this girl to have her demean her self for their amusement.” I was about to make some lame excuse for my behavior when she answered it for me, “Now I see why – you actually are into this aren’t you?”

I lowered my head at a loss for words. “Oh don’t worry,” she said, “your secret is safe with me.”

I got into my car and took off headed for downtown. I had just barely enough time to make the deadline. I cursed every slowpoke I met along the way and had to once again chastise myself for speeding undressed such as I was. I finally pulled into the garage with two minutes to spare. I parked in my usual spot but to my horror, Tracy’s car wasn’t anywhere to be seen!

Don’t tell me they had left already, I yelled at myself. I’m EARLY!!!

I waited another five minutes and finally I spotted her car.

“We saw you come in,” Tracy said as she exited her car. “Why did you park all the way up here?”

I didn’t recall seeing anyone on the first couple of floors as I pulled into the garage. I was sure she made that up but she did seem rather convincing so I accepted her statement. “Oh, well, this is my usual spot. I figured that this is where you’d look for me.”

“Got all the papers?” Anna asked.

“Right here, every damned one of them signed, see,” I said as I proudly waved them in front of her face. In fact I WAS proud. I had EARNED these. I pushed myself to do things I never thought possible and I was proud. I doubted whether either one of them had the guts to do what I had done. Damn right I was proud!

Tracy then noticed the smudged mark between my legs. “What’s that?”

I blushed and shrugged my shoulders. With all my wetness the mark was no longer recognizable as someone’s signature and I wasn’t about to try and explain why I let someone sign such an intimate spot when I hadn’t been instructed to do so. I think they both figured it out though by the looks on their faces but neither one said anything.

“Great job,” Tracy said folding the papers. “We have to be going now. We’ll be in touch. Just wait until you see what we have planned for next time!”

“I can hardly wait,” I snipped, “But um . . . before you go, can I have my clothes back now?”

Anna looked puzzled, “Clothes, what clothes?”

“My WORK clothes,” I snapped growing rather impatient.

“Oh THOSE,” Anna replied, “I imagine that the boy at the mall still has them in the box. Gee, I wonder what he’s doing with your panties right about now. Anyway, sorry, gotta run, later babe.” They both got back into Tracy’s car and left without saying another word.

“YOU CAN’T LEAVE ME HERE LIKE THIS!” I protested but to no avail. They were gone. Once again they shafted me. When was I going to learn!

At least I still had my keys. There was no way I wanted to risk another naked confrontation with my mom either. I just HAD to get some clothes. Of course there were plenty of outfits in my office and I did after all have a key. But that would mean I’d have to walk down the garage stairs, out onto the downtown city sidewalk, then hike two blocks to my office! I thought about that idea for a minute. I told myself that it would only be a one way trip without clothes as I would be dressed for the trip back. Then I thought about all the risks I’d be taking and what would happen if I was caught and pretty much talked my self out of it.

That didn’t leave many options though. A little voice said: it was dark and quite late. No one really is about now. They roll up the sidewalks in this town after 6 o’clock. Call me stupid but I decided to do it. I don’t know if it was really out of desperation or my hormones doing my thinking or even if it was the thrill of trying something so outrageous but I had finally convinced myself into trying.

I put my car and office keys on my watchband and took off for the garage stairwell. Once inside I treaded my way down each step being as quiet as I could be. The sound of my dress shoes echoed loudly if I wasn’t careful and I certainly didn’t want to attract any attention. Upon reaching the bottom I carefully opened the door and looked about. Just as I suspected, it was quiet and the streets pretty much deserted. I could see my office entrance stairway up ahead. It didn’t really seem that far. I could do this and I would really be exposed for all that long. Of course there were really no places to hide if I needed to. It would have to be one continuous run. There was no going back.

Before I could change my mind I stepped out of the stairwell and heard the door latch shut. The coast was still clear, so I took off running. I decided to keep close to the buildings staying in their shadows as much as possible. The feeling of exhilaration was intoxicating. I found myself wishing I could be naked all the time. Of course if people COULD be naked all the time without getting into trouble it probably wouldn’t be as much fun.

I had made it half way to my office when I heard a car approaching from behind me. I froze literally hugging the wall hoping whoever it was had not seen me. I heard the car slowing down and eventually stopping!!

“Hey there!” a pleasant male voice said. I turned around and saw a middle-aged well dressed man sitting in his car looking right at me. “are you working?”

“No, I was earlier but I’m off now.” I said naively.

“Too bad,” the man said. “Say, I couldn’t talk you into working a little longer could I?”

What was he talking about? I thought. He wasn’t my boss! He didn’t even know what kind of work I did . . . oh my gawd, he thought I was a HOOKER!!!

“BEAT IT, PERVERT” I said angrily and gave him “the look.”

“Okay, okay you don’t have to get all huffy about it.” He then squealed off down the street. I ran as fast as I could to my office and down the entrance stairs. Once inside I couldn’t resist taking a few moments to pleasure myself. It had been a long and tension-filled evening and I needed some attention. It felt weird doing such an intimate thing in the office but I was very needy at that moment and didn’t really care.

Eventually I picked out an outfit that I could explain to my mom if she saw me, made it back to my car and headed home. What a night!!

**My Summer Job - Part 16**

That night while lying in bed I recalled all the things that had happened to me. I was on a high then I hit a deep low as I recalled the bad parts like the guard chasing me, seeing the principal or that creepy boy in the truck at the mall and what he might be doing to my clothing. I decided that even if the girls returned my things I was going to burn them! There was no way I could ever wear them again, not if he did what I thought he did to them anyway. I couldn’t take the chance. When all was said and done I wasn’t sure exactly how I felt about all this exposure. I was confused to be sure. I decided not to try and figure things out anymore and just try to get some sleep.

Since the next day was Saturday I slept in – really slept in, until noon! I was awakened by the sound of the phone ringing. My mom called down the hall, “Britney, it’s your boss.”

I sprang up in bed and went to the phone. “Hello Amy.” I said trying to sound wide awake and professional even though my eyes were still half shut.

“Britney, sorry to call on such short notice but something has come up and I have an opening for someone to work another special event tonight. Are you interested?”

“Yeah sure, I guess so.”

“Great. Meet me at the office at 3 o’clock this afternoon and I’ll tell you all about it.”

“Okay I’ll be there. Three o’clock at the office. See you then. Bye.”

Things had been rather slow at the office lately regarding special events. Serving food samples at the supermarket wasn’t really going to help me get my new furniture for the apartment. I wanted everything to be in place before I moved in so that if my mom visited she’d be impressed. This job tonight could be a big step in making that happen. I didn’t really know what it was but surely it wasn’t another lame function at the grocery store. At least I was hoping it wasn’t.

