**Naked Stepdaughter**

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**Naked Stepdaughter Ch. 01**

My name is Kacie. I know. It is a curtsey way of spelling but my mother came up with it.

My "situation" started when I was 17 years old. My mother died in a car accident. Ironically for a heavy drinker, she was sober but was a passenger in a car driven by a drunk friend. The friend survived but my mother did not.

I had never known my real father and I'm not sure mother really did either. It could have been a casual encounter or a swinging party. Mike had been my stepfather for at least ten years and had been around longer than that. He was very much in love with my mother and we mourned heavily for a couple of months. She died just before I started my senior year in high school. We had just about exhausted our mourning by the time my birthday came around on the twenty-fifth of October. Because of the time of my birthday, I always felt I was a year behind in school. I was almost seven years old before I started first grade.

Mike took me out for diner to celebrate my eighteenth birthday. It was nice and we kind of let ourselves loose from the long period of mourning. Mike told me it was time to clean the house of my mother's personal belongings as they were keeping us from returning to normal life. He asked me to go through her things and take what I wanted for keepsakes and give the rest to either Goodwill or The Salvation Army.

Then he said something that shocked me. He said, "Now that you are eighteen, you are free to engage in sexual activity." He didn't elaborate and I was so surprised I didn't know what to say. In fact, it scared me so much I was afraid he had something planned between him and me. I pretty much had considered him my father, even though I had always called him Mike. I let it go at the time but I was on alert.

Mike and my mother slept together in the master bedroom but she had a room where she kept a dresser, chest of drawers and a closet with her personal clothes. I began to go through them. It was the normal stuff until I got to the bottom drawer of the chest. I found crotch-less panties, very brief g-strings, and bras that I think are called shelf bras because they are just a soft sort of frame on which breasts can rest, leaving them basically bare under whatever top was being worn. There were other sexy undergarments and some really brief shorts that seemed to be for day wear but would have barely covered the subject. It didn't seem like the thing a mother, especially my mother, would wear.

Reflecting back, I had sometimes had suspicions about my mother and Mike. There were a number of times they went to gatherings and my mother wore a coat even though it wasn't cold. That certainly seemed out of place and I had wondered what was under that coat. Other times they had their get togethers at our house and she would ask me go spend the night with a friend or sometimes she would send me to stay with an aunt or one of her cousins a couple of days. I knew she drank to excess and sometimes drunks do risqué things. Also if Mike was having one of his poker nights, she would send me away saying the talk was often rough and not fitting for a young girl to hear. Mike never swore or used sexual or rough language in my presence but I knew a lot of men did. Now I suspected maybe some sexual activity or group sex may have been occurring. I was raised not to judge and decided it would be best if I could just forget these thoughts.

Then as I pulled this stuff out of the drawer, I recalled Mike's comment about sexual activity and wondered, "Is he hinting that I might want to wear some of this?" Now I was getting really nervous being in the house with just him. Maybe I should look for another place to live. But I was a high school senior, I had no place to go, no money, no nothing. I figured I'd have to "watch my back" for sure.

At the bottom of that drawer when it was empty of sexy undies, was a large envelope. I opened and found another surprise. This one almost floored me. There were photographs of my mother. In every picture she was naked. Husbands often do this but many of these were of her in a crowd. Usually the crowd was men clothed. A couple had one or two other naked women along with my mother. Sometimes everyone was naked but those were few. When my mother was naked with men, Mike was usually there, grinning and appearing to be proud of showing my mother to the guys. My mother was never blushing and actually seemed to be enjoying herself. She didn't always appear drunk either.

As I was about to return the pictures to the envelope, I heard Mike's voice coming from the doorway. "I see what you are looking at. I had wondered where those pictures had gone.'

I slipped them back into the envelope and handed it to him without comment.

He said, "That reminds me. If you are going to keep living in this house with me, and I don't know where else you could go, I want you to be naked at all times."

"What!?!"

"You heard me. Now don't be afraid that I'm going to do something to you. I'm not going to touch you. You are my daughter legally and anything I would do would be incest and I'm not into that. I'm not going to allow anyone else to touch you. I just enjoy naked women as an object of art and though I have never seen you naked, I can tell by seeing you in shorts and a bikini and on occasion with a just a towel wrapped around you that you are pretty much a work of art.

"You can see by the pictures that I like to show off the art I have around me. Get used to that because you are going to be seen in your artistic glory by lots of people because I like it that way. You might as well start now."

I said, "You can't be serious. I would die of embarrassment if even you saw me naked much less 'lots of people'. Are you really expecting that of me?"

He said, "Yes, I am. I'm going to play golf this afternoon. I will give you until I get back to get yourself together and comply."

He turned and left.

I stayed sitting on the bed in my mother's room and cried and shook for almost an hour. I couldn't believe what I had just heard demanded of me. I called my best friend, Lacey, and asked her if I could come talk to her. Because our names rhyme, and we look so much alike, we are often thought to be twins. Our birthdays are even within a week of each other so we both turned eighteen at about the same time. I left the house and went to her house. I was afraid to tell her what Mike had demanded but just wanted her warmth as my friend. I wanted to tell her but wasn't sure I believed it.

I returned home late that night. I sneaked into my bedroom because it appeared that Mike was asleep. I didn't want to see him. I was exhausted and fell asleep immediately, on my bed, in my clothes.

The next morning, I got up and as was my usual practice, I put on my terry robe and went to the bathroom to shower. I thought I heard the door open while I was in the shower but heard no one and saw no one through the frosted glass door.

When I came out of the shower, my robe was gone from the hook on the door. Someone had been in the bathroom. I also heard a woman's voice and she and Mike were talking and laughing.

I dried, wrapped my towel around me and looked in the mirror. The towel barely covered from just above my areolas to the middle of my butt. I had to extend the coverage in front to cover my pussy by using my hand. I rushed from the bathroom to my bedroom. As I did I heard Mike say, "Good morning, Sunshine!" He laughed loudly and the unidentified woman just quietly chuckled.

I went in and tried to close the door but there was no door. It had been removed at the hinges. I thought I would have to dress in the closet. I opened the drawers of my chest to get underwear and a bra and the drawers were empty. I opened the door to the closet and all my clothes were gone. There was nothing to wear but the towel I had around me. I turned it so that it covered the front of my body from just below my chin down almost to my knees. All of my backside was uncovered. I went to the door.

Mike and his friend were standing there waiting for me. I was suddenly nauseated. I thought I was going to throw up.

"Where are all my clothes?"

"You won't be needing them for awhile. You are going to be difficult just like your mother was to start with. Be assured however, that within a couple of weeks, you will have learned to like being naked." That was Mike speaking of course.

He walked slowly towards me with his arms extended to his side like he was wanting to either plead or hug me. I stepped back a little and suddenly his hands grabbed my towel and ripped it away from me. My first reaction was to cover myself. I brought one arm to my breasts and the other hand to my pussy. Then I stopped. I was not going to be able to live in the house like that.

I decided not be allow myself to be intimidated. I stood straight with my arms and hands at my sides. I'm sure my face was completely red but I couldn't control that. I had never been seen naked, even by my mother, since I was about nine years old. The urge to cover up as much as I could, with my hands, was strong but stronger was my reserve to remain calm. I hoped my shaking was not that noticeable.

Then Mike said, "This is Kim, a friend of mine from work. I told her about you and she agreed to help me with your transition."

Kim said, "Hi, Kacie. I think I understand what you are going through and I want to help. I'm Mike's friend but I can be your friend too."

I just glared at her. Some friend she was going to be.

"How am I supposed to go to school? Am I to go naked? Besides, it is soon going to be pretty cool to be walking around here naked. Am I to just freeze?"

Mike laughed. "We will provide you with school clothes on Monday. You will 'turn them in' each day when you come home. Every morning you will be given clothes for school, Monday through Friday. When it gets colder I will allow you to wear sweats in the house or we can turn the thermostat up so you will be comfortable. However, when I deem it is warm enough for you to be naked you will be naked."

I said, "Thanks a lot. Are there any other restrictions? Can I have my friend Lacey over to keep me company?"

Mike said, "Sure, she can come over any time. Maybe we can get her naked too. I do have one other requirement. I want your pubic hair removed completely. In fact Kim will help you with that, unless you want to be difficult and it takes both of us to get you shaved."

I said, "I think I can manage."

Kim said, "It isn't always as easy as it seems. We want to get it all the first time, then it will be fairly easy to maintain. Come on into the bathroom." She held out her hand. I could tell by then that she was trying to be compassionate and didn't want to hurt me.

I had never tried to shave. I had heard about it and wondered what kind of contortionist a woman had to be to get all that hair off. So I succumbed and allowed myself to be led to the bathroom. We closed the door.

Kim looked at me and said she would be right back. I heard her tell Mike she needed some scissors, shaving cream and a razor. I had a razor but she didn't ask for it. She returned with some electric hair clippers I had seen Mike use to trim his beard, along with the other things she had requested.

