My story

Chapter 1

I’ve always been a bit of an exhibitionist. Even going back to junior high school, I opted for skirts over jeans and took every opportunity to let the boys (and girls) get a glimpse of my panties. In high school I wore my skirts just as short as I could get away with. I learned a little trick where I would push my skirt down as low as I could get it on my hips, making it seem longer and throw a sweater over my outfit. Only once or twice did Mom make me change out of a skirt because it was too short. If she saw how I really wore them she would have never let me out of the house in them. I grew up in a small town and Mom would have died if she knew how I was really dressing.  
  
By the time I was a senior in high school I had developed quite a reputation. I always sat like a proper young lady at home, knees together or legs crossed at all times. Home was about the only place I did this, though. At school I was always keeping my legs a little bit apart. People thought I was careless, or maybe a little eccentric, but everyone knew what color my panties were. Most people thought I was a slut but the boys that I went out with knew I was a tease. I was still a virgin on graduation day. I had only let a couple boys feel me up and the closest I got to having sex was with one special guy who I let see me completely naked. Sex for us was getting naked, him feeling me up, and me giving him a handjob. We dated for about 4 months and did this just about every weekend. He wanted to go further but I didn’t let him.  
  
While I loved showing my underwear to everyone, I didn’t know that what a turn-on it was to be embarrassed and vulnerable until just before graduation. With a couple weeks left of school I was sitting around with a bunch of girls. Julie was the new kid and my next door neighbor. I didn’t know her very well. She had transferred to our school halfway through senior year. Her parents were both executives for a big company and traveled a lot. Julie had an au pair that lived in with them and she took care of Julie during her parents frequent business trips. Anyway, we were sitting around thinking about what to do and someone suggested going to the local deli. A couple of the girls didn’t have any money so they didn’t want to go.  
  
“Well, maybe the slut can spread her legs and get the guy to give us some free Cokes or something. How about it Amy, you spread your legs everywhere. Will you flash for some Cokes so we can go to the deli?” Julie taunted. Everyone laughed and I blushed. I couldn’t explain it but I was getting aroused by Julie’s taunting. “You could take your panties off and we’ll get free Cokes for sure,” she continued. Everyone was laughing and teasing me. I found myself wanting to do it.  
  
“What, you think I’m just going to go ask the guy at the deli if we can have free Cokes if I let him look up my skirt? Just like that?”   
  
“Sure, why not?” Julie said, laughing. Everyone got quiet as they realized that I hadn’t said “no” to this idea. I was getting very horny and was hoping Julie would push this. She did. “I’ll ask the guy if you’re willing to put on the show. How’s that?” she said. All eyes were on me. I couldn’t claim that I was too modest. I had my legs open most of the time anyway and never minded who saw it.  
  
“OK, I’ll do it but you have to ask the guy,” I said. Everyone laughed. I was so turned on.  
  
“Great, let’s go to the deli!” Julie said. “You should probably take your undies off before we get there, though.”  
  
“Huh?” I hadn’t agreed to take my panties off. I had never flashed my bare pussy to anyone. Everyone was looking at me like I had agreed to this. “I have to take my panties off?” I asked.  
  
“Of course, silly. The guy has probably already seen your panties, anyway. Everyone in this town has. Why would he give us free Cokes for that?” Julie was the ring leader but my 3 other friends were pitching in with her and they all expected me to do this. And I was so horny at this point. So, I agreed and we all climbed into a car and headed for the deli.  
  
Soon I found myself in the back seat of a car with my 4 friends. I was in the middle and had one leg on either side of the hump thing on the floor. I was wearing a very short skirt and my panties were now in the front seat. Julie was up front in the passenger seat. When she turned to look in the back seat she was looking right between my spread legs.   
  
“You might want to blot before we go into the deli,” Julie said. I was so embarrassed! This whole thing had made me wet and now my friends were talking about my wet pussy. You could see my pubic hair glistening from the moisture. I couldn’t think about anything but how horny this was making me. It just got worse when Julie passed my panties back and I used them to wipe away the moisture between my legs. Everyone was laughing at me.  
  
Julie handled the negotiations at the deli and really embarrassed me. She offered the guy a view of my pussy for the Cokes. I had to lift my skirt to prove to him that I was naked underneath. Then Julie selected a seat for me where the deli guy could see me and became the self-appointed judge of how far apart my legs should be. We were there for an hour with the guy looking at me every chance he got. And my friends, led by Julie, of course, teased me unmercifully about whoring for Cokes all the way home. They dropped me off at my house and I was inside before I realized that Julie still had my panties.  
  
I was so horny I masturbated as soon as I got home. I had the best orgasm of my life thinking about what had happened. I had never shown off like that before and the teasing and embarrassment provided by Julie was so hot. After dinner I masturbated again. Around 8:00 I called Julie and asked her if I could come over to get my panties. She laughed and told me to come on over. I was out the door right away. I couldn’t wait to see her again.  
  
Julie’s au pair answered the door. She was a pretty girl and I later learned that she was 19 years old. Julie’s parents were both out of town and I was surprised that such a young girl was Julie’s adult supervision. Julie was 17 and I had just turned 18 a few days ago. The au pair was just a little bit older than we were! She invited me in and offered me a seat in the living room while she told Julie I was there. Julie came down and sat down.  
  
“So Amy, it’s unusual to see you sitting with your knees locked together,” Julie said with a laugh. I blushed. I didn’t want to sit like I normally did since I was still not wearing panties. Julie wouldn’t get off the subject, though, and soon I had my knees about a foot apart. Julie noticed immediately that I wasn’t wearing underwear and she laughed at me. I could feel myself getting aroused again. I asked her if we could go up to her room and talk. I wanted to talk about this afternoon but I didn’t want her au pair overhearing the conversation.  
  
“Sure, we can go to my room, but first I want to do something. Don’t move a muscle, ok?” I nodded and she smiled at me. “Estelle!” she called out. I froze. The au pair came into the room and there I was in a short skirt, no underwear, and my legs spread. Estelle laughed when she saw me.  
  
“This must be the girl that was showing her twat for Cokes at the deli!” she laughed and Julie laughed with her. I was mortified. “I hope you had her legs spread further apart than that in the deli! All you can really see is pubic hair,” Estelle said. She looked directly at me. “If you want to show off sweetie you should shave that forest you have growing down there. Julie told her we were going up to her room and up we went.  
  
The next hour was surreal. We sat on Julie’s bed and talked about the afternoon. Julie made sure I was on display the whole time and I confessed to her how horny I had been during and after my exhibition. I told her how I loved the feeling of being embarrassed and how her imagination and creativity had pushed me over the edge. I found myself telling her I wanted her to help me create embarrassing situations and I wanted to really show myself off. She listened to me ramble on, nodding and smiling the whole time. Finally I ran out of things to say.  
  
“So, what you’re saying is you want to be my personal Barbie doll? I can dress you up and pose you just like my Barbie doll? And you want me to embarrass you?” Julie asked. It sounded awful when she put it like that but that was exactly what I was asking her to do. She got up and went into her closet and came back with a Barbie doll. She held it up to my face and laughed at me. “Know how I like my Barbie dolls?” she asked. She was stripping the doll as she asked this. I sat mesmerized while she took Barbie’s dress off and held the naked doll up for me to see. “Come on, Amy doll, strip!” My hands were shaking as I took off my skirt, blouse, and bra.

Part 2  
  
I stood there naked in front of Julie. She laughed at me. “This is kinda cool! Are you embarrassed?”  
  
“Embarrassed and horny!” I answered.  
  
“Well, don’t get carried away with this, Amy doll. I’m not your girlfriend…I’m not sure I’m even your friend. I had fun embarrassing you today and I’m going to enjoy doing it tomorrow and the next day, but remember that I’ll be laughing at you, not with you. If we do this we’re going to do it my way. If it’s fun for me I’ll keep doing it but I’m not responsible for you. I’m not going to watch out for you or protect you, I’m just going to embarrass you. You decide for yourself if you want to continue, got it?” Julie lectured me. Somehow knowing she wasn’t my friend or looking out for my best interests made this all even more exciting. I told her I understood her.  
  
“Now, I think I know a way to make this a little more embarrassing for you,” Julie laughed. As she spoke she tugged at my pubic hair. I froze for a minute, knowing what was coming. I instantly decided that I would shave it all off. I didn't wait for her to tell me to do it, I volunteered to do it as soon as I got home.  
  
“Oh, why wait? Go find Estelle and tell her what you want to do. I’m sure she can get all the supplies you need,” Julie said with a smirk.  
  
I blushed from head to toe. I couldn’t believe I was going to go tell a complete stranger I wanted to shave my pubic hair and ask for supplies. I couldn’t deny the rush I was feeling from this humiliating order, though. “Do you have a robe I can borrow or should I just get dressed?” I asked.  
  
“Neither, sweetie, just go as you are. Nobody is home but Estelle and my parents are both out of town. I’m sure Estelle will understand that you can’t shave your pussy with your clothes on,” Julie said laughing at me. I can’t really describe what was going on in my head as I left Julie’s bedroom stark naked to find Estelle. I can describe what was going on between my legs, though. I was soaking wet!  
  
Estelle didn’t seem all that surprised to see me. She just seemed amused. I was so embarrassed I could barely speak and when I finally did manage to tell her what I wanted she laughed and told me to follow her. She rummaged around in the bathroom on the main floor and handed me two fresh disposable razors, scissors, a hand mirror, some shaving gel, and some aloe lotion. “Do come back and show me when you’re done, OK?” she said chuckling. I agreed and headed back to Julie’s room. I didn’t want to think about the impression I had made on Estelle.  
  
When I got near Julie’s room I heard her laughing. I walked in to find her on the phone. “…here she is now with an armload of supplies to shave her pussy. Yes, she is…naked as can be. She is! Look, I’ll prove it.” Julie pointed the phone at me and it flashed. Shit! She just took my picture. “Ok, here it comes. You’ll see I wasn’t lying…yeah, come on over…Estelle will let you in. Ok…bye,” She clicked the phone closed.  
  
“Before you start, Amy doll, run down and tell Estelle we’re expecting company and ask her to let them in when they get here,” Julie said.  
  
“Company? Who were you talking to? And who did you just send my picture to? I don’t think I want you taking naked pictures of me? Please don’t send it to anyone else, OK? And who’s coming here?” I blurted out everything without giving Julie a chance to answer. She just waved my questions away.  
  
“Go tell Estelle there are people coming over and then get up here and start shaving. All you need to know is this will be embarrassing for you. Do it or you can go home now and our little game is over. I’m not going to bother with you if you’re going to refuse to do everything I ask. What’s it going to be?”  
  
I put the shaving supplies down and told Estelle about the company coming over. She giggled and told me she’d take care of it. “Be careful shaving! You don’t want to cut yourself down there!” she shouted at me as I headed back up the stairs.  
  
I ran some water in the tub and while it was filling I sat over the toilet and trimmed my pubic hair as short as I could get it. Julie watched and snapped another picture of me with her phone. I wanted to stop her from taking pictures but I was so horny I wasn’t thinking straight. The picture of me trimming myself was vulgar! I had my legs spread wide and both hands by my crotch. And I was wet! Finally I finished with the scissors and got in the tub. It took about 15 minutes to shave all the hair. Julie snapped two more pictures while I was doing it. I will never understand why, but I just let her photograph me. I didn’t even complain. Julie left the room and I finished up with the shaving and spread the aloe over my now hairless crotch. When I was done I looked in the mirror and a wave of embarrassment came over me. I looked like I was 10 years old! I’m not a large girl and I have small breasts (b cup, if you must know) and without my pubic hair I looked like a child. Julie was right about shaving making my nudity more embarrassing.   
  
As I walked into the bedroom I saw Julie on the phone again. “…yes, she’ll be totally naked…yes, she’s standing here right now….no, Estelle will answer the door…oh, OK, I suppose that would be embarrassing…OK, I’ll have her do it…OK, see you when you get here….bye,” She looked at me and whistled. I blushed and she chuckled. “Before you even think about it…don’t ask. You’ll find out who is coming when you let them in the door. Go show Estelle your new look and tell her you’ll get the door when our company comes.”  
  
I was speechless but so turned on. I couldn’t believe how much my life had changed in the last few hours. I did as instructed and found Estelle. She complimented me on my shaving job and agreed that I looked 10 years old. I told her I would answer the door so she need not bother. “Are you getting dressed or are you answering the door like that?” she asked. That question brought me back to reality and the enormity of what I was about to do hit me like a ton of bricks. Estelle laughed when I couldn’t answer the question. “I think I’ll have to stick around and watch this.”  
  
Julie came downstairs and she and Estelle discussed my shave job and my body like I wasn’t there. I was squirming around from the intense arousal but kept quiet. “It looks like she’s ready to start fingering herself right here in front of us,” Estelle said.   
  
“Oh, it’s a bit early for that but I’m sure she’ll be doing that later on,” Julie said. There was an awkward silence and then the doorbell rang. Both girls looked at me and I wanted to die right on the spot. The hardest thing I ever did in my life was open that door. When I opened the door I was conscious of flashes going off in front of me and behind me. I had been photographed nude again!

Chapter 3  
  
That night was the most embarrassing night of my life! Julie had managed to let everyone in our circle of friends know I was naked and they should come over to see. My closest friends, some of them with boyfriends that I didn’t know, and a couple of boys, one of them with a girlfriend that I didn’t like, all saw me spend several hours as the only naked person in the room. I couldn’t just tell everyone that I had let Julie intentionally embarrass me. I had to act like it was my choice and preference to be naked. That made it so much more embarrassing for me.   
  
I learned a few things that night that could only be learned by being the only naked girl in a room full of dressed people. First, I learned that people will feel like its OK to stare. I learned that every one seems to have a camera phone and that people with camera phones will take your picture a lot. I learned that people will openly discuss your body if you’re the only one naked. This is not such a good thing if you have b-cup titties and look like you’re 14 without pubic hair. I also learned that people with clothes will act superior to you when you’re naked. I learned that if you sit with your legs spread, showing off your panties all the time, your friends will expect you to sit like that when you’re naked, too (blush). I also learned that all of this made me terribly horny. Finally, I learned that Julie is very creative. She always managed to start little conversations about me as if I was a piece of meat and then just move on. She seemed to be able to bring a conversation about any subject back to naked me.  
  
I was so horny I couldn’t think straight. I should have been concerned with all the camera phones pointed at me but all I could think about was if I could sneak out for a few minutes and masturbate. I thought about just going into the bathroom and getting myself off but I realized I’d need about 15 minutes to get off and compose myself before I could walk back into the room naked. I asked Julie if there was someplace I could go to masturbate. She just laughed at me and suggested standing on the coffee table in the living room would be a great place. I declined her offer but I only got more aroused thinking about what she suggested.   
I would never live it down, of course, if I just hopped up on the table and started fingering myself. I managed to keep my hands off myself for the two hours or so everyone was over at Julie’s house. I am sure a lot of the people there could tell how excited I was.  
  
Since it was a school night the party broke up pretty early. I couldn’t wait to get home and relieve myself. Unfortunately, Julie had other ideas and, after every one had left, Julie, Estelle, and I sat around talking about the experience. Both girls teased me about the show I had put on and how I had added to my reputation. I guess being naked all night would make people believe I was a slut but I hadn’t done anything slutty other than that. It wasn’t like I was giving blow jobs or letting people screw me. I pointed that out and both girls just laughed. Estelle said, “Maybe next time.”  
  
After a little while Julie announced she was going to bed. “See you at school tomorrow, Amy-doll,” she said. I was disappointed that she hadn’t given me some instructions for embarrassing myself at school the following day. At that point I was so horny I would have agreed to anything. As it turned out, I skipped school the following day, anyway. I stayed up pretty late masturbating and still couldn’t get to sleep. I told my Mom I wasn’t feeling well. She wanted to take me to the doctor but I convinced her I’d be OK and she went to work. I was naked and playing with myself before her car was out of the driveway. Aside from sending a long e-mail to Julie, all I did all day long was masturbate.  
  
My e-mail to Julie was long. I thanked her profusely for providing such an erotic experience. I let her know that I had spent hours masturbating and thinking about it. I was so appreciative. After all, I had been showing myself off for years and never did anything so blatant before. She engineered the most arousing exhibitionist experience of my life so easily. I wanted more and I told her so. In fact, I told her I’d do just about anything she thought up. I talked about practical limits, like I wasn’t about to walk naked into a police station or anything, but I told her that I would never use the excuse that something was “too embarrassing” or “too humiliating”. I also said I wouldn’t refuse anything without a discussion. I wanted to be her Amy-doll and I wanted her to make me feel like I did last night. I encouraged her to be mean and cruel to me. I masturbated a couple times while composing the e-mail. Finally, I was sated and I took a nap.   
  
I woke up around 1:00 in the afternoon. I was feeling much better after my nap. I was also no longer horny beyond belief. I dressed in a skirt and a t-shirt, not bothering with underwear since I wasn’t planning to go out. Reality began to set in and I started thinking about what all my friends must be thinking of me. I thought about all the pictures that were taken last night. Posing for naked pictures was a long-time fantasy of mine but I wasn’t sure I was ready to make it real. It was a little late for that now, though. Last night and this morning I was rubbing my pussy thinking about my naked pictures being posted on the ‘Net. Now I was worried about it. Some of the people that saw me and photographed me last night weren’t exactly friends. I figured it was inevitable that some of those pictures would make it to the ‘Net.  
  
I also thought about the e-mail I had sent to Julie. What seemed like a good idea when I was so horny now seemed kind of stupid and kind of dangerous. I know I had made a lot of commitments in that e-mail. I wasn’t feeling so good about those commitments right about now. I logged onto the ‘Net to re-read that e-mail. I don’t know what I thought I could do about it now that it was sent. I should have guessed that Julie would check her e-mail from school. She had already read my embarrassing e-mail and responded to it. I was so nervous I was shaking as I opened up her response.  
  
Julie wrote: Hi Amy-doll! I was a little surprised by your e-mail this morning! When you didn’t show up for school this morning I was thinking you were too embarrassed to show your face. You should be! Everyone is talking about you! LOL I showed your e-mail around and everyone laughed at the real reason you stayed home! I had a great time last night and I’m really gonna enjoy having you as my little dress-up doll. I’ll be home around 3 this afternoon and I want you at my house when I get there. Mom and Dad are still gone but Estelle will be home. I have some great ideas for outfits for you and I’m dying to try them out.  
Oh yeah, I almost forgot…check out this website!  
  
I was mortified. I re-read the e-mail I had sent to Julie and it was so embarrassing! And she had showed it around to people! My heart was pounding at the thought of other people seeing that e-mail. Worse, I didn’t know who had seen it. How could I ever face anyone again? And how was I going to face Estelle after last night’s performance. All she knew about me was that I got naked for everyone last night. I was so embarrassed. I clicked on the link in Julie’s e-mail and things got even worse.  
  
The link was to a site called Web Shots. It’s a place where people can upload pictures for everyone to see. The link was to an album called Amy-doll. I was stunned. There were pictures of me on the ‘Net. Lots of pictures! 84 to be exact. 84 pictures of me completely naked! I thought I was going to faint. Words can’t describe the feelings I had looking at all these pictures of me, knowing that anyone that knew they were there could see them. In addition to being completely mortified, I was immediately horny. So horny, in fact, that I spent the next hour with my hand up my skirt.  
  
As it got near 3:00 I cleaned myself up and dressed, with panties this time, and headed over to Julie’s house. Her car wasn’t in the driveway, which was good since she said she wanted me there waiting for her when she got home. I was still very embarrassed about last night and was dreading seeing Estelle again. I knew she would laugh at me. How could she not laugh? I stood in front of the house for about 10 minutes before I got up the nerve to knock on the door.  
  
I had just about convinced myself that Estelle wouldn’t laugh at me and I rang the bell. I was trying to look as dignified as possible. Estelle opened the door and burst out laughing when she saw me. I blushed.  
  
“Julie said you were coming over. I didn’t believe her. I figured you’d be too embarrassed to show your face around here. Come in,” she said. It was a very awkward moment to say the least. She suggested I sit in the living room and I did. I was feeling self-conscious and I sat with my knees locked together. I’m sure the blush on my face was visible.  
  
“Well, aren’t we the modest one today” she taunted me. She sat across from me and spread her legs wide apart. Of course, she was wearing pants, not a short skirt like I was. “I thought you always kept your legs spread,” she laughed. She had a point. I didn’t sit this modestly even when my mother was around. Still, something in me, probably the intense embarrassment I was feeling, was making me keep my legs demurely closed. I was even wearing one of my longer skirts and I still felt exposed.  
  
“No matter, sweetie,” Estelle laughed. “I can see all of you anytime I want. You’re pictures are on the Internet, you know,” she said, enjoying my discomfort. I was mortified. Just then Julie came through the door.

Chapter 4  
  
“Amy-doll! What are you doing with all those clothes on? Hi Estelle,” Julie said. I froze. She couldn’t expect me to strip again, right here in the living room. I didn’t move. I just continued to sit there, knees locked together. I made no move to take my clothes off. I was overwhelmed with feelings of embarrassment. I could feel my panties getting moist, though.  
  
“What’s the matter, sweetie? Is this too embarrassing for you?” Julie laughed. She took some papers out of her purse and handed them to Estelle. “Check out this e-mail Amy-doll sent me.” I cringed. It was bad enough that she was letting Estelle read that horribly embarrassing e-mail but it was even worse that she was reading it right in front of me. Even worse was that I had agreed to do anything Julie asked me to do, no matter how embarrassing it was. And right now she wanted me to strip.  
  
“OK, lets try this another way. Amy-doll, I’m not going to argue with you every time I want you out of your clothes. So, here’s what we’re going to do. Follow me! Julie walked to he front door and stepped out. I followed her outside and she shut the door. “I want you to go home and decide whether you meant all that shit you wrote in that e-mail or not. I had some really fun stuff planned for us today but I’m not interested in arguing with you. I’ll give you 30 minutes to decide if we’re done with this game or not. If you don’t want to play, just stay home. If you do want to play, be back here by 3:45. Oh, yeah, one more thing. If you come back, you come back naked.”  
  
“Julie! What do you mean ‘come back naked’?” I asked, afraid of the answer.  
  
“I mean exactly what you think I mean. I’m not asking you to strip again today. If you want to continue our game you can strip at your house and run your little naked butt over here. I know your mom is at work and you can wear some of my clothes to get back home again,” she said.  
  
“But I could be seen! I can’t run over here naked in the middle of the day!” I pleaded with her.  
  
“Look, Amy-doll, you could have stripped when I told you to but you didn’t. So, this is a little punishment for you. If you want to come back here you come back naked. If you’re not willing to come back naked, don’t come back at all!” she said.  
  
“I can’t streak the neighborhood! Please, Julie, let me come back inside. I’ll strip right away and I won’t be any trouble, I promise.”  
  
“Go home, Amy-doll,” she said and turned and went inside the door. I reluctantly walked home. I was so horny thinking about what I had to do! The whole exchange with Julie made me so horny I knew I couldn’t stop the game. I knew I was going to run across the yards to her house naked. I just didn’t know how I was going to get the nerve to do it! I cursed myself for not stripping when she told me to. I just needed a push to do it because it’s so embarrassing. Well, I got the push I wanted. A shove is more like it. I went straight to my bedroom and stripped. I still had 25 minutes to spare and I was standing naked just inside my front door. I opened the door and stuck my head out a few times but lost my nerve. Finally I decided I would count to twenty and go through the door and over to her house without stopping. I glanced at my watch and saw it was 3:25. I hit twenty and stepped through the door, quickly closing it, locking myself out, before I could lose my nerve. After a short run I was standing at Julie’s door completely naked, frantically ringing the bell. Nobody was answering it!  
  
“Aren’t you going to let her in?” Estelle asked with a laugh.   
  
“In a few minutes. She loves this stuff! Can you see what she’s wearing?” Julie answered.  
  
Estelle looked through the peephole. “She’s really close to the door so I can see all of her, but I think she’s naked,” Estelle laughed.  
  
“Let her squirm there for a few minutes then let her in. I’ll be upstairs. Send her up,” Julie said.  
  
I stood in the doorway of my next door neighbors house for five minutes that seemed like forever. I was terrified that someone would see me. I would have been screwed if she didn’t let me in. I was naked and locked out of my house in the middle of the afternoon! When Estelle let me in I was grateful to see her even though she was laughing at me and mocking me. I’m sure she could tell by my hard nipples and swollen pussy lips that embarrassment wasn’t the only thing going on with me, too.  
  
Julie was in her bedroom and she was laughing at me, too. “Sweetie, we both knew you were going to strip for me. Why did you make it so hard on yourself? I didn’t know how to answer her. She didn’t press me for an answer, though. She continued lecturing me like a child. “Look, Amy-doll, your little fetish is going to get you naked for lots of people. I didn’t think you wanted to show off for the neighborhood you live in, though. Maybe I’ve underestimated you!” she laughed. “I don’t really want you naked on my doorstep so don’t force me to make you do that again. Are we clear, Amy-doll?” I felt totally stupid as I nodded my agreement.  
  
Julie looked me up and down, appraising me. “You look horny, Amy-doll. Do you need to masturbate again?” I wasn’t expecting her to ask me that! The truth was that I did want to masturbate and I told her so in a very low voice. I was humiliated. She laughed at me. “OK, why don’t you masturbate while I pick out some clothes for you,” she said.  
  
“You mean here? Now?” I desperately wanted to masturbate but I had never done it in front of another person before.  
  
“Yes, now, no, not here. Go ask Estelle where you should masturbate,” she said.  
  
“Oh Julie, I couldn’t!” I was shocked at the very thought of doing that.  
  
“What’s the matter, Amy-doll? Too embarrassing for you?” She tossed the print-out of my e-mail to me. “Didn’t you tell me that nothing was too embarrassing for you? Were you lying to me?” I was trapped.  
  
“All right, Julie, you win. I’ll go ask Estelle.” This was the third of fourth time this afternoon that I had been embarrassed beyond what I thought was possible. Julie patted me on the head and told me I was a good girl. I was nearly in tears when I found Estelle. It’s not easy to approach someone you barely know, naked, and ask where you might masturbate. Predictably, she laughed in my face. She decided the living room was the best and a few minutes later I was sitting on the sofa. Estelle stood there smirking at me.  
  
“I don’t suppose I could have some privacy, Estelle?”   
  
“Oh no way, girl! I’m watching this. Get started!” Reluctantly I started rubbing my clit. I was so horny that I eventually closed my eyes and really started working on myself. I was tugging on my nipples and fingering myself. Aside from the occasional giggle from Estelle I wasn’t interrupted and I just imagined that I was alone and really enjoyed myself. I gave myself three strong orgasms. The third was especially strong and I arched my back and screamed as I climaxed. I heard applause and opened my eyes. Not only was Estelle watching me but Julie was there pointing a video camera at me!  
  
The two girls stood there laughing at me and discussing my masturbation technique right in front of me. I couldn’t do anything but sit there and take it. I had no idea how much of my performance Julie captured on video but I knew she got the big finish. I wondered what she would do with the video.  
  
“Come on, bimbo, we need to get you dressed. We’re going to the mall.  
  
I followed Julie upstairs to her bedroom. I asked her if I could get cleaned up and she wouldn’t let me. “You smell like sex. There’s no way I walk into a mall smelling like that! It would be way too embarrassing for me,” she said with a smirk. She saw the look of shock on my face and laughed. “It could be worse, sweetie. I was going to have you go to the mall wearing one of Dad’s shirts. You know, give you the ‘just fvcked’ look to go along with your just ‘jvst ...ed smell,” she continued. “Of course, you’re not going to like what you’re wearing instead,” she laughed. She tossed me a pink dress. It looked like a child’s dress and I said so.  
  
“Isn’t it great? I found it in the attic a while back. I was eleven years old when I wore that last,” she laughed. I was mortified. I couldn’t go out in public in this horrid dress. It was faded pink and had a high elastic waist just under the breast. There were 3 buttons up top. It just hung straight down from the high waist to the hem. I thought wearing this dress would be embarrassing until I put it on. I realized this was going to be thoroughly humiliating for me. The dress was way too small. I got it on but there was no way I could button any of the buttons on top. I don’t have cleavage but this dress showed a lot of chest skin. It was very obvious that I wasn’t wearing a bra. The worst part was the length. The hem just barely reached the bottom of my butt. This dress was less than an inch from being indecent. I had never worn a skirt this short and this dress was way more dangerous than any skirt!  
  
“I cannot go out like this! Everyone will know this stupid dress is all that I have on! People are gonna see everything!” I pleaded.  
  
“You catch on quick, Amy-doll. I’m sure it’s decent enough so you won’t get arrested and I’m optimistic that you won’t get tossed out of the mall. I don’t care whether it keeps you covered or not, but for the record, I agree with you…people are gonna see everything,” she laughed. She handed me a pair of high heels. “Put these on and we’ll be ready.”  
  
The shoes had a 5-inch heel. I had trouble walking in them. They also made my butt jut out just enough that the f-ing dress didn’t quite cover it. I begged Julie to let me wear tennis shoes instead.  
  
“Ok, you can wear tennis shoes but if you do, we’re going to have to go shoe shopping. Think about it, Amy-doll, do you really want to be shoe shopping in that dress? It’s Ok with me!” she laughed.  
  
There was no way I was shoe shopping in this dress. I reluctantly put on the shoes and we went out to the car. Mercifully, we didn’t see Estelle on the way out. I didn’t need to have her laughing at me in this outfit. In the car I had other worries. With the windows up, the smell of my arousal was obvious. I begged Julie to turn around and not do this. She laughed. All too soon we were at the mall.

Chapter 5  
  
Julie passed up a bunch of good parking spaces and parked her car way out in the middle of nowhere. I saw at least a hundred empty parking spaces closer to the mall. As she was parking the car I pleaded with her to change her mind. I couldn’t imagine going into the mall in this obscenely short, ridiculous dress.  
  