I took a shower and got myself ready for work and headed downtown. As I parked my car I got this eerie feeling in the pit of my stomach as I walked out of the garage. Just the night before I had walked these very stairs NAKED! I imagined what that would be like if it was in broad daylight! I got Goosebumps just thinking about it. No, I had to put such ideas out of my head. I needed to quit all this stuff before something bad happened to me and the chances were high that something bad would indeed happen if I kept up this nonsense with Tracy and Anna.

My boss, Amy, seemed pleased that I had volunteered to help and that fact made me feel proud and appreciated. I liked pleasing my boss. She was my ticket out.

“So what’s the function?” I finally asked as she finished some paperwork.

“Britney, tonight you’re going to be a star.”

“Huh?”

“Well, not exactly a star but you are going to appear in a play.”

“A play?? You mean in a real theatre? I can’t act!” I protested. “Besides I’m scared to death of being in front of people.”

“Oh you’ll do fine,” she said encouragingly. “It’s only a bit part. The actress who normally does this role is in the hospital. She had to have her appendix out last night.”

“But . . . there’s no time to learn my lines, or practice what I have to do or . . .”

“Calm down,” Amy said reassuringly. “I wouldn’t send you on this job if I didn’t think you could do it. It’s really easy. Now just sit down and relax a bit while I tell you a little about it. It’s a production of the Alternative Theatrical Group – ATG for short. They put on off beat productions at the old Grayson Theatre. They have a really large following and some of their actors are really quite well-known.”

So far you’re not helping me feel too confident,” I said nervously.

Amy laughed. “Okay, how’s this? The play is about an old inventor who comes up with these wild inventions that never seem to work. That is until one day when his long time friend gets into trouble and the professor must create an invention that can save him. It’s really a marvelous play. I’ve seen it, twice in fact.”

“So what do I have to do?”

“You play the part of a human-like robot, an android I think they call it. Before you panic you don’t have any lines to learn so relax. You’ll be wearing this silver-colored body stocking with all these little lights on it – cute isn’t it?” she asked as she held it up. “For the play, initially, you’ll be covered up with this white cloth drape. It has a small screen mesh here in front so that you can see out of it. Anyway before you go on stage you’ll step onto a small platform with wheels while wearing this drape. An actor will wheel you on stage and when the time is right, he will lift off the drape revealing the professor’s latest invention to the audience.

“If I have no lines and all I have to do is stand there why can’t they use a mannequin?”

“Well actually they can’t. You may have no lines but you do have some acting to do. When the professor demonstrates his invention he will ask you to raise your arm, but you are to raise your leg instead. And when he asks you to raise your leg you raise you arm. Whatever he asks you to do, just do the opposite, otherwise just stand there without moving. You see, you are one of the inventions of his that doesn’t work exactly right. Anyway you’ll have to stand there during some dialog while the actors discuss the professor’s invention, then the scene is over and you’ll be wheeled out and be done for the night. As luck would have it you appear early in the play so you’ll be able to go home early too.”

“I don’t know,” I lamented. “I’m not sure I can do it and I certainly wouldn’t want to ruin the play.”

“Oh it’s only for one night and they’re counting on you. I already told them I had the perfect girl for the part. It’s too late to get somebody else. Besides,” she said winking at me. “It pays $500.00.”

“Well, why didn’t you say so,” I chided her. “I guess I’m game.”

“Let’s get you into the costume and see how it looks. I may have to make a few alterations in order for it to fit you.”

She had me remove all my clothing. I couldn’t wear any undergarments as the body-stocking was supposed to fit snugly like it was my metal robotic skin or something. As it turned out Amy did have to take the garment in around the sides and waist. It took a while but when she had finished it fit like it was designed just for me. It was quite tight on my body but Amy explained it was supposed to fit that way. I was supposed to be not only a robot but a truly like-like one at that. Well if I was supposed to be a metal life-like robot, the suit fulfilled its role admirably. When I looked in the mirror I was surprised that the suit accentuated every part of my body, every curve, both my nipples were quite apparent and my breasts looked like they too were unsupported and quite natural.

“Check this out,” she said as she flipped a switch in back. All at once I was lighted up like a Christmas tree with blinking diodes everywhere. It was really cool. I liked it!!

Amy handed me my cover sheet and went over the directions on how to get to the theatre. “I think I know where it is. Do I have to check in with anybody when I get there?”

“No, they’ll know who you are by your costume. Just go around back of the theatre and use the stage entrance. If anyone has any questions just tell them CSI sent you.”

It sounded easy enough. I didn’t have much time. It was almost 6 o’clock and the play started at 7 o’clock. Fortunately the theatre was only a few minutes away by car. Despite my initial reticence at taking this job, I began to feel pretty good about it. And of course I already had my money spent in my mind. I knew exactly what I would buy for my apartment that I had yet to actually live in.

I had to park up the street from the theatre as the main parking lots were for paying patrons only. I took my key and put it on my wristwatch and got out of my car to check the parking meter to see if I was required to pay on a weekend. Fortunately the meters were only required on weekdays. As I was still in front of my car looking at the meter I heard a female voice say, “Well, well, well, look who we have here!”

I turned around and saw three teenaged girls approaching me menacingly.

At first I thought they were going to make fun of my robot body-stocking. “It’s for a play,” I explained. “It’s my costume.”

“Recognize her girls?” the taller girl asked.

“Oh yeah, no mistaking this celebrity.” One replied mockingly.

“Oh, I’m not a celebrity. I’m just filling in for the regular girl. She’s sick tonight.” I explained nervously hoping they had me confused with somebody else. If that regular actress had somehow pissed these girls off I wanted to be sure they knew I wasn’t her. “My name’s Britney.”

“Britney huh,” the tall one said. “Hear that girls, we know her name now.”

I began to get nervous as they proceeded to circle around me. “Look I haven’t done anything to you. I don’t even know who you are. I’m late for my play. I don’t want any trouble here. I’m sure you are mistaking me for somebody else, honest.”

“Hear that? She’s doesn’t know who we are.” the tall one again said sarcastically. “Well, missy, we are from Jefferson High School – Home of the Fighting Panthers. Does that school ring a bell, Hmmm? And we certainly have the right girl, see?” She then held up her cell phone which showed a picture of me naked, pissing on their school mascot!

“Everyone knows who YOU are. You’re picture is all over school,” another girl said.

My heart began to pound and my palms grew sweaty. I tried to run but they had me blocked in. There was no use in denying it was me as they could plainly tell it was – even in my stupid robot get up.