She had me sit up on the vanity with my legs spread as far as I could get them. I was seriously red again. Even I had never examined my cunt to the extent it was being seen by Kim. I had never even been to a gynecologist. I was again feeling sick.

She made no comment to embarrass me but simply said, "These clippers are going to make this much easier."

Then, "Oh, I'm sorry. I can imagine how you feel exposed to a virtual stranger like me. Let's get even." With that comment, she stood back and kicked off her flip-flops, pulled her shirt over her head and dropped her shorts to the floor. She wore no underwear or bra. Her cunt was shaved clean. She said she would show me what it looked like. She put one foot on the vanity beside me and leaned back, showing me how clean shaved she was. She showed no embarrassment.

"Just so you know, Mike has never seen me naked. I'm sorry for you but when he told me want he intended to do I was afraid he might hurt you physically and decided it was best if I intervened to some extent for your sake. We have never had a close relationship and I thought maybe he told me hoping I would get involved. You seem like a nice girl. I'm glad I did."

Maybe she was going to be a friend after all. So there we were both naked. She put her foot back on the floor. She plugged in the shaver and proceeded to shave off the thick hair that had grown on my cunt for all my life. I had never thought about it but suddenly seeing it come off it occurred to me that clothes must wear it down or something. Otherwise it would be growing out of my pant legs and up to my chin. That struck me as funny and I shared my thoughts with Kim. She said she had never thought of that. We had a good laugh and she stopped cutting and we hugged. Things were suddenly quite a bit better.

She finished with the trimmer, lathered my private parts and carefully shaved me, front and back. She picked up the hand held mirror and said, "Look how marvelous you look! You have a pronounced mound and you look ready to show off and if you don't mind my saying so, you look ready to fuck." She laughed and somehow, I managed to laugh with her.

"Look, I'm going to stay naked with you today. It's Saturday and I have nothing to do. We can do whatever you want . . . I guess, as long as we stay here. What do you want to do?"

I said, "I don't know. If I wasn't confined to the house, I could probably find a lot of things to do here but now that I am confined all I can think of are things to do elsewhere."

She said, "Let's start by cleaning your room. Now that all your drawers and shelves are empty, it will be easier to clean. I'm guessing that you don't get down deep much. Who does?"

So we went to the laundry/utility room and got dusters, spray cleaner, rags and buckets.

When Mike saw Kim naked he said, "Wow, wait until I tell the guys at work. I love your matching, shaved pussies."

Kim said, "You tell anyone about this and I'll say you tried to rape Kacie and when I interfered you slugged me. See how you like it in jail. You know they always believe the woman in these cases." She was tough and I believed she would tell that story.

Kim and I were quite a contrast. I'm 5' 5" with brown hair. Kim is about 5' 1" and reddish blond hair. We each weighed around 115 so she was just a tad heavier than me. Our breasts were both about 35B. Her breasts looked larger because she was shorter. My legs were of course a bit longer and thinner. Her legs were full and firm. Maybe she did weigh a bit more than me. She was solid where I was softer, if I do say so myself. I think she would be described as " really cute" where I was . . . I don't know, attractive?

We pretty much stayed in my room. We found a lot to laugh about and actually became pretty good friends in a short time. She was very open, told me about some of her sexual adventures which made me blush but not her. She was really up front about everything. I wasn't used to that but was getting to like hearing frank talk about formerly taboo subjects.

Mike stuck his head in and said he was leaving for a "few hours". His only instruction was that I was to remain naked, like I had a big choice, and if anyone came to the door I was to answer it. He said he wanted me to get used to being seen by as many people as possible. Kim told him to just go away.

"I'd really like to be here and see you answer the door for some of those JWs that come around or maybe for some of those little Mormon boys in their uniforms."

After he left Kim told me of some girl/girl experiences she had and I kept looking for her to maybe come on to me but she showed no sign of doing anything except maybe boast a bit. She had really gotten around sexually and otherwise. Maybe she didn't need any more conquests.

I should mention we lived in the Southwest where cooler weather was pretty much limited to December and January. We were a couple of weeks away from that so we were comfortable naked.

We watched television the rest of the afternoon, mostly talking and very little really watching.

Mike came home about 5:30 p.m., chipper and looking relaxed. He seemed more interested in Kim's nudity than he did in mine. He immediately ordered pizza to be delivered. I knew right away I was going to get my first exposure to a stranger, since being exposed to Kim.

Sure enough, when the door bell rang, Mike instructed me to not only answer the door but to invite the delivery person in so he could be paid. He told Kim she was welcome to stay or disappear into the bedroom portion of the house. Happily for me she opted to stay sitting on the couch.

I was terrified as I went to open the door. I pleaded to Mike not to have to let someone see me naked. He ignored by plea and told me to get with it. Luckily for me the delivery person turned out to be a young woman.

I muttered, "I'm sorry, I was made to do this."

She replied, "Don't worry about it. I see this all the time. Guys like to make their girlfriends or wives answer the door naked or almost naked thinking the delivery person will be a guy. It happens about once a week."

I invited her in and paid her. She saw Kim sitting on the couch and laughed. "Is this a nudist colony?

Kim got up and walked over to where we were exchanging money and said, "Yes, want to join? We'd love to have you. I think you'd look good naked."

The girl said, "Actually, I would love to join you. Maybe after I get off work, I can come back."

Kim was a bit taken back. I laughed and said, "What time do you get off work?"

She said, "In a couple of hours, about eight."

I said, "We'll look for you. See you later".

When she left Kim said, "We won't see her again".

Mike said, "We won't see her again, but I'd like to".

After we ate the pizza, Mike announced he hated to leave two naked ladies but he had long before arranged to go bowling with some of his buddies. He said, "I'm not going to bring them here tonight but after I have given you a little time to adjust, we are going to have some visitors." He was addressing me and just the idea made me blush.

About 8:15 the door bell rang. Kim said, "You had better answer that in case Mike is sending someone to test you. I'll be behind the door in case it takes both of us to handle it. I fight like a tiger when necessary. While you were in the bathroom I latched the screen."

Again I was scared but I opened the door and it was Miss Pizza, in a black mini-skirt and a button up vest. She wore low heeled sandals with her outfit.

I let her in and she introduced herself as Annie. Almost the first thing she asked was who was making me answer the door naked. We invited her to sit down, which she did after dropping the skirt and removing the vest. She was naked under just those two things. She said she went naked as much as much as possible. She looked great in just the sandals. She had good size breasts but wasn't completely shaved, She had just a bit of wispy hair down there. We explained the whole story.

She said she would have been able to handle that and told me to just take it in stride and enjoy exposing myself. She assured me it would become a real rush along with the humiliation. She said, "Fun overcomes hesitation."

We had a fun evening and I was beginning to like being naked with the three of us playing games of trivia, charades and trying to do card tricks. We even tried a system of "strip" Trivial Pursuit but since we were already naked, it was a silly game of pretending we were stripping. It was a laugh though.

The time came however, when Mike came home and Kim and Annie left. Annie gave me her phone number and told me to let her know when I was home alone and needed company. If she was available she would be glad to keep me company. She even suggested that maybe we could go delivering pizza together, naked. She said sometimes she was called to a frat house and could swing by and take me to deliver. That actually sounded wickedly fun, but I doubted if I could do it.

Mike was amazed at Annie's having returned. Before she dressed she even gave him a kiss and thanked him for ordering pizza so she could get acquainted with his daughter.

They left and I went to bed. It was strange having no door on my room, no clothes in my closet and empty chest drawers. Mike had even stripped my bed so I had nothing but a sheet on which to sleep. There was nothing for cover. I had never been one to masturbate that much but I had noticed that since Kim shaved me I could hardly keep my hand from my cunt. (I had once seen a hairless cat and thought it was disgusting. I decided if I was hairless between my legs, it was going to be a cunt from now on, not a pussy.) It felt so good to be so smooth. Without a door though I determined I would never want to masturbate in my bed. It would have to be in the bathroom. At least I had a door for some privacy there.

I didn't stay awake to keep track but I knew that Mike could come by at any time and see me sleeping naked and defenseless. I actually trusted that he would not harm me or even touch me. Since he had already seen all of me I guessed it didn't make any difference. It was difficult falling asleep at first but once I was gone, I was gone for a long time. At least I didn't have to make a decision about whether to get my robe to go to the bathroom or just make a dash for it. I had often slept nude and the dash had been just a bit of simple, childish fun.

It turns out that Kim and Mike carpooled to work. I had not been aware of that. He had instructed her on what I would be allowed to wear to school each day. Monday she brought me my outfit. It wasn't any of my old clothes and it wasn't much. I wasn't into wearing revealing clothes at all. I was given a knit pullover top and a mid thigh mini-skirt. I was also given some inch and a half heeled sandals. All were blue. There were no undies allowed but the top had a built in "modesty" band across the breasts. My nipples still tended to harden and were fairly prominent through the knit. I was alarmed and almost decided there was going to be no school for me that day. I eventually relented and went. Kim was driver that day and they dropped me off at school.