“Julie, I know I said I wouldn’t refuse to do something because it was too embarrassing but I don’t think I can do this! This dress makes me look like a fool and a slut and it’s too short its too tight and most of my chest is showing and people are going to be able to look right up it! Please! Let’s do something else, OK?” I know I’m a bit of an exhibitionist but this dress was so humiliating and the thought of wearing it into the local mall was freaking me out. I’m used to flashing my panties but I’ve always chosen the time and place to do it. I’m not going to be able to prevent flashes in this dress and it isn’t going to be panties that I’m flashing. I was also fixated on another fact. This was a child’s dress and I’m 18 years old. I look totally stupid in it.  
  
“Amy-doll, you’re perfectly justified to be embarrassed. You do look like a fool and a slut in that dress. You got into this situation willingly. You asked me to do this to you. I didn’t pressure you into this. You are a fool, and you are a slut, so it’s only right that you look the part,” she said with a laugh. “I know this is embarrassing. It’s supposed to be embarrassing. You like being embarrassed.”  
  
“Julie, please! I don’t want to do this. Everybody from school hangs out at this mall! People I know are going to see me dressed like this! I want you to take me home right now!” I actually surprised myself with my forceful tone of voice. I was hoping Julie would see how serious I was about not wanting to walk into the mall in this dress.  
  
“Amy-doll, you should think about your position before you take that tone of voice with me again! I could force you to do anything I want you to do. You’re pretty vulnerable at the moment, don’t you think? I mean, you’re in my car, wearing nothing but my dress and my shoes, and you’re 10 miles from home. You could have a much bigger problem than a little embarrassment, don’t you think? Just think about what would happen if I got mad and made you give me back my clothes and get out of my car. If you don’t want me to leave your scrawny ass here naked and barefoot, you better not yell at me again,” Julie said. She seemed really angry when she said this, too.  
  
“Julie, I didn’t mean to yell at you. It’s just that I can’t do this. I look ridiculous and I may as well be naked. Please don’t make me do this,” I said. I was getting really scared at this point.  
  
“Well, that’s an improvement. At least you’re acknowledging that I can make you do this. I think it’s good that we both understand who is in charge here. Remember I’m only doing this because you asked me to and you asked me to embarrass you because you like it. It makes you horny. Are you horny, Amy-doll?”  
  
“I don’t see what that has to do with this. I thought we were friends, Julie,”  
  
“Friends? No, not really. I’ve lived next door to you for months and you’ve never really spoken to me before this week. When you thought you could use me for some perverted, kinky fun you became my best buddy. Now that things aren’t going exactly as you planned you want to claim friendship. I don’t see you as a friend, Amy-doll. You’re more like a toy to play with.”   
  
OK, I was scared before, but now I was terrified. I had never considered that I was using Julie. Obviously she had, and felt that using me in return was justified. I really felt that she should just take me home. As I write this I realize that every one of you readers is rooting for Julie to win this argument and make me get out of the car. All of a sudden I realized that Julie and I weren’t friends. I had put myself in a position of huge vulnerability with her and she just told me she thought of me as a toy. She could humiliate me horribly without any guilt or remorse. Between the fear and the vulnerability and the extremely revealing outfit I had on I was getting terribly horny. I realized that she would have no trouble carrying out her threat to take back her dress and shoes and leave me here. I nearly came when I realized that I was going into that mall no matter how I felt about it.  
  
I guess Julie saw the scared look on my face and felt sorry for me. She was obviously angry when she was lecturing me and threatening me. Now her tone was back to friendly. She offered me a way out. It only furthered my humiliation, though.  
  
“Amy-doll, I’ll make you a deal. If you can prove to me that you’re not getting off on this situation, I’ll drive you right home and give you a reasonable outfit to walk home in. If you’re really so scared your pussy should be dry as a bone. If it is, we’ll go home. If you’re wet, though, you’re gonna choose right now between going into that mall and doing everything I say and acting like you enjoy it, or giving me back my dress and walking home,” she said.  
  
I was sopping wet and was pretty sure I was leaving a big wet spot on her car sear. I told her I’d go into the mall with her.  
  
“Not so fast, Amy-doll. We have to check you out,” she said with a grin. I was very embarrassed about how much this situation was turning me on. I did not want to show her how wet I was. The dress was still covering my pussy while we sat in the car. Just barely covering it, but I was covered. I had one small vestige of dignity left. Her seeing me so aroused would crush that little bit of dignity into dust.  
  
“Hike the dress up and put two fingers up your pussy,” she said. I blushed deeply. I didn’t want to do this but I didn’t dare argue with her. No matter what happened, I did not want her throwing me out of her car naked. I did as she asked,  
  
“Now, fingers out and wipe them on the tip of your nose,” she said. She held up her cell phone camera and snapped a picture. Even though my dress was up around my waist and my legs were a bit open, she took a picture of my face. I was almost in tears as I wiped my very wet fingers on my nose. She snapped another picture of my face. She spent a minute or so looking at the pictures and laughing while I sat with my dress up and my fingers and nose wet from my arousal. She could tell from the look on my face that I was beaten.  
  
“I’m guessing you know what happens next, sweetie. If you don’t want to go to the mall I’ll take that dress now. And the shoes,” she said. I guess ‘want’ is a relative term. I didn’t want to go into the mall but I sure couldn’t get out of her car totally naked so far from home and just watch her drive off. I told her I wanted to go into the mall.  
  
“Excellent, Amy-doll! That’s the spirit!” she laughed. “Just a couple more things to do before we go in. First, you need a little perfume. Dip your fingers again.” I paused for a minute trying to pretend that I didn’t know what she wanted me to do. I could tell from the look on her face that she was running out of patience with me. I put my hand between my legs, blushing furiously.  
  
“Swish them around good, Amy-doll, then dab your earlobe for me. That’s good, sweetie, now dip again and do the other earlobe.” She kept me doing this until I had hit all the pressure points. She had me finish with my nose. The whole car smelled of my pussy.  
  
“OK, out you go,” she said as she opened her door. Reluctantly I got out of the car. She pulled me to the front of the car and stopped me.  
  
“I want to see something. You’re going to do a pirouette for me. Just like a ballerina. Hands up, fingertips touching over your head and do a nice slow turn.” I saw her get the camera phone ready. I raised my arms and the hem of the dress came up as well. When I was in the required position the hem was around my waist.  
  
“Now, I may want to show you off to some people in the mall. If I tell you to pirouette for me, that’s how you do it. Don’t worry that your dress is up to your waist. That’s the whole point. Also, I’ll be using this as a punishment for you today. If you don’t want to be pirouetting in the Food Court I suggest you pay close attention to me and do everything you’re told right away. We’re here to embarrass you, not me. You’re doing this willingly and I won’t allow you to act like I’m forcing you into anything. Are we clear?” I agreed. I was standing with my arms over my head and my dress around my waist in public in broad daylight, It was not a good time to argue!  
  
“OK, put your arms down, Amy-doll. She pulled my arms around my back and had me grasp each elbow with my wrist. This caused the billowing dress to ride up a little in back, showing even more of my ass. “Unless I tell you otherwise, your hands are to be in this position all the time. If you move them for any other reason, you will be punished.” Just as she finished saying that a gust of wind came and blew the dress up in front, exposing me completely. I accepted the inevitable and found myself getting lost in the humiliation of all this. My horniness was overcoming my common sense. The part of me that wanted to walk all the way across the parking lot with my pussy exposed was not disappointed. The wind blew my dress around and I was exposed for most of the walk to the entrance. I was seen by people and even made eye contact with a couple. I was really getting off on the humiliation.  
  
Just inside the mall entrance Julie told me to walk to the Food Court and when I got there I was to keep walking around. Like every other mall, the Food Court is where the kids hang out. In addition to the dress being very revealing, it also made me look stupid. And I would be adding to the impression I was stupid by walking around in circles with my arms crossed behind my back. And, I would be parading my stupidity in front of people that knew me! I was blushing like a tomato at this point. Julie walked behind me to the Food Court. I tried to look down all the time desperately wanting to avoid eye contact with the people walking the other way. I reached the Food Court and began walking around the perimeter. I heard people talking about me and laughing but I stubbornly refused to look. It was almost like if I didn’t see them, they didn’t really see me. Maybe I really was stupid!  
  
After a couple times around the Food Court I saw Julie wave me over. She was talking to two girls from our school. I knew Beth and Sandy by name, but had never really talked to them. We weren’t friends, barely acquaintances. They had obviously been talking about me. I watched them giggling as I walked over to them.  
  
“Oh my God! Look at that dress. Wow! I love how it makes it so obvious she’s not wearing a bra. Not easy to do with those little girl titties!” Sandy said. “I bet she’s been showing a lot of panty flashes, too. That dress is super short. She must have a thong on. I saw half her ass when she walked by.”  
  
“Well, I don’t think she’s been flashing her panties much. In fact, I’d be surprised if anyone has caught even a glimpse of panty,” Julie said. “What do you think, Amy-doll, has anyone seen your panties?” she taunted me.  
  
I played along. I was in my own little world of humiliation and didn’t care about the consequences. Julie was an expert and used humiliation just like a knife to inflict little cuts whenever she wanted. I was into this and I announced to the three girls that nobody could possibly have seen my panties. I was almost hoping for Julie to tell me to do a pirouette right there. Instead, Sandy just grabbed the hem of my dress and lifted it up to see for herself what I was or wasn’t wearing under the dress. Naturally, my naked puss brought out laughter in all three. She held my dress up and they all saw my swollen clit and my wet pussy. I was mortified.  
  
The girls chatted about me like I wasn’t there. Julie told them I was her Amy-doll and she could dress me anyway she wanted. She told them how much I love showing off. She told them we were shopping for more appropriate clothes for me.  
  
“Oh, you shouldn’t shop here for her clothes. She looks so young with her tiny tits and no pubic hair. You should dress her as a little schoolgirl. Just go to Walmart and buy some plaid pleated skirts, white blouses and stockings. You could have her put her hair in pigtails and not wear makeup and she’d look 10 years old,” Beth said, laughing. All the girls agreed with her and laughed at me, too.  
  
“I just saw a magazine in the book store with a sexy schoolgirl on the cover. Knee socks and no makeup are good for making her look 10 years old but you can also make her look real slutty with thigh high stockings, high heels, and tons of makeup to go with her schoolgirl uniform,” Sandy added. “Of course, the slutty schoolgirl skirt has to be really short. I don’t think you’ll find any really short ones at Walmart.”  
  
“Oh, I can sew and my mom has a machine. Get any length skirt and I can make it as short as you want it. It only takes a few minutes and I’d love to help,” Beth volunteered.  
  
“Great idea! I think she’d look adorable as a little schoolgirl. I think we’ll do that!” Julie said.  
  
“You can also get her some bug fluffy little girl panties at WalMart,” Sandy said.  
  
“Oh, I don’t think this schoolgirl will be needing panties. She really loves showing her puss and I’m sure she won’t want panties in the way of all that fun. I think I’ll take her to Walmart now. You guys want to come along?” Julie asked. Neither girl wanted to go to Walmart. Julie told them we would see them later on. I had no idea what she meant by that. Soon I was marching out of the mall the same way I went in, with arms clasped behind my back.  
  
(6)

Chapter 6  
  
The trip to Walmart was embarrassing, but not quite as bad as the trip to the mall. It was a little creepy having the old guy greeting shoppers at the door undress me with his eyes. Almost immediately inside the door I overheard two women talking about me and clearly calling me a slut. I wasn’t offended, though. I looked like a slut in this dress and was getting into the humiliation of knowing that people were judging me only on the amount of skin I was showing. I’m pretty sure Julie has figured out that having people think that I’m a slut turns me on.  
  
Julie had me try on several plaid schoolgirl skirts. She bought 5 skirts for me. I’m glad her parents are rich. Even though the skirts were not expensive, I didn’t have the money to buy 5 of them. The skirts seemed a bit big on me. I wasn’t worried about the length since I knew they were going to be shortened. They’re all a bit loose in the waist. I hope they shrink a bit in the wash because they’re loose enough so I can just suck in my breath and they’ll fall right off. Julie also bought me some white blouses and a couple tube tops. The blouses and tube tops all seemed a size too small for me. I wonder if she’s thinking that clothes that just don’t fit right are part of my humiliation.   
Whatever. I now have a bunch of plaid skirts and white tops that don’t quite fit.  
  
Julie called Beth on her cell phone and asked her when she could shorten some skirts for me. I wasn’t surprised when she said she could do it right away. At least I wouldn’t have long to wait before I found out how short my skirts were going to be. If the dress I was wearing was a guide, they were going to be very short. I was so horny that it seemed like the shorter the better. I was about to learn to be careful what you wish for.  
  
Beth lived with her parents but both of them were at work and she had the house to herself. It’s a good thing because I was still parading around in the outrageously revealing dress. I carried the shopping bags into the house. Beth’s mom sewed a lot and the sewing machine was in a room just off the living room.  
  
“Amy-doll, take your dress off and show Beth your new skirts,” Julie commanded. I don’t know why I was surprised. I knew I would be trying the skirts on so Beth could measure and all and I knew I would have to take off the dress. I guess I just figured I wouldn’t strip until she was ready for me to put on a skirt. Instead, I found myself feeling stupid, standing there in just high heels, while Beth looked at the little skirts and laughed.  
  
“She’s going to look adorable in these! So, what are we doing to them? How short do you want them?” Beth asked.  
  
“Well, I want them very short but let’s get one on her so I can show you exactly what she wants,” Julie said as she passed me a skirt. I put it on but I felt no less self-conscious as I was still topless.  
  
“I made sure she got a size too big so the skirt could sit very low on her hips. I want her hip bones on display and I want the skirt low enough so it feels like it could slip down her hips to the ground at any second.” Beth tugged down on the skirt and positioned it so low on my hips that my pubic hair would have shown over the top of the waistband if I weren’t shaved bald.  
  
“She could wear it this low if you want. It will show her belly nicely but it will require constant adjustment. This is below the widest part of her hips so her body won’t hold it up. She’ll have to tug it up every couple of steps or she’ll walk right out of it.” Beth answered. They had me walk to a mirror. I literally had to hold the skirt up at the waistband to keep it from falling off me. It felt like it would slip off of me when I was standing still. It showed more of my belly than my bikini bathing suit bottom. I had never worn a skirt that revealed so much from the top!  
  
“You should probably have her wear it here,” Beth said, tugging it up a couple inches. This is right even with the wide part of her hips and she’ll be able to keep it on. Any  
lower and she’ll constantly tugging it up. It still shows a lot of hip bone and belly,” Beth said.  
  
“Hmmm…that works. I don’t want her always tugging at the skirt…just a couple times a minute,” Julie laughed. The skirt was low enough on my hips to be very embarrassing and it would be hard to wear like this.  
  
“A couple times a minute is what you want?” Beth asked. She tugged the skirt a little lower on my hips. “About here should make her tug it up a couple times a minute. Now, how  
short do you want it?” Beth asked, smirking at me.  
  
“As short as it can be. I want the hem to be exactly even with her pussy. I don’t want any material to spare. The skirt should cover her only when it’s positioned perfectly and no more,” Julie answered.  
  
Beth laughed. “You’re cruel! She’s going to put on quite a show with this skirt. How about the back? I can taper it a little so it’s longer in the back. If I cut this even it  
won’t cover her ass.”  
  
“Cut it even. She doesn’t mind if her ass shows a little,” Julie answered with a laugh.  
  
“If I cut it even across, it will show more than a little of her ass. It will probably show the lower third of her ass. Let me pin it so you can see what it will look like.”   
  
Beth was laughing at me as she pinned the skirt up. Even though this was a mini-skirt when we bought it, more than half the material was going to get cut off! Beth was right about how much of my butt was going to show. This was a very short skirt.  
  
“That works. We’ll want three of her skirts cut to that length. We’ll just do 3 for now. I haven’t decided about the other two. I’m thinking maybe a bit shorter.” Julie answered.   
  
Shorter? She couldn’t be serious. This skirt was about 5 inches, maybe less, from top to bottom. How could I wear anything shorter?I couldn’t stand it and I spoke up. “Anything shorter won’t cover me. I think this one is too short! Way too short. It’s indecent. You can’t expect me to wear anything shorter than this!” I pleaded.  
  
“Why, Amy-doll? Too embarrassing?” Both girls giggled at the comment.  
  
“OK, sweetie, you can take the skirt off now. I don’t need her to try the others on. I can do this one and measure it to cut the other two,” Beth said. I took the skirt off and  
handed it to her. I stood their naked as Beth and Julie chatted. Beth got ready to cut the skirt.  
  
“I can put a big hem on this in case you decide it’s too short and want to make it longer,” Beth said.  
  
“No need,” Julie answered. “I’m sure we won’t want it any longer.”  
  
I felt very self-conscious standing there naked with the two clothed girls. Fortunately, it didn’t take Beth long to cut the skirt and hem it. I think she had the whole thing done  
in about 15 minutes.  
  
“So, let’s see the tops you got her,” Beth suggested. Julie agreed and handed me one of the white button-front blouses to put on. I was hoping I would get the finished skirt to  
put on, too, but Beth made no move to hand it to me. The girls talked about the top being too small and Julie told her it was intentional so I couldn’t button them up. They laughed at how much of my chest was showing. It really hurt when Beth remarked that my tits would show “if I had any.”  
  
“You know, another way to go would be to get her blouses that are too big and just not let her button them. That would show a lot of her chest, too,” Beth commented.  
  
“I thought of that but I figured she would lose her nerve and button them up when I wasn’t watching. This way I know they’re staying unbuttoned.”  
  
“Well, we can fix that in a jiffy,” Beth answered. She took another one of the blouses and sat at the sewing machine. In seconds she had all of the button holes sewed closed. “See? Not a chance she’ll button these,” she laughed.  
  
Next they had me put on one of the tube tops. The top was tight and flattened my already small tits. It was white and my nipples showed prominently, so it was embarrassing.  
  
“I think you want to get tube tops in a bigger size, too. You can see her nipples in this one but there’s no chance it’s going to slip down. With a bigger one, she’ll be adjusting it all the time. At some point it will fall…or it will need adjustment at the very same moment her skirt does…either way, she’s gonna show something,” Beth explained.  
  
“Good point! I’ll get her some a couple sizes bigger. Look how wet she’s getting!” Julie laughed. “She really likes her new clothes.” Both girls laughed at me. Wearing just the blouse and not even having pubic hair to cover me meant I couldn’t conceal my arousal. This was so embarrassing.  
  
“So, she’s really going to wear this stuff? Like out in public and everything?” Beth asked.  
  
“Yep! She likes it when I embarrass her and she’s promised to let me embarrass her any way I want! She claims she won’t refuse anything I tell her just because it’s too embarrassing,” Julie answered.  
  
“So, you can make her wear anything you want?” Beth asked  
  
“So she tells me. We’ll see if she was lying when she has to wear her little schoolgirl skirt out in public,” Julie laughed.  
  
“Oh, I have something fun. An old boyfriend gave me a bikini. I can’t believe he expected me to wear it. I never even let him see me try it on. It’s a thong, of course, and it’s tiny. I’ll get it,”  
  
Beth returned with a very small handful of material with long strings hanging from it.   
  
“Here, I’ll never wear t. It’s all yours,” she said, handing the bikini to Julie. Julie held it up and laughed hysterically.  
  
“Gee, this isn’t going to cover much, is it”? she laughed. I shivered, wondering where I’d have to wear that.  
  
“Well, we should get going. Amy-doll, put your dress back on. Beth, when can you get to her other skirts?”  
  
“It won’t be long. If you want I can mark one right now and she can take the finished one with her,” Beth answered.  
  
Julie liked the idea and after another few awkward moments I was walking out to the car with a very short skirt and an armload of white tops.

Chapter 7  
  
I could tell that Julie was getting carried away with all this and I was starting to get worried. I looked at the very short skirt and wondered if I could ever wear it in public. I was very horny but that skirt was so short!   
  
“Um, Julie, can we talk about this?” I asked.  
  
“Sure, Amy-doll, what’s on your mind?” Julie asked. How could she not know?  
  
“Well, I love the embarrassing things you make me do and I really appreciate you doing it,” I said, not sure how to continue. After a pause, “Can we tone it down a little? I mean, this is way too short to wear out in public!” I said, holding up the skirt. “And these are indecent,” I said, holding up the tops. “I’m willing to do a lot of the things you want but this is too much. People will think I’m a slut and will see way too much of me. How about making the skirts a little longer…or maybe allowing some underwear or something?” I stammered.  
  
“Amy-doll, first of all, I’m not making you do anything. Everything you do is because you want to do it. I haven’t threatened you or tried to blackmail you, have I?” Julie answered. I nodded my head in agreement. “Good, then let’s not blame any of this on me. Now, deep down inside you love to be a slut and let everyone know it. You love to get naked and show everyone your body. You love it all. You just don’t have the nerve to do it on your own. So, I’m not making you do this, I’m just inspiring you to be who you are.” All of this was technically true.  
  
“The only hold I have over you is that I will stop playing your little game if you don’t take risks and push yourself. You get off on being embarrassed, right? Well, what’s more  
embarrassing for you…you deciding what you’ll wear or me?” Julie asked. It all made sense but she was sitting in the car wearing jeans and a top and I was wearing the ridiculously short dress with no underwear, holding onto an even shorter skirt. We were just about home  
at this point. I sat silently as Julie pulled into her driveway. I looked over at my house and saw the empty driveway. My mom wasn’t home yet. Julie noticed it, too.  
  
“Tell you what, Amy-doll. We’ll talk more about this tonight. I want you to, come over around 8:00 so we can finish this discussion. If you really want to stop, we’ll stop. Think about it and if you really want to stop, you can wear anything you like when you come over. If you want to continue our little game, you have to come over naked. Come around the back and I’ll be waiting for you in the back yard.” Julie said.  
  
I didn’t like this at all! I was already sure I wanted to continue. I just wanted things toned down some. Sneaking out of my house naked and going to Julie’s house naked wasn’t my idea of toning things down, “Julie, someone could see me! I can’t keep coming over here naked!” I said. OK, I actually whined that part.  
  
“Look, Amy-doll, if we continue to play this game you’re going to be naked a lot. If you’re naked a lot you will be seen. That’s just the way it is. Lots of things could go  
wrong. Your mom could see you leaving naked. My mom could see you naked. The neighbors could see you naked. All very embarrassing for you, I would think” she continued. “Taking  
chances is always going to be part of our game. So, as hard as this could be for you, if you want to keep playing this game you’ll need to find a way to do it. We’re not even  
going to talk about this any more unless you show up in my back yard naked at 8:00”.  
  
She and I both knew I was going to do this. I hated it but I was addicted. I was already getting wet at the thought of sneaking out of my house naked.  
  
“Is your mom going to be home tonight?” I asked.  
  
“I guess that’s important information for someone coming over naked, isn’t it?” she laughed. “Yes, she’ll be here so we’ll have to be careful. At least it will be dark out for your trip. That’s not a luxury you have right at this minute. Now, give me back my dress and go home and think about your future,” she said, laughing at me.  
  
“Can’t I bring the dress with me tonight? I will carry it instead of wearing it.” I realized I was doing a lot of whining but it was still light out and my mom would be home any minute.  
  
“You can’t carry the dress with you tonight because you’re giving it to me right now. You best get a move on or you’ll get caught. Wouldn’t want you to meet your mom in the driveway,” she laughed. I reluctantly stripped off the dress, said goodbye and dashed across the lawn. It only took a few seconds but it seemed like forever before I was inside the house. I beat my mom home by about a minute. My secret was safe for now.  
  
Mom had take-out Chinese with her and we ate almost as soon as she got home. I barely had time to dress before dinner. By 6:30 we had finished and I was back in my room. Finally I had a chance to think about what I was going to do tonight. I had no idea how Julie expected me to sneak out of my house naked and over to hers without getting caught. My mom was home and so was hers. Even if I made it out of my house and into hers, I would still have to get back into my house. I didn’t know if Julie would make me come back naked but I had to assume she would. Even if she gave me clothes to wear, she had already made it clear that her choice of clothing would not meet with my mom’s approval.   
  
I hated her for this! I had already told her she could embarrass me and humiliate me! I had already flashed a stranger in front of my friends, let her au-pair see me naked, shaved my pubic hair, attended a party totally naked, and let her pick out a very revealing outfit for me. She made me admit I wanted her to do this every step of the way. And now, she was making me take this incredible risk of being caught naked by my own mother. And for what?   
Just because I complained about how short the skirt is that she’s going to make me wear? OK, what I really hated her for was making me take this risk to prove that I wanted to be her Amy-doll. I couldn’t believe I was sitting here trying to figure out how I was going to get to her house naked!  
  
At first I thought I’d leave my house dressed and just strip in my back yard, leave the clothes, and then have something to put on when I got back. The obvious weakness in that plan was that Mom could find the clothes in the back yard and I’d be busted. I would never be able to explain that. So, it looked like I’d have to somehow leave my bedroom naked and find a way to get back here later, probably also naked. I was getting horny again and all I could think about was how to do this. I never gave a thought to how stupid this whole thing was. I was definitely crazy to want all this embarrassment, degradation, and humiliation.  
  
Still wearing the skirt and T-shirt I wore for dinner, I took a walk through the house to see where Mom was and what she was doing. She was in the den, sitting at her computer  
catching up on the day’s news. I would have to go right by the doorway to the den. This would be risky but once I got past that door I’d be able to get outside. I thought once more about calling this whole thing off. It was too risky and even if I was successful, the end result was going to be more crap like this. Logically, I should have stayed home and stayed clothed. Logic lost the battle, however, and soon I was standing in my room looking at the clock. At 7:45 I slipped my skirt and T-shirt off, took a deep breath, and stepped out of my bedroom.  
  
I was a bundle of nerves. Trying to sneak by Mom naked was the stupidest thing I’d done so far in my life. I realized that later tonight I’d be doing something even more risky.   
Getting back inside my house was going to be far more risky than getting out. At least now I knew where Mom was at the moment! And if I got caught what would I say? What could I  
say? I stood in the hallway quietly, listening for sounds of movement. I couldn’t help thinking what a bitch Julie was for making me do this! Of course, she wasn’t really making me do anything. That was her whole point. She was forcing me to admit to myself that I’ll do almost anything to get her to keep treating me like her own personal plaything. I hated her but most of all, I hated myself. I was so horny and I was letting my pussy override my  
brain.   
  
Just then the phone rang, startling me. I jumped back inside my room. I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror and was shocked by my reflection. As if being naked wasn’t  
embarrassing enough, my pussy lips were swollen and moist. I may as well be wearing a sign telling the world I was horny! I heard Mom talking on the phone and decided this was my chance. I left the safety of my bedroom and headed for the back door. I didn’t dare look in the den to see if Mom saw me. I figured I’d know from the yelling if she noticed her daughter walking through the house naked. She apparently didn’t see me and I was through the back door before I slowed down. I took a deep breath and headed for Julie’s back yard.  
  
I heard Julie laughing before I saw her. I heard another voice laughing which I correctly guessed was Estelle. I was mortified as I approached the two laughing girls. Time seemed to move in slow motion for me. Their laughing hurt me. It was degrading. Of course, I couldn’t really blame them for laughing, given the situation. I even realized that I would have laughed, too, if I was sitting in my back yard, fully clothed, and some other bimbo was sneaking over to meet me totally naked. Worse than being naked was the reason why I was naked.  
  
Suddenly, the backyard was filled with light. I froze for a minute and then covered up as best I could with my hands. This caused more laughter from the two girls sitting at the  
picnic table in the back yard. In the light I saw that Julie had brought her Barbie doll outside with her. Like me, the Barbie doll was not wearing any clothes.  
  
“Hiya, Amy-doll,” Julie said with a laugh. “Nice outfit! Have a seat!”  
  
“The lights? Why are the lights on?” I asked, my voice giving away the panic I was feeling.  
  
“Motion sensor. Keeps the house safe from burglars and perverts. It will go off in a little while,” Julie answered. “Speaking of perverts, care to explain your choice of outfits for this evening?”  
  
I groaned to myself. I shouldn’t have been surprised that she was going to make me embarrass myself by telling Estelle why I was naked. I sat on the bench, crouching down and covered myself with my hands and started to explain the events leading up to my showing up here naked. Julie stopped me before I really got started.  
  
“Look, Amy-doll, if you didn’t want people to see you naked you would be wearing clothes. So, sit right up on the table and show yourself off! Come on!” Julie said. I did as she  
instructed. As I did, that part of my brain that demands me to humiliate myself took complete charge. I sat on the table, feeling like I was under a spotlight. I hoped Julie’s mom didn’t look out the window. I continued with my explanation of why I was naked to the laughter of the two girls. Just as I was finishing up the light went off.  
  
“So, you want me to continue to help you embarrass yourself and you came here totally naked to prove it to me. And you’ll do whatever I tell you to do and won’t refuse to do things just because they’re too embarrassing? Is that right?” Julie asked in a very condescending tone of voice. I was too embarrassed to speak and nodded my head.  
  
“OK! Now you wanted to talk about the things I’m going to make you do. I think you said you wanted to tone things down a little, right? I did agree to discuss it with you if you showed up here naked. I’ll keep my end of the bargain and we’ll talk, but first a little test. This will be embarrassing for you. Ready?” she asked.  
  
I felt that warning pang in my gut. I slowly nodded my head and waited for her instructions.  
  
“Oh, don’t be such a gloomy Gus! You might even like this. All you have to do is stand up on the table, hold your arms out at your side, spin around for us, sit back down, and masturbate yourself to an orgasm. I don’t want to hear a word out of you until get yourself off.” Both girls were smirking at me. I was very horny but I didn’t want to masturbate in front of these two girls. I thought briefly about calling this whole thing off. I imagined myself running home and getting dressed. I also thought about how much fun this whole thing could be if I could just get Julie to tone things down a bit. I took a deep breath and stood up.  
  
I don’t know why I was surprised to suddenly be bathed in bright light. Julie had told me the light was connected to a motion sensor. The whole reason for having me stand up and spin around was to turn the damn light on! Julie likes to say getting me naked causes me to lose 50 IQ points. She got a picture of me just as the light came on. I have the  
stupidest, most confused look on my face. She loves showing that picture to people and the look on my face is the most embarrassing part of it, even though it is a full frontal nude photo! Looking back on everything that’s happened since, I realize this moment taught Julie that making me look stupid was as much fun as making me look like a slut. I was utterly humiliated as I sat down and masturbated on command. I saw flashes going off and assumed the girls had their camera phones out. I was too far gone to care about pictures and climaxed in about a minute. It was later that I learned that girls were using a high quality digital camera.  
  