“Look, it wasn’t my idea. Someone forced me to do it.” I said in a panic.

“SURE they did,” the tall one mocked as she grabbed the front of my body stocking tearing it a little.

“Oh look, it tore.” She said chuckling. “Not very well made if it can’t stand a little stress is it?” With that she pulled on the garment all the more causing the tear to widen revealing my left boob.

“She’s not wearing a bra,” another girl said. “I think she LIKES flaunting her body in public.”

“Let’s help her out,” the tall one said. “Get her girls!”

NO WAIT!!!! STOP!!!!” I pleaded to no avail. In a flash I was on the ground with hands all over me ripping here, tearing there. I struggled madly which only seemed to please my attackers. Soon my costume was in shreds and I was naked on the sidewalk. One of the girls took a picture of me laying there next to my torn clothes and said she was going to send it to everyone at her school so that they would know what happens to people who mess with Jefferson High.

They left me naked, whimpering, totally defeated and utterly humiliated. What was I going to do? The play started in a short while and my boss was counting on me. There was no way I could explain the real reason why I was attacked. My boss would think even less of me then. I could always just go home but that would surely jeopardize my job at CSI.

I regained my senses, picked myself up and sat in my car trying to think of what to do. There aren’t many options when one is naked in the middle of downtown!

**My Summer Job - Part 17**

Finally I came up with an idea. I would take my cover sheet, put it over my head and walk to the theatre. It had a screened area at the front of the cover sheet so I could see where I was going so the plan should work. I figured once inside I could look around and find a replacement costume. Surely they had more than one! If not I would find something else to wear.

I draped the garment over my head and headed towards the stage entrance. Upon reaching it I knocked on the door. A man answered it saying, “Yes?”

“I’m from Creative Services, Inc. I’m the . . .”

“Oh the replacement robot, sure come on in!” he said in a welcoming voice as he led me into the darkened backstage area. “Peter, your replacement robot is here.”

“FINALLY!” he said a bit put out. “YOU should have been here an hour ago.” He looked at me for a minute and said, “Are you all clear on what to do?”

“Yes, I think so.”

“What’s your name?” He asked with pen in hand.

“Britney, Britney Adams,” I answered. He wrote it down and called to another man working on the set. “Here, give this to the announcer.” He then led me to the wheeled platform Amy told me about. “Stand here, the play is about to start. When it’s time, you’ll go out on this. Until then just hold your place on this dolly, okay?””

“I understand.” I said as he left me. As soon as he did I began turning my head around seeing if I could spot any wardrobe racks, a trunk or anything that might contain a replacement costume.

I was startled a bit when I heard a loud voice coming over the PA system saying, “Good Evening ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to the Grayson Theatre, home of the Alternative Theatrical Group, your source for leading edge entertainment. Tonight, the role of Betty the Android will be played by Ms. Britney Adams.” Hearing my name announced to the audience as if I were a big celebrity made me feel really important and I swelled up with pride! He then went on to make a few general announcements followed by a loud round of applause. It sounded as though the house was full and that thought made me really nervous! I assumed the play had started because I heard two men speaking dialog loudly on stage. I knew my scene was somewhat early in the play but surely I had time to find something to wear.

Just then a stage hand of some type walked by and I whispered, “Excuse me.”

“Yes miss?” he said as he stopped to see what I wanted.

“Where do they keep the costumes?”

“”Why do you want to know, you’re all ready to go aren’t you?”

“Um, yes, but I need to know where to put mine when I’m through,” I said rather pleased with my impromptu answer.

“Oh, there are a couple of racks back there,” he said pointing behind me. “Just put it on either one of them. Break a leg sweetheart.” He then went about his business.

I slowly turned around on the dolly and, though it was hard to see well because of the darkened nature of the backstage area as well as trying to look through the screened mesh, I finally spotted the racks he was talking about. There were indeed a bunch of items on hangers. I looked carefully and spotted something silvery and thought: that must be it! Another costume!

I looked around to see if anyone was watching me and everyone seemed busy facing the stage exit paying attention to the play. Now was my chance. I carefully stepped off the platform and quietly made my way over to the rack of costumes and began moving them aside one by one looking for that robot costume I thought I had seen. I was sure it was here. I kept frantically looking until I spotted it! There it was; an exact duplicate of my former body-stocking. I was about to slide one last garment over on the rack so I could reach it when someone grabbed my arm, “THERE YOU ARE!” he said in an excited whisper, “YOU’RE ON!!!” he then yanked me away from the rack and quickly ushered me back onto the platform and began rolling me towards the stage entrance.

“WAIT!!!” I whispered in a panic.

“No time . . .” he said as he pushed me right to the edge of the stage curtain. Through the bright lights illuminating the stage I saw an actor in a white lab coat, which I took to be that professor-inventor guy, coming right towards me. “Just wait until you see THIS invention,” he said to the audience as he pushed me to center stage. “You won’t be mocking me any more!”

“Are you sure?” the other actor said as he stood looking at me. “What is it, a new and improved toaster?” The audience laughed as my heart was pounding away. What was I going to do?

“No,” the professor said, “It’s my greatest invention, a life-sized, anatomically correct human android!” With that my covering drape was pulled right off my body in one fell swoop leaving me standing naked before a stunned audience and the actors as well!! There was a collective gasp from the crowd and then the theatre went completely silent. I didn’t know what to do so I just stood there frozen with fear! All those people were looking right at me! I was in the spotlight. All eyes were riveted on my exposed flesh. There was no escaping it.

The other actor recovered enough to continue with his lines. “My, my, it is LIFE-LIKE isn’t it?” he said reaching out and poking his finger on my right breast to which I responded by letting out a little squeal. “Sensitive too,” he added to which everyone in the audience laughed.

I wasn’t sure if he was ad-libbing or if those were his real lines but it was apparent to me the audience thought this was all part of the play.

“Does it work?” the man asked the inventor.

“Does it work, of COURSE it does. It understands English too, watch this. Betty, raise your right leg.”

That was my cue. I had to think, what was I supposed to do? Amy told me but I couldn’t remember. I was starting to feel faint then I remembered and raised my right arm. The audience howled. They thought I was funny.

The professor lowered my arm and said, “Ahem, Betty let’s try this again. RAISE YOUR RIGHT ARM!”

I awkwardly balanced myself and raised my LEG instead of my arm. The audience howled once again. I was enjoying this myself. I was a smash! Then I realized that standing there with my leg raised everyone in the audience, especially those in the first few rows could see right up between my legs!!