The day was rather uneventful. I wasn't one to pursue popularity so there was no gathering about me. Lacey, my best friend at school, looked at me curiously and asked if I had some new clothes. I said a friend of my dad had brought me some stuff that might have been hand-me-downs. I knew they were new but had to have some reason. I knew Kim had been able to look at the labels in my clothes she helped remove from the house. She took money Mike gave her and shopped for the right sizes.

Lacey looked at me and said, "I've never known you to wear short skirts that short although I like it." She continued to examine me like something was out of place but said nothing more.

That night the doorbell rang and Mike yelled, "You're up!"

We did have a peep hole and I made sure there were no little kids at the door for some reason. It wasn't Halloween. It was Lacey.

I opened the door wide as I had been instructed. Lacey's mouth flew open and she said, "What is with you, girl? Are you crazy?"

I said, "Well! It's nice to see you too. Come on in".

I opened the screen and she stepped inside. She never took her eyes off me for a second, staring especially at my shaved snatch.

"It's not nice to stare! Get over there and sit down."

She went to one of the casual chairs in the family room and sat, still looking at me.

"I thought something was up when I saw you at school. You were different. Your clothes were different and you appeared to have a look of wantonness or awareness of your self as if you were naked or feeling naked or . . . something! What is going on? Did you just reach puberty and I didn't know it? I thought that came a long time ago."

Mike walked into the room. "I'm not sure I know what is going on but maybe Mike can explain it. It is all his idea."

Mike just grinned. Then he said, "This is to mature Kacie. She is learning to be a woman . . . a sexy woman. Her mother was something of an exhibitionist and I missed that. Kacie is going to have a lot of fun. She just doesn't know it yet. Her mother loved to be naked in a crowd and Kacie is going to get a taste of that. Technically, I have removed all her clothes from the house. All of her clothes. A friend of mine, and now hers, brings her clothes for school each morning and picks them up each evening. I have designated what kind of clothes she will get to wear. I think you will continue to find her clothes intriguing, even erotic. They may get even more intriguing as we go along. Did she tell you she wore no panties or a bra today? I didn't think so. She won't be wearing that kind of stuff any more."

Still grinning Mike said he had to leave for a few hours and left. I wondered where he was so frequently going "for a few hours" from time to time stretching back to before this current project came along. I didn't ask. I didn't want him to know I cared. He was a big boy and could do anything he wanted.

Lacey sent the rest of the evening with me. I suggested she get naked too. She declined. She never seemed to get over the shock of my situation. She stared. I offered to shave her cunt for her since she couldn't take her eyes off my cunt. She declined and tried not to stare. Her eye still wandered down there frequently. I became amused instead of bothered. This was sometimes a lot of fun. I even found reasons to spread a little. I hated to credit Mike but he had already made a difference in me.

**Naked Stepdaughter Ch. 02**

Each day Kim brought me clothes. The skirts got shorter but on occasion she brought me pants. Shorts were allowed at my school but it was past time in the year for them. Short skirts never seemed to be out of season. The tops also had bigger neck opening until for the first time in my life I was revealing cleavage. Although I was wearing more revealing clothes I didn't get a lot of attention because the "elite" girls in the school wore much more revealing clothes and they got all the attention anyway. I had developed a new attitude about my clothes. I didn't care. I was not about to be brazen but I also wasn't going to allow myself to be intimidated.

There did seem to be a few more looks especially from people like me who were not big shots at school. I guess we had our own class in the school caste system. So while I was not a star on campus, I was maybe a little more noticeable in my own caste.

The first really big test came the second full week of my enforced nudity.

Mike told me he was inviting his poker gang over on Tuesday night. My instructions were to of course be naked. He planned to introduce me to the men. Then I was to go into the living room, which we seldom used and read or listen to music or something. I was to walked through the room periodically just to bring my image back to their minds. The family room was between the living room and the hallway to the bedrooms. He shared with me that my mother had performed the same service and because of the distraction to the other players, he won quite a bit more money than usual. I think he was making a joke when he said he would share his winnings with me, in case I ever had a chance to spend money again.

As the time approached, I began to get very antsy about showing my body. I had just about come to believe I was no longer going to be effected. I was. I wanted to escape but there was no where to go. I was naked. It was constantly on my mind from the minute he told me he was going to expose me to someone.

The men arrived alone or in pairs so until all seven had arrived, I was repeatedly being exposed to another stranger. I'm sure I turned red. I didn't want to but there is no way I could find to control that. When they were all seated and I had shook hands with each one, I retired from the family room where the game was going to be played and sat in the living room. Mike had gone to the record store and bought me some music I had specified. The CDs were my company along with a couple of textbooks I needed to study for school. There were five CDs and I left them all in my bedroom. I played the role for Mike. As the first CD finished, I walked through the family room to my room to get another.

I could feel the eyes on me and found myself liking that attention. That made me change my plans. I listened to a few songs on one CD, then went to my room for another. I listened to only part of that and made another trip. That doubled my trips through the room and doubled my exposure.

After as while that wasn't doing it for me. I was becoming addicted. Through the door I had seen Mike go to the refrigerator for more beer. I could see the table but only a couple of the guys could see me all the time. I thought maybe they were Mikes favorite friends. When it looked like their beers were getting low, I got up and walked to the door. I leaned against the doorway with my legs a little apart then lifted my right foot and propped it against my left leg just above the knee forming kind of a number four with my legs. I was in that way opening the view of my bare crotch a little more.

I said, "Can I get you guys some fresh beer?"

Everyone turned my way. Mike had his back to me, I'm sure so the other guys could better see me. He turned my way and gave me a big smile. He said, "Hey, why don't you get each of us one more? I would appreciate the help. I'm a lousy waitress because I don't have very good legs. Yours are excellent. We like to look at your legs."

"Yeah, right," I said. "It's my legs that are attracting your attention, no doubt."

All attention was directed on me and for just an instant I regretted my action. It was just an instant because my skin imagined each eye was a laser burning into my skin. I turned away toward the kitchen so my cunt wasn't the object of direct attention but my ass sure was.

Coming back was a different matter. My cunt was out front and that protruding mons felt swollen and prominent. It probably was. It felt like the blood had all gathered either there or in my face. I felt even more exposed than before because my shaved cunt was at eye level and my bare breasts were just above. First meeting them and walking though the room periodically had not been that intense because we were pretty much eye to eye level or there was some distance. Now as I walked around the table handing out beer bottles, not a single eye met mine. They were all focused on that bare beaver. These guys were taco lovers. At least they didn't see how much I was blushing.

I went back to the living room and except for a couple of forays to my room to switch CDs I stayed with the original plan.

One more time I went into the room I asked, "Mike, do you need anything else from me before I do to bed? I've got school tomorrow."

He smiled at me and said, "Go to bed, honey, and sleep well".

It didn't take long to get in bed. No clothes to take off and hang up. No pajamas to put on. Not even any covers to turn back. I upped the thermostat a couple of degrees. I could still hear the talk from the family room so I felt safe to masturbate without interruption and observation. I was soaking wet. I had not realized how turned on I was. A few strokes of my cunt slit and a few more serious strokes of my clit and I was engulfed in a really concentrated orgasm. That felt so good I was happy to have performed for those men. I really slept that night.

My new life was not directly involved with sexual activity but it sure was preparing me for it. I had no boyfriend but if I did he would have been very lucky.

Things continued on pretty much the same with just a few interruptions of the routine. I saw Kim twice a day. She not only brought me clothes on a daily basis but she brought me ice cream and other goodies. (By the way, I didn't get brand new clothes every day. There was about eight or nine outfits but Kim alternated tops with skirts and a few pants so I had more different looks from day to day.) She helped Mike with grocery shopping. I became the household cook. Kim often stayed and ate dinner with us. She usually stripped to join me in my "costume", as I referred to it.

One night Annie came by. She was in her uniform and said since it was dark out she thought I might like to ride along. She had two deliveries that required her to pass almost by our house. That sounded good to me. It also felt good to yell, "Mike. I'm going out for a while. I'll be back in a little bit."

He appeared in the doorway to the hall and said, "What?"

As I stepped out the door, I looked back and said, "Bye".

I calmly walked out to Annie's car that had the company sign on the top. We drove several blocks and she pulled to the curb in front of a house. She said, "I'll be right back".

I said, "Can't I get out?"

She laughed and said, "Sure, but I don't think you should go to the door with me. It might cause me to get fired."

She went to the door and I stood next to the car. There was a street light almost right over me. I could hear the conversation at the door. It had to do with price and change making and tip giving and then, "Is that a naked girl standing next to your car?"

Annie said, "Uh, I believe it is".

The guys looked behind him into the house, stepped out pulling the door almost closed behind him and then said, a little more quietly, "Can I come out and see her?"

Annie giggled and said, "Yeah, I guess she won't mind since she is standing in public under a light."

The guy walked out with Annie and said, "Hi."

"Hi.'

"Aren't you cold out here?"

I said, "Your burning eyes are keeping me warm at the moment".

He said, "You are beautiful. I'm going to be ordering more pizza. Do you always accompany the delivery?"