After my humiliating masturbation the girls took me inside and we went up to Julie’s bedroom. Julie’s parents are rich and her bedroom had a little seating area. I sat on the floor in front of the chairs. Julie took a seat and Estelle went to the computer to download the pictures they had just taken.

Chapter 8  
  
“So, Amy-doll, you want to talk about your future, right?” Julie asked me with a grin. I nodded with an embarrassed smile. A wave of embarrassment crashed over me. I guess it was the fact that I was sitting on the floor naked with two dressed young women chuckling at me.  
  
“You mentioned something about wanting me to tone things down, right? Oh yeah, and you think your new skirt is too short, too. How about the pictures we just took? Need to talk about them, too?” I hated the tone of her voice. She was acting like my concerns were trivial. No, worse, she was acting like I was trivial. All at once it hit me! How could I be so stupid as to think she would treat me like an equal? Nobody looking at us would confuse us for equals.  
  
“Let’s cut right to the bottom line, Amy-doll. If we’re going to play your little game you need to understand that it’s going to be my way or the highway. I’ll tell you what that means and give you another opportunity to quit or keep playing. Personally, I don’t care what you decide but judging from what you’re wearing right now, I think you’re going to keep playing,” she laughed. “Let’s give Estelle a few minutes to post your pictures and we’ll all talk. In the meantime, why don’t you have another cum?” she said.  
  
“P-p-post my pictures? Where?” I asked.  
  
“On the Internet, silly! Where else would we post your pictures?” Julie laughed.  
  
“All done!” Estelle got up from the computer and sat with Julie.  
  
“Where did you post my pictures?” I asked, starting to panic.  
  
“Shhh, Amy-doll. You were just about to have a cum for us. Don’t keep me waiting,” Julie said, waving at me with her hand. I couldn’t believe she expected me to masturbate again! “Amy! I’ve told you before that we aren’t going to play this game unless you put you heart in it. I know it’s going to be embarrassing for you to sit there and bring yourself off but you either start doing it or you can run along right now!” she hissed at me. Reluctantly I started rubbing myself. Naturally both girls burst into laughter as I did. Unless you’ve ever had to masturbate on command you’ll never understand how humiliating this is. At least the girls didn’t take more pictures of me.  
  
I came and I came hard. It was totally embarrassing! I felt totally ridiculous and judging by the laughter of the two girls, I looked ridiculous, too. The next few minutes were the most awkward of my life. I just sat there, naked, legs spread, and feeling stupid. I didn’t know what to do next. Part of me wanted to run and hide, part of me wanted to finger myself again. Finally, Julie spoke to me, breaking the awkward silence.  
  
“Ok, Amy-doll, here’s the story. In the few months I’ve known you I’ve noticed some things. First, you never wear pants. You wear mini-skirts all the time. You obviously like to show your underpants off because you always seem to have your legs open a bit. We’ve all worn short skirts before and I know as well as anyone else that the occasional glimpse of panties is unavoidable even when you’re careful. You never bother being careful, though. Everybody sees your panties every day. You never wear a bra. With those little titties you don’t need one, for sure, but you like to flaunt it, don’t you? And you date a lot. I’ve heard a bunch of people call you a slut but the guys you go out with tell me you never give it up. You’re a tease yet you like people thinking you’re a huge slut. And I know why you do all this, Amy-doll. It makes you horny. I bet you masturbate a lot, don’t you? Well, of course you do! You’ve done it twice in the last hour!” Both girls laughed at this last comment. There was nothing I could do but just take it. Everything she had said was true.  
  
“I tried to humiliate you by making you flash for cokes in front of your friends. You loved it! I had you strip for Estelle, you loved it. I had you naked at a party and you loved that, too! Then I got the e-mail from you practically begging me to keep humiliating you. You promised to do everything for me, didn’t you? I even had you run home bare-ass naked in the middle of the day and you loved it! Then I realized that you’d do just about anything cause you’re addicted to the rush you get from this. You just don’t realize it yet,” she continued.  
  
“So, I got to thinking. I thought to myself, I can change this girl’s life. I can use her addiction to make her the laughing stock of the whole town. All I needed to do was to get you to understand for yourself that you need this stuff. I bet you know how bad the things you’ve done so far are for your reputation. You’ve got dozens of naked pictures on the Internet already and we’ve just got started. I know you know this because you want me to tone things down. I’m not going to tone things down at all, though. We’re going to tone them up! And you’ll play along because you’re addicted to the rush.” Damn! This girl knew me better than I knew myself. I wanted to be dignified but her talk had made me so horny that I couldn’t resist and soon my hand was between my legs again, much to the amusement of Julie and Estelle.  
  
“So, from now on, this little game is going to get extreme. I only want to play if it’s extreme. I think you’ll go along with it. You will put up with a lot from me, won’t you, sweetie? You sneaked out of your house totally naked just for the chance to have this conversation because you need this treatment, don’t you? Most girls in your predicament would be trying to figure out how they’ll get home without any clothes. You can’t think about that at the moment, though. All you can think about it your next orgasm, which looks to be just seconds away,” Julie said. She was right, of course. At some point Estelle had picked up the camera again and I saw flashes going off as I came for the third time.  
  
“So, what we’re going to do is just make everything a bit more extreme for you. Your skirts will be a bit shorter and your tops a bit more revealing. You’re going to continue sitting carelessly and letting everyone look up your skirt. Only thing is, from now on it won’t be panties you’re flashing, it will be that little-girl pussy with no hair on it that people see instead. And you’re going to shave that thing every day. Doesn’t that sound like fun?” she asked.  
  
“Julie, my mom is never going to let me out of the house in skirts shorter than what I usually wear. She already fights with me about skirt lengths. I don’t see how I can wear them any shorter. She won’t allow it,” I said.  
  
“Not a problem Amy-doll. We have two weeks left in school. You can wear whatever you need to get past your mom out of the house. Just stop over here on the way to school and we’ll get you dressed properly. My parents go to work early so it will just be Estelle and me. We’ll pick out your outfits and make sure you look hot!” Julie answered.  
  
“Julie, I can’t wear that skirt Beth made for me today to school. It is too short and I’ll get thrown out for wearing it,” I whined. The thought of being made to wear that tiny schoolgirl skirt to school with no panties was making me horny again. What was wrong with me?  
  
“Yeah, you can wear it and yeah, you’ll probably get thrown out of school. I think the teachers will give you as much slack as they can, given you’re two weeks away from graduation but eventually they’ll toss you. I’m sure you have enough credits to graduate anyway, though. You’re 18 now, so you can demand the school not notify your parents when they toss you out and you can hang with Estelle till school’s out. It’s only two weeks and I’m sure you’ll get through a week just by promising to wear less revealing clothes. You won’t be keeping that promise but go ahead and make it when you get called to the office for dressing like a slut.”  
  
“Now I’m going to ask you a question and I want the truth when you answer. Are you really a virgin?” she asked. I nodded. OK, have you ever given a boy a blow job?” I shook my head. This line of questioning continued until I had admitted that I had let my boyfriend see me naked and had given him a number of hand jobs. Even to me this sounded stupid but it was true. Up until I started playing this little game with Julie I had only let one guy see me naked. And when he did see me naked I had a big bush of pubic hair covering me down below.  
  
“Well, I’m not going to make you do anything you haven’t done before, but we’re going to change this reputation you have of being a tease. You’re about to become a slut for real. From now on, every date you have includes you getting completely naked and giving a hand job. If you decide to give one guy a blow job, then every guy gets a blow job. If you let a guy screw you, then you’re going to let every guy screw you. See how this is going to work?” she asked. I nodded. At this point I had started fingering myself again without even realizing it. She had me and we all knew it.  
  
“I’m telling you, if you want to play, we’re playing hard and we’re playing everywhere. Are you still with me, Amy-doll?” I didn’t know how to answer. What she was describing was way more than I wanted. She knew it, too. She had just taken my favorite masturbation fantasies and added to them. I wondered if I could go through with it. I wondered why I wanted to!  
  
“Julie, does it have to be all or nothing? You’re talking really extreme stuff here. This is stuff that people will never forget! Can’t we ease into this? Take it a little slow?” I asked. I think I already knew the answer before she gave it, though.  
  
“Nope, sorry! It’s all or nothing. And you haven’t even heard the worst of it yet. I’m planning to strip you completely naked in public. You’re not going to believe the places you’re going to get naked at! Oh! I almost forgot! I’m going to have you rubbing out orgasms in public like every day, too! And if guys get horny watching you prance around in your too-short skirts you’ll be right there offering up a hand job to relieve them,” she laughed. “So, are you in or out, Amy-doll?” Both Julie and Estelle were watching me, waiting to see how I’d answer.  
  
“Um, I just don’t know! This is way too much. I want to play the game but I just don’t want to play it quite so extreme. Can I think about it?” I couldn’t believe I hadn’t just said NO. Was I crazy? I couldn’t help myself, though. I didn’t want to do any of this stuff. I would have said OK right away if Julie would find some way of making me do it. I just couldn’t bring myself to volunteer for all this.  
  
“Sure, Amy-doll, you can think about it. Take the weekend to think about it. Try going out in your new clothes. Give a couple hand jobs, whatever. I’ll need your answer before school Monday morning. Tell you what…come over before school Monday morning either way. If you want to play, bring the outfit Beth made you. If you bring the outfit, you wear it to school. If you don’t bring the outfit we’ll never talk about this again. All you’ve really lost at this point is a couple dozen naked pictures and a small bunch of people that have seen you naked. It’s all up to you,” she said.  
  
“You’re sure you won’t consider a less extreme game?” I asked again.  
  
“Sorry, Amy-doll. You have my answer. Now go home. I don’t want to see you again until Monday morning.

Chapter 9  
  
“So, what do you think? Is she gonna do it?” Estelle asked with a laugh.  
  
“Yeah, I think she is. I learned about this thing called compulsive behavior in school. I even looked it up on the Net. If you have this compulsive behavior thing you just can’t help yourself. She understands how bad this is going to be for her but she can’t help herself. I think I know a certain someone who will be going to school Monday in a really short plaid skirt and a too-small white top,” Julie said with a laugh.  
  
“So, what are you going to do to her if she goes through with it?”  
  
“I’m going to trash the little bitch’s reputation as much as I can. I think I can make the next couple of weeks something that will haunt her for the rest of her life. I guarantee she won’t want to live around here when it’s done!” Julie said with a laugh.  
  
“Well, duh!” Estelle laughed. “She just about agreed to strip naked any place you tell her to and you already have her running around her own neighborhood naked. How could she agree to do this after learning what you want her to do?” Estelle asked.  
  
“Look, it’s this compulsive behavior thing. She can’t help herself. But it’s not the getting naked part that will make her reputation. Did you notice that she didn’t object when I told her every date gets a hand job? Word about that will get out quickly and she’s going to be a very popular girl! And, after a little while hand jobs will become blow jobs. And then, blow jobs will become screwing. Can you imagine the line of people that will want to date her when all the guys figure out she puts out on the first date, every time?” Julie laughed.  
  
“Well, I think she’s gonna come to her senses and stop all of this. I bet that she’ll be wearing pants to school next Monday,” Estelle said.  
“You think so? I think she’s gonna be in her little schoolgirl outfit and hating herself for it. In fact, I think in a couple years some therapist is gonna get rich trying to undo the damage I plan on doing over the next couple weeks. I might even keep her at this through the summer. Just think, I could have her all to myself at the cottage all summer. And there will be all kinds of boys for her to show off for and have sex with and all the girls getting pissed off at her about it. The possibilities are endless!” Julie gushed.  
  
“Well, we’ll see on Monday, won’t we? Of course, she might be grounded by then. I wonder if she made it into her house OK. I have to admit I was surprised when she showed up here naked. And, she didn’t even ask for any clothes to go home in. Heck, you might be right about her after all!” Estelle said.  
  
I crouched in my back yard trying to get an idea of where in the house my mom was. I hated myself at the moment. How could I be so stupid that I ended up here in my back yard at 9:30 at night, totally naked? I hated Julie and Estelle, too. Those two had just had a big laugh at my expense. I imagined that they were calling their friends right now telling them about the stupid bimbo that came over naked and masturbated while they took pictures. Oh God! The pictures! They weren’t low quality camera-phone pictures, they were high resolution pictures taken with a very expensive camera. High-resolution pictures of me with my legs spread fingering myself in Julie’s back yard. And, they were who-knows-where on the Internet already. Most of all, I hated my defective brain that loved this degrading treatment and made me so horny.  
  
I was getting desperate to get in the house but I didn’t see any sign of Mom. She could be anywhere. It was getting chilly and the cold air on my wet pussy was making me uncomfortable. I also was anxious to masturbate again. I was so horny! I couldn’t help thinking about all the humiliating things I had just done and all the humiliating things I was going to be doing in the future. Damn Julie! She knew how all this affected me and she was going to make me pay a steep price. She was going to ruin my life! Well, I wasn’t going to let that happen. If I could just get in the house without getting busted by Mom I’d get dressed, including underwear, and forget this whole thing. I knew I was kidding myself but I had to concentrate on getting in the house.  
  
Finally I saw the light go on in Mom’s bedroom. About a minute later her bathroom light went on. This was my chance! I held my breath as I slipped in the house and went directly to my room. Fortunately, I made it to my bedroom undetected. Feeling safe for the first time in a couple hours, I got on the bed, spread my legs and got my fingers working. Just as I started I heard the phone ring. Mom picked it up on the second ring and a few seconds later knocked on my door.  
  
“Phone for you, Amy. It’s Julie from next door,” Mom said. I heard her walk back towards her room as I picked up the phone.  
  
“Hi Amy-doll, did you make it home OK?” Julie asked with a laugh.  
  
I heard Mom hang up the extension and wondered if she had heard Julie call me Amy-doll. “Yes, I did, Julie. I just got in a few minutes ago,” I answered.  
  
“Well, good for you, Amy-doll! I hope you haven’t gotten too comfortable yet. I have some bad news for you. I forgot to tell you something so you need to come back over,” she giggled.  
  
“Wh-what? You want me to come back over now? What do you need to tell me? Can’t you tell me on the phone?” I asked.  
  
“No, sorry, you need to come over,” she insisted.  
  
“Um, OK, I’m not dressed yet. Give me a few minutes to put some clothes on and I’ll be right over,” I answered. I hoped I was going to be able to get out of the house without a long discussion with Mom.  
  
“No need to get dressed, Amy-doll. You can come as you are,” she laughed.  
  
“It’s no bother, Julie. I’ll just throw on a skirt and a T-shirt and I’ll be right over,” I answered. I was getting very curious about what she could possibly need to tell me that she couldn’t or wouldn’t say over the phone.  
  
“No, Amy-doll, you don’t understand. I want you to come over just the way you are. Naked. Got it?” Julie said in a firm voice, as if talking to a child.  
  
“Julie, please! I don’t think it’s a good idea for me to keep wondering around the neighborhood with no clothes on!” I pleaded.  
  
“You’re right, it’s probably not a good idea for you to be wondering around the neighborhood naked. You could get caught and that would be so embarrassing you wouldn’t stop fingering yourself for a week!” she laughed. “Now get over here! Now!” She hung up the phone without giving me a chance to answer.  
  
I threw on a robe and knocked on Mom’s door. “Mom, I have to run next door for a few minutes. Julie needs an assignment from school,” I lied.  
  
“Ok, dear. Don’t be late, though. You have school in the morning,” Mom answered.   
  
I dashed down the stairs and out in the back yard. This time I wasn’t worried about Mom wandering about and finding my robe. I dashed across the yards naked for a second time this evening. Julie and Estelle were laughing as I approached. I had to admit their laughing was justified. I mean, here I was for the second time, coming over here without a stitch of clothing on. Both of our moms were home and this was really a stupid risk to be out here naked like this.  
  
“Well, hello again, Amy-doll,” Julie laughed.  
  
“So, what did you need to tell me, Julie?” I asked. I was a little annoyed that whatever she had to say could only be said to me in person while undressed.  
  
“Well, I really just wanted to show you something,” Julie answered.  
  
“Show me what?”  
  
“I wanted to show you that even though you were so worried about getting back into your house naked you’d put yourself right back in the same position and do it all over again just because I told you to,” she laughed.  
  
I should have just shut up and let them laugh at me. Basically, she was right. I wanted to put clothes on to come over here. I was naked because she told me to be naked. Still, my pride was wounded.  
  
“Well, I’m not as stupid as you think, Julie! I have a robe sitting right outside my back door!” Somehow I got some small satisfaction out of being smart enough to leave the robe to help me get back in the house. Talk about missing the big picture!  
  
“Oh really, you have a robe outside? Go get it and show me,” Julie laughed.  
  
The fact that I fell for this is more embarrassing than the fact that I was running around outside naked. I fetched the robe and handed it to Julie. Did I mention that my IQ drops 50 points when I’m naked? Naturally, Julie took the robe.  
  
“Now the next time you come over naked you’ll have something to wear home!” Both girls laughed at me as I walked away feeling like a complete idiot. At least I made it into the house without getting busted by Mom. I knew, though, that if I kept doing this she was going to catch me sooner or later.

Bottom of Form

Chapter 10

My ordeal was finally over. I went to bed. Tomorrow was Friday and, presumably, I would be free of Julie’s demands until Monday morning. Of course, I would need to decide what I was going to do. I was mulling over the alternatives as I drifted off to sleep. I started thinking I would go to school Friday in pants, panties, bra, shirt, and a sweatshirt on top of everything and try to get off this self-destructive path I was on. As I started thinking about the events of the evening and the last couple days I began to change my mind.

I woke up Friday morning with a plan. I was going to wear a revealing top and the shortest skirt I had that Mom would allow me to wear to school. I’d put a sweater over the blouse so Mom wouldn’t notice I was wearing such a revealing top with no bra. I also decided I would go without panties. I had never gone to school without panties before and I’d never worn this top without a bra anywhere. I planned to put the sweater in my book bag as soon as I left the house. I figured if I could get the nerve to do this embarrassing stuff on my own I could control it and not have to let Julie push me to do far more than I wanted to do. I was a little embarrassed at the breakfast table. Mom commented on how short my skirt was and reminded me to be careful sitting. If she only knew I wasn’t wearing underwear. I didn’t know if I could force myself to sit with my legs open a little with out panties on. If I kept playing with Julie I wouldn’t have a choice, so I decided to try.

As soon as I was out of sight of my house I took the sweater off and put it in my book bag. The blouse I had on wasn’t transparent but it was lightweight and clingy. You couldn’t actually see my boobs but you could clearly see their shape. I figured it would be obvious I was bra-less from a pretty good distance. I started to get wet. As luck would have it, I was walking past Julie’s house just as she came out.

“Woo hoo! Nice outfit, Amy-doll! What’s the occasion?” she asked me.

I couldn’t believe how embarrassing it was to explain to Julie that I was experimenting with more revealing clothing. She laughed and said I had done a nice job up top but it was too bad I didn’t have a shorter skirt on. I told her it was the shortest skirt Mom would let me out of the house in. She laughed.

“After 8 years of Catholic school, I think I can help you with that problem. May I?” she asked.

I didn’t know what she had in mind but I wasn’t in the mood to argue and I nodded. She laughed as she put her books down and grabbed the waistband of my skirt.

“Suck your tummy in for me,” she instructed. I did and she folded the waistband down, inside the skirt.

“Ok, we’ll have you fixed right up here. This is called rolling the skirt and all the Catholic schoolgirls do it. Every morning the nuns would check to make sure our skirts were long enough and then everyone would head to the bathroom to roll their skirts to shorten them up. See how much shorter this is now?” she asked. The skirt was a good two inches shorter and much more daring than it was before. She looked at me with a frown.

“Hmmm, one more little trick and you’ll be in business.” She reached around for something in her purse. I didn’t see what it was, but later learned it was a small binder clip. “OK, suck your tummy in again, Amy-doll.” I did as instructed and she hiked the skirt up high on my waist, pinched the waistband together and put the binder clip on it. She put it in the back. I didn’t realize she had put it right out in the open where everyone would see it, though. The skirt was now hanging about two inches above the bottom of my butt.

“OK, let’s have a look at you. Spin around for me,” she instructed. I started to worry that one of the neighbors would see this little skirt adjustment. I didn’t argue with Julie, mostly because I wanted to get this done and resume walking to school.

“Very nice! Not as short as what you’ll be wearing next week, but very short. You’re gonna attract some attention in this outfit! Hope you have matching panties on,” she said laughing. She reached down and lifted up my skirt in front to see what color my panties were and, of course, saw I wasn’t wearing any.

“Amy Anderson! You slut! You don’t have any underpants on!” she yelled and burst out laughing at me. I blushed and tried to explain that I was testing myself to see if I could do this. We were standing on the street, just a couple doors down from my house and she was still holding my now very short skirt up in front. She reached a hand between my legs and ran a finger through my pussy. I was mortified when she held up her finger. It was glistening with wetness. She wiped her finger on my nose as she laughed at me.

“So, trying to get a feel for what life will be like in a few days? Well, how do you like it?”

“Um, it’s ok, I guess, but can I put my skirt down now?” I stammered. I was getting incredibly aroused and I was totally embarrassed.

“Well, if you really want a taste of things to come, let’s do this,” she said. She tucked the front of my skirt into the waistband, leaving me totally exposed in front. “Now, just carry your book bag in front and nobody will notice a thing. Well, they might notice your skirt is up, but they won’t see your goodies anyway,” she said.

“Um, OK, but just for a little while and then I’m putting my skirt down, OK?” I asked.

“Sure thing, Amy-doll. We’re not playing the game today so you can put your skirt down now if you want to,” she answered.

“Oh, I’ll leave it up for a little while. I mean, I have to get used to this kind of stuff, don’t I?” I answered. I was shocked to hear myself say that! It sure sounded like I had decided to go through with everything Julie was demanding. I wondered if my sub-conscious had, in fact, already decided I was doing this.

As we walked to school I told Julie that I would think about the game and would have the appropriate clothing with me if I was going to continue. I asked her what time her parents went to work. Both her parents were off to their jobs in the city by 6:30 AM, plenty early enough to not be around when I arrived Monday morning. I was already planning out the logistics of getting changed into my little schoolgirl skirt Monday morning. I even laughed at the irony of not wanting Julie’s mom to see me in the outfit but letting everyone in school see me in it.

As we approached the school I adjusted my skirt. I slung my book bag over my shoulder and there was nothing covering me but the most revealing outfit I have ever worn to school. I saw that a lot of the other students were giving me long looks. It wasn’t until I saw my frontal reflection in the school’s glass doors that I realized how revealing my outfit was. Even in the reflection it was obvious that I wasn’t wearing a bra. The skirt was dangerously short! I suddenly realized I didn’t know if I could sit in this skirt. When I last sat down in it the hem was about 5 inches closer to my knees!

Julie shocked me out of my thoughts by rubbing a hand under my skirt and on my bare ass. “You have a great day in school, Amy-doll. Plan to meet me outside the cafeteria just before lunch. I’ll want an update on your day!” It was getting close to time for class to start so I went directly to homeroom. I was a little shocked at the feeling of the cold seat on my bare butt. I discretely ran my hand around the hem of the skirt. I was mortified when I realized it didn’t come down to the chair. Everyone that looked at me would see every inch of my legs from the side. I sat with my knees locked together and my hands folded in my lap. I tried once to sit like I normally do but I couldn’t bring myself to open my legs an inch. I wondered if Mister Perry, my homeroom teacher, wondered why I wasn’t flashing him my panties today.

After homeroom my morning classes were mostly the same thing. In each class I sat demurely, unable to bring myself to open up. I wanted to. I really wanted to. For some reason I just couldn’t. I realized that I was never going to be able to do all the embarrassing, humiliating things I craved on my own. I needed to be “forced.” Julie wasn’t really giving me that feeling of being forced like I had hoped. Still, the threat of her not helping me do all these embarrassing things was sort of like being forced. I kept thinking about that and resolved to try it in my classes after lunch.

I met Julie just before lunch. She smiled when she saw me and her smile turned into a laugh as I blushed.

“I kinda thought you’d have adjusted that skirt by now. I’m proud of you for leaving it the way it is. I’ll bet everyone is enjoying looking at your legs. Shown anything else I should know about?” she said with a laugh. I explained all about how I wasn’t able to open my legs but I thought I had a plan for it that I’d try after lunch. Naturally, she pressed me for every embarrassing detail and laughed at me when I told her the full truth.

“Look, Amy-doll, if you want to think of my not playing this game with you as being the same as me forcing you to do this, that’s cool with me. Lunch will be a good time for you to work up the nerve to flash some skin, though. The teachers aren’t really who we want to embarrass you in front of, anyway. It’s your fellow students that we want seeing this show. So, go get a tray and pick a seat at the end of a table where you can be seen easily. Then sit just like you did yesterday when you had undies on,” she said with a laugh.

I had thought I would be eating lunch with Julie but she wanted to sit where she could watch me, not where she could talk to me. I was reminded once again that just because she was willing to torment me and expose me, that didn’t make her my friend. I couldn’t think about that now, though. I was dripping wet at the thought of opening my legs here in the damn cafeteria with this short skirt on. I started to walk away and felt her lift my skirt in the back. I heard a boy’s voice say, “Nice ass! Love your thong!” as I walked away. I felt a rush from the comments and didn’t know if I was disappointed or relieved that he thought I was wearing a thong under my skirt. I got in line to get my lunch tray.

“Did you guys see the outfit Amy Anderson is wearing today?” Julie asked the crowd of girls at her lunch table. A few of the girls had noticed. Some of these people were my friends!

“I can’t believe she’d wear that top without a bra. She must think people want to see her little titties,” one girl said.

“I think the boys approve. She isn’t big up top but she sure is showing what she’s got today,” another girl laughed.

“And how about that skirt? Did you see she has a binder clip pinching it at the waist? And why does she have it so high up on her waist. If she wore it like it was supposed to be worn it might cover her ass a little better,” another girl said.

“My friend Bobby is in one of her classes. He told me she isn’t wearing any underwear!” Julie told the group.

“Oh! That’s just some boy’s wishful thinking. Amy doesn’t care who sees her panties so I don’t doubt he got a look up her skirt. Big deal, everyone gets a look up that slut’s skirt. She must be wearing flesh colored panties today,” another girl said.

“I don’t know. Bobby seemed pretty sure. He also said she’s shaved! Completely shaved!” Julie answered.

“Well, she just sat down over there so we’ll know in a minute. She always sits with her legs spread,” one of the girls said. All the girls at the table were staring at her now.

I sat with my legs tightly closed. I couldn’t believe that I actually wanted to show myself off like this! The thing is, while I love the embarrassment once it’s over, I don’t like it very much while it’s happening. It’s…well, it’s embarrassing! Anyway, I was halfway through my lunch when I took a deep breath and opened my legs. I don’t want you to get the wrong idea. I never sat with my legs wide open, but a foot or so of space between my knees was normal. It’s a whole lot different when you aren’t wearing panties! I should have looked around before I tried this. I had no idea that a whole table of girls was staring at me, waiting to see my show.

“Oh my God! What a slut!” I blushed deeply. I knew that comment had to be directed at me. I heard laughter erupt at a nearby table and when I looked over I saw Julie and 8 or 9 other girls looking at me and laughing. I slammed my legs shut. I’m sure I was as red as a tomato. I could actually feel my face get hot from the blush. I realized this was nothing compared to the embarrassment I was going to feel on Monday if I kept playing with Julie. I tried to make myself open my legs again and couldn’t do it. It was just too much knowing I was being watched.

“Nice pussy, slut!” A girl I had seen around but didn’t know had seen my show. I couldn’t answer her. She laughed and walked away. I saw the table full of girls still laughing at me. Word was spreading. I could feel my arousal building. I got the feeling I had past the point of no return. I could see people talking about me and it seemed like everyone was looking. I kept my legs clamped shut through the rest of lunch.

Julie was waiting for me outside the cafeteria. She laughed in my face and asked me how I liked having all those people looking at me and laughing. I wanted to cry. “You’re probably going to be watched closely for the rest of the day. You don’t have to do anything today but remember, if you want to keep playing the game, everybody that glances your way sees the goodies. Oh yeah, I’ll be doing this to you every once in a while, too,” she said with a laugh. As she said this she reached down and lifted my skirt to my waist. The hallway was filled with kids and people started yelling. I yanked my skirt down. I wanted to yell at her that I wasn’t going to play the game but I couldn’t. As embarrassing as lunch was, I couldn’t say I was not going to be doing Julie’s bidding come Monday. She had proven that she would be ruthless in embarrassing me and I still couldn’t say ‘no.’

Chapter 11

The rest of the school day was horrible. Apparently word had spread about my lack of underwear and I was the center of attention. I had gym during last period and everyone in the locker room saw that I wasn’t wearing underwear. A couple girls tried to pull my gym shorts down in the gym but I grabbed them before they could. The gym teacher saw enough to see that I wasn’t wearing underwear, though, and she told me she wanted to see me after class. I got through class and showered, enduring the teasing of my classmates. I put the skirt on normally, without the binder clip, and went to Mrs. Harris’ office. I sat there through an embarrassing lecture on personal hygiene. She also asked me if I needed information about birth control. Incredibly, the conversation got even more embarrassing.

“Amy, I know that what you’re doing can be thrilling. It’s normal for a girl your age to be experimenting sexually. I understand that a little pubic foreplay can be fun. I don’t think there’s anything wrong with it and I’m not going to tell you to stop doing it. I’m a little concerned about your health, though, so that’s why we’re having this little chat. If you’re going to run around in little short skirts without panties you’re going to be exposing your vagina to lots of germs every time you sit down. Make sure you wash that area 3 or 4 times a day. You should use a good antibacterial soap,” Mrs. Harris said.