I had to hold my pose while the two actors walked around me – the professor with a puzzled look as if he was trying to figure out what was going wrong with his invention and the other actor smiling as if he was saying I told you so! I figured that was all part of the original play – until the friend of the professor made an obvious point of looking right at my crotch while my leg was still raised!! Right there on stage in front of everybody!! He then looked back at the audience, made some kind of gesture which made the crowd laugh hysterically.

“Professor, you really outdid yourself this time. Why she’s got all of her parts reacting just like a real human!” The crowd laughed again. I was sure he was making fun of my vaginal wetness and I blushed horribly.

“Yes, yes,” the professor said. “I modeled her after your wife!” The laughter continued. “But I don’t understand WHY she isn’t working?”

“Probably because you used my wife for inspiration, SHE doesn’t work either!” the man said. Even I laughed at that one but I quickly tried to stifle my smile and remain in character.

The two talked about me and the professor’s other failed inventions as I stood there with my leg still raised. I was so embarrassed and my leg was getting very tired. I was afraid I felt a cramp coming on. I looked about the audience and, to me at least, everyone seemed to be paying attention to my body – NOT the other two actors.

The professor returned to my place and swiveled the dolly around so that my backside was facing the audience. I felt him pinching my skin and poking a few places as if he was pushing some hidden buttons of some kind. If I had the real costume on I was sure there would have actually been buttons to push! Instead all I was doing was letting the crowd now examine my naked butt!

“Everything seems in order,” he finally said and turned the dolly around. He then pushed my leg down and repeated his command, “Betty, Raise your right leg.” I screwed up and did exactly as he said and raised my right then – but then in a panic I remembered I was supposed to do the opposite of what he said so I immediately put it down and raised my arm. I did it in such a hurry that I literally smacked the professor in the face! The audience howled again. Thank heavens they thought my mistake was all part of the act!

“I think she needs some adjusting.” The professor said as he walked over and reached for the covering drape that he had thrown on the stage floor earlier.

The other man walked over to me and interjected, “Uh Professor, I’d be happy to take her home and adjust her knobs for you if you’d like.” He then tweaked my left nipple as if adjusting the volume knob on a radio. The crowd was literally falling over with laughter now and many began to applaud. I on the other hand was mortified. This stranger was fondling my boob in front of hundreds of people and I didn’t even know the man!

“The professor swatted his hand away and said, “No, you would probably break her . . . just like you did to your wife!” Once again I was forced to try and keep from laughing. These guys were hilarious!

The professor threw the drape awkwardly on top of my head and shoulders and pushed me off the stage. As I was leaving I got a huge applause. They LIKED me. They actually liked me!! What a rush.

Back stage several people patted me on the back. “Great job!” many said. While others said, “Why did Peter wait so long to change the script? This is the best show ever!”

Mercifully I felt that I had done my part to make the most of a ad situation and nobody seemed mad at me. I quickly threw the cover over my head and left the theatre just as everyone’s attention returned to the play. I couldn’t wait to get out of there.

On the drive home I couldn’t help but replay the events in my mind and I got so horny I had to take care of business while I was driving. I had never done that before!

Then my mind turned to those Jefferson High Girls. They said everyone at their school knew who I was and if their animosity towards me was any indication I was in for a world of hurt. I KNEW that Tracy taking that picture was a bad idea. I should have put my foot down!!

The following Monday Amy was seated at her desk. She looked quite serious as she called me over. “Britney, what on earth did you do at that play?” she asked. Her tone and demeanor was all official looking. I began to think that she had heard what I had done and appeared naked on stage and she must have thought it reflected badly on her company. Perhaps the director, Peter what’s-his-name complained or something.

“Ah . . . about that . . . well you see . . .”

“Save it sister,” she said firmly. My heart literally stopped beating. Any second now she was going to fire me, I just knew it. Bye-bye apartment, bye-bye respectability in my mom’s eyes.

She looked up at me then smiled and said, “And you said you couldn’t act. They are holding the show over another week and they want you to play Betty the Robot again. Peter told me to tell you not to change a thing. He wants you to do your part just like you did on Saturday!”

“Oh . . . I don’t know what to say.”

“I do,” she said, “You’re going to say you’ll be there.”

I just smiled. If only she knew. If only she knew.

**My Summer Job - Part 18**

Amy paid me my money and I wasted no time after getting off work in heading to the furniture store. I managed to acquire a modest – no make that a cheap, bedroom suite. At last I now owned a bed, a dresser and a couple of night stands. It wasn’t anything to brag about, but it was new and more importantly, it was MINE! It felt good to buy things with my own money.

The store delivered the items the next day and I spent at least an hour sitting in the only furnished room in my new apartment. It felt good! After next Saturday I’d have enough to get some living and dining room stuff and I’d be ready to move in!

The rest of my week at the office was pretty boring, until Friday. That’s when I got a call from Jessica. “Did you see your write-up in the newspaper?” she asked excitedly.

“Write up? What write up?”

“It’s in the Friday Entertainment section. There’s a piece about the play, ‘The Professor Comes Through’ and you’re in the article!”

“I am??!!” I said nearly choking on my words. “What . . . What does it say?”

“Well it says the play is being held over due to tremendous response to last week’s performance. Here I’ll read the best part to you: Phones have been ringing off the hook since last week’s performance. Peter Wiesdale, the show’s director, attributes the unexpected recent popularity of the play in part due to the amazing performance of Betty the Robot played by Britney Adams, a local actress new to the theatre group. Britney unexpectedly stole the show when she appeared nude on stage as a life-like android named Betty the Robot. ‘She definitely has talent,” Wiesdale said of the Ms. Adams. When we announced that she will be reappearing in her role this Saturday ticket sales soared,’ according to the play’s Director. The play is a total sell out. The Alternative Theatre Group is a non-profit organization dedicated to blah, blah, blah . . .” Jessica said cutting the article short.

Holy crap! “This was in the newspaper??!” I asked with my voice breaking.

“Yeah, today’s Entertainment section. There were no pictures of you though. So, what do you think? You didn’t tell me you were an actress! I’m very impressed.”

“Yeah a NAKED one,” I said feeling sorry for myself.

“And you were worried about me sending that picture of you peeing on the Jefferson High mascot! All the while you were appearing on stage naked! What a hoot!”

Little did she know WHY I ended up naked on stage? It was all because of that stupid photo she started on its rounds. I just couldn’t continue talking about this with her. I was too embarrassed. “Say Jess, I’ve got to go. Thanks for letting me know. Bye.” I hung up the phone and stared off into space.

“What’s wrong with you?” Amy asked as she passed my desk. “You look like you’ve seen a ghost or something. You’re color isn’t so good either.”