I said, "No" and Annie said, "Gotta go!" We got in the car and left.

Annie really got the giggles then and pretty soon I had them too. What fun!

The next stop was in a dark, country area. Annie was a little nervous about going to the door. She said, "Can I ask a favor?"

"Sure."

She handed me her cell phone. "Go up with me and stand back a bit. If it looks like there is any difficulty or what you perceive as danger, call 9-1-1 for me. I've never had to do that but this is a bit creepy."

"No problem!" It was creepy. No porch light and little light in the windows.

We walked toward the porch and I stood back in the shadow of some shrubbery near the porch where I could see and hear but be out of sight.

Annie knocked. Immediately the porch light came on. The door opened and the room was well lighted. A young woman stepped out on the porch wearing just a pair of brief shorts. There was another girl just inside the door wearing what I was wearing. A naked guy stepped behind the door looking out but hiding.

The girl on the porch started apologizing for the darkness. "We were occupied and forgot to turn the light on. We were almost in the dark ourselves." She giggled.

Annie said, "That's all right. I was a little spooked but I had back up".

"Where?"

Annie said, "Kacie, you might as well come out. I think we'll be okay".

I stepped into the light of the porch and the porch woman gasped. The girl inside the door giggled and stepped out. Then she called behind her, "Andy, come look at this".

The guy came out from behind the door and also stepped on the porch when he saw me. He had a nice erection.

"Hey," he said, "you want to join us? We can always use another naked girl". Then he turned to Annie and said, "You can get naked too, can't you?"

Annie said, "Looks like fun but you are already outnumbered and I have to get Kacie home and get myself back to the shop. It's almost time to close and time for me to get off. It's too far to come back. Maybe some other time".

The girl in shorts said, "Any time. Could we arrange to order pizza so you bring it on the way home some night? I'm sure we could round up a couple or three more guys. We are about to wear Andy out anyway. His eyes are bigger than his cock." The girl in shorts identified herself as Maggie and said the naked girl was Amber.

Annie said, "I have your phone number. I'll let you know if there is a way. You guys seem like fun".

On the way back Annie stopped at a convenience store. There was no other car in the lot so I said, "I want to go in with you". She smiled and said, "Hussy. Come on".

We went in and the clerk was a woman, probably in her forties or fifties. She frowned briefly and then smiled really big.

"When I first looked up all I saw was skin and thought some guy was coming in here naked. I wish my son was here. He would love this. Aren't you cold?"

I assured her I was all right and that we had just stopped so Annie could buy some chips.

"I sure wish my son was here. He sometimes stops by. He is going to be really disappointed that he missed you."

Annie picked out her chips and went to the counter to pay. The lady just waved her away and said, "It's on me. I sure wish my son was here".

When Annie dropped me off at my house, Mike was waiting near the door.

"Who gave you clothes to wear out tonight?", he demanded.

I calmed him down and told him of our adventures that night.

I said, "You never said I couldn't go out. You just insisted I be naked. As you have just heard, I have been naked all night and having a ball."

He laughed and gave me a hug. I didn't feel uncomfortable with him hugging me so I quickly pulled away.

One day Mike did something with the plumbing. I don't know what he did but I was amazed at the lengths he went to expose me. A plumber was called. It worked out better than Mike has intended. The plumber, who was probably near sixty, brought along an apprentice who was in his early twenties, just a few years older than me. It seemed to be the most embarrassing and humiliating to me when the person to whom I was exposed was near my age. The older guys were just older guys who had probably seen most every thing. Young guys were most likely to show a reaction. Bulges in britches were an indication that I was lusted after. That effected me and juices flowed.

The plumber just "hmphed" at me. The apprentice was another story. He was almost no help at all. The plumber got pissed and asked me if I would please go into another room until they finished. He didn't criticize me but I was his customer. Mike was hiding to see what happened. I had answered the door and was directing them to the problem. I understood the problem was having with the apprentice and me and I quietly withdrew. I heard the plumber chastise the apprentice a bit, then directed him back to the task at hand. He called for me when they were finished.

"Miss, we are through. Just about anybody here could have cleared that up. It looked almost purposefully done." He gave me an accusing look thinking, no doubt, I had done the deed to get attention. If he had only known he could be pissed at someone else. I said nothing but just got a check Mike had left and filled it in with the amount of the bill. As I handed him the check I said softly enough for only the plumber to hear, "It may have been done purposefully. I'm controlled by a man who likes to show me off naked". He looked at me in a strange way and looked around to see if he could see who was controlling me.

"I don't suppose you have any identification on you, do you?" I think this was the plumber's attempt at a joke.

"I don't know where my drivers license is at the moment and that's not my check anyway. Do you know where we live?" That was pretty sarcastic but it was Mike's fault.

From time to time, Mike found some reason to have people stop by and have me open the door for them. I got his friends beer from the refrigerator or did some task in their presence. Once Mike even spilled something on the floor and I had to get on my hands and knees to clean it up. That exposed everything to the two guys visiting him. I was very upset but didn't talk back. I thought that one of these days all the blood was going to run to my face and never return to where it belonged.

Most of the time one guy was not enough to make me really self conscious. As I had been told would happen, I was beginning to enjoy being exposed to people. There was the dread when I knew it was going to happen but the actual happening was not that bad. I was finding ways to masturbate more often when I could be assured of privacy.

One afternoon I returned from school to find a large bag on my bed. I also found that the bed had been covered with a blanket. I checked and found a new fitted sheet and top sheet under the blanket. I opened the bag and found five sweat pants and sweat shirts sets. It had been getting a bit cool. I carefully opened each item, removed the tags and labels, refolded them and put them in a drawer. A note said they were to be kept and worn for my comfort. How kind!

As usual I stripped out of my school clothes and went about my business. I studied a while and then went to the family room and turned on the TV. I watched some nonsense and didn't realize it was time for Mike to come home. As frequently happened, Kim came in with him.

"I win!" she said.

"What did you win?", I asked.

"We win. Mike said you would be wearing your new sweats. I said you wouldn't. We bet. We win."

"So what do we win?"

"The bet was that if Mike won, I would go into some convenience stores, naked, at least four times, to buy some milk or something. If I won, as we did, we get to blindfold Mike and tie his hands behind his back. He is then to eat the pussy of one of us until we cum. If he can guess who he's eating, he gets a handjob from one of us. If he guesses wrong, he has to do it again until he gets it right. Of course, he actually wins either way. All guys like to eat pussy."

"That sounds fun but there is a problem. Mike and I have a no incest pact and that would qualify as incest. We have defined it."

"Oh, that's too bad." Kim said. She was disappointed her plan wasn't going to work.

"I have an idea," I said, "lets call Annie and see if she will participate."

Kim liked that idea and, I might add, so did Mike. He would love to mess with Annie. So I called her.

She was receptive so I asked her if she had any more contact with the girls at the house in the country where we were spooked. She had so I suggested maybe they would also like to participate. The more girls the less likely Mike would be able to guess than with just a fifty-fifty chance.

She called them, they agreed and a date was set. I thought maybe I was going to get a little pay back on Mike. In any regards it was going to be fun.

We got together and all the women got naked. The "country girls", Maggie and Amber, brought Andy so he and Mike got the reward of having their own girly show.

We told Mike he had to be topless for the exercise so his shirt wouldn't irritate the girl's legs. When we got his hands tied behind his back and his blindfold in place, we had him stand up so we could place him in front of one of the girls who would be sitting on a dining room chair. Then he would have total access to her cunt. When he was properly set up, Kim came up behind him while two of us held his arms, and she stripped off his pants, leaving him as naked as we were. That got a laugh from everyone but him. He was instantly hard. He had no time to reflect and no time to try to exercise control. He just popped up hard. None of us had seen him naked and unfortunately for him it was not that impressive. We refrained from making any comment however. Just some looks among us.

Andy loved it and stripped off his clothes too. He gave himself a few strokes to make sure he was up. Kim was the only one who had not seen his big cock and I could tell she loved it.

Mike had been introduced to Maggie and Amber but we were betting he couldn't identify them. So Amber was first. She was so turned on it only took a couple of minutes for her to cum. She squirted in Mike's face. Both Maggie and Amber had pussy hair when we were at their house. We asked them to shave so Mike would not have an advantage. Mike guessed it was one of the country girls but could not remember the names. We asked him dark hair or light. He said, "Light". He was wrong. We wiped the girl juice off his face with a baby butt wipe.

Next we put Kim in front of him. She was prepared and it took at least five minutes before she exploded in his face. He guessed Kim so he didn't have to eat any more. We removed his blindfold and untied his hands. We offered to let him eat anyone else, except me, as a reward for his guess. Because it took two people for him to get it right we told him that if he wanted a hand job he could do it himself.

Annie told him if he needed to screw someone she would volunteer. He was embarrassed this time and declined. He told her he would love to but not with an audience. She didn't offer to go anywhere else so I think she just wanted to show off.

We still had a lot of fun that night.