This was so embarrassing! I was relieved that Mrs. Harris wasn’t lecturing me about my outfit but I wasn’t exactly comfortable about talking about it like this with her. She was only five or six years older than I was but she was still a teacher! I just nodded my head to her comments.

“I saw you come into school this morning and I saw you at lunch in the cafeteria,” Mrs. Harris continued. I noticed that you had your skirt rolled all day and it was quite a bit shorter than it is now. I don’t know if you lost some bet or if you’re doing this to excite a lover, but after spending the day with your skirt the way it was, it would be a shame to quit now that the school day has ended. I went to a Catholic high school and my group of friends always rolled our skirts once in the morning and then again in the afternoon. Even a regulation skirt becomes quite short when you roll it a second time! You can go ahead and do that and finish off whatever it is you’re doing in a big way,” she said.

I blushed. Did she expect me to roll the waistband of my skirt right here in the office? She didn’t really say I should, but she sure implied it. I didn’t know what to do.

“I also noticed you had this skirt up high on your waist. I saw some type of clip in the back holding the waistband together. That clip was a dead give-away that your skirt adjustments were intentional. I don’t see the clip now. Do you still have it?” She asked.

I had left the binder clip in my locker. I figured I’d get if after my talk with Mrs. Harris but I had no intention of using it. I was simply going to give it back to Julie. I told Mrs. Harris I had the clip in my locker.

“Well, go get it and I’ll help you get all adjusted for your big exit from school,” she said with a smile.

This was surreal! Now it was out in the open. She did expect me to make this skirt shorter for the walk home. I felt the first wave of arousal hit me. This was getting really embarrassing. Without giving myself time to think about it I got up to get the clip from my locker. I could have just left the building but for some reason I didn’t. I brought the clip into Mrs. Harris’ office.

“Huh! A binder clip. Very clever! It’s too bad we never thought of this when I was in school,” she laughed. “Ok, go ahead and roll the waistband over.”

I clumsily folded the waistband of the skirt inward, shortening the skirt by about two inches. Mrs. Harris stepped behind me.

“Ok, this morning you were wearing the skirt about here,” she said as she tugged up on the waistband just like Julie had done before school. I felt the skirt go up to the point where it was very daring. To my surprise, Mrs. Harris didn’t put the clip on my skirt. Instead, she let the skirt drop normally.

“Ok, Amy, now that classes are over and you don’t have to be worried about the entire school seeing you, it’s time to get really daring. Ready for the second roll? I remember back in high school when we’d roll our skirts again after last period for the trip home. Everybody could see my panties when I sat on the bus. I think that’s why men like the schoolgirl look so much!”

OMG! Was I ready to make this skirt even shorter? What if it was too short and didn’t cover everything it had to cover? Could I walk out of school with it like that? I blushed. I started rolling the waistband over a second time. I figured I could always change my mind. I also figured I was probably going to be wearing a skirt this short next week, anyway. Looking back I realized I had already made my decision at this point and was going to tell Julie we were continuing the game. I just had not admitted it to myself yet. Rolling the waistband over a second time made the skirt really, really, short. It was way shorter than anything I had ever worn before. My butt cheeks were peeking out below the skirt hem.

“Now that is a short skirt!” Mrs. Harris said with a big grin. “When we put it back up on your waist where you were wearing it this morning you’re going to be showing lots of leg!” She tugged the skirt up high on my waist and clipped it with the binder clip. I felt like I was bottomless. I looked in the mirror in Mrs.’ Harris’ office and could see half my butt on display.

“Oh! Mrs. Harris! This is too short! I couldn’t walk out of here like this. I have to take the clip off!”

“Now Amy, before you do that let’s talk about it. I don’t know why you dressed like you did today, but there was obviously a reason. You’re showing somebody that you’ll wear very short skirts without panties to school. Whoever that person is, don’t you think he or she will be impressed with how your skirt looks now? It’s true that your butt is pretty exposed and even a little of your vagina is showing. Isn’t that the idea? You let dozens of people see everything you have in the cafeteria at lunch, so whatever the plan is here, showing seems to be the objective. You’ll be able to walk out of here with that skirt just the way it is and still have a smaller audience than you had at lunch today. And the fact that you had this skirt on without underwear isn’t a secret around school anyway. Won’t this skirt, the way it is right now, be better?” she asked. I had to admit everything she said was correct. I was already enjoying the embarrassment I was feeling just being in front of Mrs. Harris like this and was anticipating the intense feelings I’d get if I just walked home this way. I pictured myself stopping at Julie’s house and getting her reaction and agreed to do it.

“You know, I play little dress up games with Mr. Harris, too. I don’t do it at work, of course, but outside of work I wear some pretty revealing clothes myself. I know that it’s the most fun when I think it’s gone just a bit too far. You’re making the right decision,” she said. “I get the feeling that you’re not quite ready to share the story behind your revealing choice of clothing today. I don’t know if this is a one-time thing or if you’ll be doing this again. All I can tell you is that if you need someone to talk to about it, I’m here. I won’t judge you for it. I’ve been out with my husband in an outfit every bit as revealing as your is now. If you ever need to talk to someone who will understand, just come see me, Amy.” I couldn’t believe Mrs. Harris was being so nice and understanding. I didn’t think I could confide in her, though. She is a teacher, after all. Still, it was nice to know that there was someone I could talk to if, or should I say when, my game with Julie got bad. I took a deep breath and left Mrs. Harris’ office with my skirt up high, feeling like everything was on display.

Fortunately, the walk home from school is less than a mile. I felt very exposed with my skirt up exposing my ass and even some of my pussy. Some cars passed me without a glance. Others slowed down, blew their horns, and yelled things out the window. I tried to ignore it all. About halfway home I came to a convenience store. I saw a boy from school that I knew. He told me how great I looked and said he really liked my outfit. I was embarrassed but I thanked him for the compliment. I continued on my way and he walked with me. I was nearly to Julie’s house when the boy asked me to go on a date. I asked him what he had in mind and he suggested dinner and a movie. I decided to accept. I figured it would be fun. He said he would pick me up at 7:30. I asked him to call me at 7:00 because I might be at a friend’s house. He jotted down my cell number and said goodbye.

I had been thinking about what I was going to have to do on dates if I played Julie’s game and instantly decided I would give that a try tonight. Timmy, my date, couldn’t know it yet, but he was going to get a hand job from me tonight. I wanted him to call me at 7:00 because I was hoping I could have him pick me up at Julie’s house. If she would let me come over before my date I would let Julie dress me for the date. I was so horny thinking about my date and what I was going to do on it that I decided to go straight home to masturbate. Julie pulled up in her car just as Timmy started to walk away so my gratification was going to have to wait a bit.

Chapter 12

“Whoa! Amy! Look at you!” Julie exclaimed. She had a huge grin on her face as she looked me up and down. “This is a great look for you, Amy-doll! And who was the little nerd you were talking to? Come on in and give me all the details,” she said. I followed Julie to her house. I was hoping Estelle was busy because I was too embarrassed and didn’t want her to see me dressed like this. It was no use.

“Estelle! Come see how the little slut next door is dressed. Bring a camera!” Julie yelled at the top of her lungs. I stood there awkwardly as Julie put her books down and kicked her shoes off. In a couple minutes Estelle was there, laughing at me. She took a couple pictures which I figured would be put on the ‘Net along with my others. The thought of that only made me even more horny. I couldn’t wait to masturbate and found myself hoping these two girls would make me do it right in front of them and photograph it all.

“So, Estelle, what do you think of our slut now? I found her outside on the street, dressed like this, making a date with some nerd kid from school!” Julie asked

“She was out in the street with her skirt up like this? She’s too much!” Estelle agreed with a laugh.

At Julie’s prompting I explained all about my day at school, particularly my last class and my encounter with Mrs. Harris. At various points during my explanation the girls laughed, of course. I noticed that they were using my name less and less and just referring to me as the slut. I don’t know why I found that exciting but I did. And, I began to think of myself as a slut. In reality, I was a tease. I was still a virgin and had very little sexual activity in my past. I had let a couple guys feel my tits while making out, of course, but I only let one guy touch me below the waist and had only given hand jobs. Even the hand jobs were all for one guy, a guy I considered to be my boyfriend at the time. And yet, I knew Timmy was going to get a hand job tonight. And maybe more. And I was going to be dressed like a tramp for my date. I also knew that what little clothing I wore on my date with Timmy would be coming off. I was truly a slut but my experiences hadn’t yet caught up with me.

The girls were very amused when I told them I was experimenting to see what life was going to be like beginning Monday. While I still had to decide whether I was going to allow Julie’s suggestions to become mandatory or not, it was starting to seem to the girls, and to me, that I had already decided. I hadn’t decided, of course. I was trying to find the strength to stop all of this. I knew I’d be much better off if I could control myself and not let Julie control my humiliation. I had my doubts about whether I could do this without her, though. I knew for sure I wouldn’t be able to stop experiencing the humiliation I craved, though. When I asked Julie if I could have my date pick me up at her house she readily agreed.

“So, Amy-doll, why is it so important for your date to pick you up here instead of your house?” Julie asked.

“If my mom knows I have a date she’ll want to help me get ready and will suggest an outfit for me to wear. I was thinking I’d wear something a bit more daring than Mom would approve of,” I answered.

“Oh? Do tell, Amy-doll! What are you planning to wear?” Julie said with a laugh.

“I haven’t decided yet but I was thinking I would, um, err, um, I was thinking I would wear my new plaid skirt and white tube top,” I answered. I was embarrassed to tell her I was planning on full slut-wear for my date but she was going to find out eventually. Naturally, she burst into hysterical laughter at this.

“Well, my parents won’t be home until at least 8:00, so you can get ready for your date here. I have an idea! Why don’t you leave the clothes you’re wearing now here and you can go get your date clothes and bring them over. Estelle and I will help you get ready for your date! You can spend the night here and you’ll have mom-approved clothing to go home in tomorrow,’ Julie suggested.

“Ok, thanks! How about I come back around 6:00 or so? That will give me an hour and a half to get ready,” I suggested.

“Oh, I was thinking you’d just go home now and leave your mom a note telling her you were having dinner here and spending the night. My parents usually go out for a late dinner on Friday nights, so even if your mom checks up on you my parents won’t know you went out on a date.’ I nodded. “So, it’s settled, you’ll leave those clothes here and go get your date clothes and bring them right back,” she said, matter of factly.

This wasn’t what I wanted at all. I wanted to go home and masturbate! I needed relief and with Julie’s plan I wouldn’t be alone until sometime tomorrow. There was no way I could go all the way to tomorrow without relieving my itch! Between my embarrassing day at school, my walk home with my butt hanging out of my skirt, and anticipation of my date tonight, I needed relief. I decided on the direct approach and told Julie what was on my mind.

“Oh, don’t be silly! You can’t masturbate before a date! I’m sure that nerd boy…what’s his name? Timmy? I’m sure Timmy would much rather have you horny for your date. And you’ll enjoy getting all slutted up for him much more if you’re horny,” she said. Reluctantly, I agreed.

“So, it’s settled. Get out of those clothes and go get your slut-wear for tonight.”

“What? You want me to strip now and then go get my clothes for tonight? So I go home to get my clothes naked?” I asked.

“Look, Amy-doll, you said you wanted to know what things are going to be like starting Monday, right? Well, starting Monday you’ll not only be wearing more revealing clothes, you’ll also be spending more time with no clothes at all. You’ve seen my Barbie-doll a few times, right? Have you noticed that my Barbie-doll never seems to have clothes on? Well, why would it be any different for my Amy-doll?” she said, eliciting a laugh from Estelle.

I had not planned on doing another streak between my house and Julie’s house. Still, I had pulled this off a couple of times yesterday and it wasn’t so bad. I knew Mom wouldn’t be home for at least another hour or so, and I wasn’t likely to get caught. The idea seemed a bit exciting so I agreed and pulled my top off and my skirt off. Estelle snapped a couple pictures of me stripping and also of my run across the back yards to my house. It felt a little strange going into my house naked but I was only inside for a couple minutes to grab the slut-wear and write a quick note. Soon I was back in Julie’s back yard. Julie and Estelle were out back smoking cigarettes and I stood there nude, waiting for them, as if it was the most natural thing in the world to be naked with these two clothed girls.

Inside, Estelle ironed the skirt I had worn to school. The waistband was all wrinkled from being rolled over. She also ironed the plaid skirt I was planning to wear on my date. I put the skirt and tube top on and modeled it for the girls. Damn! The skirt was short! I could sit fairly modestly in the skirt because of the pleats. If I opened my legs a little, though, the skirt lifted up and showed everything! We experimented with some knee socks and Mary-Jane shoes like a typical schoolgirl would wear. We also tried some white thigh-highs and high heels. I liked the knee socks and flats but Julie overruled me and decided on the thigh highs and heels. There was a 6-inch band of flesh between the stocking tops and the skirt hem. I looked like a street-walking whore! The shoes had a 5-inch spike heel and I had some trouble walking in them at first.

With my outfit decided, I was instructed to take everything off and put the heels back on. I spent the next 2 hours wearing just the heels. The girls took care of my make-up and hair. My hair was braided into two pigtails and Estelle put more make-up on me than I normally wore in a week. Finally, my fingernails and toenails were painted whore red. That’s what the bottle said for the color. Whore red. Estelle was very talented with the make-up and the blue eye shadow and bright red lipstick made me look very slutty. The blush on my cheeks made me look like a little girl.

With my hair, make-up, and nails done, and still wearing nothing but the high heels, the girls had me pose for pictures. In all, Estelle took about 40 pictures. Julie had put a comedy CD in and it was very funny. I was smiling and laughing in most of the pictures. Also, in all but a few of the pictures, I was spreading my legs shamelessly. Estelle downloaded the pictures and showed them to me on her computer. It was an amazing set of pictures. With all the make-up they had on me, it wasn’t obvious that the pictures were of me. Anyone that knew me would recognize me, but any stranger who had seen the pictures would never recognize me without all the make-up. Julie had me sign some form she had printed off the computer. The form had a scanned picture of my driver’s license on it. I made sure she wasn’t planning to post this form on the ‘Net before I signed it.

The girls kept me naked until it was time for my date. Timmy had called right at 7:00 and I gave him Julie’s address to pick me up. He asked what I was wearing and all I would tell him was that it was a surprise but I would look nice for him. I spent the next 20 minutes or so sitting and talking with the girls, going over the “rules” for my date. Julie wanted my legs apart for the whole conversation. She had to remind me a couple times, but for the most part I sat spread open. The rules for my date were optional for tonight but would become mandatory after Monday if I continued as her Amy-doll. There weren’t many. First, I had to initiate the first kiss early in the date. I was required to rub Timmy’s penis, outside of his pants, every time we kissed. I was to allow him to feel me up as much as he wanted and to cooperate with any efforts he made to grope me. For instance, if he put a hand on my thigh, I had to open my legs for him. At some point in the date I had to strip completely naked for him, and of course, I had to give him a hand job. These would be all mandatory things for dates starting on Monday. I agreed to all of them.

I was also told that I was free to screw him and/or blow him. I didn’t have to do either of these, but I could if I wanted to. If I did either of these things, I didn’t need to give him the hand job, of course. I had never had a penis in my mouth before and I was very curious about it. Obviously, I knew guys loved this and decided that if the mood was right, I would give my very first blow job to Timmy tonight. Lastly, I would have to give a report on my date to the girls when I returned.

At about 7:20 Julie took me into the kitchen and helped me get dressed. I was thinking I’d dress like a slut but in reality, I looked more like a hooker in this outfit. I heard the doorbell ring and Estelle answered it. Julie started pinching and twisting my nipples. In a couple minutes my nipples were erect and threatening to poke right through the thin material of the tube top.

“Show time, slut! Let’s go meet your date,” Julie said.

Chapter 13

I’m sure Timmy figured I would be dressed provocatively for the date. After all, I was wearing a skirt that didn’t even cover my butt when he had asked me out. Still, I don’t think he was quite prepared for what he saw when I came into the room. He had certainly never seen me wearing heavy make-up like this. The hair in pigtails was a new look for me, too. I hadn’t worn my hair like this since I was 8 years old. Of course, with all that, I think it was the clothes that shocked him. I had on a thin white tube top and my nipples were visible through it. And, thanks to Julie, my nipples were very erect. The tube top left most of my belly bare. The pleated red skirt was worn low on my hips and showed off my hipbones nicely. The skirt was also incredibly short, with the hem coming right up to pussy. It was literally just long enough to cover me in front. In the back, it was quite different. The entire lower half of my butt was exposed. I hadn’t measured, but I would guess this skirt was no more than 6 or 7 inches from waist to hem. Below the skirt was bare thigh for about 6 inches, then white seamed thigh highs, and finally 5-inch heeled, black patent leather shoes. I could tell by the look on Timmy’s face that he was shocked.

I was feeling very slutty, of course. I walked over to him, ignoring the skirt that had started slipping in the 8 or 9 steps I had to take to get across the room. I said hello and put my right arm around his neck and pulled him in for a kiss. As I was slipping my tongue into his mouth I massaged his crotch with my left hand. I felt him start to harden down below and the girls were making comments. I heard Estelle say, “oooh!” and I heard Julie comment that “someone’s gonna get lucky tonight.” I broke off the kiss and tugged my skirt back into position. Timmy was a bit flushed.

“So, where are you guys going tonight?” Julie asked.

“I was thinking dinner at the Olive Garden and then a movie. Anything special you want to see, Amy?” Timmy answered.

“Dinner and a movie? Well, I guess that’s OK,” Julie answered. “I wouldn’t bother with anything fancy, though. It doesn’t take steak and lobster to get into Amy’s panties, does it Amy?” she continued. I blushed and shook my head ‘no’,

“See, Timmy? I think a Big Mac and fries will be enough to get in her panties tonight. That is, if she’s even wearing panties! Amy, are you wearing panties under your little skirt?” Julie taunted.

Julie was making me out to be a total slut and a cheap one at that. I blushed and was really embarrassed but there was nothing I could do to but play along. I told her what she already knew about whether I was wearing panties or not. I wasn’t mad at her for this, though. I know she was just trying to embarrass me and it was working! It wasn’t like we would get very far into the date before Timmy saw I wasn’t wearing panties. With a skirt this short, its hard to keep secrets like that. And, if I tell the truth, her talking about me like I was some cheap slut was really turning me on. And she wasn’t quite done yet!

“If you haven’t picked out a movie yet maybe you want to reconsider,” Julie continued.

“Why?” Timmy asked. Timmy was a bit naïve and still a bit overwhelmed by my outfit. Julie seemed to be having tons of fun playing with him at my expense.

“Well, think about it, Timmy! Look at how your date is dressed. I doubt she got all whored up for you so she could sit in a dark movie theater. Take her out someplace! Show her off!” Julie said.

Naturally, Estelle had to take a shot, too. These two worked well together.

“Maybe he figures a dark movie theater would be a good place to feel her up. It’s not a bad idea when you think about it. She’s half-naked all ready, the place will be dark. Is that the plan, Timmy?” Estelle asked, laughing. I just blushed and kept quiet, wondering how far these two would take this. Timmy was speechless.

“Timmy,” Julie took over. “You can feel her up anywhere. I have an idea! Why don’t you take her bowling? Amy loves to bowl!”

Bowling?! In this outfit? She can’t be serious! I actually did like bowling and would have jumped at this suggestion if I were wearing pants and a decent top. Or panties. Or even a longer skirt.

“Um, I don’t think Amy is dressed for bowling,” Timmy answered. I could tell he was imagining exactly what I would look like bowling in this outfit. I was, too. And I was getting all hot and bothered by the thought. It would be so embarrassing! Julie shot me a look and I remembered her requirement that I cooperate with her efforts to embarrass me. I took a deep breath.

“Um, bowling would be OK with me,” I said.

“Are you sure, Amy? I love your outfit but that skirt is very short and if you’re not wearing underwear, well, you know. And the bowling alley is probably gonna be pretty crowded. Are you sure?” Timmy asked. Timmy was such a gentleman!

“Look Timmy, Amy knows what will show when she bowls. If she had a problem with letting it show, would she be wearing that tiny skirt in the first place? And why would anyone wear a micro-mini like that without panties? Don’t you see? She wants you and showing you the goods is her way of getting you interested. I know you can’t feel her up at the bowling alley like you could at a movie, but I think she’ll let you feel her up afterwards, won’t you Amy?” Julie replied.

So, there it was out in the open. I’m dressed up and made up like a cheap hooker and I’m going on a first date. And now, I’m supposed to just announce that I’m going to let him feel me up? And just how am I supposed to figure out how to answer this question now that I’m so horny I can’t think straight? I certainly was going to let Timmy feel me up. Everyone in the room knew that already except for Timmy.

“Yes, Timmy, we can go some place private after bowling,” I answered with a blush. I was proud of myself for not coming right out and telling him he could feel me up. He got the message, though.

“So, it’s settled, then?” Julie asked. “Fast food, bowling, and sex is the perfect cheap date and Amy is the perfect cheap date girl!” What a humiliating little summary of what I was about to do. Finally, the torture ended and Timmy and I headed for the door.

“Wait, Timmy! Make sure you use a condom!” Julie said.

Condom? This was going too far! I had no intention of losing my virginity to Timmy tonight. It wasn’t going to happen. I was going to play the perfect slut for him and expose myself at a bowling alley. I would strip for him and give him a hand job or maybe a blowjob, and I was going to let him feel me up all he wanted, but I wasn’t screwing him.

“I’m good, thanks,” Timmy answered with a big smile. I wondered if I’d be fighting him off later. I decided to cross that bridge when I came to it. We left with the laughter of Julie and Estelle echoing in my ears.

I had been feeling pretty comfortable in my slut outfit in the house. Maybe the couple of hours spent totally nude before getting dressed helped. I even enjoyed having the girls talk about me being a cheap slut in front of my date. The enormity of what I was doing hit me like a ton of bricks as soon as I stepped outside with Timmy. Here I was, looking just like a hooker, about to go out for fast food and bowling with a guy who was now sure he was getting sex. His attitude sure changed when he realized he had a sure thing on his hands. Once we got in the car he kissed me. I dutifully rubbed his crotch during the kiss. His hand went between my legs, too. A delicious wave of humiliation rolled over me as I spread my legs to accommodate his hand. His inexperience with women was apparent as he immediately started jamming his fingers in me. I raised off the seat a little and arched my back to make his abrupt attack less painful. He probably thought this was my way of showing I liked what he was doing. It was a good thing I was already very wet. His thumb found my clit and he had thee fingers in me when I had an embarrassingly public orgasm in the car which was still parked in Julie’s driveway. I looked up and saw Julie and Estelle at the window laughing at me. Timmy started the car and I immediately began worrying about the next humiliation on the schedule. How was I going to walk into a McDonalds in this outfit?

“Did I tell you she was a slut? Did I tell you?” Julie asked with obvious excitement.

“You did! I gotta tell you, I am impressed!” Estelle answered. “I can’t get believe what just happened! She looked just like a hooker and you convinced her date to cancel dinner and a movie for a burger and bowling! And making her tell him right up front that he was going to get to feel her up was genius. He obviously took that to heart,” she laughed.

“Yeah, you know you’re a slut when you let your date bring you off in the car before even pulling out of the driveway,” Julie laughed.

“I’d love to watch the reactions when people see her bowling in that little skirt! We should go to the bowling alley,” Estelle said.

“No, I have a first date tonight, too. I’ll be doing the dinner and movie that our little slut was supposed to get. I’ll be home early, though. I can’t wait to hear about Amy’s date!” Julie answered.

“Well, I have no plans, so I’ll be here in case Amy gets back before you do,” Estelle said.

“Great! Do me a favor, will you? Get her out of her skirt and top as soon as she comes in, OK?”

“Sure thing. You want her naked. Got it,” Estelle answered.

“No, not naked. Stockings and heels only,” Julie answered with a laugh. Julie headed upstairs to change for her date.

Chapter 14

The ride to McDonalds only took a few minutes. I was a little nervous about playing this close to my house but it couldn’t be helped. Timmy turned off the car but made no move to get out.

“How about another kiss, sexy?” he asked. We were parked right by a window of the place but that just made it more exciting. His lips covered mine and I reached for his crotch with my left hand. His hand touched my thigh and I spread my legs wide for him. I felt like the biggest slut in the world! Anyone walking by could have seen us. People in the restaurant were probably watching us, too. My skirt was up around my waist at this point. I wasn’t surprised to feel him pull my tube top down, leaving me effectively naked. His hand mauled my tits roughly. I was so horny! Suddenly, I was not sure I was going to be a virgin when this date ended. We kissed and groped each other for about 10 minutes in the car. I got very close to another orgasm but didn’t get over the top. I was so horny I think he could have had my virginity right there if he had just kept going a bit longer.

Incredibly, he wanted to get something to eat. I was so frustrated as I struggled to get my tube top up and my skirt down. Like a true gentleman he got out and opened my door for me. I tried not to think about what I must look like as we walked inside McDonalds. I figured the best case would be that people quietly stared at me in my whore clothes and we could eat and get out of there. That wasn’t how it happened, though. As soon as we walked in the door a table near the window with 4 teenagers at it erupted in applause and catcalls. The kids at the table had a clear view of what had just gone on in the car and were openly laughing and telling us to get a room, calling me a whore, etc. At that moment, the idea of getting a room sounded much better than getting burgers. I could only imagine what the bowling alley was going to be like!

I felt like there was a spotlight on me as we stood at the counter. We were behind some guy who was ordering a ton of food. I could see my reflection in the window of the restaurant. It wasn’t me in the reflection; it was some cheap trailer-park whore. And a young one at that! Between the makeup and hair in pigtails and the schoolgirl skirt, I looked like I was 14. I cringed when I saw just how much of my ass was visible. I tugged the skirt down, trying to preserve some small amount of modesty. When I tugged it down I nearly tugged it right off. Almost instantly I found myself tugging it up again. I thought back to the conversation when Beth was hemming the skirt. Julie had mentioned that she wanted me to have to adjust the skirt a couple times a minute. At the time she said that I was thinking about how annoying that was going to be. I never considered just how hard it would be to adjust the skirt to not show too much! Try to be somewhat covered and it feels like it’s gonna fall off. Pull it up so it feels secure and it doesn’t cover what it’s supposed to cover. I thought the evil in this skirt was the amount of flesh it revealed and how it just yelled, “cheap slut” to everyone who saw it. The real evil is that I can’t go more than 30 seconds without thinking about how short my skirt is and what is visible from underneath it.

Timmy was oblivious to all the emotions I was feeling, of course. Finally we were at the front of the line and Timmy ordered burgers for us. While he was getting the food I went to get the straws and napkins and stuff. While I was doing that a couple people came up to me and commented on my appearance. I knew I looked like a cheap slut but I didn’t really need people pointing it out to me. Even after we sat down to eat strangers were making rude comments. Some guy asked how much I charged and if I was available later. I was blushing red like a tomato all through dinner. I was pretty happy to get out of there. Timmy kissed me again in the car. This time I didn’t wait for his hand to go between my legs, I just spread them apart.

“Your outfit caused quite a stir in there, Amy,” Timmy said. “Are you sure you want to go bowling?” His hands were all over me as he asked the question. Truthfully, I didn’t want to go bowling. Judging by the erection he had, he wasn’t all that interested in bowling, either.

“Let’s go someplace private instead of bowling,” I answered. He started the car and headed out. He drove to an industrial park where some of the companies worked all night. This was a favorite spot for teenagers to go parking because you could park between the workers parked cars and not get bothered by the cops. On the way I considered my options. I knew my clothes were coming off and Timmy would get a hand job at least. I decided that tonight would be the night I would give my first blowjob. I was thinking very seriously about letting Timmy go all the way. At the start of the date I had ruled that out. Now I was no longer so sure. I was very horny so I decided to just see how things went.

One we parked things got a little awkward. From Timmy’s perspective, there was no need to get me naked since my outfit gave him al the access he needed. We kissed and groped each other a bit and he didn’t make any move to take any of my clothes off. I knew I didn’t really have to get naked for him but beginning Monday, this would be a requirement for me on every date. Timmy was already thinking he had a sure thing and that I was a total slut. Somehow, between all the groping I had to get out of my clothes. Finally I got an idea.

“Why don’t we get in the back seat, Timmy? There’s way more room back there,” I said. He agreed and was out of the driver’s seat in a flash. I got out of the car and pulled my top and skirt off and tossed them in the front seat and then hopped in the back. I hear a horn blowing and saw a car flashing its lights from the row of cars behind us. Some other unknown people now knew I was a slut. Once in the back seat I took my heels and stockings off and tossed them into the front seat. Next I was working on unfastening Timmy’s pants.

I won’t go into detail about what happened in the back seat of Timmy’s car. I had always pictured my first time to be wildly romantic. I imagined a very handsome man, a large bed with satin sheets covered with rose petals, all combining into a magical evening that I would remember for the rest of my life. Everyone says you always remember your first, right? I hope that’s not true. My very handsome man was an inexperienced teenage boy, my bed with satin sheets was the back seat of a 5-year old Chevy, and my magical evening consisted of about 1 minute of clumsy thrusting. He didn’t even take his pants off; he just pulled them down. I got a nasty scratch on my leg from the zipper of his jeans. When he was done there were a few minutes of awkward silence and then he took me home. I had him drive me back to Julie’s house. At least he asked me for another date on the way home. I told him to call me next week. I knocked on Julie’s door. Estelle let me in. The clock in the living room was just hitting 9:30 and my date was over.

Estelle was surprised to see me so early. “I want to hear all about your date, Amy-doll, but first, Julie left instructions for you to strip off everything but your stockings and heels. I set up the video camera so you won’t have to go through this twice. So, get out of the clothes and tell me all about it,” she said. I could see she was trying not to laugh at me. When I started to take my skirt and top off without even making a comment she couldn’t hold back any longer, though, and the video I made started out with me stripping with her laughter in the background.

She had set up a little barstool in front of the camera and I sat down. She sat next to the camera. She spread her legs wide apart and motioned for me to spread my legs and I did. Of course, she was wearing jeans and I was naked.

“So, how was our little virgin-pretending-to-be-a-slut’s big date?” she said.