“Um, to tell the truth, I’m feeling a little sick. Would it be okay if I went home early?”

“Sure I suppose so. You ARE going to make that show tomorrow night aren’t you?” she asked with grave concern.

“Ah, sure I think so. You can count on me.” I said as I gathered up my things. “Maybe it was just something I ate at breakfast.”

“You take care of yourself. I’ll see you tomorrow night.”

“You WILL??!”

“Oh sure, Peter gave me a couple of complimentary tickets, sort of his way of saying thanks for sending you on. I have two for you too if you’d care to invite anyone.” She then handed me the tickets and I thanked her.

My first thought was to try and get to the paper at home and destroy that Entertainment section before my mom saw it. She usually reads the paper first thing in the morning but she doesn’t always finish it right away. Maybe if I was lucky she hadn’t got to that part yet.

I drove along lost in my thoughts when the full realization hit me. My name was in the paper! EVERYONE now knows what I’ll be doing at the theatre tomorrow. They’ll all be expecting to see me naked! Doing it because you were forced to it due to a bad chain of events was one thing, but doing it on your own – on purpose - is quite another! I thought about all the people that might have read about me and wondered what they were thinking. Maybe they would assume it was another Britney Adams and not me.

Who was I kidding? It’s not like I have a common name like John Smith. Of COURSE they’ll assume it was me!! Why couldn’t they have left out that part about me being nude on stage? It would have been a nice little article about my acting skills without mentioning my body.

I tried to comfort myself by saying that lots of female actresses appear nude on film. But I wasn’t one of them! I was just a high school drop out. When will this ever end? Just when I thought things were going my way.

When I walked into the house my mom was surprised to see me. “What’s wrong, Britney, Why are you home so early?”

“I don’t feel well,” I said feigning the look of illness.

“Oh REALLY,” My mom asked skeptically? It was as if she knew exactly why I wasn’t feeling well. Like before I wasn’t going to tip my hat and admit to anything more than I absolutely had to do.

“I’m going to my room and rest awhile. Mind if I take today’s paper with me?” I asked as I picked it up from the coffee table.

“No I’m through with it, help yourself.”

My hand shook a little as I carried it along to my room. It was as if I was carrying a poisonous snake or something. Once inside I shut my door, pounced on my bed and began digging through the paper to find the Entertainment section. It wasn’t there! I checked again and there was no mistake. It wasn’t there.

A feeing of doom came over me as I thought of what I was going to do next. I decided to re-check the living room just to be sure it wasn’t laying about someplace else. My mom caught me rummaging around the room and asked, “Looking for something?”

My legs grew weak at her question. “Ah, have you seen the Entertainment section?”

“Sure,” she said confidently. I looked at her waiting for the other shoe to drop. She finally added, “I gave it to our neighbor Mrs. Winslow. She was looking for a movie to see tonight and asked to borrow it. I can go and get it for you if you would like? I’m sure she’s done with it by now.”

It wasn’t what she said that gave me a little solace but what she DIDN’T say. Besides, there was no sense in tempting fate. “No, that’s okay. That’s what I wanted it for too, but I really don’t feel like going out anyway.”

I returned to my room and stayed there the rest of the day.

The following morning I got a call from Jessica. “Hey girl,” she said sweetly. “I tried like crazy to get two tickets to the show tonight and the paper was right it was sold out! My boyfriend and I really wanted to see it! You work for ATG, any chance of getting a couple of tickets for me? Surely you must have connections somewhere. After all you’re the star!”

“Yeah I’ve got a couple of tickets you can have,” I said, instantly regretting the words as they left my mouth. I couldn’t believe what I had just offered. One of my closest friends was going to see me naked – no wait make that one of my closest friends and her boyfriend were going to see me naked all because I made it possible!! They wouldn’t have even had tickets if I hadn’t opened my big, fat mouth.

“SWEET!” she said almost yelling into the phone. “Troy is going to be so happy! When can I come over and pick them up?”

There was no way I wanted her coming over to my house. She was such a scatterbrain that I was sure she’d inadvertently spill the beans to my mom! “There’s no need to make a special trip over here,” I told her. “I’ll put them in an envelope with your name on it and leave them at the ‘Will Call’ window at the theatre.”

“GREAT!” I can’t WAIT to see you tonight. This is even better than the picture you sent me! Look for me in the audience. I’ll be the one waving at you, okay.”

“Yeah sure . . . Look I’ve got to go. Have fun tonight.” I hung up the phone and thought about how many other people I knew that might have somehow managed to procure tickets to tonight’s performance.

Later that afternoon I showered and paid special attention to my body. I really worked on my hair getting it just right. I even trimmed my pubic hair a little to make it look neat and sharply defined. I was too chicken to shave it off though. There was something about its presence that made me feel less naked than if it were gone.

I picked up my white drape and realized that I could actually dress for the ride over to the theatre. That was weird. Upon arriving I decided to park closer to the theatre just in case those Jefferson High thugs were roaming about. I found a spot pretty close to the front entrance. People were everywhere and the play wasn’t for TWO hours yet.

When I got out of the car I saw why. Scalpers were hawking tickets at three times their face value, and the surprising part was that people were actually PAYING that price. The play surely wasn’t THAT good. They were willing to pay that price, I thought, because of me – getting a chance to see a local girl naked! I wasn’t quite sure what to make of that.

As I approached the theatre I heard someone say, I’ll bet that’s her!” The girl ran up to me and asked excitedly, “Are you Britney Adams? Can I have your autograph?”

At first I was going to deny my own identity but the very idea that someone actually thought of me as a celebrity in my small town was pretty cool. I was always told at home that I was a loser and now suddenly I was popular. Before I could answer a few more people came over and asked for my autograph too.

Taking one girl’s program I asked, “Who do I make it out to?”

“Carole,” she said smiling like a kid on Christmas day.

“To Carole,” I wrote, “Thanks for your support, Britney Adams.” I gave it back to her and she looked at it like it was really something important. I did the same thing a few more times and each person seemed genuinely appreciative. They stayed and asked me a few questions like “was I nervous my first time on stage?” I truthfully answered that I was terrified!

“Do you have any other productions you will be featured in coming up?” one guy asked.

“Nothing firm at present,” I replied. I felt like someone I had seen on TV at a press conference or something. All that was missing, I thought, was the red carpet! (Sorry I have an over-active imagination, I know but I truthfully was feeling like a real actress just then and I was eating it up. Yes I know it was just a local community theatre production but it as all new to me!)

I finally excused myself saying that I had to get backstage.