I only wore the sweats when it was cold. I had learned to love being naked at home and among friends. Even the occasional arrangement Mike made to expose me was only initially upsetting to me as long as I was in my comfortable home environment. When it was to be elsewhere the fear was more intense and took longer to overcome, usually after we were into the situation.

Mike was still having his "secret", at least to me, "for a few hours" trips. I thought he must have a girlfriend or favorite prostitute somewhere but he was not bringing her around. If there was a girlfriend and she knew he was living with a constantly naked girl, she might be just a bit jealous.

One day he brought a very attractive woman home. He introduced us and told her I was "just" his stepdaughter and telling me she was his girlfriend, Jan. I understood but was still pissed at his dismissal of me as "just".

The look she gave me could kill. I ignored that and acted as charming as I could. I said to Mike, "How did you attract such a pretty woman to be your girlfriend. Mom's probably looking down and being jealous".

Then I said, "Jan, can I get you something to drink? Please sit down. My dad is sure being rude to you." I could see her begin to soften right away.

I explained that I had lost a bet and this was my way of paying off my debt. She laughed and said I should be more careful about placing my bets. I felt like I had won this one. Mike started smiling and I think he believed he had won also.

We visited for a while and she began to accept me in my current state of undress. I kept referring to Mike as "my dad" and the threat had been removed. It appeared to be just a little family thing and she seemed okay with that.

Jan said, "My dad has never seen me naked since I was four or five years old. This is really strange to me but I admire the freedom you have. I'm so impressed I could almost join you naked."

Mike said, "I'm for that".

Jan said, "I said 'almost'. Don't get your hopes up today".

Mike had so far not exposed me to a "lot of people" as he has said so I was pretty sure something more was coming. I just wasn't sure what.

In fact, my next challenge wasn't from something Mike set up. It came from my own realm.

**Naked Stepdaughter Ch. 03**

I guess Lacey had to tell someone. I'm sure she swore whoever she told to secrecy. I hate to be sexist but if she told a woman or girl, there was little chance of the secret remaining a secret. Guys would tell other guys but a girl would tell everyone she could, swearing each one to secrecy. That's just the way it seems to work.

Anyway, one Saturday afternoon, Mike was gone and I was alone. The doorbell rang. I peeked through the peep hole to make sure there were no Campfire Girls or whatever selling cookies. I was actually hoping it was the little Mormon boys in their little costumes. It wasn't.

Like I've said, I was never among the "elite" at school and I was pretty much ignored by those people unless they had some reason to sneer at me. That was easy to take because I didn't care what they thought.

The person in the peep hole was one of those "elite". This girl was a cheerleader and one who was more likely to sneer that most. Her name was Krystal and I'm sure she thought she was made of some kind of special glass.

I opened the door. She looked me up and down and said, "I heard a rumor and couldn't wait to confirm whether it was true. I see it is."

I asked, "Why would you even care?"

"Well, I care," she said. Then "may I come in?"

I said, "Sure, if you want to come in." I opened the screen door and stood back.

"Oh," she said, "I brought some friends along". With that she reached out and dragged (not reluctantly) a well known football player into view. He entered behind her. Behind him was another girl and another player.

This time I know I was red. Again I felt very embarrassed and humiliated. At the same time I could feel a great deal of moisture between the lips of my cunt. This was almost too much.

I should mention this was a time when families held their "student athletes" back a year so they would possibly be in a better position to get better athletic scholarships at better schools. The "elite" girls didn't want to be in college with high school boyfriends so they too were able to get held back. It would never do for a college girl to date a high school boy. That would be scandalous. These people now in my house were well known participants in the "program". There was controversy about the plan and these people were either famous or infamous depending on your thoughts for holding people back for other than academic reasons. They were at least as old and maybe older than me.

The two players were Jon and Greg. The other girl was Liz. There was nothing I could do. I offered them seats and something to drink. As I was in the kitchen many thoughts ran through my mind. I could ask, "Did you bring your boyfriends by to see what a real woman looks like?" or maybe, "You probably are too self virtuous to let your boyfriends see you naked". I was sure that last one wasn't true. There were surely no virgins among the "elite". I actually figured this was an opportunity to show them they weren't the only sexual objects around. It was assumed by everyone that they thought they were lusted for by just about everyone. Whatever.

I went back into the family room where they were sitting and passed out the sodas. Then I sat on a bar stool so they could see all of me very well.

"What can I do for you?"

Krystal said, "We just wanted to see if it was true that you are a nudist. We have never known anyone like you."

I said, "Actually I have been at the school for almost four years. You could have known me if you were interested. I guess a prurient interest is more powerful than just a friendly interest."

I don't think they knew what prurient meant. It made them uncomfortable because they were probably afraid they would look stupid in front of an inferior being, me.

"Well, we just think it is, um, interesting that someone can be so open about their bodies to expose themselves like you are doing."

I could resist no longer. "I wasn't exactly exposing myself until you came to my house. I think your boyfriends are finding it more than just interesting. They haven't taken their eye off my pussy since you have been here. Look at them."

The two guys hadn't even heard what I was saying. They were paralyzed with lust. They had probably never seen anything like my shaved pussy and protruding mound.

"Have you noticed that you can see their erections under their pants?"

The girls turned and the boys were still oblivious to our attention. I think these guy could have been held back by grades if there was not favoritism shown by their teachers and coaches. I hoped they weren't as dumb as they looked at the moment.

I was no longer embarrassed as I suddenly felt in control. Krystal and Liz were troubled. They each grabbed their respective date by his arm and pulled him out of his chair. When the guys were up, the girls led them to the door and pushed them out. Not a word was said to me as they went out the door. The guys looked back once but the girls were in their way. I would not have been surprised if those boys didn't take the girls home and come back for another look.

I actually had a little laughing fit after they were gone. When Mike got home I filled him in on the encounter and he also had a good laugh. Together we wondered aloud whether the tale would be told or if it was how much would be eliminated or embellished. Anyway, it gave us a good laugh.

Later Kim came by and even later than that day Annie came by and brought us a free pizza. They also enjoyed the story. I may have embellished it a little as I retold it.

Then things began to get a little more dicey for me. Mike wasn't satisfied and thought I needed more exposure.

One Saturday morning after our brief winter was gone and temperatures were getting into the upper sixties, he decided I needed some fresh air since I had been pretty much confined to the house.

I had actually sunned on the back patio on a regular basis until about twelve weeks earlier when the cold weather began. The yard was fenced with redwood fencing and was pretty private. The only two story houses were a couple of lots away and I'm sure they could not see into our yard, I walked around in the grass in back and had mowed that lawn each Saturday. The grass never stopped growing at this climate. I loved the sun and managed to keep most of my tan.

Mike parked the car at the curb and made me walk out there and go to the passenger side. Of course I was naked. A neighbor three houses down was mowing his front yard. He glanced our way and then he did a double take, stopped and turned our way. I was almost to the car and hurried just a bit. When I got to the door it was locked. For some reason, Mike had a problem finding the key and then getting the door unlocked. No mowing got done while he fumbled. I was turning red enough that though my body was cool with the morning air, my face was burning. Eventually a ginning Mike managed to allow me to get into the car.

We drove into the desert where people rode on their four wheelers and mountain bikes. There weren't many out that morning. The ones we saw were men who apparently didn't have to deal with getting kids ready, feeding them breakfast and talking mama into letting them go play big boy games. These guys looked like a rough bunch. Mike drove to the place where they unloaded their machines and we parked.

Every time a pickup, or car with trailer, drove up and parked, Mike checked to see if there were kids. He was more concerned about getting into trouble than I was. If there were no kids, he made me get out and walk up a small hill where the riding trails could be seen. That spot could clearly be seen from the parking area so the new arrivals had a clear view of my naked body. The trails were farther away so while they could probably see me they didn't have such a good view. For that reason my instructions were to go up, turn around and look toward the arrivals instead of the riders. I loved the sun and didn't really care if I was looked at.

One guy from the parking lot walked up next to me. That made me nervous. I looked for Mike but he was still standing next to the car.

The guy stood there looking me over carefully from head to toe. I wondered if he thought I might have a booby trap and if he came closer he would be blown away. Fortunately, he didn't look aggressive. He said, "I could look at you all day".

I replied, "Is look all you want to do?" I immediately wished I hadn't said that. It was too suggestive.

He walked around me, still looking. I stood still so he could take me all in. He walked back in front of me and stared at my cunt for a few seconds.

"I'd like to fuck you, but this ain't the place. There's too many people. How about telling me where you live and we can get together and have a lot of fun?"

Just then I noticed his wedding ring.

"What would your wife think about that?"

"Oh, she would love it. She would come too because she loves to see me fuck another woman and then she likes to lick up my cum and see if she can make the woman cum either for the first time or for a second time. While she licks I usually fuck her from behind. We don't see many young delicious girls like you though. We get mostly older women trying to live again."

"Well, I'm just a high school girl and my parents would not even consider having visitors who were intent on ravishing their only daughter. You would probably be shot by my father. He's very protective."

"Then what the hell are you doing out here exposing yourself?"