“Well, first of all, I am no longer pretending to be a slut. It’s official. I’m a slut. And, I’m no longer a virgin,” I answered.

“Oh? Do tell! I want every detail,” she answered, laughing. She rubbed her hand into her crotch and motioned for me to do the same. Blushing, I did as ordered. I spent the next 20 minutes naked, fingering myself, and recounting every humiliating detail of my date with Timmy. At the end of my story I finished by having three huge orgasms. I had been horny for hours and finally got the relief I needed. I didn’t even think of the video camera with the little blinking red light until I was done. I realized that I had just made a very embarrassing video. As soon as Estelle turned the camera off I asked if I could go shower. Estelle told me I could but warned me not to mess up my hair or makeup. They were already messed up, of course, but she wanted me to preserve the freshly-fvcked look. When I got out of the shower I put my stockings and heels on and went down stairs. My skirt and tube top were no longer by the door where I left them. Just then, Julie came home from her date.

Chapter 15

The absolute worst part of my whole night was replaying the video I made. Julie and Estelle laughed hysterically throughout. They stopped the tape and replayed certain sections several times. They mocked me, called me a cheap slut, and laughed in my face. I was getting horny again and started rubbing my pussy. This caused them to break out in wild laughter. What had I become? Here I was, sitting naked, legs spread wide apart, masturbating myself of my own accord with two fully clothed girls watching and laughing. Worse, I realized that I liked it. I felt thoroughly degraded and I liked it!

“So, Amy-doll, you really like this stuff, huh?” Julie asked. I nodded.

“Well, are you really going to wait until Monday to decide your fate or are you ready now? Tomorrow’s Saturday and we could have tons of fun with you if you’re ready to decide. On the other hand, you could stay home all alone and think about it. It’s a big decision, I know. Hmmm, do you want to forget all this and make believe it never happened or do you want to become the town slut?” Julie laughed at me. Her tone of voice was so condescending! Here I was, totally naked and she was mocking me. Why couldn’t I just get up and leave?

“Do you have to mock me like that?” I asked. I don’t know what answer I was hoping for. A part of me realized her attitude and constant mocking was a turn on. It was definitely humiliating and it was turning me on.

“Well, I suppose I don’t really have to…but I like it so I’ll keep doing it!” she said with a laugh.

“Well, does this have to be so public? Can’t we be a little bit discreet about this?” I asked. Again, I had no idea what answer I was hoping for.

“Discreet? I don’t think so! You’re going to become the town slut and be available to everyone. What fun would it be to make you available to everyone but not tell anyone? No, if you decide to play our little game you’re going to you’re going to play hard and you’re going to play everywhere.” Julie said. She knew she had me and she was just taunting me.

“So, what do you think? Are we waiting till Monday or are we starting right now?” Julie asked.

I didn’t know what to do! I knew this was wrong. I knew this was going to ruin my reputation. I knew I should just put my clothes on and go home. I also knew I had never been so horny in my life. I knew I’d never be able to stop thinking about this. I knew that no matter how I answered this question I was going to regret it for a long time. If I said no, this would always be the opportunity lost. If I said yes, I was going to be spending a lot of time dressed like a street-walking whore. I took a deep breath.

“I can’t decide! We can play tomorrow if you want but I can’t decide about this. I need more time.”

“No, sorry. If you’re in, we’ll play. If you need more time to decide you’re on your own. I’ll tell you what, if you decide to be my Amy-doll, you stop here Monday on your way to school. Come around to the back. You can strip in the back yard and I’ll pick out a nice embarrassing outfit for you. If you don’t want to be my Amy-doll, don’t even come over,” she told me.

I stood there, naked but for the stockings and heels, more confused than ever. Julie plainly wanted nothing to do with me unless I was willing to be her play-toy. I resolved right then and there to tell her ‘no’. I had intended to do it immediately. What came out was some stupid promise to think about it over the weekend and to give her my answer Monday morning. She went upstairs and got the clothes I wore over to her house earlier that day. She literally threw them at me.

“Any time you decide you’re in, feel free to come over. Whatever happens, you’ll either be here Monday morning, all nice and naked, or we’re not playing. See ya,” she said. She literally pushed me out the door.

I didn’t go out for the rest of the weekend. I couldn’t think of anything else but whether I was going to do what she wanted. In the moments I could think rationally I was certain I should say ‘no’. I kept getting horny, though, and it was clear that my body wanted to say ‘yes’. I also kept thinking about what she would make me wear to school Monday if I said yes. By bedtime Sunday night I still hadn’t made a decision. Needless to say, I didn’t sleep well! All too soon it was Monday morning. I know I had a conversation with my mom at breakfast but I don’t remember a word of it. I was trembling as I walked through the back yard to Julie’s back door. I stood at her back door for a while, not really aware of my surroundings. I honestly don’t remember how I finally decided what to do. I don’t remember ringing Julie’s doorbell. I vividly remember the evil grin on Julie’s face as she opened the door to let her naked Amy-doll in, though.

The end.

My Story - Part 2

I knew I shouldn't be doing this. I knew I was making a very poor decision that was going to affect me for a very long time, maybe forever. I knew I was being stupid. Unfortunately for me, I couldn't help myself. The combination of fear, arousal, and humiliation was like a drug to me. I needed that drug so badly that I found myself ringing my next door neighbor's doorbell at 6:45 AM, totally naked.

My rational mind understood that Julie, my next door neighbor, wasn't my friend. She certainly wasn't looking out for my best interests. She was intent on totally humiliating me and destroying my reputation. Worse, she was intent on doing as much damage as she possibly could, in as short a time as possible. I was putting my life in her hands and all I was to her was a source of amusement, someone to laugh at. And laugh she did. When I rang her doorbell that Monday morning I was literally shaking in fear. She was delighted to see me and laughed right in my face. Her au pair, Estelle, was also quite amused. Looking back, it was at that particular moment that I really understood the meaning of the word bimbo. That's what I was, of course, a bimbo.

The girls took me inside. Estelle videotaped the lecture Julie gave me. Even though we all knew why I was there, Julie insisted on going through the ground rules. I cringed when I saw the video later. There I was, naked, scared, and obviously aroused, describing my most personal and embarrassing secrets for the camera. As Julie led me through the discussion she emphasized that this was all voluntary, all my idea, and something that I desperately wanted. I admitted on tape that our "game", as Julie put it, was designed to totally humiliate and degrade me, and that I was a willing participant. I assured the camera that I was not being blackmailed and that while I had to obey Julie completely, the only consequence for disobedience was ending the game. Finally, I acknowledged that I understood that I would be required to do things that were illegal and unsafe in order to keep the game going and took responsibility for my own actions. In short, this was all my choice and I am responsible for the consequences of my actions. All in all, it was a video designed to protect Julie as much as it was to humiliate me.

After the lecture and video session it was time to get dressed. I wasn't surprised to learn that I would be wearing a very, short, red plaid schoolgirl skirt. Julie had bought five of these skirts for me and her friend Beth had altered them to be obscenely short. It was the same skirt I had worn on my date last week and I knew I'd be adjusting it constantly. I also knew I'd be attracting a lot of attention in school, as the skirt wasn't long enough to cover my butt completely.

Unlike my date outfit, Julie selected white knee socks for me. She also decided I'd wear 5-inch spike heels. The shoes were all wrong for the socks. I remember thinking how silly it was for me to be worried about this when my ass was going to be hanging out all day long. It also reminded me that I had absolutely no input into my clothing decision. The short skirt was sexually exciting to me; the ridiculous combination of high heels and knee socks was just embarrassing. None of it mattered.

I had expected a tube top to complete my slutty outfit but I was wrong. Instead, Julie tossed me a cropped white T-shirt. She had this T-shirt made especially for me. It left the bottom inch or so of my tits exposed and it had bright red lettering on it. The words "Kiss Me" and a big set of red lips decorated the front and back. Julie walked me over to a mirror and I was a little freaked out by my reflection. My outfit was going to attract a lot of attention. I looked like a cheap hooker. As I was trying to come to grips with my appearance, Julie began to lecture me again.

"Now Amy, we're going to change that reputation you have as a tease just as quickly as we can. Remember the rule about kissing you followed on your date? If you're kissing a boy you are required to fondle his penis outside his pants through the entire kiss," she said. I nodded. "And, every kiss is to be open mouth and make sure you use your tongue. Always let the boy break off the kiss. After each kiss you get I want you to thank the boy and ask him if he'd like another. Understand?" I nodded dumbly. I remember thinking this was going to be bad and I was right.

"Now, you're bound to be asked out on lots of dates since you look so cheap and available. From now on, you don't just look cheap and available, you ARE cheap and available, available to everyone. You will date anyone who asks on a first-come-first-served basis. If you already have a date and you're asked on another one, you will encourage the boy to pick another night. If you want to refuse anyone a request for a date, you need my permission. Got it?" Again, I nodded. "Oh, and when you are asked on a date, you'll need to find some way to make it clear to the boy that he can go all the way with you. Since you decided to give up your virginity on your last date, every guy you date gets to screw you from now on. I don't want boys spending lots of money on you hoping to get lucky. You make sure they know up front that you're a cheap date and a sure thing."

"Now, we only have 8 school days left. I expect you to make the most of them. You'll need a date for every night. No second dates until school is over, though. We want to spread you around a little. I also want you to show a little love in school each day. Make sure you kiss everyone who wants a kiss every day, not just when you're wearing your 'Kiss Me' shirt. Make sure you flirt with everyone, boys and girls. And, above all else, show your body off. Beginning today, you're officially a slut and we want everyone to know it. Keep your legs apart whenever you're sitting. If you see someone looking at your chest, lift your shirt for them. You're trash now and I expect to see you acting like it at all times," Julie instructed.

The humiliating requirements just kept coming. I had thought that I might not totally trash my reputation with so few days left in the school year. Julie had obviously given some thought to this, though, and suddenly 8 days seemed plenty long enough to secure my new reputation as a huge slut. I knew right then that I'd be leaving my small town in disgrace. If I followed Julie's instructions people would definitely be talking about me for a long time to come.

Julie continued with her discussion about rules and requirements. I was expected to sit with my legs open like I always did when I used to wear panties. If anyone put a hand on my thigh I was required to spread my legs as wide as I could, just like I did on my date with Timmy. I was not allowed to sit on my skirt. I actually laughed at this rule. My skirt was so short I would have had to take it off to sit on it.

"One last thing we need to cover before we're off to school. You're on the pill, so you shouldn't have to worry about getting pregnant. It seems very unlikely that any of the boys in school have aids, and I couldn't care less if you catch a venereal disease, so any boy that does you can decide whether he wants to wear a condom or not. You don't care either way. Got it?"

I knew I was in for a tough day but I wasn't really prepared for the reaction I got in my ridiculous outfit. Predictably, I got a lot of attention from the boys. I had three dates lined up before lunch. I had been kissed a dozen times before lunch. I had been seen openly fondling boy's penises and people were talking about me. It seemed like everyone was looking up my skirt. I don't think Julie realized how much all of this embarrassed me. Yeah, it made me horny but it was still horribly embarrassing for me. I was brazenly showing myself off but I was also blushing all the time.

It was the reaction of the girls that hurt the most. Every girl I encountered treated me with contempt. I was ridiculed and called every name imaginable. Most everyone was calling me a whore and with the way I was dressed and all the kissing I was doing, I couldn't blame them. Girls can be really cruel to each other. At one point several girls confronted me in the hallway near my locker. They were telling me exactly what they thought of me and one of them actually lifted my skirt and showed the whole hallway I was naked underneath. Just then, at the worst possible moment, a boy I didn't know yelled over that he wanted a kiss. I was mortified as I kissed him and fondled his penis. Everyone was watching me and laughing at me. He kissed me for several minutes. When he was done I thanked him and offered him another kiss like I was supposed to. He accepted and we repeated the whole humiliating process a second, and then a third time. Finally, in desperation, I whispered in his ear that I'd go out on a date with him and let him fuck me if he would just stop kissing me in the hallway. He agreed and I had my fourth date set up.

The only thing I didn't do like I was supposed to was sit. I didn't cross my legs and I did keep my knees slightly apart. I'm sure plenty of people saw all the way up my tiny skirt, but I wasn't sitting like Julie ordered. She had been very clear that she wanted me sitting like I did before when I was wearing panties. I never cared who saw my panties before and I often sat with my legs wide apart. Now, dressed as a whore and not wearing panties, I just couldn't bring myself to sit with my knees two feet apart. I knew I'd get busted for this eventually, but I just couldn't do it. I was worried about what Julie would do when she caught me sitting too modestly. I knew I would hate it and I knew that when it was over she would win and I'd end up sitting just like she wanted me to. Part of me wanted to make her understand that I just couldn't do it and part of me wanted her to make me do it anyway.

My last class of the day was gym with Mrs. Harris. She saw me come into the locker room in my full slut attire. She told me she wanted to speak to me after class. I was pretty sure she knew that I was naked under my little skirt and T-shirt when I came in. She made no move to leave, though, and saw me undress and put my gym outfit on without underwear. She smiled strangely at me as she walked away. I was a nervous wreck all through gym class. All too soon class was over. After showering and dressing I knocked on her office door.

"Hello, Amy. I'm assuming you know that the entire school is talking about you. And with good reason. I have to tell you, that is the most revealing outfit I've ever seen anyone wear in public. Is everything all right?" Mrs. Harris asked. Her concern seemed genuine but I still didn't know how to answer the question. Was everything all right? Well, lets see. Already today, I'd been videotaped and photographed nude, kissed two dozen boys and fondled their penises right out in the open, let countless people look up my skirt, agreed to four dates and came right out and told each boy he'd get lucky on the date, and been called every name imaginable. Was everything really ever going to be all right again?

When I didn't answer the question Mrs. Harris continued. "If half of what I'm hearing is true, you've had quite a day." I agreed that it had been quite a day. I asked her what she had heard. I was curious about what people were saying.

"Well, I've heard you've been kissing a lot of boys. After reading your shirt, I'd have to say that's true. I also heard that you've been openly groping each boy you kiss. And, I've heard that you've been flashing your crotch all day. I just want you to know that whatever is going on, you can tell me. Whatever it is, you're getting quite a reputation and I don't think it's the reputation you want," she said.

I didn't know what to say. Everything she had heard was true, of course. I felt so dirty hearing her repeat it, though. The fact that she had been told all of this by other people was totally humiliating. I realized that I should have my legs apart right now but I still couldn't bring myself to do it.

"Amy, this is unlike you. When I saw the way you were dressed last Friday I assumed you were engaging in harmless fun. Seeing what you're wearing today, and hearing what's being said about you, I'm not so sure. Are you being blackmailed or something?" she asked me.

Suddenly, I felt the urgent need to confess. I really needed someone I could talk to and I hoped Mrs. Harris would understand. "I'm not being blackmailed, but there is something going on," I started. Once I started I just kept talking. I told Mrs. Harris everything from flashing my pussy for cokes at the deli to attending the party naked, right up to getting dressed for school this morning and learning my new rules. The only thing I left out was the name of the student I had asked to humiliate me. During my little confession I spread my legs wide, giving Mrs. Harris an unobstructed view of my hairless crotch. After I finished I held my breath waiting for her reaction, wondering if I had made the biggest mistake of my life confiding in her.

"That's quite a story! I understand the appeal of erotic embarrassment and even humiliation. I think I mentioned to you that my husband and I play at this stuff frequently and I know what it's like to be out in very revealing clothes, though certainly nothing quite as revealing as you have on now. Are you sure you know what you're doing? You're already the talk of the school and none of that talk is very flattering. It doesn't take long to earn a bad reputation, you know."

I explained to Mrs. Harris that I knew how bad this whole situation was for me but that I couldn't stop myself. I just needed the rush that came from the humiliation. I added that I figured I could always move to some other place after my reputation was trashed here.

"Well, that's a thought, Amy, but there might be more to it than you think. What about the Internet? I doubt you have any idea how many pictures have been taken of you in this little outfit or in the nude. Surely you must know they'll end up on the Internet. And all these boys you're having sex with? How do you know that you won't run into one of them 10 years from now in some far away city? Every boy remembers his first time, you know. Is this how you want boys to remember you?" she asked.

She was right, of course. There would be consequences to my behavior that I couldn't run away from. I just couldn't find the right words to tell her that was part of the excitement. No matter how things turned out, I would always remember this part of my life, for better or worse. Incredibly, she seemed to understand.

"Well, you're an adult, at least technically. You can make your own decisions. I'm sure you're expecting me to try and talk you out of all of this but I'm not going to. Quite frankly, I'm enjoying watching you do this to yourself. And since you're doing this voluntarily and of your own free will, I think you should go for it. In fact, I'd love to play with you myself. School ends next Wednesday. Once you're no longer my student, I'm legally free to play with you. If you're really enjoying all this humiliation, we should get together," she said.

I was taken aback by her invitation. I found myself getting horny at the thought of allowing Mrs. Harris to push me around the way Julie was pushing me around. I didn't answer her, but the way I was squirming in my seat told her I was interested.

"I don't need an answer now. Besides, we still have 4 more gym classes before you graduate, assuming you don't get caught and thrown out of school. I'm sure I can make gym class a little embarrassing for you," she said with a laugh. I blushed but didn't answer her.

"Well, since you're not complaining about the idea, I'll take that as a 'yes'," she laughed.

"Mrs. Harris, I just want to thank you for being so cool about this. I know I'm being stupid but I really can't help myself," I said.

"It's OK. There is a lot more for us to talk about. Do you have to be anywhere?" she asked.

I called Julie and let her know about my date for the evening. She told me to be at her house at 6:00 to fill her in on my day and to get ready for my date. I told Mrs. Harris I had about 3 hours before I had to be anywhere.

"Excellent. We can have a long chat, then," she said. "I'll get us some cokes."

Mrs. Harris was all smiles when she returned with the cokes. She wanted to know all the details of my game with Julie. I learned that she got really excited about public embarrassment and humiliation, too. She told me she especially liked the requirement to keep my legs apart and commented on how humiliating it must be. She enjoyed playing games like this with her husband and told me she was looking forward to subjecting me to it soon. She questioned me a lot about being fully nude in public. Her questions were making me squirm in my seat. I decided that I must have some sort of mental illness to get excited by this stuff.

Mrs. Harris told me she wanted to have a chat with me every day after school and instructed me to get permission from Julie. I hadn't told her Julie's name but she knew I was being controlled by another student. She was very interested in what outfits I would be sent to school in. She said she wanted to see what I was wearing every day but if I wanted to, I could strip naked for our chats. I wondered why she thought I would want to strip naked to talk with her. Strangely, I couldn't stop thinking about the idea, though.

I went home after talking with Mrs. Harris. I still had a couple hours before I was due over at Julie's house. I wasn't sure what to do with my clothes. I couldn't come and go from my house wearing the clothes Julie insisted on. I had left the outfit I wore out of the house that morning in Julie's back yard. In all the excitement of getting dressed like a whore for school I didn't even think about my other clothes. I was hoping Estelle had picked them up. Fortunately, Mom got stuck at work late that day and I was able to run across the back yard in my slut attire. I didn't see my regular clothes as I approached the back door.

One of the things I really hated about having Julie humiliate me was all the stupid rules she made up for me to follow. She would make things up on a whim, with very little thought, and I would have to memorize them and follow them. She started this with my 'date' rules like initiating the first kiss early in the date, always rubbing the guys penis during a kiss, and spreading my legs every time a guy got his hand near them. I was just about to be given yet another pointless, annoying rule.

Julie answered the door but didn't let me in. "Hi, bimbo. Why did you come to the back door?" The real answer is I didn't want to be seen in front of the house in my bimbo attire. My mom could drive by at any minute. I told her it was just quicker for me to cut across the yards.

"Well, if that's what you want, ok. Take your clothes off," she said with a grin.

"Out here?" I asked.

"Yep. You should use the front door when you're dressed. The back door is for when you're naked. When you come in the back door, you have get naked to come in and stay naked while you're here. If you come in the front door, I might or might not tell you to strip, but at least you have a chance of keeping your clothes on," she explained. I could tell she was making this up as she went along. I figured she was going to make me strip anyway, so I peeled off my clothes in the back yard and went in the house.

"Estelle, we have company! The bimbo is here," Julie yelled.

"Um, Julie, is your mom home?" I asked, suddenly in a bit of a panic about being naked.

"Yup, she is," Julie laughed. "You really should have used the front door, bimbo. Oh well, it can't be helped now, can it?"

"What if she sees me?" I asked, starting to panic.

"Oh, she will see you. If not today, then soon. I haven't decided exactly how we'll explain you to her yet, but we'll have to tell her something. I've already told her what a big slut you are and how you're having your dates pick you up here so your mom won't know how slutty you dress." Julie said.

I was stunned to learn that Julie's mother knew. I don't know why I was surprised. Julie had told me repeatedly that she was going to embarrass me in front of everyone. I just didn't figure her mom would be included. I was terrified she was going to walk in and see me naked. I had no idea how I'd explain that. I also hoped she wouldn't mention anything to my mom about my behavior.

"So, who's the lucky guy tonight?" Julie asked.

"It's Bob Olsen." I had seen the guy around school and knew his name but had never talked to him before. It was clear that he had asked me out because of the way I was dressed. Oh, and the way I rubbed his penis when he kissed me in the hallway.

"And does this Bob Olsen know he's getting laid tonight?" Julie asked.

I blushed. I told Julie that I honestly didn't know what I had said to him but I was sure I had implied that he would get lucky. She frowned and reminded me that I was required to tell everyone that asked me for a date that I was a sure thing.

"Um, Julie, can we tone this down a little? I'm not complaining and I'm doing everything you tell me to do. I will let this guy screw me tonight. I just want to know if we can back off a little. Everything you do is so extremely humiliating for me. Can we just back off a little? Maybe make the skirts a little bit longer and maybe a little less public cock rubbing? Please?" I knew this was hopeless but I felt I needed to try.

"We're just getting started, bimbo. In fact, I'll make a wager with you. I'll bet that by this time tomorrow you will be begging me to have all your little skirts shortened another inch," she laughed.

The little plaid skirts she had me in were already too short to cover my ass. If they were shortened an inch they wouldn't cover me completely in front, either. There was absolutely no way I would beg for that. "So, what do I get if I win this bet?" I asked.

"If you win, your skirts don't get any shorter. If you lose, they all lose an inch," Julie answered. "And, you don't even need to bet. I've decided already. Let's not talk about it any more until you see what you're wearing to school tomorrow. After school we'll talk about whether you want your skirts shortened,' she said.

I was curious about what she had planned but figured I couldn't go to school in much less than I had on today. I was more worried about what I would be wearing for my date tonight and I asked about it.

"Well, when Prince Charming arrives you won't be wearing anything at all. You remember coming in the back door, right? And you know that if you come in the back door you have to stay naked the whole time you're here. When it's time to leave you can get dressed in the yard. It won't take you long." Both Julie and Estelle laughed at me.

"Now, when your date gets here tonight you're going to tell him that since it's a school night you need to be home early. You're going to suggest that you skip all the normal date stuff and get right to the sex part. If he was hoping to take you out someplace and show you off, make another date for the weekend and tell him you'll dress up really sexy for him then. Since you'll be naked while you tell him this, I don't think he'll object. I want you back here by 9:00," she instructed.

I have to admit I enjoyed the whole idea of being a cheap date but this was a bit over the top. This wasn't even going to be a date. It was just sex. I went along with it because there wasn't anything else to do. Bob was shocked when I met him at the door naked and brought him into the living room. Julie and Estelle looked on in amusement as I explained that I just wanted sex and needed to be home early. Naturally, he agreed with the plan. I think he would have done me right there if I suggested it. Julie gave me a white T-shirt to wear on my date. The T-shirt only came down to the top of my hips. I waited for the rest of my outfit but that was all there was. Julie actually wanted me to go on this date bottomless.

"The T-shirt is just so you can ride in the car without everyone knowing you're naked. You should be thanking me. I bet it's hard to get undressed in the back seat of a car so I'm saving you the trouble," she laughed.

My date drove me to an industrial park. We got in the back seat. I let him grope me for a while, I sucked on his cock, and then he entered me. He came quickly. I didn't cum at all. Since losing my virginity I had not done it anywhere but the back seat of a car. He had me back at Julie's house at 8:30. I didn't want to have to remain naked all night so I went to the front door. It was nerve wracking to be standing in full view of the street waiting to be let in wearing just a short T-shirt. In the end it was for nothing. Estelle let me in but made me remove the T-shirt right away. I told the girls about my 'date' and they laughed at me. They were full of mock concern that I hadn't cum on my date and soon I found myself masturbating for the girls. As if this wasn't embarrassing enough, the whole thing was videotaped and I had to describe my date for the camera as I fingered myself. When I was through I was sent sneaking across the back yard naked to get home.

The next morning I woke up thinking about how my life had changed. Following Julie's orders was not good for my self-esteem. I cried a little as I remembered last evening's date. I could no longer tell myself I wasn't a slut and this was all acting out a fantasy. I had often fantasized about having a reputation for being easy and having people talk about how easy it was to get in my pants and now it was all true. I was dreading the things I would hear once word got around about last night's date. Strictly speaking, he didn't get in my pants since I hadn't worn any. I didn't want to admit it even to myself, but I was really turned on by the whole idea of being a cheap slut. I hated myself for doing what I was doing but I knew I'd keep doing it because it made me so horny.

I waited until Mom got in the shower and went to Julie's house nude. I already had three outfits there and was afraid Mom would start to notice. How could I explain why my clothes were all next door? I wasn't really thinking about what horrendous outfit Julie would make me wear to school today. I guess I figured it couldn't be any worse than the too-short skirts and skimpy tops. I was really, really wrong on that score.

As usual, both girls laughed at me as I stood naked at the back door. We all knew it was just a matter of time before I got caught sneaking across the yards naked. I knew that when I did get caught it would be totally humiliating for me and very amusing for Julie and Estelle.

"Hi bimbo. I can't wait to show you today's outfit. You're gonna hate me!" Julie laughed. I already hated her on some level but she was right about me hating her for this outfit. On the table in the kitchen I saw a tiny pink string bikini. It was a thong, naturally. I have never seen anything this small. The front had just enough material to cover my slit and the back had just a string. The top was no better with just some string and a couple triangles of flimsy cloth that barely covered my nipples. I couldn't believe these girls were planning to send me to school in this thing. And it got worse. The rest of my outfit consisted of thigh-high pink stockings and very high heels. I looked like I belonged on the set of some cheap porno movie shoot.

"Oh my gawd! You can't be serious!" I pleaded. This was horrible. I was sure I'd get thrown out of school for sure wearing this. And what would people think of me when they saw it. I voiced these concerns but Julie was adamant that I was wearing this and nothing else.

"I'm guessing you'll get sent home from school but you never know. Technically, its legal to wear this, so maybe you'll get to stay. If you do get sent home, just come here. Estelle will keep you company. As far as what people will think of you when they see you wearing this, well, probably they'll just think you're a crazy bimbo slut. Since that's true, I don't see a problem," Julie laughed.

I seriously considered calling this whole thing off. This was too much. Then it hit me. Julie wanted me to beg her to have my skirts shortened by an inch. After seeing my reflection in the mirror and thinking about the humiliation of walking into school dressed like this, I was ready to beg. And beg I did, much to the laughter of the girls.

"Ok, sweetie, you win. You can ask Beth to take your skirts up an inch. If you see her in school today let her know what you need. If you don't see her in school, we can catch up with her at the mall this afternoon," Julie said.

I wasn't thrilled with having my ridiculously short skirts made even shorter, but anything would be better than wearing this stupid bikini to school. This thing would be embarrassing on a beach and totally degrading anyplace else.

"So, can I change into a skirt and blouse?" I asked.

"No, silly girl, you can't. All your skirts are an inch too long now. Once Beth has shortened them, you can beg me to let you go back to wearing skirts. Until then, we'll just need to be creative. Of course, you can always just stay naked if you want," Julie said. Both girls laughed at me,

I wasn't ready to make the decision to end our game and that was the only way I was getting out of wearing this ridiculous outfit. "OK, fine. I'll wear the damn bikini," I said.

"Did you really think there was ever a choice?" Julie laughed. "By the way, did you notice the time? You're all dressed for school a half-hour early. Do you want to know why?" I was sure I didn't want to know.

"Its such a nice morning I thought you'd like to walk to school today," Julie said. Both girls giggled at me. I protested but it didn't matter. They wanted me to walk to school and there wasn't any way around it. They just pushed me out the door to start the most humiliating day of my life. My walk to school was terrible. Cars were honking their horns at me, people yelled stuff at me and I was terrified that I'd be seen by someone who knew me and my mom. When I got near the school it got even worse. There were dozens of students standing around the entrance smoking and talking. When I got close all conversation stopped and people stared at me like I was some kind of freak. I heard people talking about me and the general consensus was that I was a whore.

As soon as I walked into the school I saw Mrs. Harris. She was grinning at me while she took in my outfit. "You're here early. We have about 15 minutes before the first bell. Can you come down to the gym for a chat?" she asked.

I agreed and she told me she'd meet me there after she picked up a coffee from the cafeteria. I remembered her offer to strip for our chats. I found myself getting wet at the thought of stripping for her. I decided I couldn't do it now because it took too long to put the string bikini on. We'd have about 10 minutes to talk and I didn't want to spend half of that time fumbling with my bikini strings. I waited in her office and she arrived a couple minutes after I did.

"My goodness, Amy, whoever is picking your outfits is certainly creative. Are you sure you can handle this? It must be hard to show up for school in that," she said, pointing at my bikini.

"It's really bad, Mrs. Harris. I don't know how I'm going to get through this."

"Well, you always have a choice. You could go put something decent on, you know," she pointed out.

"No, I can't. If I do, the game is over. I hate dressing like this but if I don't the girl I'm playing with will end it all. I don't want to give it all up," I answered.

"Hmmm...you're certainly paying a high price for your fun, aren't you? I have to admit I'm finding this very erotic. I think you're in for a tough day, though. I hope you're ready for it. If it gets too bad for you then you should change. If this mystery girl who is putting you though this ends the game, you can always be my little toy. I'm sure my husband would find you as adorable as I do." I didn't respond to her offer because I didn't know what to say.