Once I was admitted through the stage entrance, Peter greeted me warmly. I wasn’t sure what he had thought of my stunt the last time we had met. There was a time I even thought he had lodged a complaint about me with my boss. Ah, what the sound of money will do to one’s perception. Success breeds success I had always heard and his play was certainly now successful.

He put his arm around me and ushered me forward, “Let’s get those clothes off and get you into make-up. We didn’t do that the last time and the glare was atrocious!”

His words struck home. I hadn’t thought about being naked backstage. I had just figured I go into a restroom, strip off and cover-up like last time waiting for my turn on stage.

**My Summer Job - Part 19**

Peter took me in front of a stool and called a stagehand over. “Take good care of Ms. Adam’s clothes, will you Bob?”

“Yes sir, Mr. Weisdale.” He said and looked at me eagerly waiting for me to strip. Being naked in front of a crowd is awkward but having to strip naked while someone watches you not two feet away is downright awful – especially of it’s a GUY!

There was no way around it. I couldn’t act all modest now, not after my last exposure during the play. I reluctantly unbuttoned my top and handed it to the stagehand followed by my slowly unzipping my jeans and sliding them down to the floor – all under the ever-watchful eye of Bob of course. That stupid grin on his face didn’t help matters either. For his part he meticulously folded each garment and held them gently while awaiting my next article of covering. I pulled off my socks and shoes and gave them to him. There was nothing left but my bra and panties. I swallowed a bit trying to ease the dryness in my mouth that had suddenly developed and unsnapped the hook on my bra and let if fall into my hands exposing my breasts for the first time. My panties slowly followed. I’m not sure which was worse, standing there naked in front of this man or watching him manhandle my underwear. Strangers aren’t supposed to paw all over something so intimate. I was sure I’d go home without my panties on. Not after he touched them like that!

Peter returned with a handsome lady carrying a wooden case of some sort. “This is Chantal. She is our make-up artist.” He explained as she set up her stuff. “Work your magic babe.” With that he left leaving me uncomfortably sitting on the stool.

She smiled politely and looked me over. “You really need to get out in the sun more,” she said as she applied her brush to some make-up powder. “You will be challenge,” she said. “If I fix your face, the rest of you will still be as white as a ghost! I don’t have THAT much powder to do all of you!” she said giggling. “Normally this isn’t such an issue because the actors are wearing costumes, but not you, eh?” I blushed a little bit and kept silent.

She worked on my hair and face, carefully putting a lot of thought into what she was doing. I could tell she was really experienced at this sort of thing. Under different circumstances I could learn a lot from her.

She had no sooner finished when Peter came back with a gentleman and two women in tow. “Everyone, This Britney Adams,” he said waving his arm flamboyantly in my direction. “These are reporters, Britney,” he started to explain when the gentleman cleared his throat and interrupted him by saying, “Theatre Critics, Peter.”

Peter quickly corrected himself and left me with those people so they could ask me questions about my experiences, expectations, my goals and the like. I had initially reached for my cover drape to hold in front of me but Peter snatched it away calling out for bob to quickly iron the thing as it was hopelessly wrinkled. So much for protecting what was left of my modesty!

As I stood there talking more and more people began arriving and milling about. Naturally they all focused their attention on me at one time or another, even if just to stop by and say hi or wish me well. To say I was uneasy would be an understatement.

About ten minutes before show time I saw a familiar face walking towards me. “Amy!” I called out almost dreading our interaction.

“So . . . I heard all about what happened last week from Peter.”

“You did?” I replied cautiously.

“Yes, and I must say I underestimated your initiative. That was pretty clever thinking on your part.”

“It was?”

“How in the world did you ever figure out that this play wasn’t doing that well and come up with a plan all on your own to make it more successful?”

“Um . . . it was rather unexpected,” I stammered.

Amy smiled and gave me a hug. “I’m definitely going to have to give you some more challenging assignments. Up till now I didn’t think you were capable of handling such things. But I see I was mistaken. Anyone who would put the client’s need above their own modesty certainly deserves my respect. Heck of a job, honey.” She then released her embrace and said, “Break a leg.”

As I watched her leave I wondered why so many people wished me harm by telling me to break a leg, like I needed something else to worry about? It was hard enough to maintain my balance on that stupid dolly without worry about breaking a bone to boot!

My mind was jostled back to the present when I heard the announcer say, Good Evening Ladies and Gentlemen. Welcome to Grayson Theatre – home of the Alternative Theatre Group. Tonight the part of Betty the Robot will be played by Ms. Britney Adams.” I nearly fell over when I heard the resounding applause lasting several minutes, preventing the announcer from speaking. Now I was really nervous! They applauded just because they heard my name! What on earth were they expecting when they saw me act??!!

While the play went on I mentally tried to remember what I had done the week before – raise leg is really raise arm. It was all so complicated. How on earth did real actresses do this stuff seemingly so effortlessly?

All too soon a stagehand gave me my hood and helped me on the platform. My heart raced wildly, but for a different reason this week. Last time I was worried about my nudity. This week I was worried about not only my nudity but about screwing up my part. Could I duplicate my success in front of a different audience? Last time my exposure was unexpected. This time everyone knew it was coming. The pressure was almost unbearable.

Then I saw the professor coming towards me as he uttered those fateful words, “Just wait until you see THIS invention.” There was no going back, I was committed now.

Like before he wheeled me onto the stage and uttered the same dialog about not be ridiculed any more and suddenly my drape was whisked away leaving me once again exposed. Like last time there was a collective gasp from the crowd – even though they KNEW what was coming, they still seemed to be caught off guard. Only the two actors on stage seemed better prepared.

They went through the exact same lines as the week prior as I gazed out into the crowd. I spotted Jessica and her boyfriend Troy sitting several rows back. Man did he seem to be enjoying himself. I wondered what Jessica was thinking by letting him see another girl his age naked? She must really feel secure in her relationship with him, I thought.

I did all my cues and limb lifting correctly and got the expected laughter which made me feel quite at ease. The actors added a few lines here and there which were also well received. I guessed that Peter must have added a few things to prolong my presence on the stage giving the audience what they wanted – a longer chance to ogle my body.

During this time I continued to scan the faces of those watching me. I saw a few people I knew but mostly they were all strangers. I found Amy and she gave me a thumbs up when she saw me looking at her. The audience was mostly a younger crowd and there were a lot more men than women, not that THAT should surprise me.

When the professor turned me around and poked at my back he seemed to be speaking a lot more lines than before and had me raise my leg again while facing away. He even told me to stand up straighter. That was a new command and I didn’t know what to do so I bent over at the waist giving rise to hilarious laughter from the audience. I realized all too late that was a dumb thing to do as my private space between my legs was now quite obvious to those in the first few rows!