"This is my first time here. I love the sun and enjoy feeling it on all parts of my body. I have not invited you or anyone else to come up here and confront me. I think I had better leave."

He moved forward and started to reach for me. Suddenly, Mike was on his case. He had not seen it coming but Mike blasted him from behind and knocked him on his ass. Mike then swung one foot and crashed it into the guy's nuts. The guy doubled up and grasping his crotch strained for his breath.

Mike took my hand and led me down the hill to the car. We got in and drove away. Mike apologized and said we needed to find a safer place after that experience.

We drove home pretty much in silence after I told him what the man had said. To tell the truth I was shaken. The only thing close to this was when Annie and I went to the haunted house, as we called it, to deliver pizza, and that wasn't nearly as dangerous as this.

When we got home I went to my room and crawled under the covers. I still shivered for quite a while before I fell asleep. The fear had exhausted me.

When I awakened I was alone. Mike was gone. The house was quiet. I made my bed again and went into the kitchen to get something to eat. I was really afraid. The man had friends with him. What if some of them had followed us home. I went back to the front door and made sure it was securely locked. I checked the door to the garage and the patio door in back. Only when I was sure the house was tightly closed did I manage to make my lunch.

Mike came home with Kim. He had told her of our misadventure and that he could tell I was terrified of what had happened. We spent the evening playing games and getting some laughs. They both suggested I put on some sweats so I would not feel so vulnerable. However, by the time the evening was half over I was naked again. I found the clothes both heavy and confining. I had become a dedicated nudist or maybe a naked enthusiast. I always like naked better than nudist. Nudist sounds formal. We ordinary people just go naked.

It took a couple of weeks back in the school routine for me to become really settled down again. I saw Krystal and Liz each a couple of times but for some reason they didn't seem to recognize me. Maybe it is like that old joke of May West's: "I didn't recognize you with your clothes on." I guess they didn't recognize me with my clothes on. I had seen that in an old clip about West on television.

A funny thing though. Their boyfriends always recognized me. They always stopped to talk to me. They actually looked me in the face more than looking at my body. They couldn't see my body of course but I was back to being provided with tops that showed a bit of tummy and quite a bit of cleavage. My skirts showed a lot of leg. They were frank about mentioning the day they had visited my house to see all of me. They were very complimentary about my body and how turned on they had been. They didn't act like I was a slut, which I appreciated, but like I had just been in a situation they liked. It was like they were seeing a cheerleader in regular clothes and telling her how much they liked her in her costume. They liked my costume and weren't timid about saying so. It was strange to me the way they acted.

It seemed to take Mike longer to come down from our scary encounter than it did me. Strange as it may seem I was ready for more exhibitions but hopefully under more controlled situations.

Then one day he told me we were going to a formal party. He and Jan had parted ways for a while but now she was back and was the one who had invited him to the party at a very private, exclusive club. She had asked him to bring me along "as I was" when she visited that day.

I asked, "How can a party be formal without formal wear?"

He said Jan had come up with a way and she would be over to help me prepare the morning of the party which was as usual on a Saturday night. This sounded like scary fun. New situations always made me scared, fearful of humiliation and wet between my legs. The announcement was made to me on a Tuesday so I had way too long to anticipate the climax of this particular situation.

Mike had to be out of town a couple of days so Kim would stop by bringing me my daily outfit and she would visit a while. Since Mike was gone she treated me to clothes that were a little more conservative though she knew I was enjoying the sexier clothes.

I told her about the upcoming party. She was intrigued and asked if I would mind if she stopped by Saturday morning and watched my preparation. She also could not imagine how I could be formal while also being naked. I said I would be glad to have her. I didn't really know Jan and was very apprehensive. Jan had of course seen me naked but this was really going to be up close and personal.

Thursday Mike returned from his trip and told me something new that really troubled me.

"You are going to have a date for the party. Jan told me her son is going to escort you. Isn't that nice?"

I asked, "I'm going to be escorted to a party, while I'm naked, by some kid?"

He said, "Don't be fooled. Jan has spent a lot of money making herself look like she's in her twenties but since her son is actually in his twenties, I guess she can't fool anyone about that."

I said, "Well, I don't like that. Being escorted is a bit more personal than encounters with plumbers assistants and the boyfriends of girls who have come to sneer. Does that mean I'm going to have to be in the back seat with some lecher, while I'm totally naked and vulnerable? I'm not sure I'm going to agree to any of this thing. It is really too much."

"You'll go. You'll have a good time, or at least you will act like you are having a good time. I don't think Nathan will try anything with you since both Jan and I will be with you. In fact, I think I will order a limo so we can all be in the back seat together. Will that make you feel better about this?"

I asked, "Do you have any idea how many people will be at this little party?"

"I heard about seventy."

"Seventy! I'm going to be naked in front of seventy people?"

Mike challenged. "What difference does it make if it is ten, or fifty or one hundred? Naked is naked!"

I went to my room to sulk a bit.

Saturday arrived and I was up early. I had barely slept so I decided I might as well get up. I showered and shaved, turning a pussy back into a cunt, and went to get something to eat. I saw the clock and it was five o'clock. Who gets up at five o'clock on Saturday morning.

I couldn't eat. I kept looking at the clock. I hoped Kim would be at the house before Jan arrived. It was a long time before Kim did show up about 9:00. Mike was gone. He was visibly nervous and had declared there was a golf game that day. He hadn't fooled me. I had heard him making arrangements just that morning. He had to make a lot of calls to get four guys and then arrange a tee time.

I said, "I'm so glad you are here". We hugged. We were not in the habit of hugging but this whole day was going to be different I was sure and a little additional comfort was in order.

She said, "Your shaking. Don't shake."

I'm afraid I was a bit testy because of my nervousness so I replied, "Oh, thanks for the advice. I could use some more advice. How the hell am I supposed to keep from shaking? I'm going to be totally exposed to 70 strangers, exposed totally naked that is. I'm going to be prepared for my naked debut by an almost total stranger who will probably have her hands all over me. Best of all I'm going to have a strange young man be my escort and for all I know he will expect to be able to have his hands all over me."

Kim apologized. She was a good friend and understood.

She laughed and said, "Maybe you should conceal a baseball bat on yourself for defense". Now that was funny and made me laugh. She knew it was ridiculous and that is what was needed to break tension. It actually worked for a couple of minutes.

So together we tried to make small talk. Tension and anticipation can destroy efforts at small talk even when you are with a good friend. Jan was supposed to come in the morning and it was a slow morning. She made it . . . by about ten minutes. Just before twelve she rang the doorbell. I answered hoping her son was not tagging along.

So Jan came in like a whirlwind, not even looking at me, and demanded, "Take off all your clothes, Kacie!"

I said, "I can't!"

She asked, "Why?"

I said, "Because I'm already naked!" I was getting more testy.

She turned and looked at me and said, "You could have said so".

I replied, "You could have looked. You know I'm always naked."

Then she said, "I have some things in the car that have to be brought in". She looked at Kim like she expected her to go fetch them.

I spoke up, "Kim, have a seat while I go to the car and help Jan bring in whatever it is she has to bring in."

Jan said, "Are you planning to go out there naked? What's the matter with you?"

"You are planning to take me to some party and expose me naked before about 70 people. What the hell's the matter with you!? I suggest you get down off your high horse. Don't think my friend Kim wouldn't take me off somewhere for enough hours that you would miss out on exposing me to both your son and your seventy closest friends. Mike would be pissed but no more than I am right now. If you want me to cooperate I suggest you calm down and get done what you want done. You are being just too rude. Just for the record I owe you nothing. Now let's go get your crap."

I guess she believed me. She dropped her purse on the end table and took her keys out. We walked out the door and to her car. I looked around. There was no one in sight. I was about half hoping someone would see me and call the cops. They would haul me in. The judge would let me go and I would have to slug a cop. That would get me in jail at least long enough to avoid this stupid party, which was probably not going to be a party for me.

She had several bags of stuff to take in. I could carry it all without her help after she unlocked and opened the car.

The first thing she asked me was when I had last shaved my pussy, as she called it. Most people think the word cunt is nasty. I think so too and I think that's why I like it.

"I shaved my cunt this morning when I took my shower. It was about five."

She surprised me by grabbing my crotch and saying, "If feels a little scratchy down there. I'll shave it for you again".

I flinched, slapped her hand away and told her, "Keep your hands to yourself. I don't like to be touched by anyone without my permission. You can tell your son that too. If I need shaving, Kim will do it."

Kim and I retired to the bathroom and she touched me up.

I have no idea where someone would get a contraption like she pulled from the bags. This was my formal dress. I'll try to explain it if I can. There was this thing I thought was a giant spider. Jan went behind me and ask if she could touch my back, being sarcastic. I allowed as how she could. The thing had a delicate spring hinge with tentacles sticking out. The first tentacles went around my waist from the back, where the hinge was, and pretty much pointed right at my belly button. It was like cheesecloth enclosing a wire frame. It was tight enough to support the rest of the gadget. Attached to the cheesecloth was artificial flowers but very well done artificial flowers. Other finer tentacles came up and over my shoulders, ending just on the top of my breasts but pointing to my nipples. More tentacles came down, over my hips and curling down just above the joint of my thighs to my body. Then it curled down so the ends pointed blatantly to direct attention to my bare cunt lips.