"I can't believe they'll let me stay in school dressed like this. It will be totally degrading to get asked to leave, but at least it will be better than parading around all day in this outfit," I responded.

"I wouldn't be so sure you'll get sent home. Technically, you're legally dressed. Just barely, but you're not breaking the law. This school doesn't really have a dress code. I'm sure the principal will want to send you home but I'm not sure he can. I'll bet he asks you to go home but doesn't tell you to," Mrs. Harris said.

My heart sank. If I was called to the office for my appearance and still had to stay in school I'd be getting the worst of this all the way around. She laughed at me.

"I have an idea. Let's find out right now," she said. She picked up her phone and dialed the principal's office. "Hi, this is Mrs. Harris. I have Amy Anderson in my office. I'm sending her up to see the principal. Her attire is outrageous and inappropriate for school. Yes, she'll be right along. Ok, thanks." She hung up the phone and smiled at me. "Since you like humiliation, this should be loads of fun for you," she laughed.

I was speechless. I thought Mrs. Harris was my friend. I asked her why she turned me in.

"Because, dear, I can tell you're getting off on this. Your nipples are hard as little rocks and you have a pretty big wet spot developing on your little G-string. It will be totally degrading to get a lecture on your appearance while you're so obviously aroused, don't you think? Run along. If you don't get sent home, I'll want to see you right after school," she said and dismissed me.

Amy didn't see that Mrs. Harris locked the door behind her after she left. Seeing what Amy was being put through had made her hot. She was so aroused she treated herself to a little relief right there at her desk.

My trip to the Principal's office was excruciating. Everyone was staring at me and laughing and making derogatory comments. I passed Julie in the hallway on my way. She was standing with a bunch of her friends and she called everyone's attention to me. I was mortified. Not only was I dressed in an obscenely revealing and ridiculous outfit, my sexual arousal was obvious as well. I don't know how I survived the walk to the office. Once there, I sat with my legs tightly together and my hands folded in my lap. I knew this was against my rules but I just couldn't bring myself to open my legs. I told myself that Julie wouldn't expect me to spread my legs here in the principal's office. Even as I was thinking that I knew it wasn't true. I had an obvious wet spot on the crotch of my g-string and I did my best to cover it.

The conversation with the principal was totally humiliating as well. He asked me why I was dressed like I was. I couldn't tell him the truth and ended up having to lie and say I enjoyed shocking people. He was angry and I didn't blame him. I certainly agreed that my outfit was inappropriate. I had told Julie so but she didn't care. In the end, Mrs. Harris was correct. The principal couldn't send me home. He strongly advised me to go home on my own, though. He even threatened to call my mom.

"Sir, I am 18 now and my mom doesn't need to be involved in any disciplinary actions," I said with more bravado than I felt. "If I'm breaking any rules, the consequences are mine, not my mothers," I said.

"Well, you may have reached the age of adulthood but you certainly haven't acquired the common sense of an adult. Look at yourself. If you had a 15-year old son attending this school, would you want him to see a tramp like you in his class? You know, I saw you yesterday wearing a very revealing outfit. I should have spoken to you then. Your outfit yesterday was far more acceptable than today's outfit. I don't like this trend at all. If I don't stop you now, what's next? I don't know what kind of a game you're playing here but we have just over a week to go in school. Go home. Come back tomorrow dressed sensibly. Let's finish the school year without a major incident." The principal let the threat of further action hang in the air for a few minutes. I agreed to go home.

I left school and silently cursed Julie for making me walk to school today. Naturally, I would have to walk all the way back to her house. I wondered if I'd get raped on the way home. Was it even possible to rape me? I was so horny. I called Julie's cell phone and left her a message explaining what had happened. I also called Estelle and let her know I was coming over. She laughed and said she'd be waiting for me.

I was annoyed by the walk home. It was only a little over a mile but I had on ridiculously high heels and my feet were starting to hurt. I was also attracting a lot of attention. Cars were actually slowing down to look at me. I realized that this would be my life for the immediate future. That realization didn't do anything for my mood. As I approached Julie's house I had to decide whether I was going to the front door or the back door. I figured it really didn't matter much. Even if I went to the front door, there was no guarantee I would be allowed to stay dressed and I wasn't wearing much anyway. Still, I thought I might be a little more comfortable being alone with Estelle if I was wearing something. I chose the front door.

You would think that after walking around school in my bikini and a long walk on a public street that I'd be happy to be indoors with only one other person around. I wasn't, though. I was intimidated by Estelle. She always laughed at me when I showed up at the door and she always treats me like an air-headed bimbo. Of course, she's never seen me when I wasn't under Julie's control, so I guess it's reasonable that she treat me like a bimbo. True to form, she laughed at me when she opened the door. She didn't let me in, though. She showed me a text message on her phone. It was from Julie and it said I was expected to obey Estelle completely. I got a little nervous when I read this, and with good cause.

"Hi Bimbo! I really figured you would go to the back door today. You must really love your bikini to walk right up to the front door in it!" Estelle said. I suddenly felt stupid. I had walked right down the main street from school and it never once occurred to me to try and be less exposed. I could have slipped through back yards or something instead of just brazenly walking down the street. I couldn't answer her because I couldn't think of a single thing to say. She just laughed some more.

"I hope you didn't think you were going to stay dressed today, sweetie. That tacky bikini has to go. Take it off right now," she giggled. I was shocked. I was still outside in front of her house. She was standing in the open doorway and it was plain that I wasn't getting in with the bikini on. I looked around nervously and untied the bikini top, placing it in her outstretched hand. I started to untie the bottom but she stopped me.

"You know, I just got a great idea! Don't untie that. Just slip it down to your ankles," she said. I was extremely nervous but I was willing to do whatever she said to get inside the house. Standing out front in nothing but thigh-high stockings, heels and a bikini bottom wrapped around my ankles was making me frantic. There were probably people watching me from neighboring houses right now!

She handed me the bikini top with a chuckle. "I want you to put this in the mailbox for me, sweetie." The mailbox was at the end of the driveway. She expected me to walk all the way out to the street nude. Worse, the bikini bottoms around my ankle hobbled me and I could only take small steps. It seemed to take forever to get to the mailbox and back. I was terrified that a car would come by. Mercifully, there were no cars and I found myself once again standing in front of Estelle at the door, effectively nude.

"Ok, sweetie, let's have the rest of your bikini now. This is going into the mailbox, too. Don't go just yet, though. Wait here." She went into the house and returned a minute later with a boom box and the video camera.

"Now, bimbo, you're going to take the same tiny steps to and from the mailbox like your last trip. Put the rest of your bikini in the box and slowly walk back here. When you come back I want to see some really raunchy dirty dancing. I think three songs will be good. Oh, and if I decide that you walked to fast, I'll keep you out here dancing for three whole CDs." She turned the boom box on loud. I was sure this would cause the neighbors to look out their windows. I learned later that it did and a few of the neighbors watched this humiliating show. I shuffled out to the mailbox and back nude and began dancing the three songs Estelle demanded. My luck had run out and a few cars had driven past while I danced nude for Estelle in the front of the house.

As the second song was beginning a UPS van pulled into the driveway. Estelle snarled at me to keep dancing. The driver got out and was staring at me. He gave Estelle a package and the two of them watched me dance. The talked but I couldn't hear what they were saying. As the third humiliating song started the driver started photographing me with his cell phone. I was mortified but I kept dancing. I was also very aroused at the humiliating treatment and hoped it wouldn't be noticed. Finally, the third song ended and Estelle let me go in the house. She followed me in and so did the driver.

"Bimbo, this is Ted. Ted, this is Bimbo." Estelle made the introductions. I awkwardly acknowledged Ted. I was so humiliated I wanted to run and hide. "Ted got a little aroused by your shameless display in the front yard and now you have to take care of the problem for him. He's very busy so you need to get him off as quickly as you can. If this takes longer than 5 minutes we'll go next door and you'll spend the rest of the day dancing on your front lawn. Move!" I knew she would carry out her threat if I gave her a reason so I forgot my pride and quickly knelt in front of him and began sucking his penis for all I was worth. I didn't know exactly how long it took until later that afternoon when Estelle was playing the video tape for Julie. I managed to get him off quickly enough but came within seconds of having to dance nude on my front lawn.

After Ted left I learned that it was only 10:00 in the morning. Julie wouldn't be home until 3:00 or so and I had 5 more hours at the mercy of this sadist. By lunch time I had given head to a woman for the first time in my life and done two loads of laundry. After I made lunch for Estelle and cleaned up afterwards, she decided she wanted a nap. She also decided I needed a job to do to keep me busy and out of trouble. She gathered up a scrub brush and a bucket and some detergent. She took me out to the garage. It was huge, with room for three cars. She informed me that she wanted the floors to shine and I wasn't to get off my hands and knees until it was done. She told me to take off my heels and stockings while she rummaged around on a shelf. Soon I was kneeling on the filthy concrete floor, nude, bucket and sponge at the ready. She was holding something behind her back.

"This is a big job and you may need a little motivation, so here's the plan. If you're not done when Julie comes home I'm going to open up all three of these doors and let the whole neighborhood see you work." My face dropped as I contemplated how much work it would be to clean this dirty garage floor. I should have just said, 'Yes, Ma'am' and started working but I stupidly asked if I could at least sweep the place up before scrubbing the floor.

She laughed hysterically. "What? You mean with a broom? No, sweetie, you can't have a broom. Here's what you do. Before you get the floor wet you crawl around and use the dry sponge to sweep up. Then, you use the soap and water to wash the floor."

"What time's your date tonight, sweetie?" she asked me. I told her it was at 7:00. "Well, if you're going to finish up here and make yourself presentable by 7:00, you better work fast. Have a nice afternoon, cunt," she said. She was laughing as she left.

My knees ached horribly after just a few minutes. Before an hour had passed I began wondering if I would ever be able to walk again. I was a mess and it was very slow work cleaning this garage. I had managed to get the whole floor swept but was no more than a quarter of the way through washing it when Julie came home from school. I had been at this for 5 hours!

"Oh! This is priceless!" I heard Julie comment on my situation and saw flashes from her camera going off. I heard laughter. Too much laughter. Julie had come home but she wasn't alone!

Estelle was quite proud of the humiliating task she set for me. Julie was impressed and commented on it. There were two other girls with Julie. They were friends of mine, but I hadn't seen them since Julie took control of my life. Their laughter hurt me but I don't think they noticed.

"I told her to be finished before you came home or I was going to open up the doors and let the world see what she was doing," Estelle laughed.

"Oh! That would be fun! And, it might make her work a little faster." Julie was laughing as she pushed the buttons opening all three garage doors. I was completely exposed to the neighborhood. The wind blew and a bunch of leaves blew in to the garage, covering up the floor I had worked so hard to clean on my hands and knees.

"Well, this isn't going to work and I have other stuff for the slut to be doing, anyway. We'll have her clean the garage some other time," Julie announced. I was allowed to stand, which was very painful at first. After a little walking, though, I was pretty sure there was no permanent damage to my knees.

"So, what do you think? She's come a long way, hasn't she? It was just about a week ago that she was flashing her pussy for cokes at the deli," Julie said. My former friends agreed and laughed.

Cindy and Cheryl were part of our group of friends. They had been at the deli when I flashed for Cokes and also attended the little party Julie threw that I attended nude. We weren't all that close but it still was totally humiliating for them to see me nude and cleaning Julie's garage floor. They were full of questions about my transformation and Julie was answering them in embarrassing detail.

"Yeah, she's a total slut. When we started our little game she was a virgin and hadn't even given head. She had stripped for a boyfriend and given him a couple hand jobs. I told her she would have to go as far on every date as she had with him. I thought it would be a riot to watch her earn a reputation for giving naked hand jobs on first dates," Julie explained and everyone laughed. "But, on her very next date she went all the way in the back seat of the car. Some geek took her to McDonalds and then right to an office parking lot where he screwed her. Get this! The geek was a virgin, too. So, the geek spends 4 bucks on her and gets laid. She got a burger and fries, lost her virginity in a car, and was home by 9:00." Everyone laughed hysterically and I felt like crying. Julie's tale was fairly accurate but the way she told it made me sound so cheap.

"So now she has to go all the way on every date. It's only been a week. She's been on a couple more dates and she makes it real clear when she accepts the date that she's going to put out. Already the boys have figured out that they don't need to blow money on dinners or movie tickets to get her legs apart. She's half naked when she gets picked up and what little she wears is piled on the floor inside of an hour," Julie continued as everyone laughed. "So far, her dates are nothing more than stripping and hopping into the back seat for some cock."

Again, everything Julie was saying was technically true but it wasn't the whole story. She was really making me look bad and everyone was laughing at me. I spoke up to try and defend myself and the results were disastrous. Looking back, I wondered why I expected anything different. After all, Julie was intentionally humiliating me because I asked her to.

"Sweetie, this is a conversation for intelligent people. We're using words too hard for bimbos to understand. Tell you what...why don't you go sit in that chair over there and play with your bimbo puss while we girls talk, ok?" Julie grinned at me. I was shocked and couldn't move for a few moments. This couldn't be happening. She couldn't really expect me to just go sit down and masturbate right in front of everyone. I hesitated.

"Um, will you girls excuse us for a minute? I keep forgetting I have to use simple words when I talk to Amy." Julie grabbed me by the ear lobe and pulled me aside, just out of earshot of my other friends and Estelle. She had been all smiles and laughter but she suddenly looked very angry.

"Listen up you little whore! You asked for humiliation and I'm giving it to you. I told you I'm not going to argue with you over every little thing I tell you to do. Now get your skanky ass in that chair, get your whore legs spread as far as you can get them and show everyone how you love to play with yourself. I want you to get yourself off as fast as you can and as often as you can. I want you to announce every orgasm as loudly as you can. You better look like you're enjoying yourself, too. Don't stop till I tell you to and if you're not convincing everyone that you love this you'll still be in that chair fingering yourself when your date gets here. Now, not another word out of you. Get moving." Julie growled her instructions and left me no choice but to comply. I tried to smile but I wanted to cry. This was totally degrading. I was shaking as I walked towards the chair. Every eye in the room was on me.

"Bimbos! You have to spell everything out for them," Julie said with an exasperated sigh. Everyone was laughing at her comment and at me. I don't think Cindy and Cheryl actually believed I was going to masturbate right here in front of everyone. I was having trouble believing it myself. I sat in the chair and spread my legs, looping them over the armrests. I'm sure the view I was presenting was obscene. I started fingering myself and rubbing my clit. I closed my eyes, not able to bear seeing my friends watch me degrade myself this way.

"Oh my gawd! She's doing it. Look at her!" Cindy yelled.

"I can't believe what I'm seeing," Cheryl agreed. Their laughter was cutting me like a knife.

"How in the world did you get her to do that right here in front of us?" Cindy asked.

"She loves playing with herself. I have to watch her every minute. She doesn't care where she is. When the mood strikes her she just starts jilling off. And the mood strikes her a lot," Julie laughed.

I was totally aroused by all of the humiliation I was enduring and was ready to orgasm very quickly. I tried to hold out for a while because I was dreading having to announce my orgasm. I knew this would bring everyone's attention back to me. It was a hopeless cause, though, and soon I was yelling at the top of my lungs, announcing to everyone that I was having an orgasm. I opened my eyes and saw that everyone was staring at me like an animal in the zoo. Estelle had the damn camera out and was taking picture after picture. Cheryl and Cindy were photographing me with their cell phones. I also saw the red light on the video camera. They were taping my total humiliation. And I knew it was going to get worse. Once I have an orgasm the next ones follow quickly. I knew I would be repeating my humiliating yell announcing my orgasm every minute or two until Julie told me to stop.

I figured Julie would make me have 4 or 5 orgasms at a minimum. I hoped it wouldn't be much more than that but Julie is a bitch and I didn't really know how long she was planning on making me do this. The 4 or 5 orgasms I expected turned into 20 with no sign Julie was getting bored with my performance. I was covered with sweat, getting exhausted and my throat was getting scratchy from announcing orgasms at full volume. Ultimately, my clit became desensitized from all the stimulation. I was miserable but at least my orgasms were no longer a minute apart. The girls were pretty much ignoring me at this point but Julie gave me no sign to stop so I kept plugging away.

And that's the position I was in when the doorbell rang. My heart raced at the thought of yet another person witnessing my total degradation. Beth walked in carrying two red plaid skirts. My newly shortened red plaid skirts that were now a full inch shorter than the already obscene length they started at. She didn't seem surprised to see me humiliating myself as I was. She did take a minute to check me out and laugh at me. I tried desperately to avoid having an orgasm as she stared at me and chuckled but I couldn't and soon I was embarrassing myself at the top of my lungs again. Beth just shook her head and turned away from me to talk with Julie and the other girls.

I was Beth holding up the skirts and everyone laughed and looked over at me. I know they were all laughing at me, knowing that I would be wearing the tiny skirts with no underwear. Julie walked over to me. I momentarily stopped playing with myself, expectantly waiting for her to tell me I could stop.

"Having fun, Bimbo? No, don't stop. We're going upstairs to have a look at some of your pictures. Make sure you yell really loud so we can hear when you cum, OK? I know this is getting a little rough for you but just think about how good it is for your reputation. I'll come let you know when you can stop," Julie said. She patted me on the head like a dog and walked away laughing. I felt really stupid masturbating in front of everyone but felt even more stupid for continuing after everyone had left. Of course, the video camera was still running. I kept having orgasms but they definitely weren't enjoyable. I really wanted to stop but I didn't. Eventually Julie came down and told me I was done. She told me to take a shower and reminded me that my date would be coming over in about 2 hours. I had been fingering myself for an hour and the last thing I wanted to do was have sex. I knew, though, that my date was expecting to get laid and I would be accommodating him.

After I finished showering and putting on makeup I went downstairs to find Julie. Cindy and Cheryl had left, Beth was still there with Julie. Estelle was there, too. Despite being naked around these girls as much as I had, it still felt very awkward to be naked while they all were clothed. Julie used my nudity to constantly remind me of my unequal status. I was no longer one of the gang, I was just a bimbo, not even entitled to wear clothes most of the time.

They had me try on the newly shortened skirt. Everyone in the room laughed as my worst fears were realized. The little plaid skirt was now so short it didn't fully cover my pussy. It left nearly half of my ass uncovered as well. It was obscene. There was much discussion about the length of the skirt. Estelle was my unlikely ally, commenting that it was too short to wear outside. Julie overruled her, though. Her logic was that it did, in fact, cover me. She pointed out that someone standing in front of me and looking down could not see my pussy lips. She acknowledged that if I walked by anyone who was sitting, they'd see my pussy but decided I could control that exposure simply by not walking by anyone who was seated. Besides, she said, who cares if people see her twat, anyway? I was mortified but I knew Julie was dead serious about me wearing this skirt in public. I didn't dare complain for fear that she'd order another inch cut off of it. All three girls took my lack of complaining as agreement that the length was fine.

Since the obscenely short skirt was a pleated, red plaid skirt, I was sent to put my hair in pigtails. As I was leaving I heard Bet say, "Wait till you see the little blouse I found for her," and I heard the girls laughing. When I came back with my hair in pigtails like a little girl I was given a sheer white blouse to put on. The first thing I noticed was it was way too small for me. The second thing I noticed was that all the buttons had been pulled off of it. I struggled into it while the girls laughed at me. It didn't come close to closing and left a wide patch of bare chest on display. I pulled it as tight as I could so I could get the tails tied together. The blouse was so small I could barely tie a single knot and I knew the knot I managed to make was not secure. I looked in the mirror while the girls laughed at me and discovered that I was effectively topless. The blouse was so sheer that you could see the freckles on my tits 10 feet away.

"That's about as close as you can get to being naked with a skirt and blouse on," Beth laughed.

"Oh, I think there are still things we can do with that skirt," Julie laughed.

"Like what? She's already got a quarter of her pussy and half of her ass hanging out now? What more can you do to her?" Estelle asked.

"Eventually her skirts aren't going to cover anything. She can't go around naked without getting arrested, but I think she'd look covered from a distance with a skirt on, even if the hem didn't quite make it down to her pussy. Soon I'll have her in outfits that make her look dressed from a distance but clearly leave her naked for everyone up close to see. For now, though, we can easily make it a little more entertaining," Julie laughed. The other girls laughed. Everyone was laughing but me.

"Sweetie," Julie said, looking at me. I was nervous with anticipation. I knew this wasn't going to be good. "I want you to stand with your feet about shoulder width apart and rest your hands on your thighs, please," she said. I warily did as I was told. The room got quiet and all eyes were on me,

"Very good. Now, grab the hem of your skirt with each hand," she ordered and winked at the other girls. I complied with her instruction.

"Very good, sweetie. See this isn't so bad. Now, lift up. Come on, up, up, up. All the way, as far as it will go," she said. The girls burst out laughing. I was now holding my skirt up above my waist. I am sure I was blushing brightly. This was even worse than being naked. Not only was I exposed, I looked and felt stupid. I realized that Julie had me spread my feet apart for a reason. Where I had grabbed the hem of my skirt caused every bit of me below the waist to be exposed. Estelle stopped laughing for a few minutes and took pictures of me.

"Um, how long to I have to hold my skirt up like this, Julie?" I asked. Asking the question just confirmed that I was a bimbo. What girl in her right mind would let someone make her do this?

"Well, at least until you and your date head out," Julie said, laughing.

I was mortified. I was already embarrassed at the horribly revealing outfit Beth and Julie put together for my date. I couldn't imagine standing here, holding my skirt up like this when he came to get me.

"Now, sweetie, I want you to remember just how you're holding that skirt. Whenever I tell you to lift your skirt, this is what I want. You'll be doing this a lot from now on. Get a nice wide grip so we can see everything. Got it?" Julie asked. I nodded that I got it. I wondered exactly where she would make me do this and decided I didn't want to know. She had succeeded in getting me to think about something other than how short the skirt was, though. I had another hour before William, my date for the evening arrived.

The girls sat in the living room chatting. The made me stand in front of them. Naturally, they kept me holding my damn skirt up the entire time. They talked about my last couple dates and all had a nice laugh about how I went from virgin to total slut and the only place I've had sex is in the back seat of a car. They all agreed that it was appropriate for me.

Julie decided to go over my 'date rules' with me again. All of the rules from my last date were still in force, of course. She added a new one, too. Whenever I kissed a boy I had to fondle his penis outside of his pants. Now, after each kiss I had to keep fondling him while I said, "I can't wait to feel this inside of me." I knew Julie wanted me to make it obvious that I was easy, but this was such a humiliating way to do it. At least I only had to do this while I was on dates. I figured Julie would make me wear that 'Kiss Me' T-shirt to school again and I really didn't want to be telling every random guy that took advantage that I couldn't wait to screw him.

Julie also said she had been easy on me and let my last two dates take me right to the sex part. She told me she didn't pick out sexy clothes for me just to wear in the car. She wanted me out, showing off my revealing clothes. She pointed out that my date already knew I was a slut and my outfits were designed to show the rest of the world that I was a slut. She had suggested bowling for my first date and now instructed me to tell every guy I dated that I wanted to go bowling. She was determined to get me in a bowling alley in my tiny skirt. The girls talked about how much I'd be showing if I tried to bowl in my date outfit and they all laughed at me. I was visibly wet from the discussion, which made them laugh even harder.

"If this guy you're dating tonight just wants to fuck you, then you will give him what he wants and get your slutty ass back here early and Estelle and I will take you out," Julie said.

"How do I know what he wants to do? Maybe my outfit is too revealing and he won't want to be seen in public with me. These clothes don't cover anything!" I shot back at her with way too much attitude.

"Well, if your date is just going to be a trip to his back seat, I don't want your nice date outfit getting all wrinkled on the floor of the car. So, if he's too embarrassed to take you out to eat or to the mall or bowling alley, you can go dressed for the back seat," Julie said with a laugh.

"Wh-what do you mean by 'dressed for the back seat?' I asked. The humiliation of going out on a date bottomless last night was still fresh in my mind and I did not want to repeat that experience.

"Gawd, you really are stupid, aren't you?" Julie said, her words cutting me like a knife. "Let me spell it out for you, bimbo. If you're not planning anything other than jumping in this boy's back seat and spreading your legs for him, you're not wearing anything. Not a stitch. Nothing at all."

"You can't expect me to go out on a date naked?" I asked, unable to believe what I was hearing.

"Why not, bimbo? Too embarrassing for you?" Julie taunted me. "Besides, I already said you could wear clothes if you were going out on a date. If you're just gonna screw him, you're gonna be naked most of the time, anyway. I don't see the point in dressing just to go out to the car and get undressed again. Either way, I've made my decision and I'm not changing my mind."

Estelle and Beth were giggling softly throughout this entire conversation. When I didn't respond to Julie's last point and it was clear that I would go out naked and screw my date, they erupted in laughter. Looking back, I can't say I blame them. This situation was absurd. I had just agreed to go out on a first date with a boy naked.

"You know, we probably shouldn't call this her 'date outfit' since she'll be dressed like this in school tomorrow, too," Julie said to Beth and Estelle as she laughed.

"You're making her wear that to school tomorrow?" Beth asked incredulously.

"She's going to dress like that everywhere," Julie laughed. "She's a slut and it pays to advertise," she said. The combination of thinking about wearing this outfit to school and the girl's laughter almost made me cum. I started squirming. I was terribly horny.

William showed up right on time to pick me up. He grinned when he saw me holding my skirt up. The girls all looked at me expectantly. I knew what I had to do even though the thought of it was totally degrading. I walked right up to him, still holding my skirt up high. I put an arm around his neck and kissed him deeply. With my other hand I fondled his penis through his pants. I could feel him get an erection as he held the kiss for several minutes. I thought he was going to kiss me all night but he broke it off. I kept fondling his penis for a few more seconds while I totally humiliated myself.

"I can't wait to feel this inside of me, William," I said, feeling every bit the trashy slut Julie wanted me to become. As I stepped back I saw Julie glaring at me. I knew what she wanted and hoisted my skirt back up over my waist, thinking I might drown in the waves of humiliation crashing over me.

There was an awkward moment of silence before the girls started laughing at me and congratulating my date on finding such a willing piece of pussy to screw. Estelle wanted pictures and I posed with my date like it was prom night except for the fact that I wasn't in a prom gown, I was in a hooker outfit with my skirt held up, showing my pussy.

"So, what do you want to do tonight?" I asked, not sure what answer I was hoping for.

"Well, it's pretty clear what's on your mind. You said you couldn't wait to feel me inside you. You don't have to wait. We could go up to a bedroom right now if you want to," William answered, staring at my crotch.

"I don't think so. You're not screwing this whore in my house," Julie answered. "She's more of a back seat girl, anyhow," she laughed. Everyone else laughed, too. I stood there stupidly, holding my skirt up exposing myself while everyone laughed at me.

"Why don't you take her bowling or something? She loves bowling," Estelle added with a smirk.

"Nah, she'd have to change her clothes to go bowling. She's almost naked already and she just said she doesn't want to wait to get laid. Why would I take her bowling?" he answered.

"For the record, she does not have to change her clothes to go bowling but I see your point," Julie answered with a laugh. "She's a sure thing and she's ready. You could screw her and be out telling your friends about it in an hour. No sense spending money on her if she's already agreed to put out."

William laughed and he and Julie and Estelle were talking about me like I wasn't even there. The whole time this conversation went on I just stood there stupidly holding my skirt up. I had become a complete bimbo.

"If we're doing it in the backseat we'll have to wait a bit. It's still light out." William turned to me. "How about we go for a little ride first and then we'll go parking. It will be dark enough in an hour or so. Sound good?" I nodded and mumbled something about whatever he wanted being OK with me.

"What is it with you guys? This slut gets all dolled up for her dates and nobody wants to take her out," Julie said with mock exasperation. "She's pretty and she certainly chose her clothing to look hot for you. Isn't that worth a dinner or a few games of bowling? Look how revealing her top is. She even had her skirt shortened especially for this date. Amy, drop your skirt so he can see how short it is. And look at those sky-scraper heels she's wearing. She is communicating to you with these clothes. She's telling you you're gonna get laid. If all you two are gonna do is fuck, she wasted her time with the outfit. She doesn't need any clothes at all to go for a ride until dark and then screw you in the back seat of the car," Julie said. Don't you want to take her out and show her off?"

"Look, I only asked her out because she was rubbing my dick in school. She promised me sex and that's what I'm here for. I don't care about her clothes. I'm gonna get her out of them as quickly as I can, anyway. I'm not looking for a girlfriend. I just want to get laid. She didn't need to go to any trouble with clothes for me," William said. While he was talking about me, it was clear that he was talking to Julie. I never said a word through this. At least I had been allowed to let my skirt drop. Julie shot me a satisfied look. She had just got my date to admit that I was nothing more than a willing pussy for him and nothing else.

"So, you just want her naked? Any clothes she might have on are just things to be taken off her later so you can get to the reason for your date? Is that right?" Julie pressed him, her words crushing my self-esteem,

"Yeah, that's about right. Look, why is this any of your business anyway?" William asked.

"Because, I love watching guys like you treat her this way. She likes it, too. She asked me to help get people to treat her like a slut. So, go ahead, skip all the date bullshit and screw her. Once you've done her, just drop her back here. Some quick sex and date over. I'll even help the cause," Julie said. She looked over at me and told me to strip. The humiliation was intense as I started to take my clothes off.

"I thought you said we couldn't have sex here," William said while I was stripping.

"I did. She's a back seat girl. Since you only want her for sex, and don't care about all the effort she put into her clothes, she'll just leave them here. Go, take her for a drive, screw her, and drop her off," Julie laughed. I was mortified.

"Well, my car is parked in the street. How's she gonna get to the car with no clothes on?" William asked. He wasn't objecting to me going on our 'date' naked.

"Oh, she doesn't mind walking out to the street naked. She actually gets naked in public a lot," Julie answered. I had finished undressing and was now standing awkwardly waiting for this conversation to finish up. Estelle took some more pictures and soon I was walking out the door completely naked for my date with William. Julie, Beth, and Estelle all laughed in the doorway as they watched me leave.