When he straightened me up and turned me back around I noticed Tracy and Anna off to my left. I hadn’t seen them sitting there before. I wondered what they thought of all this and how in the world they actually got tickets to this play! It was only in the paper yesterday and it said it was already a sold-out event! It must have been just a coincidence, I surmised as they couldn’t have known I was going to be in the play. I bet they were shocked to hear my name called out by the announcer at the start of the play as playing the part of Betty the Robot. After seeing me like this I wondered what this would mean for me on my final night of humiliation that I still owed them.

I saw the professor pick up my garment and prepare to push me off the stage. At last I was almost through!

I’m not sure why but for some reason something caught my eye to my right and I glanced over in that direction. I almost fainted straight away at the sight before me. My skin got clammy, I suddenly felt hot all over and my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth. Sitting there in the front row was none other than . . . MY MOM!!!

The professor pushed me off the stage and the play continued. For my part once backstage I fell down on the dolly and sat there mentally and emotionally exhausted. My MOM of all people had just seen me expose myself to hundreds of people. All my hard work was for naught! I was done for now.

I hardly noticed how fast the play went as I just sat there naked on the dolly and felt sorry for myself. It was over before I knew it. There were no curtain calls. The house lights just went up to sustained applause and that was it.

Before I had a chance to realize that I should have gotten dressed people began gathering backstage. I was congratulated many times. Even Peter said I was better this week than last. Everyone was happy but me.

As the crowd slowly dwindled, I saw Amy walking towards me with Tracy and Anna. What the . . . ? I thought to myself.

The girls all expressed their admiration for a job well done. As they stood talking to me I began to think that my boss and my tormentors might know each other somehow. Or worse, that the girls might have said something compromising to my boss. Perhaps this was all a mind game the two of them were playing just to keep me under their control. After all they knew how much I feared getting in trouble at work. That had to be it! They must have introduced themselves to my boss in the theatre and just casually walked backstage together hoping their presence would solidify their power. Well it wasn’t going to work. When this was all done I was going to stand up for myself with those two. I’d even beat the crap out of them if I had to in order to protect my job.

Then you could have knocked me over with a ton of bricks when I heard my boss Amy ask: “So Tracy, are you disappointed you didn’t take this role when I first offered it to you?”

“What the . . . you mean you KNOW each other?” I asked incredulously.

Amy looked at me with kindness and said, “Of course, Tracy and Anna have worked for me for several months now.”

I just stood there totally shocked. My mouth was opening but no words were coming out. I was mad at those two for making me do all that stuff when they knew . . . but that didn’t make sense . . . I was so confused.

Amy must have sensed my frustration so she sat me down and explained, “I’m sorry if this seems cruel to you. When I hired you, I knew you had heart and would probably make a good employee but you had one main obstacle that I knew would prevent you from reaching your potential – you were way too uptight about your body.”

“But I don’t understand,” I said.

 “I talked it over with your friends here and they agreed with me that you would do well if you just improved your self-esteem. Your body image was terrible. So, together we concocted this plan of blackmail if you will, to help you get over your problem.”

“BUT WHY???? Do you know what you put me through??”

“Again I’m sorry but there just wasn’t time. Summer is my busy season and I just couldn’t wait a year or two to find out if you had what it takes. It was important that I found out quickly and this seemed to be the best way to do it in the shortest amount of time. Of course I thought it would take at LEAST another night at the hands of these two to make a final determination. But you really surprised me by taking the initiative and appearing in this play nude. That wasn’t in our plan. You did THAT all on your own and I’m proud of you!”

It all began to make sense now. Amy had no idea what had happened to me at the hands of those Jefferson High students. I guess I owed them a debt of gratitude. I understood how Tracy and Anna got their tickets to the play so fast too. Amy gave them two of her complimentary tickets.

“I . . . I don’t now what to say.”

“Well for starters just tell me whether you want to keep working for CSI.” She said plainly.

“Sure I do,” I quickly replied. My apartment was still very important to me and, after all, because of CSI I was a celebrity of sorts. I DID really like hearing all that applause when people heard my name.

“Good,” Amy said. “I just need to know one more thing. You don’t hold any grudges against Tracy and Anna do you? You’ll be working together from time to time and I don’t want to have to deal with any interpersonal issues.”

“Um . . . I really should be pissed at both of you . . . but I understand. No hard feelings,” I said as I gave them each a hug.

“Great. On Monday I’ll discuss with you some of the jobs I think you’d do well at. What you’ve done so far is nothing compared to what lies ahead.”

“Okay . . .” I said nervously. I wasn’t sure what that meant but I was game to find out.

“By the way, are you coming to the cast party?” Anna asked.

“Cast Party?”

“Yes. It’s at Peter’s house. When a play closes it’s customary for the director to hold a cast party to thank the cast members for all their hard work.’ Tracy explained.

“Sounds like fun. I’m in.” I replied. I could use a little party to pick me up.

“You know what would be fun?” Anna asked with a sly grin.

“What?” Amy inquired.

“It would be awesome if Britney attended the party naked. I mean after all that WAS her costume in the play!”

I was about to protest when I saw Amy looking at me awaiting my reply. I didn’t want to disappoint her so I feigned enthusiasm and said, “SURE, why not!” This was going to be a truly memorable summer to be sure!

“SWEET!” Amy said excitedly. “I’m parked just outside.”

As we all left arm in arm I only had one LITTLE problem to deal with – my mom!!!!

**My Summer Job – Part Twenty**

The party went by all too fast. Yes my only attire was my birthday suit but apart from a few exceptions the attendees were just the same small cast and crew I knew from the theatre. I did, however, do something I normally didn’t do at parties – I had a drink. Well, actually, several drinks. It seemed to take the edge off. Everyone seemed to have a great time but my mind was focused on my mom. I couldn’t shake that feeling of doom that overshadowed the entire evening. My mom had seen her good little girl naked. What am I talking about, she saw her good little girl exposing herself to a huge crowd of people.

My mind ran through all the possible things I could say to explain myself. “It’s all part of acting,” or “I was just doing my job. There was nothing lewd about it.” Who was I kidding? She wouldn’t buy any of that stuff. I could hear her now, “I told you that you would never amount to anything and see you turned out to be nothing but a street-walking floozy.”

I decided that it was a good thing that I already had my apartment. I could just move in there after she threw me out of the house. At least I had a bedroom set.

When the party ended Tracy surprised me by giving me a brown paper bag. “What’s this?” I asked.