If I got turned on like usual when being displayed, there would be a little nub peeking out between those lips. It must have been custom ordered just for me because all things pointed to some aperture of my body or my nipples and directly straight at them.

I said, "Do you think I'll be able to pee with this on? I'm not going to be able to last from now through a party without going to the bathroom."

Jan said, "You are not keeping it on that long. This is just a fitting and it fits just right. I guessed and I'm impressed with my own guesses."

"I'll bet you are."

She unhinged every thing and said what we had tried on wasn't all there was to it but the rest would be easier to get into. That made me feel better.

She suggested we order pizza so we could have lunch before getting me completely ready. She was buying so I agreed. We called Annie's work but she was off. We should have known that because night time deliveries got better tips. Anyway we ordered and waited. While we waited I inquired about what this party was all about. This was something Jan wanted to talk about.

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Jan wanted to talk about the party. She first said my role was to get her more attention. She had been kind of shut out of leadership because all the leaders had done something considered spectacular and had gotten the necessary attention. She knew I would get her all the attention she needed.

I told her I thought I was the one who was going to attention. She said she was the one bringing me to the party and I would get my kind of attention and she would get her kind.

Soon the door bell rang and I told her that under Mike's orders I was required to answer the door. I did. By the longest of odds, this was another delivery girl. She looked at me and said, "Do you know Annie?"

I laughed and said, "As a matter of fact, I do. Quite well."

I let her in and Jan paid her. "Can I ask a question?"

"Sure."

"How come you are the only one naked? The way Annie has told it this is a virtual nudist resort."

"Well, I'm being prepared to go to a party tonight. I'm sure to be the center of attraction because I'm going to be naked."

She inquired if it was a small, intimate party. Her words. I replied that it was if she though 70 people was small and intimate. She asked how I could do it and I said I was a sexual prisoner with no freedom to make my own choices. She just shook her head. As I let her out the door she whispered, "Do you want me to call the police?" I thanked her but told her that wasn't necessary.

Jan said she wanted to do my hair and I surrendered control to her. I did tell her I had shampooed my hair that morning and it would have to do. When we finished eating it was almost 2:00 p.m. and Jan decided that was the time to do my hair to her specifications.

I had let my hair grow to about half way down my back. Jan piled most of it up on top of my head. Then she made ring curls that hung down to the front of and behind my ears. A couple more were hanging down the back of my neck to just above my shoulders. She also wove some genuine, imitation pearls and gold looking chains throughout the pile on my head. I looked in the mirror and really liked it. I thought it was terrific. One point for Jan. Just one.

About that time Mike came in the door with something hanging in a bag. The bag had the name of some rental company on it. I decide it wasn't a backhoe so it must be a tux.

He looked at me and said, "I really like the hair." Then he left the room saying he had to shower.

Jan told me to go pee and whatever else I thought was necessary. She said it was not going to take her long to put the contraption back on me and she wanted to dress before doing that. I went to pee and she went to the car to get her clothes. As she dressed Kim and I waited. Being inactive I was getting the shakes again. Kim caressed me and tried to help me relax more. I suggested we go to my room. Mike was still in his room and it may have been that Jan had gone in there too.

I told Kim I needed help to relax. I carefully laid down so as not to muss my hair and Kim immediately understood what I needed. She slowly began to massage me along the slit to my cunt. The clit must have poked up because just her massaging along the slit was giving me a tingle that was more than a tingle. It was the real thing. I was so pent up that it didn't take long before she had me squirming and then cumming. It was a pretty long orgasm and she kept at it until I had to push my knees together to stop her. Those clits sure can get tender in the aftermath.

I got up, went to the bathroom and with a wet cloth, washed my armpits, my cunt, under my breasts, behind my knees, in the crook of my elbow and along my ass crack. A friend used to call that a PTA bath; pussy, tits and armpits. Then I dried carefully and applied some really nice smelling deodorant I kept for special occasions.

When I went back into the family room, Mike was in the tux sans the jacket. Jan looked better than I had ever seen her. Her dress was modest. It wasn't like my clothes were going to be. I kind of thought the outfit she had for me looked cheap and of course too brief.

They told me Kim had to go and said she would check back with me in the morning to see how it went.

Jan looked at me and said, "It's time".

I remained standing and Jan picked up her contraption and put it on me. Then she pulled out some things that turned out to be sleeves. They had holes for my thumbs to go through, like long gloves with the fingers cut off. When they were then pulled up they covered my arms to my armpits. Like stockings they had almost invisible binding tops to hold them above my biceps. They had flowers embroidered the full length. There were no stockings. My legs were to be bare like most of the rest of me. Jan said, "Go look in the full length mirror in Mike's room."

I was surprised I could walk as well as I could. I went in and took a look. In the full light it looked ridiculous. Except for the things over my shoulders, the things coming around my abdomen and the things pointing at my cunt, I was totally exposed in front. Best I could see the back looked like I was a mechanical monster. I returned to the living room.

"I guess as long as I'm naked no one is going to be focusing on this contraption except that from what I can see of the back it looks too intimidating for anyone to walk behind me. They will miss my cute butt."

Jan reached in her bag of tricks and said, "Oh there are a couple of accessories. This thing clips on over the hinge and the back of the, uh, uh, thing. Also here are your heels.'

I turned and she attached the camouflage and placed the shoes in front of me. The shoes had heels that had to be at least four inches. They were a compromise between the tan color of my feet and the color of the background of the flowers on the contraption. I slipped them on and almost fell.

"You had better practice walking a bit," Mike said. He laughed.

"You try them on, smart ass", was my reply.

I practiced until I could actually let go and not fall.

Jan said, "Don't worry about falling. Nathan will make sure you don't fall. He'll keep a hand on you."

I said, 'Who the hell is Nathan and whoever he is, he better watch his hands." I had forgotten her son's name.

Jan was immediately offended. "Nathan is my son and he's a gentlemen."

It was now about 6:15 and we were to be there by 7:00. Jan said, "I wonder where Nathan is," more a statement than a question. She called his cell phone and found he was on his way but lost. Mike got on and straightened him out. He was there in ten minutes. I saw his car arrive. Now I was really getting nervous and apprehensive. I was about to start a blind date, stark naked, well not quite, and the date was a boy about my age that I had never met. I'm always most embarrassed to be exposed to someone about my age.

He came into the house. We were introduced and he seemed nice. He didn't stare, he almost acted like I was decent, and he addressed me in a very polite way. He was very formal.

Mike was on the phone with the limo company and giving them directions because they too were lost. It's not that hard to find our house. I've found it lots of times when I was allowed to drive. (My mind was telling me I was getting more comfortable; at least comfortable enough to be a smart-ass.)

The limo arrived and we went out to get in. The driver almost lost control when he saw me. Mike said, "Be professional". The man quickly recovered and opened the door through which we all entered. I was allowed to enter first and get out of sight. I sat on the far side. Jan was next and sat directly across from me where she was looking at me, face to face. Next in was Nathan who sat beside me. Mike carefully gave the address and instructions to the driver and then got in sitting next to Jan. I couldn't believe she was going to get away with this but here we were, on our way.

Jan looked across at me. She wasn't looking at my face. She was carefully examining my crotch. I anticipated her comment so I opened my legs a bit.

She said, "I love it. Your pussy is delectable and your tits are all pointy. You don't know where you will be sitting but I do. Everyone will be able to see right up between your legs and of course your breasts are really going to be a hit. Whatever you do keep the knees open enough for all to see. That is your main purpose."

I said, "Thanks for making me just a piece of meat". Mike was looking also and smiling. Nathan refrained and didn't even seem interested. I wondered if he was gay.

Jan said, "I'm sorry but you are my trophy tonight".

That pissed me off and I sulked. I also began to plan some kind of revenge. I wasn't sure what but maybe I could stand up and yell "Jan's been turning tricks to supplement her income". Of course I didn't know her very well and might end up getting sued for libel as well as getting thrown out of our house. Then I'd end up turning tricks. I'd have to think about some kind of revenge.

When we arrived the driver really jumped to the task of opening the door. He couldn't wait to get another look at the trophy. I was last to get out.

Of course others were arriving and I was an immediate object of attention and conversation. They must have thought I was deaf or maybe they wanted me to hear their "whispered" comments. We didn't have to deal with a crowd. They divided so we could walk through unmolested. I guess these were sophisticated people. No one tried to grope me. For that I was thankful.

Nathan carefully place his hand on the hinge part of my apparatus as he directed me in front of him through the tighter spots. When we could walk side by side, he offered his arm which I took. The shoes were still a concern of mine but he was firm and I was able to manage, getting more qualified all the time.