My date was short and incredibly awkward and humiliating. I didn't attract any attention leaving the house naked but that was the only break I got. Once in the car William leaned into me for a kiss. I knew my friends were still watching from the window and the humiliation I was feeling was electric. I fondled his penis as my date rules required but I went even further, a willing accomplice to my own degradation. I splayed my legs widely and put a foot up on the dashboard. While this position did help me get my pussy open and accessible to William, the real reason I did it was because I knew the girls were still watching me. I'm sure they all laughed as I contorted myself like this. I also grabbed William's hand and guided it to my pussy.

"I could fuck you right here," he said.

I could feel the humiliation course through me. I imagined him taking me right here, in daylight, parked right on the street in front of Julie's house, and right next door to my own house. I was so horny. I told him he could fuck me here or anywhere else he wanted and I didn't care who watched. I was shocked at the words coming out of my mouth. I was so into this. The combination of William admitting he was only interested in me for a quick lay, my totally nude exit for my date, and my requirements to act like a wanton whore for him were really getting to me. Knowing my friends were watching all this and that my date was going to kick me to the curb as soon as he screwed me was so degrading. I saw the girls laughing and waving from the window as William drove us away.

The sex was disappointing. William drove me to a cemetery and parked in the back. Within minutes we were in the back seat. Foreplay consisted of a single kiss. I was rubbing his erect penis through his pants during the kiss when I felt him unzipping. Seconds later his pants were at mid-thigh and he was climbing on top of me. Two minutes later he was pulling his pants back up as I felt his fluid leaking out of me. Two minutes after that we were back in the front seat. He pulled the car in front of Julie's house. I looked at my watch and saw that my date had lasted 35 minutes. It wasn't even dark out and he was dropping me off.

Julie's car was not in front of her house. I also noticed that my Mom's car was not in front of my house. I dashed across the backyards and let myself in with the key we kept under the mat. I left a message for Julie on her machine telling her I was home and then I masturbated. I masturbated a lot. I found myself fantasizing about how I would be ridiculed by Julie and Estelle and anyone else they chose to tell. I wondered if you could get any sluttier than a half-hour date. Strangely, I began thinking about ways to increase my humiliation while I fingered myself.

Julie never called me back that night. I got up early and rummaged through my clothes. I had figured out that every time I wore any of my regular clothes over to Julie's house I never got them back so I chose clothes I was willing to lose. I realized that sooner or later my mom would notice that so many of my clothes were missing. I didn't know what I'd tell her and I was worried about it. I started having strange thoughts about my mom finding out about the humiliating game I was playing with Julie. A small, but growing part of me wanted her to find out. I was disgusted with myself for getting aroused by thoughts of my mother seeing me humiliated like this but I couldn't deny that it was making me horny. As I stripped in Julie's back yard I even considered wearing my newest clothes to her house from now on to make sure Mom noticed my shrinking wardrobe. I am one sick slut.

Julie let me in, leaving my clothes piled in the back yard. I was right about never seeing them again. She made me tell her about my date from the night before. Recounting the story and having Julie laugh at me while I did it was making me horny. I was sitting there naked, legs spread wide, and visibly aroused when Julie's mom walked in. I slammed my legs together and huddled over, mortified that she had caught me so exposed. Julie just laughed.

"Mom, you remember Amy from next door, right. Amy, this is my mom. She knows all about you so you don't need to be shy," Julie said. She didn't say with words but her stern look communicated exactly what was expected of me. Reluctantly I sat up straight up straight and opened my legs a bit. Julie continued to glare at me until I spread my legs very wide. I was mortified.

"My goodness, Amy, don't you find this a little embarrassing?" Mrs. Smythe asked me. I was more than a little embarrassed. I was speechless.

"Yeah, mom, she finds it embarrassing alright. She likes to be embarrassed. You should see the other stuff she does. This is nothing, really," Julie said with a laugh.

"Well, I hope she doesn't sit like that everywhere she goes. Girl, don't you know people will think you're a slut sitting with your legs apart like that?" Mrs. Smythe asked me. I just looked at her, not knowing what to say.

"Oh, it's OK for her to look like a slut. She doesn't mind showing her goodies and it works for her. She's had a date every night this week, each with a different boy. She's become very popular at school. Everyone's talking about her."

"I'm sure they are. What does your mother think about this behavior?" Mrs. Smythe asked me.

"She doesn't know and we can't tell her yet. Amy has been coming over here every morning before school to get dressed cause her mom would never allow her to wear the clothes she wants to wear. She has her dates pick her up here, too. She wears even less on her dates. Her mom would definitely not approve. And we can't tell her about it yet, either. Promise you won't say anything to her for a while?" Julie said.

I was very embarrassed to be sitting naked while Julie and her mom talked about me like this. There wasn't anything I could do about it, though. I realized I didn't want it to stop.

"Well, lots of girls want to wear clothes their parent's don't approve of. Speaking of clothes, why isn't she wearing any?"

"I told you, Mom, she likes to be embarrassed. She doesn't really have the nerve to embarrass herself, so I'm sort of helping her. I know how much she enjoys this so I make her strip in the backyard before she can come in. For a week now she's been terrified that you or Daddy were going to catch her. It may be hard to tell right now, but she's really enjoying this," Julie explained.

"Actually, it's not all that hard to tell. You kids are crazy. I don't want her sitting on my furniture naked. Either put some pants on her or get her a towel," Mrs. Smythe said.

"I'll get her a towel. Pants are out of the question. And do me a favor and don't tell Daddy about this. I want him to be surprised when he catches her naked," Julie said.

"Your father is not home. He's in Chicago and will be coming home tonight. I'm sure he'll be disappointed that he missed the show," Mrs. Smythe laughed.

"Oh, he won't miss anything. Amy knows that she has to do everything I tell her or I'll stop helping her get the embarrassment she needs. I hardly ever let her wear clothes in the house and now that she's been caught I'm going to be even more strict with her. I'm sure she's looking forward to getting caught naked by Daddy," Julie said. Her mom just shook her head and walked away. I'm sure Julie was just trying to embarrass me with her comment about me looking forward to having her father catch me naked. It was true, though, I was looking forward to it.

I didn't have time to recover from the embarrassment of being seen by Mrs. Smythe when Estelle came into the room. She smiled at me as if sitting naked and spread was the most natural thing in the world. "So, what's up?"

"Amy just met my mom," Julie giggled.

"Like this? You've got to be kidding me!" Estelle laughed.

"Nope! Just like this. And she is OK with it. So, from now on, Amydoll never wears clothes in the house. Unless she's dressing for a date or school, she's naked. No exceptions. And when she does dress for school or a date, she leaves the very second she has her clothes on. Speaking of clothes, lets get her dressed so she can walk to school," Julie said.

I knew the outfit I was going to be wearing to school was obscene. I was horny and anxious to wear it. I knew it would trash my reputation for good and I was ready for it. I was secretly glad Julie was making me walk to school today, too. I was pretty sure I'd get sent home from school with my way too short skirt and sheer blouse. I already decided when I did that I'd walk right down the road to Julie's house and I'd strip right at her front door before ringing the bell. I was afraid of what Estelle might have planned for me but whatever it was, I would face it naked anyway. Julie didn't disappoint and I found myself dressed like a schoolgirl whore. After a few photographs I was sent walking towards school.

I ended up arriving at school about 20 minutes early. I hung around the front door and was visible to everyone as they arrived to school. I was laughed at, teased, ridiculed, and hit on by a number of people. Several boys asked for a kiss and I gave every one of them a good one and offered another. I was fantasizing wildly. I imagined a group of boys took me right on the school steps and had their way with me. I was imagining a group of girls beating me up, stripping me totally naked in the process and punching me in the tits and kicking me in the pussy over and over again. I imagined Julie deciding I didn't really need clothing at all and making me go to school naked. I should have recognized these extreme fantasies as danger signs that I really needed some therapy but I didn't.

I did not get thrown out of school that day. It was a Friday and the principal was out of town. I was asked to leave several classes due to my outfit. I didn't have the nerve to spread my legs like I was supposed to be doing whenever I was sitting. I wanted to, but couldn't do it on my own. I was actually frustrated that Julie didn't check up on me and enforce her rule. I needed a push to endure that total degradation but it never came. At lunch I did manage to open my legs for all to see, all though not as far as I was supposed to open them. I was asked on several dates but I already had a date for that evening. I remember thinking Julie should have been paying more attention. She could really made my reputation at school simply by making me take on all of these boys under the bleachers. I just couldn't do it on my own.

I also saw Ms Harris at lunch. She told me she really wanted to talk to me and said I should come to her office at the start of last period. After what seemed like forever it was time to meet Ms Harris and I went to the gym. I waited for the last stragglers from the earlier class to leave and stripped, putting my clothes in a locker. I knocked on Ms Harris' door and she let me in, locking the door behind me. For the first time that day, I was able to make myself follow all my rules and I sat before Ms Harris with my legs widely spread.

"That was quite an outfit you wore today, Amy. And I know I told you it was OK for you to be naked for our little chats but I wasn't expecting the porn-star pose. Are you sure this isn't getting out of control? I've been told that you're having sex with anyone that asks and that you're even going on dates naked. You know you've gotten quite a reputation, young lady," she said, but not unpleasantly.

I confirmed everything she had heard. I started my confession and once I started talking I didn't stop for about 10 minutes. I told her everything. I told her my situation wasn't getting out of control. In fact, there was so much more I wanted to do that wasn't happening. I confided in her, telling her about my frustrations with Julie. I wondered aloud why Julie had all those embarrassing pictures of me and kept them private. I wanted those pictures on the Internet. I told her I was frustrated with my dates. Since most of my dates lasted less than an hour, why wouldn't she make me have two or three a night. I also confessed that Julie was being too nice to me. She wanted my agreement on everything. Why couldn't she just give me orders and be done with it? I complained that my public humiliation wasn't very public at all. I went on and on and Ms Harris just let me talk. Finally I had let it all out and I slumped in my chair.

"Well, that's quite a lot to digest, Amy. At least I know that I don't need to worry about you. You seem to know exactly what you're doing and you're not being forced in any way. You understand the consequences of this behavior and not only do you want it to continue you want much more. Have you talked to Julie about how you feel?" she asked.

I was a little taken aback by the mention of Julie's name. I hadn't intended to reveal her identity. I must have said her name during my little tirade without thinking about it. I put it out of my mind and agreed with everything she said.

"All right, sweetie, it's time for a little confession of my own. I mentioned to you last week that I sometimes play a game with my husband that's similar to the one you're playing with Julie. That's not quite true. It's no game. I'm a full time slave and he's my full time master. While there are many differences in how you and I live, there are some amazing similarities. I am not the woman you think I am. You girls think I'm pretty cool because I'm young and my skirts are shorter than other teachers. Have you ever thought it odd that a gym teacher would always wear a miniskirt? And while my skirts are shorter than any of the other teachers wear, they're only for school. Outside of school I wear much more revealing clothes all the time."

"Another amazing similarity is that I am also frustrated that I don't get enough of what I need. My husband is very strict with me and there are some things he makes me do that I absolutely hate. There are so many other things he could make me do that I'd hate. I really want to show him what he should be making me do and you can help. Look, I really want to play with you. I've asked him and he's already said OK. It would be a little weird for you maybe, but you'd get what you need. If you think you could handle a mistress who is also a submissive, we could have lots of fun. I'll make you do all the things I want my master to make me do so he can see it work. It will be like what you're doing now only more extreme and more public." Ms Harris handed me a piece of paper with her phone number on it. "You can come live with us if you want. I'll be on your case 24 hours a day. You would never get a break. Isn't that what you want?"

"I don't know, Ms Harris. I should work things out with Julie. She is really good at this. She just doesn't know I've gotten used to this level and need more."

"I understand, Amy. Try to work things out with her. You don't have to move in with me, either. We can make whatever arrangements you want. School will be out next Wednesday. That's just 3 more schooldays. I'm sure you can get out on Monday if you want to. Just wear the same outfit you had today and tell the principal you're willing to graduate early. He's very worked up about your outfits, you know. He can't legally throw you out but he's tried everything else and every day you come in with a more revealing outfit then you had on the day before. I'm sure he'd gratefully allow you to skip the last few days," Ms Harris said.

I didn't have any pockets so I wrote her phone number on my leg. I agreed to talk to Julie and told her I'd call her if it didn't all work out. She smiled at me.

"Get your clothes but don't put them on. Just bring them back here," she said. I didn't question her. I just did as she instructed. When I returned to her office she had me put on my stockings, heels, and blouse. She was holding my skirt.

"You said you wanted more humiliation and I want you to have a taste of what your life would be like with me. I'm going to give you a simple assignment. You may or may not like it but you have to do it to prove to me that you meant everything you said," Ms Harris told me. She tossed me the skirt and instructed me to put it on.

"Now, sweetie, in about 5 minutes the final bell will ring and the hallways will be full of students leaving for the day. Do you remember the first time you and I discussed your need for humiliation?" she asked. I nodded.

"Good. Now roll that skirt just like you did that day," she said with a smile.

This skirt was too short to begin with. If I rolled it over at the waist band it would not cover much of anything. She was right, though. After all the things I had said, I would have to do this to prove I was serious. I had a few seconds of doubt. Was I really serious about everything I had said? I decided I was and I rolled the skirt. The obscenely short skirt was now covering just the top third of my pussy. Most of my ass was uncovered as well.

"Are you going to make me walk home from school like this?" I asked. I was extremely aroused before this and I was getting even hotter.

"No, I'm not," she said. She saw the look of disappointment on my face and laughed.

"I will, you know. I can do this to prove to you that I'm serious," I said defiantly.

"No, you won't be walking home with your skirt like that, Amy. Do you remember what I told you we did after the final bell at Catholic school?" she said with a smile.

I'm sure I was blushing like a tomato as I recalled what she had told me. I took a deep breath and rolled the waistband over again. The results were dramatic. Now, everything showed completely. The skirt was an inch too short to even reach my pussy. I was effectively nude below the waist.

"From a distance, you appear to be fully dressed and wearing a short skirt. Anyone within 20 feet or so of you will see everything you have. Come here. We have a couple more things to do before that bell rings."

Ms Harris took out a spool of gray thread. She ripped off a bit and tied it between my shoes. "This thread won't be noticeable to anyone but I want it to remain in place until you get home. You'll have to take short steps. Go ahead and try walking," she instructed. I looked down as I walked and realized the thread was only about 12 inches long. I would have to take very short steps. It was going to take a long time to walk home like this.

"Very good, Amy. The thread will make sure you walk very slowly, giving everyone plenty of time to check you out. With all the people out there carrying cell phones, pictures of this will be on the Internet before you get home," she laughed. I blushed even more.

"Now, one more thing before you go. Hands behind your back please," she said. She began tying my thumbs together with another piece of thread. "I love thread bondage. You can easily break this thread if you need to. In fact, it will take some self-control not to break this thread. I want you to wait till you're home to break out of the thread. In the meantime, this will make sure you keep your hands behind your back. We want everyone to see your pussy, not your hands covering it up," she said.

I felt so vulnerable. I couldn't believe how horny I was at the thought of walking all the way home from school like this. Just when I thought it couldn't get any worse, Ms Harris showed me it could.

"Come here, Amy. I want you to get a good look at yourself in the mirror. I want you to really understand what everyone is going to see," she said. She guided me over to the mirror and I was stunned by my reflection. I was nude! Yes, I had a skirt on but it stopped well before it covered anything. Yes I had a blouse on but it was see through. And with my hands behind my back, nothing at all was covered. Just then the final bell rang.

"OK, out you go," Ms Harris said as she guided me to the door. "I want you to go right through the main lobby, and right out the front door. When you get on the street, walk facing traffic. Don't break your threads until you get home. For today, you can look anywhere you want. The next time we do this, you'll be making eye contact and politely greeting everyone you encounter."

I shivered with excitement. As soon as I was out in the hallway I started attracting lots of attention. I heard whooping and yelling and was called a slut and a whore. Most of the boys loved it and the girls mostly made nasty comments. And it seemed everyone had a camera phone with them. I was a nervous wreck as I made my way out of the main school doors. Ms Harris had managed to expose me to more people and do more to my reputation with this one assignment then Julie had done in almost two weeks.

The walk back to Julie's house took 40 minutes, more than twice what it normally took. I made it there with both of my threads intact. I was hoping Julie or Estelle would be outside to see me shuffling up the driveway. Unfortunately, they weren't. I broke my threads and stripped naked right at the front door. I didn't ring the bell until I was nude. Estelle let me in. She was surprised to see me already naked. She had me gather up my clothes and come in.

Julie and Estelle were both very excited and it had nothing to do with me. I was incredibly horny from my walk from school with my skirt so high and now, standing here totally naked and feeling completely stupid, the two young women were ignoring me. After a short while Julie motioned for me to sit. She smirked at me as I sat with my legs spread wide.

"You won't believe what happened!" Julie started. "Mom called and told me she's sending me and Estelle to Europe for 2 weeks! I can't believe it. We're going to visit Estelle's family. School's out on Wednesday and we'll be on a plane Thursday morning. When we get back we're spending the rest of the summer at the beach. You're going to be on your own while we're in Europe but when we get back we're going to have the whole summer without parents! Isn't that great?" she said, just bubbling with excitement.

I didn't think it was all that great. I was primed for some major humiliation and I liked the idea of being with these two at the beach without any parents to interfere with their plans for me but that was at least two weeks away. Julie didn't notice my lukewarm reaction to the whole announcement.

"We've got lots of shopping to do so we're going to get you ready for your date and then head to the mall. Who are you screwing tonight, bimbo?" she asked.

"Some guy named Ted. He's coming here at 7:00," I answered.

Well, tonight will be a little different. I have too much to do to get you all dolled up for a date today. You're probably going naked anyway but we'll see. Go home and be back here at 6:00. Come dressed for a date. Wear clothes your mom will approve of but try to look as sexy as you can. Wear a nice short skirt and a blouse. And wear underwear. I want you wearing a bra and panties when you come back," Julie instructed.

I was confused about her instructions. I hadn't worn a bra or panties for over a week and it had been nearly as long since I wore anything Mom would approve of. Julie was hustling me to the back door, though so I didn't question here. Soon she was pushing me into her backyard and telling me to be at the back door no later than 6:00. I couldn't figure out what she was up to. She was sending me home nude and since she wanted me at the back door when I came back, I knew whatever I wore was coming off in her back yard. I just shrugged and headed home.

I had only been in the house for a few minutes before I masturbated. After a few orgasms I called Ms Harris. I was scared of her but the way she sent me home from school was so hot I knew I had to see her again. I told her about Julie's trip to Europe and she was very excited. Before I knew it I had agreed to spend those 10 days with her. I also agreed to call her Saturday morning. If I were given any time to myself on Saturday I would be spending it with Ms Harris. She was so excited about seeing me I was scared. I was so horny I masturbated again.

I showered and shaved. I was very careful with my grooming. Ted, my date for the evening, was a senior and was totally cute. I wasn't sure how my date was going to go, but I knew he would be seeing me naked and I wanted to look good for him. I went through the motions of doing my hair and makeup but I wasn't thinking about what I was doing. I was trying to figure out what to wear. Tonight was different. The past few nights I went on my dates naked. It was embarrassing but everyone in school seemed to know about it and people were talking about it. I had overheard people passing the stories around and the humiliation was intense. Just the thought of everyone in school knowing that I was such a slut that I didn't even bother with clothes on my dates had me in a frenzy all the time. I was masturbating every chance I got and the reputation I was getting was the reason why. So, on some level, I was hoping I'd be naked for my date with Ted tonight.

On the other hand, Julie was so pre-occupied with her upcoming trip to Europe that she probably wasn't going to spend a lot of time humiliating me before my date. With the past few dates, I stood awkwardly naked while Julie made sure my dates knew all I cared about was getting laid. These little pre-date chats were devastatingly degrading but I didn't think it was going to happen tonight. I figured Julie would want to hustle me out of the house so she and Estelle could plan their trip. I didn't really need the humiliation to get aroused anyway. I was already thinking about spending time with Ms Harris and that had me horny enough.

I also thought it would be fun to actually go out with Ted. I thought it would be nice to actually look decent and go out to dinner or a movie or something with him. Yes, we would end up having sex, but a little fun before might be nice, too. I wondered what it would be like to have a boy actually work a little to get in my pants and wanted to find out. A little bit of uncertainty on his part would be nice. It wouldn't be as degrading as starting the date already naked with my legs splayed, just waiting for him to pick the right moment to stick it in me, but it could be fun, too. If there were a chance I'd actually get to go out with him, I'd like to look nice for it.

I also thought about having Ted undress me. Instead of coming already naked, it would be fun to have him strip me. I could wear something that would make him work a bit at it. Maybe some tight jeans and a couple layers of shirts over bra and panties would be fun. I was sure I could make him understand that he would get to screw me without showing up for the date nude.

The downside to this was the chance that whatever I wore would be gone. Every time I stripped in Julie's back yard I never saw those clothes again. I didn't know what Julie was doing with them or if she was ever planning to give them back to me. My wardrobe had been shrinking and I was afraid Mom would notice. Over the last couple of days I had been wearing old clothes over to Julie's. I figured I might as well wear only stuff I was willing to lose. Tonight was different, though. Julie had implied that I would get to wear clothes on my date. I couldn't go in ripped sweats and an old T-shirt.

After agonizing about this for a while I decided on an outfit. I put on a matching bra and panty set. It was my best underwear. It felt a little funny to be wearing underwear but I got used to it quickly enough. In fact, after just a few minutes it felt good to have underwear on. I put on my favorite jeans. I almost always wore skirts, even before I started playing with Julie but I do own a couple pairs of jeans. The pair I chose was very tight and I smiled imagining Ted struggling to get these off me in the back seat of his car. I completed the outfit with a camisole, blouse, and sweater. I looked hot and it was going to take a while to get me out of all of this stuff. I only hoped I didn't lose these clothes. These were my favorites.

Julie and Estelle were in the backyard waiting for me at 6:00. I figured her parents weren't home since they were both drinking beer and smoking cigarettes.

"Wow, Amy, I've never seen you dressed like this. I didn't even know you owned jeans!" Julie laughed. I felt very vulnerable with the girls laughing at me like this. I was more fully clothed than I had been in a long time and I was still being laughed at. Neither girl said anything for a few minutes and the silence was very uncomfortable. I was waiting for them to tell me to strip but they both remained silent. I knew I was going to have to get naked but I wanted to be told. After all the time I'd been naked in front of these two girls you would think I'd just strip without much thought, but it wasn't that way. Eventually, I did strip but I hated the fact that it was just expected and not even worth the bother to tell me to do it. I did it though, and soon found myself standing naked in Julie's back yard, my clothes neatly folded on the picnic table.

"So, were you actually thinking you were going on your date dressed like that?" Julie asked me. Even before she asked this question I realized I had made a mistake with my outfit. I had envisioned Ted struggling to get me out of these clothes and instead, I was the one struggling to get them off while Julie and Estelle looked on and laughed. Worst of all, it was immediately clear that I wouldn't be wearing these clothes on my date, anyway. All my planning was for nothing.

"I was thinking more along the lines of a nice skirt and blouse, pantyhose, underwear. You know, like normal girls wear on a date," Julie said. I just stood there feeling stupid for thinking that I could make any boy work to get my clothes off.

"So, what are you waiting for, slut? Go get some appropriate clothes on," Julie ordered. I started to reach for the pile of clothes and Julie stopped me. "No point in putting all that crap back on just to take it off at your house. Just go like you are," she ordered.

"Julie! My mom is home. I can't go home naked!" I shrieked. She was trying to get me caught by my mom.

"You can go home naked and you will go home naked. If your mom is home you'll just have to be careful. If you weren't such a stupid twit you wouldn't be in this position, would you? What in the world were you thinking putting jeans on, anyway? What did I ever say to you that led you to believe I would let you go on a date wearing pants?" Julie lectured me while Estelle giggled. Defeated, I ran across the yards nude, wondering how I would get in the house. There was nothing I could say to Mom if I was caught. Julie and Estelle were in deep conversation as I left.

"If you're trying to confuse her, you did a great job," Estelle said. "She looked heart-broken that she wasn't going to wear that outfit on her date tonight."

"Yeah, she did look a little confused, didn't she?" Julie laughed.

"So, what gives? Why are you letting her wear her own clothes tonight, anyway? She went naked on her last few dates and she has all those adorable little plaid skirts here. Why are you letting her wear mom-approved clothes tonight?" Estelle asked.

"I'm not," Julie laughed. "I don't care what she's wearing when she comes back, she's taking it off. I think she's figured out that I haven't given any of the clothes she wears over here back to her. What comes off over here stays over here," Julie said with a laugh.

"Oh, you are wicked!" Estelle agreed with a laugh.

"When she started wearing ratty old sweats over here I knew she had it figured out. So, this little tease about wearing her own clothes on a date is just to get her back to wearing the good stuff. Not only is she losing the clothes she likes to wear but it's only a matter of time until mummy starts to wonder about the laundry. Once mummy starts asking about why there is no dirty laundry and notices her wardrobe is getting a lot smaller there ought to be a very humiliating conversation over there, don't you think?"

I managed to get in the house without being caught naked by Mom. I've grown accustomed to walking home from Julie's house nude. I don't even care who sees me as long as it's not Mom. It's hard enough to sneak in when she's asleep. I was lucky but I knew my luck would run out eventually. I quickly dressed in bra, panties, pantyhose, a skirt and blouse. I bumped into Mom as I was leaving to go back to Julie's. Mom told me I looked nice. I really hoped Julie gave these clothes back to me!

"Great look, Amy. You look much better now. This is a much more appropriate outfit for a date. I like that skirt. Not too long, not too short. Shows a lot of leg and a hint of slut without being obvious. Nice job, kid. Now let's go inside," Julie said.

My heart soared. I knew I'd look good for Ted tonight and I'd be dressed decently so we could actually go out someplace. I was all smiles as I headed for the door with the girls. Julie stopped me at the door.

"You know the rules, Amy. You can't come in the back door with clothes on. Everything off." Julie said.

It was already after 6:30. It seemed stupid to take all my clothes off now when my date would be arriving in less than a half-hour.

"Well, I could go around to the front. Then I could come in without breaking any rules, right? It's just the back door that I have to be nude for. Should I go around front?" I asked.

Julie laughed. "Yes, sweetie, you can go around front. Boy, you seem really excited about this. Is this date tonight someone special?"

"Well, he's really cute and since I'm all dressed up I'm hoping we'll actually go someplace. I know I have to fuck him no matter what but maybe he'll take me to a movie or something first." I answered. I was excited about this. It's hard to understand how exciting it can be to wear clothes on a date until you've gone on a few totally naked. I dashed around the front of the house and was beaming with happiness when I rang the doorbell. Julie let me in right away.

"I have to tell you, Amy-doll, I have never seen you look this happy. You're radiant. Now, your date will be here any minute so you'll have to hurry. Get out of those clothes, sit in that chair over there, facing the front door, and rub out a couple orgasms for us," Julie ordered. Just as she said this Estelle snapped a picture of me.

"What? You want me to masturbate now? But I'm all dressed for my date and he'll be here any minute," I whined.

"You're right, Amy, he will be here any minute and unless you want him to see you masturbating when he comes in, you best get a move on," Julie laughed.

I couldn't believe she was doing this to me. If Ted showed up on time I'd never have time to strip, masturbate, and get dressed again. I hurriedly took off my clothes, much to the laughter of the two girls. Estelle photographed the whole thing.

"Look at her go. I've never seen anyone strip so fast. I don't think she wants ole Ted to see her fingering herself," Estelle laughed. As she was speaking I threw myself into the chair and began masturbating furiously, desperate to finish quickly and have enough time to get dressed. I was praying Ted would be late. It would be mortifying to have him see me like this.

"Yeah, and who can blame her. Can you imagine how humiliating this is going to be for her?" Julie laughed.

"Maybe Ted won't tell anyone about it," Estelle said and both girls burst into hysterical laughter.

I had cum once and was on the verge of a second orgasm when Estelle opened the door. She had been watching out the window and had that door opened before Ted could even ring the bell. He was still 5 feet from the door when he saw me working away on my pussy with both hands, frantically trying to make myself cum. I wanted to crawl in a hole somewhere and hide forever.

"Oh my gawd! Am I interrupting anything?" Ted asked. He was staring at me and grinning at me just as I reached my second orgasm.

"Oh, you're not interrupting anything. Amy just wanted to have a few orgasms before her date. She was really horny and didn't want to appear too forward. She should be done in about 10 minutes or so," Julie said with a laugh. She motioned for me to keep masturbating.

"I've never seen anyone do this before. This is amazing," Ted said, still intently staring at me.

"Most girls would be too embarrassed to let a guy see her do this, Ted. Amy likes being embarrassed, though. You can take pictures if you want. She won't mind," Julie said.

"Really? I can take pictures?" Ted asked, pulling his camera phone out.

"Yep, she's fine with it. I'm sure you've heard the stories about her," Julie replied.

"Yeah, I heard she went out on a date totally naked. I didn't believe it. No girl would do that!"

"Amy does. It wasn't one date. She's been out with a different guy every night this week and hasn't worn a stitch of clothes for any of those dates."

Ted raised his gaze from my crotch to my face. "Is this true?" I was too humiliated to speak and could only manage to nod. I was totally mortified.

"Yeah, she's not really into the dating thing. She just wants to get laid. We've had her in a couple outfits tonight but she's pretty insistent that she wants to go naked. She says it takes too long to get undressed in the back seat of a car," Julie laughed.

"Naked is cool," Ted said.

"Ted, can I ask you something?" Julie asked. Ted nodded. "Look, maybe you can help her out tonight. She's so afraid she won't get laid that she won't wear clothes on a date. Guys have been screwing her and then just dropping her off. Her dates last about an hour. I've tried everything I know. I've bought her some really, really short skirts, suggested she not wear underwear, even helped her practice giving peeks up her skirt without looking too much like a whore. None of it works. She still insists on not wearing anything and you'll never get her to close her legs until you give her what she wants. Can you help convince her she doesn't have to do this?"