“It’s your clothes, silly. That guy over there said to give these to you. He figured you’d need them so he brought them to the party from the theatre.”

I looked over and recognized him as Bob, the stagehand, the man who helped me get ready for the play. I nodded my thanks to him across the yard as he raised his beer and smiled appreciatively. I went into Peter’s house and got dressed, said my farewells and left.

On the drive home I was so depressed I didn’t think I could get any lower. I decided that there wasn’t anything I could do about it anyway and I was committed to keeping my job so she would just have to accept it and get over it.

When I opened the front door I got the shock of my life! The living room was full of our neighbors. There must have been 40 of them all looking at me.

“There she is!” my mom said enthusiastically, “my little Off-Broadway star!”

“Huh?”

My mom came up to me and put her arm around me and led me into the room with pride. Everyone applauded appreciatively.

“What’s going on?” I murmured.

“Why it’s a little celebration party,” my mom explained. “When I told everyone about you appearing in the play and they read your write-up in the paper they just had to congratulate you.”

“You mean you’re not . . . you aren’t . . . mad?”

“Mad? Why what on earth for? I’ve been telling all our neighbors that you had a really important job downtown and then when I saw you on stage getting all that applause I was so proud!”

“What was it like appearing on stage nude?” old Mrs. Crenshaw asked bluntly. “Were you scared?”

“A little bit,” I said trying not to dwell on the subject.

“Well I couldn’t have done it, not that anyone would want to see my old wrinkled up body!” she commented dryly as everyone laughed.

“Ethyl and I tried to get tickets to your play but it was all sold out,” Mr. Hampton said disappointedly. “Sure would have liked to have seen it!”

“Um . . . sorry about that,” I replied as if it was somehow my fault.

Mrs. Smith spoke up in a loud voice, “You know I was about to call the cops the other night when I saw you getting out of a car naked. I was never so shocked in all my life. It’s a good thing I didn’t. I had no idea that you were probably just coming home from rehearsal or something! Imagine how silly I’d feel getting our local star busted!”

Everyone laughed at her silly remark while I just felt a wave of relief. She must have seen me with Tracy and Anna when they stole my clothes and left me stranded in the middle of the street! Man was I ever glad she didn’t call the cops! I mean at that time I wasn’t even IN the play. I looked over at my mom and Mrs. Smith’s comment obviously caught her off guard and I could tell she wasn’t pleased. Onstage nudity must have been okay with her but running about town naked surely wasn’t. That apartment of mine was beginning to look better all the time.

It was late and I was tired. It was the wee hours of the morning – well past these old Geezers’ bedtimes anyway. Just then someone came running into the house all excited. “Look it is out! The morning paper has an article about the play!”

The man handed several copies out to the assembled guests as my mom read aloud, “The encore performance of the Alternative Theatre Group’s ‘The Professor Comes Through’ was a smashing success.

Once again Britney Adams, playing the part of Betty the Robot, gave a command performance and literally stole the show. Her genuine sense of comedic timing and her appealing form set the tempo for the rest of the play.”

My mom paused to bask in her pride at reading such high praise about her daughter in the local newspaper. She then continued, “The town has needed something like this to elevate the status of the performing arts for a long time. Congratulations to Britney Adams for having the courage to accept this role and to Peter Wiesman for his bold initiative in taking a dull script and elevating it to new heights. This critic hopes to see more such daring-do in future productions. The audience voted with their ticket stubs demonstrating unequivocal support for a theatre group that has yet to distinguish itself, until now.”

Everyone seemed pleased. I NEVER would have imagined that my mom would react the way she did. I guess things just have a way of working out. It was a little weird discussing my nudity on stage with my neighbors though. I kept worrying that they were looking at me trying to imagine what I must have looked like on stage without clothes.

The following Monday I was expecting Amy to put me to work on some special project in light of our recent conversation at the theatre but it was just business as usual. After work I took my special check to the bank, cashed it and headed right for the furniture store. I bought a table and chairs for my dining room and a small couch and as luck would have it they delivered that night. My place was beginning to look like a home.

As I was standing on my small porch looking out over the parking lot, a girl next door spotted me and introduced herself. “Hi, I’m Wendy. I guess were neighbors, huh?”

Wendy was a student at the University and seemed very outgoing. I invited her over and we chatted for quite a while. She just assumed I was attending University as well. I was almost ashamed to tell her that I dropped out of high school. Normally I would never volunteer such personal information like that but Wendy seemed to have a way of worming her way into a person’s life and getting it out of you. She wasn’t judgmental at all, just nosey, if that makes any sense. I was going to have to watch myself around her.

I went home and carefully informed my mom that I was going to move into a place of my own. She took the news much as I had expected. She was disappointed but understood that I had to leave the nest eventually especially since I was now successfully employed. Over the next few days I gradually moved my meager belongings to my new apartment.

On Friday, my boss Amy informed me that I would be working a car show at Jacob’s Field on Saturday along with Tracy and Anna. “Now I’m going to take you at your word,” she said, “about having no hard feelings towards these two.”

“I’m okay with them. I’m just happy to get to do another special event,” I reassured her.

“I’m glad to hear that. Like your last event I expect that you will use your initiative to make this event a success for our client.”

I knew she what she was talking about when she mentioned “my initiative” and a chill ran over my skin. “What is this show?”

“Every year during the summer, several car dealers come together to hold a giant inventory clearance sale before the new models come in. They all assemble at the sports center each vendor bringing their own selection of new cars. By holding this event away from each car dealer’s own lot they draw a much bigger crowd and sell a lot of vehicles. It’s sort of a carnival atmosphere with hot dogs, balloons and stuff.”

“Makes sense to me. What do we have to do?”

“This year, CSI has two clients actually. Tracy and Anna will be working for Platinum Motors, the major Ford dealership here and you will be assisting Deluxe Imports.”

“Deluxe Imports? I’ve never heard of them.”

“I can understand why,” Amy explained. “They’re new in town. They sell a car called the Catahoula.”

“Huh?”

“A Catahoula, that’s a relatively new import from Bolivia. It’s basically a low-end starter car. They’re supposed to be really fuel efficient and great for college kids as it has some wild sound system that comes standard. Other than that I don’t know much about them. Your job is to attract attention of the public to their show area so they can hawk their wares.”

“Seems simple enough,” I replied.

“Be here tomorrow at 8 o’clock in the morning and I’ll give you a better run down and take you and the girls to Jacob’s Field.”

Oh boy, I thought, here we go again. I wonder what I'll have to do at a car show of all things? Don't tell me - I'm sure it will involve some skin!!!

The End.