We passed though the doors at the entrance. Jan gave the ushers her credentials and we were led into the main aisle. Mike and Jan went ahead of us, following the usher. Nathan and I followed. I could see out of the corner of my eye that no one was missing the show. While they were too sophisticated to stand on the chairs if they were away from the aisle, they sure stretched hoping to catch a glimpse. No doubt the word was spreading faster than we were walking because people were turning toward us in anticipation. I still refused to look directly at anyone.

Then I realized we were going up some steps. I looked for the first time at the setting. There was a high dais that had a long table and about a six or eight chairs. All were full and all the occupants of those chairs had their eyes on me. In front of that was a lower dais which was about shoulder high above the masses. We were heading for that. We went up the six to eight steps and here we found individual, smaller tables between chairs. The tables were apparently just for drinks. The chairs were in very clear view of all those people sitting out there. I did a quick calculation and figured with six or so people on top and what looked like maybe ten chairs on our level, I was going to have more than 50 people, including servers, staring at my breasts and cunt. How comforting.

It turned out my chair was at the end. The chair seemed to be bolted to the floor and I was only able to sit turned slightly toward the center of the floor before me. A table on the end, also bolted on the floor of the dais, was about knee high. It blocked me from turning even slightly away from center of the audience. I could not turn sideways or in any other way cover myself. I learned something else at this point. My contraption prevented me from crossing my legs. Oh, goody, I was really very, very open!!

Somebody above us began the party, which was more like a meeting. There were drinks being served. There was not much of a choice with beer and some kind of mixed drink offered. I declined as I was under twenty one, a minor. Nathan whispered that I could probably get away with a drink. I whispered that I wasn't interested. I saw that he was just toying with his mixed drink and I never saw him take even a sip.

The top people were introduced by the guy everyone was supposed to know, I guessed. As each person on our level was introduced next, it was protocol to stand and bow slightly in recognition of being recognized. I couldn't believe they even introduced me. I stood and gave everyone a big smile. I don't think they noticed my smile.

The procedure and sitting lasted so long I could not sit still and had to adjust my position. Flash! That was me flashing not some camera. I was kind of surprised there was no flash from the masses. Too sophisticated I guess. I don't know what was going on but it seemed to go on a long time. I got used to the situation and began to swing my legs back and forth. The right leg swung to the right, pause, and the left leg followed. Then I went the other way. I wasn't the only one who was not listening.

Before I knew it, everyone was standing. Our gang walked down to the main floor. I thought we were leaving but it was not to be. Now we were part of the masses. Chairs were removed as the audience stood so it was just on big mob of people milling around. Still no one groped, though it would have been easy. A lot of people gathered around me. They wanted to personally greet me. No one said anything unkind. Several people put a hand on my shoulder and spoke to me. Nathan kept up as much as possible.

An older man had remained to my back. I had seen him out of the corner of my eye. I wondered if he was fixated on my butt. Eventually I turned about halfway around and looked him in the eye. He was not looking at my butt but more at my contraption. He looked up and our eyes met. He said, "That is an amazing piece of, whatever it is". I laughed and said, "Yes it is. Would you help me take it off?"

He didn't say anything but took hold of the cover which had slipped almost off the gadget. I pulled the navel pointer away from my stomach and he picked up on it and pulled it to the back. I pulled the cunt pointers away and he got that and pulled it to the back. He lifted the apparatus so that the shoulder pieces came loose. I was naked except for the sleeves. I pulled them off and piled them on top of all the stuff the old guy was holding. I also put the shoes on top.

"What shall I do with this?" he asked.

"Just dump it anywhere. I'm through with it."

Now my audience was looking at a totally naked girl with no decorations. I felt really free all at once. I was naked and barefooted, which had become two of my favorite forms of dress. I looked for Nathan and found him hovering nearby just watching me. He said, "Mom's going to be pissed".

I said, "That's too bad. I did my meat show for her. Now she can lump it. Let's go see if the limo has arrived."

We slowly made out way through the crowd. Again they were polite and made way for us. Being barefoot I didn't need Nathan's support but still held onto his arm.

On the way out I did run into someone I knew. Krystal.

She sneered at me and said, 'Hussy. Tramp."

I said, "Krystal, if you think I do this of my own volition, your IQ is even lower than I thought".

She said, "What?"

"Your IQ; your intelligence quotient."

"I don't know what you mean."

Then I just said, "Take off another fifteen points," and walked on by.

When we got to the door Mike and Jan were nowhere in sight.

I asked, "Can you afford a cab?"

Nathan said, "Yes, I think I can. Let me call my mother and tell her we are gong on ahead".

I said, "Let me go pee first and I'll be ready". I went and everyone in the john, and there were several, said they admired my courage and that I was very pretty. They also let me go first. Both the comments and the gestures were very nice.

Nathan called "mommy" and I guess there was a brief argument. There was a number of cabs waiting and he ran to catch the attention of a driver. I was left alone a few seconds but was safe. People just stood and stared.

We got in the cab and I gave the driver our address. When we got there I realized I had no key to the house.

"Mike has a couple of rosin chairs around by the garage. If you will get them, we can just sit here and wait for Mike and your Mom to get here." The porch light had been left on so we could be openly seen.

A couple of minutes after sitting down I said, "Nathan".

"Yes?"

"I see you've got a hard on!"

"Yea. I'm sorry. I tried to control it. I did my best not to look at you and thought of other things because I didn't want to walk around with a boner at the party. It was difficult because you are a real turn on. I had to think about all kinds of weird things like monsters and cows and cheese, and Mt. Rushmore, I don't know what all. You are very sexy and probably are even with clothes on. I don't guess I have to hide anything sitting here."

Well, that changed my opinion of him. I guess he wasn't gay after all; just smart. Not to be conceited though, I doubt if anyone would notice his erection. If I had been fully dressed and he had been naked, no would have noticed me.

We had a nice talk and he said maybe he could visit me and maybe take me out sometime. He made to effort to even touch me.

I said that could be considered.

About that time another taxi appeared with Mike and Jan getting out.

We went into the house. Jan was pissed about me losing the contraption, although someone had given it back to her. She and Mike were carrying it in their arms. I laughed at them and told them it served them right to get stuck with it for awhile.

We had some coffee and Jan took Nathan and they left.

A few days later I got some news from Mike. I didn't need to get revenge. Jan had not gotten advanced because of exposing me. She got expelled from the club because she was accused of abusing a minor. She tried to explain that I wasn't a minor but somehow the word had gotten around that I was only fourteen. That is probably why no one tried to mess with me.

Somehow someone had also gotten my phone number. I don't know how but it got passed around some and I got a lot of phone calls from sympathetic members of the club. I tried to act like I was very young to enforce their perception.

Jan broke up with Mike.

A few days after the party I told Mike we needed to have a talk.

We sat down and I started the conversation.

"Mike, as you can see I have complied with your wishes completely. I have gotten so I no longer feel I need to hide behind clothes. I'm happiest when I am naked. I agreed, or was forced, to expose myself to a number of strangers. There was even that unbelievable party the other night. I've even been in danger a couple of times. I think it is time to bring this to an end.

"I would like to live my life a bit more normal. I want to pursue life, liberty and the pursuit of shopping again. I want to hang out with my friends. I never did that much but some people have spread rumors at school that I'm becoming a recluse and planning to join a convent."

He laughed.

"That's not funny. Lacey hardly talks to me anymore. I've gained some new friends, Kim and Annie, and those two weird girls where Annie and I took pizzas that night but I need more of the normal state of things. You have held me virtually a prisoner in this house and your personal joy, since November. Now it is March and I think I have served my 120 day sentence.

"I no longer have a problem with being naked. If you want to show me off occasionally to your poker buddies, or at the golf course, or some kind of gathering you attend, I'd love to participate. I'm having no trouble with being an exhibitionist. But I think it is time to leave it up to me. You have accomplished your goal. I'm not ready to be a swinger yet, like I'm guessing my mother became.

"I'm still a virgin. I'm probably going to stay that way if you keep me a prisoner. I've always been chaste but I even got a tingling between my legs when I saw Nathan with a hard on because of me. I got wet and was about ready to screw him on the porch, under the light.

"Let me go, okay? Let me live my life and I'll still be your companion. You can bring girlfriends into the house and I can be gone so they don't get jealous or intimidated."

I shut my mouth and looked at him. He looked away. He looked at the floor, at the ceiling, at the walls, at his hands, and just about anything but my eyes. He got up and walked to the windows and looked out the front to the street. Then he came back and sat down.

He looked at me and said, "You are right. And you have become everything I had wanted you to be. You are free."

Then he almost whispered, "You are free. I love you very much. I'm very proud of you."

I said, "I just have one more thing to ask you."

He asked, looking at me, "What's that?"

"Where the hell are my clothes? Do I have to go out like this and buy some new ones? I can't be free unless I have some clothes."

He laughed and said, "Actually, we gave them all to one of those charity places. Go put on your sweats and we will go start on a new wardrobe for you. I'm buying. I'll call Kim and have her bring all the clothes she has been bringing you each morning".

So that's why I had seen some of the girls at school wearing clothes that looked like mine.