I was beside myself as I sat there masturbating, listening to Julie spin this tale. I was so looking forward to a real date, wearing real clothes. Instead, I'm naked and spread again, masturbating in front of a strange boy who is snapping picture after picture with his cell phone, and the girl who put me in this position is talking like it's all my idea.

"I can try. What do I need to do?" Ted asked.

"Well, first, you should just do her so she isn't worried about not getting laid tonight. She likes the back seat. I know it's still light out so you can pull your car into the garage and screw her. My parents aren't home, so you won't be disturbed. Then, after she's gotten some dick, we'll try to get her into some clothes. I think we can get her into a skirt and blouse with some heels. She definitely won't wear underwear and if I can talk her into a skirt it will have to be a really short one, but at least she'll have clothes on. Then maybe you could take her somewhere so she can see that she can attract attention without being naked. Can you do that?" Julie said. She was doing a great job of acting and Ted believed every word she said.

"I can do that. Where should I take her?" he asked.

"Well, before she turned into a complete slut she always liked to go bowling," Julie said with a smirk. I came and came hard when I figured out her plan. She was determined to get me to go bowling in a tiny skirt without panties and it looked like she had just succeeded.

"Sure, I can do that. I'm not much of a bowler but it sounds like fun," Ted said. I came again, knowing I was finally going to have to humiliate myself in the bowling alley. And on a Friday night, too. The place would probably be packed.

"Great! Thanks for being a sweetheart. Why don't you two get in the car and I'll get the garage door opened for you." Julie looked at me and said, "Do you think you could give that a rest long enough to get laid, sweetie?" I groaned. I had never been so humiliated in my entire life. Looking back, I realized how impressive Julie's mind was. She had completely misdirected me into thinking I would have a normal date and then demolished my self-esteem. This evening ended up leaving a lasting memory.

"Are you sure you're OK with this?" Ted asked me. I hated that Julie was working me over like this in front of the only boy to date me that was a true gentleman. I nodded that I was OK. "Ok, I'll get the car and meet you in the garage," he said.

"Oh, that would hardly seem like a date. Amy's pretty used to leaving the house naked. She'll walk out to the car with you," Julie said. She gave me a look indicating that this wasn't something I could refuse and I got up and walked out the front door with Ted. I could hear Julie and Estelle laughing as we walked down the walk.

"She's a good friend for you. And she's right, you know. You're really pretty and you don't have to do this whole naked thing to get boys to sleep with you. I heard people saying you were a sure thing but I didn't believe it. I was planning to take you to dinner and then a movie and would have settled for a good-night kiss. You don't need to work this hard to get me to sleep with you. Or any other guy for that matter. You'll see tonight when we go bowling, everybody is going to be interested in you," he said.

He had no idea how interested people were going to be. I knew exactly how I was going to be dressed for bowling. I don't think he realized just yet what Julie meant by a short skirt. This was going to be a totally humiliating evening. Even though I had masturbated to several orgasms I was still incredibly horny. As I was walking down the walk naked in broad daylight I was thinking that I hoped this guy knew how to fuck.

Once we got in the car he kissed me. I rubbed his penis and told him how I couldn't wait to get him inside of me. He had no way of knowing this was a rule for me and after Julie's little performance, I'm sure he believed I meant it. In less than a minute the car was parked in the garage and I was in the backseat, beginning the second phase of what was the most humiliating night of my life so far.

While Ted wasn't a very experienced lover, he was the best I'd had in my early days as a complete slut. He was also much larger than any of the boys I had been with before. He made a quick attempt at foreplay and then got on top of me. He felt huge inside of me and I almost had an orgasm before he finished. He didn't wear a condom and pumped a huge load of cum in me. We sat in his car and talked for a bit afterwards and it all leaked out of me and made a big mess in his car.

Ted wanted to know all about my relationship with Julie and Estelle. I didn't tell him everything, of course, but I did confirm that I really got off on being embarrassed, I loved being exposed, and I loved having people think I was a cheap slut. He asked whether I minded him showing the pictures he took of me earlier and I told him I didn't. He asked if he could take more pictures and I told him he could. He asked me if I was excited about going bowling in a mini-skirt. I tried to prepare him for just how revealing my outfit would be but he didn't seem to believe me. We were less than an hour into the date and I had let him see me naked and masturbating, let him take pictures of me naked, walked to his car naked in broad daylight, screwed him, and was still sitting naked with no clothes even in sight. I don't know why he wouldn't believe I would also go bowling in a short skirt without panties. He would find out soon enough.

After a few more minutes of conversation we found ourselves in the living room with Julie and Estelle. I was still naked, of course. Julie asked Ted if I was a good lay and they talked about me like I wasn't there. I was so horny at this point I was in for anything. I wasn't even offended by these people talking about me like a piece of meat. Estelle offered to entertain Ted while Julie helped me get dressed for the bowling alley. She had her laptop computer with her, the one with about a thousand pictures of me naked on it. They sat down to look at my pictures while Julie took me upstairs to get dressed.

Julie had me sit at her makeup table. "You need your hair in pigtails for this outfit. Get started on that while I get your clothes. And when I come back you had better be sitting correctly," she snapped. I knew what she meant but I acted like I didn't. I had my legs slightly parted and stubbornly kept them that way. I could have just spread them like I was supposed to but I wanted the humiliation of being ordered to do it. Julie did not disappoint me. She came back to the table with my outfit and yelled at me. She kept saying "wider" over and over again until I was spread open as far as I could get. It was a little painful for my thighs. Even in porno movies you don't often see girls with their legs this far apart. I was reveling in the degradation of it all.

"This is going to be embarrassing for you tonight. I expect your full cooperation. While you will be wearing clothes, they're just to keep you from getting tossed out of the bowling alley. Every part of you is going to be on display tonight. If I detect any signs of modesty from you, there will be hell to pay," she lectured me.

"You're going to be at the bowling alley?" I asked. I don't know why I was surprised by this.

"Yep. Estelle and I are going shopping but we'll go to the alley for a bit first. I don't think you'll be there long before they throw you out or you get arrested. And when you do get tossed out, you're going to strip naked right there in the parking lot and give me your clothes."

"And, I have a special surprise for you. Check this out," she said as she tossed me a clump of red plaid cloth. It was a skirt. It used to be a pleated skirt but it had been shortened so much all the pleats were gone. It was no more than 4 inches from waistband to hem. I put it on while Julie watched. The skirt was too short to be called a skirt. When I tugged it up to my waist the hem landed a good inch above the top of my pussy, exposing me completely. Fortunately, the waist had been loosened and I could wear it low on my hips. Even wearing it at the widest part of my hips, it didn't cover my pussy. I also noticed it was a bit too loose in the waistband.

"So, what do you think?" Julie asked me.

"You're kidding, right? You can't possibly expect me to wear this in public," I said, knowing full well that she did.

"Yes, I do expect you to wear it in public. This is your bowling skirt," she laughed. "And, you haven't seen the best part yet." She put her fingers in the waistband and tugged, laughing as she saw how loose it was. "Hands on your head and walk," she commanded. I did as instructed and the skirt was at my ankles on the third step. I just stood there with the skirt pooled at my feet, feeling stupid as she laughed and laughed. What was wrong with me? Why couldn't I just tell her I was not bowling in this skirt or any other skirt, for that matter?

I waited for her to stop laughing and then asked her if I were going to be allowed a top with this ridiculous skirt.

"Oh yes, we're going to make your top right now. Just fold your little skirt up and put it on the bed," she said. I complied and she tossed me a white T-shirt. I glanced at the size and it was a mens, XXL. I put it on and it was huge. It was so big it hung off one shoulder and came all the way to my knees. Julie flashed a pair of scissors at me and smiled. She pushed the scissors through the T-shirt and cut it off around my navel.

"Julie, I can't wear this. I'll have to bend over to bowl and my tits are gonna show," I complained.

"Sheesh! I'm not even done with it yet," she laughed. She adjusted the shirt so it was hanging off both shoulders. I had to keep my arms well away from my body to keep the huge T-shirt from falling down to my waist. She ran her hands under my shirt and started pinching my nipples. "Don't get excited, whore, I just need to be able to see your nips under the shirt. Soon, my nipples were erect and Julie was back at work with the scissors. She cut the T-shirt so it was even with my nipples. The bottom of my tits were exposed. Next, she cut a little 'V' out between my tits so the material just hung over my boobs. She cut slits on the sides, all the way up to the armpits. Finally, she cut the entire back off the T-shirt. In addition to making me look completely topless from the back, this last cut made it so the floppy T-shirt would have to be adjusted perfectly to provide any cover for my tits. In addition, any movement would expose at least one tit.

"This is going to be perfect!" Julie exclaimed, admiring her handiwork with the T-Shirt. "Now, put your little skirt on and lets see how the whole outfit looks," she ordered. I did as instructed. I had clothes on yet everything was exposed. I cringed at how the top just fell away from my chest as I bent over to step in the skirt. It took a good 15 seconds to arrange the skirt for maximum coverage, and even then I wasn't covered. It took just as long to arrange the top.

"Now, make believe you're bowling," she said. I did and the results were disastrous. My skirt hit the floor and the neckline of the top slid right down to my elbows, completely revealing my tits. I was totally naked.

"Perfect!" Julie exclaimed, clapping her hands. "Now, after you've bowled a ball, you need to count the number of pins you knocked down with that ball. Then, turn so your back is to the pins and multiply the number of pins you knocked down by 17. You'll then multiply the number of pins still standing by 13, add the two numbers together and call out your answer. Once you've called out your answer you can adjust your clothing. Got it?" she asked with a grin.

"What? Are you serious? I can't do math like that in my head! And everyone is going to be staring at me the whole time while I'm naked? That's impossible. You can't be serious!" I was stunned. Math was never my strong subject. This was going to be horrible.

"Oh yes, I can be serious. You see, while you're doing your calculations you're going to be standing there, facing the people in the bowling alley, with all your girl parts on display. You'll look completely stupid. Of course, if you call out the right answer, I'll know you're not completely stupid," she laughed. "Let's try it. Pull your skirt up, adjust your top, do your bowling motion and make believe you knocked over 3 pins," she ordered. I couldn't believe I was doing this but I obeyed her. She repeated my instructions as I went through the motions.

It took me over a minute to figure the answer but I finally said, "132."

"Hmmm, maybe I was wrong. Maybe you are completely stupid. The correct answer is 142."

"Why do we need to do this? You might as well just have me bowl completely naked and be done with it." I desperately wanted to get out of doing this!

"We'll do the completely naked bowling another night. Now, we've kept your date waiting long enough. Fix your clothes and lets get going," she said and walked out of the room. I was still covering up as good as my outfit allowed when I heard loud laughter from downstairs. Obviously, Julie told them what was going on.

I took a look at my self in a mirror before I left Julie's bedroom. I wanted to cry when I saw the full impact of my outfit. Most of my tits were on display. Any movement at all and they both popped out. My tiny skirt didn't begin to cover my pussy. For the first time I realized that Julie had cut this skirt even higher in the back and my entire ass was exposed. From the back I looked like I was wearing only a red plaid belt. I had to hold the skirt at the waist to keep it from falling off me. I took a deep breath and headed down stairs.

"Holy shit!" Ted exclaimed. "That's what you want to wear bowling? I don't believe this!"

"Now Ted, I warned you that if I could get her in clothes at all they would be revealing clothes, didn't I? You've seen what she wears to school and she's been naked the whole time you've been here. Did you expect a knee length skirt and a sweater? She's a slut, you know." Julie was an expert at making all this shit look like my idea.

"There's no way they're going to let her bowl in that outfit. She's fucking naked!" Ted was obviously having second thoughts about this whole bowling trip.

"Look, her outfit isn't that bad, really," Julie said. She tugged my skirt low on my hips and I was almost covered below. She arranged my top to cover my tits. "See?"

"I'm not going out in public with her looking like that. She might as well have the word "SLUT" written on her forehead in big red letters," Ted said.

"Oh! Great idea. We'll wait till we get to the lanes to do that, though. I understand you not wanting to go out in public with her. I'll tell you what, she can bowl alone and you can come with me and Estelle and watch. Nobody will know you're with her. When she gets tossed out of the bowling alley she's going to be desperate for a ride home so you can hook up with her then," Julie said.

"Um, OK, but why is she going to be desperate for a ride home?" Ted asked.

"Oh, didn't I mention, these are her bowling clothes. She has to take them off once she stops bowling. So, she'll be about 5 miles from home and completely naked. My guess is she'll do just about anything for a ride home. Interested?" Julie laughed.

Julie gave me another oversized men's T-shirt to wear into the bowling alley. She instructed me to take everything off and put it on. My little skirt and ripped top went into a bag. She told me to get a lane and rent shoes and then meet her in the ladies room. I couldn't believe they were going to make me do this alone. I was so horny, though, that part of me was looking forward to it.

I got some looks from people but nobody said anything to me as I rented shoes and got a lane. The T-shirt came down to my knees. It wouldn't stay around my shoulders though, so everyone could tell I had no bra on. That was no big deal, though. Lots of people bowled without bras. I got to the lane, put the shoes on and went into the Ladies room. Julie and Estelle joined me. Julie didn't say anything as she grabbed my T-shirt and lifted it up. I lifted my arms, cooperating with her as she removed the only garment I had on above the ankles. She handed the T-shirt to Estelle and rummaged around in her purse. She came up with some blue eye-shadow and put it on me, thick. Next she did my lips with red lipstick. "I'm sure lots of people will be taking pictures and we want you to look nice," she said. Then she pulled my hair back and put it in a pony tail. "We don't want your hair to obscure your pretty face. Somebody will be posting these pictures on the 'Net and you want to be recognizable, don't you?" she said with a laugh. Next she wrote "SLUT" on my forehead with the lipstick.

"Now, do you remember your math? If you adjust your clothes without doing your math, I'll make sure you regret it. Understand?" I nodded. "Estelle and Ted are finding us a nice table to watch your show from. You might have noticed she took your T-Shirt with her. Once we're settled, she will bring in your outfit. When she does, you are to get dressed immediately and get your slutty ass out on that lane. If you make me wait you will be sorry," Julie said. I was so nervous I was shaking. "One more thing, bimbo, make sure you smile the entire time you're out there." Julie left me in the Ladies room. I was naked, made up like a trailer park whore, and had "SLUT" written on my forehead in red lipstick. I was just starting to think about how I could get out of this when Estelle came in with my outfit.

"Oh my gawd! You poor girl. Why did you put your hair up? Don't you realize that pictures and video of this little escapade are going to be all over the Internet? At least you had a chance to obscure your face with your hair. Now, you are going to be so recognizable," Estelle said as I pulled my obscenely short skirt on and fussed with the tattered top.

"Maybe there will be only cell phone shots and people won't recognize me," I said hopefully.

Estelle laughed. "Sweetie, there is no chance of that. Julie and your date both are holding video cameras right now and I have Julie's mom's 10 megapixel camera all ready to go. You know why Julie is leaving you naked in the parking lot, right? Well, while you're trying to figure out how to get home naked, we'll be posting you to every place we can think of. These kind of naked-in-public videos are very popular and you'll be famous. 10 million people will see these pictures and video by this time tomorrow," Estelle laughed. "Are you sure you don't want to put your hair down?"

"Um, Julie put it up like this. Do you think she'd mind if I took it down?" I said hopefully.

"Uh, yes, I think she'd mind. Better leave it like it is. You're very brave for doing this," Estelle said and gave me a little hug. She left the Ladies room laughing. I waited a minute or so and stepped out of the Ladies room.

I attracted immediate attention. Some people were busy bowling and didn't notice but others were watching me closely. I took a few steps without holding on to my skirt and it started to fall. I quickly grabbed it and stopped it from falling but my top shifted when I did and revealed both of my tits. People were laughing and calling me a slut. I suddenly remembered that I was supposed to be smiling and I looked up to see if Julie had caught me disobeying orders. She was just a few feet away with the damn video camera and I heard her chuckle as I smiled.

I stepped up to the lane and grabbed a ball. I could hear the bowling alley go quiet and I quickly threw the ball. Just like in Julie's bedroom, the skirt dropped to my ankles and my top fell away from my chest. I knocked down 4 pins. I turned around and every eye in the place was on me. I froze. Nobody was bowling anymore. I heard laughter and comments and people calling out to me. I couldn't remember what I was supposed to multiply and add and I just stood there looking and feeling stupid for a whole minute. Finally, I shouted out some random number and picked my skirt up. I tried to adjust my top but it was pointless. I grabbed another ball and repeated the process. I saw Julie and Ted working their video cameras and flashes were going off all around me. I remember wondering where all the cameras had come from. It seemed like everyone had one.

Incredibly, I bowled three frames before the bowling alley manager came over to see what all the commotion was. I was standing there facing the crowd, trying to figure out what 7 times 13 was with my skirt around my ankles when he grabbed me by the arm and started dragging me off the lane. I grabbed for my skirt but I missed it and it remained on the lane as he headed toward the door. Along the way he told me he hadn't called the cops yet but he had to or he'd lose his job. He stopped at the door and made me take off the rented shoes. He told me to hurry away before I got arrested. Julie, Ted, and Estelle followed the whole thing with their cameras. Once in the parking lot I surrendered my remaining article of clothing to Julie. She tried to stop laughing long enough to talk to Ted.

"Here you go, Ted. As promised, once very desperate, naked slut. Make sure you get something good from her in exchange for a ride home. I don't want to see her again for at least a couple hours." Julie grabbed the video camera and she and Estelle ran to Julie's car. I was pulled into Ted's car and we were just leaving as the cops arrived.

Ted had me suck his cock as he drove around. He stopped to talk to some friends. They laughed at his story about the bowling alley, which he told right in front of me. He invited them to join us and they called some other friends. It was after 2:00 AM when they dropped me off at Julie's house. I had fucked 4 guys and given 5 blow jobs before they took me home. I also was photographed at least a hundred times.

It took a while for Julie to answer the door. When she did she couldn't stop laughing at me. She called me an Internet porn star and laughed some more. Estelle got up and set up her video camera. I was a mess. I had cum leaking from my pussy and had a bunch more in my hair. My pussy was red and swollen. Julie had me squat over a towel and cough. When I did, the cum just flowed out of me. She had me describe my evening for the camera in excruciating detail. Estelle was posting this video to some sites while Julie had me watch the bowling alley video. She showed it to me from an Internet site. It was posted in several places and there had already been over 50,000 hits to it.

I was stunned when I saw the video. I couldn't believe how clear and well lit it was. I was completely recognizable. It went on forever, too. The actual run time was just over 15 minutes. Just when I thought things couldn't get any worse, they did. Julie brought Google up and said, "watch this." There were over a thousand matches when she typed in 'Bowling alley slut.' There were message boards with conversations about the video!

"You're famous! Let's check your e-mail and see if anyone you know has seen the video," Julie said. I was silently praying that nobody I knew had seen it. When I opened my e-mail I had over a hundred messages!

"Ok, bimbo, here's your next assignment. You're going to respond to each and every one of these e-mails. Blind copy me on every response. Tell each person what a rush it was to get naked in a bowling alley and how much you love seeing the video on the 'Net. Ask each person to post it every place they can think of. You can get cleaned up once you're finished answering them all." It was nearly sunrise before I finished answering all of the e-mails. Virtually everyone I knew had written to me. Just as I was finishing up someone had replied to my reply. That was when I learned that Julie had created a message signature for me. It said, "I fuck on the first date! Call me" with my cell phone number next to it. 15 minutes later my phone started ringing and it wasn't even daylight yet.

I snuck home naked and took a long shower. I had just gotten to bed when Mom woke up. She was out when I woke up. Julie called me and told me to get dressed and be at her back door in 15 minutes. I threw on some clothes and hurried over. I wasn't sure what more she could do to me at this point but I didn't want to find out. I was at her back door with my clothes folded neatly on the picnic table with two minutes to spare.

"Come on in, pornstar," she laughed. I cringed at the name but I knew she was right.

"A couple things for you...first, congratulations are in order. More than a million people have seen your video so far. Someone recognized you and now the world knows your name, too," she laughed. I started crying. "And now, the good news for you. I'm a little preoccupied with planning my trip to Europe so I'm going to give you a little time off. You've had a rough day or two and deserve it. There is one condition, though. There is one very important person that still has no idea about what you've been doing for the last couple weeks. You've been sneaking past her naked on a regular basis but she hasn't figured it out yet. Well, we're going to give her one more clue and then you're free until I get back from vacation." I looked at Julie warily. I knew she was talking about my mom and I did not want my mom involved in any of this.

"If I were not going away, you'd probably come over here 10 or 12 times between now and the end of school. I know that you figured out when you strip in the back yard you never see those clothes again. I think I've confiscated a dozen of your outfits already. Mom should be getting suspicious by now, don't you think? Well, I'm thinking you couldn't possibly be as stupid as you are unless she was a little stupid, too, you know?" I was stung by Julie calling my mom stupid. For all I know, mom was well aware of my shrinking wardrobe and was just waiting for the right time to call me on it. I didn't care that she called me stupid. She was obviously correct about that. When I thought about how much trouble I have caused myself I knew she's right. And, I still wanted more.

Julie called me back from my thoughts. "So, here's the deal. I want you to run home and bring me 10 complete outfits. Dresses or skirts and blouses, underwear, bras, pantyhose, even shoes. I don't want your old worn out shit, either. Everything you bring needs to be something you've worn in the last month. Bring me the outfits and you're done until I get back from Europe," she said.

"Julie, I can't do that. There's no way I can give you 10 outfits without my mom noticing they're gone." I would be in big trouble if Julie got her way on this issue.

"That's the whole point you stupid whore. I want your mom to notice. I want her to ask you about it and I want you to decide whether you're going to look her in the eye and lie to her or if you're gonna tell her what a fucked-up whore of a daughter she raised."

"Julie, I just can't," I whined.

"I thought you might say that. So, here's the deal. If you don't give me the outfits, my mom will call your mom and tell her about a certain disturbing video she saw on the Internet. And now that you've made me threaten you, I want 12 outfits. If you want to keep negotiating it's going to be 20 outfits." Julie said. Her tone of voice made it clear she was serious.

"OK! I'll give you the fucking clothes!" I shouted. "It will take a couple of trips to carry it all. Is that OK with you?" I said sarcastically.

"Actually, no, it isn't OK. You're going to go home and put an outfit on, walk over here, model it for me, take it off, and then go get the next outfit. And since you think it's appropriate to yell and swear at me, when you're done with your 12, no lets make it 13 now, 13 outfits, you're going to bring every piece of underwear you own over, one piece at a time, too. And I mean everything. Every bra, every panty, every pair of pantyhose, every slip. Now no more discussion. I own your ass now and if you keep arguing about this I'm going to make you use the front door to deliver your clothes to me."

I was so screwed. I hated myself for getting wet at the thought of what I was about to do. There was no way mom was going to miss this. And when she discovered all my clothes missing I was going to have to explain it somehow. Why hadn't I just agreed to this at first? I could have kept this to 10 outfits and still had a little underwear left. How would I ever explain every piece of my underwear being gone?

"Ok, I'm doing it. The first outfit is already on the picnic table," I said and turned to go out the door. I realized that I wasn't even sure where Mom was and I had better finish this task before she got home. I couldn't even guess how many trips across the back yard I would be making in the nude.

"No, that outfit on the picnic table belongs to me now. I want 13 of your outfits," she said. That meant that I was really giving up 14 complete outfits. I would have practically no clothes left at all when I was through. I remember having a strange fantasy that Julie would demand every piece of clothing I owned and then send me home naked. That would have made for a humiliating conversation with Mom.

I spent more than two hours dressing, walking over to Julie's house, undressing, then returning to my house naked. I only had about 6 bras left to begin with so giving those up didn't cause me to make any more trips. I had about two dozen pairs of panties, though. I usually kept my old ones when I got new ones. When I was done I had made nearly 50 trips back and forth, most wearing just one piece of underwear. I had given Julie every piece of outer clothing that I had bought in the last two years. I had a few dresses and some skirts from when I had just started high school. These were mostly too small for me now and it was going to be really obvious if I wore the without underwear. I was left with just two skirts and three tops plus some older dresses. I had one pair of jeans. Julie even made me go through the dirty laundry at my house and get all my underwear from the hamper. Everything else was clean, so the few clothes left in my closet were all I had left.

Finally, I completed the task Julie set for me. I stood nude next to a huge pile of my clothes. Julie threw a box of trash bags at me and told me to fill them up with the clothes.

"I'm taking these down to the homeless shelter to donate them. I decided I want you to come with me. I figured you'd like to watch while I give them all away," she laughed. I just nodded. "So, do you want to go to the homeless shelter naked or do you want to put some clothes on?" she asked. My remaining clothes were now very precious to me and I couldn't afford to lose another outfit so I decided I'd go naked. "Suit yourself. My car's in the street. Load it up, would you?"

"Julie, I'm naked. I can't load all this stuff in the car. I'll be seen for sure!" I was terrified one of the neighbors would see me nude in front of the house and tell my mom. Or worse, my mom would drive by and see me her self.

"Look, I'm not loading this stuff into the car myself. If you're so worried about being seen naked, go put some clothes on," Julie said with an exasperated tone of voice. I still thought this was a trap but I ran home naked, again, and put on a dress. I put on my oldest dress just in case. When I came back Estelle was there with Julie.

"Whoa! That dress is pretty small on you. And without underwear it doesn't leave much to the imagination," Estelle laughed."

"Yeah, well everything that fits me is in those bags going to the homeless shelter," I said, not bothering to hide the bitterness in my voice.

"Estelle is right, sweetie, that dress is obscene on you. Did I forget to mention that we're meeting my mom and dad downtown for dinner?" Julie said.

I just couldn't go out to dinner with Julie's parents in this dress. I asked if I could go change.

"Sure. Just give me that dress and you can go put something else on," Julie said. I reluctantly handed over the dress and ran across the back yards naked for the millionth time this afternoon. I put on a skirt and blouse. These clothes didn't fit me very well, either, but it was the best I could do. The blouse was tight and pulling apart at the buttons. The skirt was tight and short. It couldn't be helped, though, these clothes fit better than everything else I still owned. I headed back to Julie's house.

"Hmmm, not much better, but it will do. Load up the car," Julie instructed. I did as she ordered.

"Ok, we're just about ready. Before we go I want to give you one last chance to change your outfit. I know you want to save your good clothes, but do you really want to go out to dinner with my parents in that outfit?"

I was defeated. The magnitude of what I had done over the last few days finally hit me. I didn't have any clothes that fit. My closet was just about empty, my underwear drawers were completely empty, and my mom was sure to question me about it. I had appeared naked in public and had video taken. Just about everyone that knew me had seen it, along with at least another million people, probably much more by now. Two weeks ago I was a virgin. In the past 10 days I had fucked 20 guys. Of the 20, I only knew the last names of 8 of them. I didn't even know the first names of seven of them. Julie's mom had seen me naked. I had been virtually thrown out of school with just a few days to go. And now, I was going to dinner with the Smythes in a skirt and blouse that were too small for me and no underwear and it was the most decent outfit I owned.

"Julie, these are the best clothes I own. I'm not holding out on you. You've taken everything I have," I said. I started to cry.

"Sweetie, I didn't take anything from you. You gave me everything and you wanted to give me more. I know all about the conversation you had with Mrs. Harris about that. Tell me, sweetie, do you still think I didn't do enough public humiliation for you? There weren't as many people in the bowling alley as I had hoped but the millions that have downloaded the video should count for something, right?" Julie asked.

I didn't know what to say. Julie was right. I was so confused. I hated her for taking most of my clothes from me but I was also angry that she hadn't taken them all. I hated that she had made me fuck every guy I dated but was angry that she didn't make me go on multiple dates. I hated her for the show she made me put on at the bowling alley but I was angry that she didn't make me do it totally nude. I was one screwed up girl. This was all my fault and not one bit Julie's fault. She knew me well. Even after all this, I was planning to call Mrs. Harris as soon as I could. I had been through hell in the last couple days but I still wanted more.

"What's the matter, Amy-doll? Cat got your tongue? Or are you just getting horny thinking about what Mrs. Harris is going to make you do?" Julie laughed.

We were driving downtown. I didn't really know where the homeless shelter was but this looked like where it should be. "Still not talking? That's OK, you don't have to. I do need you to take off your blouse and skirt, though. There's been a little change in plans and you are way over dressed," she giggled. I had no fight left in me as I realized that I still wanted more humiliation and degradation. I stripped. There were a lot of people around and it wasn't hard to see into the back seat of the car but I didn't care. I didn't ask why I needed to strip, I just did it.

Julie pulled into the homeless shelter parking lot. She picked up my skirt and blouse and got out of the car. Estelle followed her and I watched them unload my clothes. They were laughing as they got back in the car. They drove a few more blocks and pulled into a parking lot of a strip mall. Julie drove around back.

"This is where you get out, sweetie," she said.

"Huh? What? You're leaving me naked downtown?" I said with alarm.

"Yup. Someone will be by to pick you up in a few minutes. I sent your video and some pictures to your mom, by the way. I'll call you when I get back from Europe. Have fun," Julie said.

I was stunned. This was really bad. I didn't even know how to get home. I couldn't go there anyway. I was naked and if Mom had seen my video she probably wouldn't let me in the house. I begged Julie to change her mind.

"Nope. This is for the best. You need to trust me. Oh wait! I forgot something." She took out her lipstick and leaned into the back seat and wrote SLUT on my forehead, just like in the video from the bowling alley. She tugged me out of the back seat. I covered up with my hands as best I could. Julie and Estelle were laughing as they drove away.

About 5 minutes later a car pulled around the back. I wanted to run but I didn't know where. I wanted to hide but there wasn't anyplace to hide. The car pulled right up next to me.

"Oh my! I didn't know they were going to leave you out here naked! Get in!" I looked in the car and a wave of relief washed over me.

"I am so glad to see you, Mrs. Harris!" I exclaimed.

"It's Mistress to you, now. And I'm glad to see you, too. I saw your video, by the way. That must have been an exciting evening for you last night," she said as she pulled the car away.