**Office Girl Charlotte**

by katie

**Office Girl Charlotte (chapter 1)**

Charlotte was immersed in the computer screen, trying desperately to get this project finished on time. Her boss had been on her about this one, telling her that the pressure from above was really coming down and it was imperative that they finish on schedule. That had meant late nights, weekends, etc., but she was finally almost finished and she needed it. Her plans for the night were a quiet evening at home with her boyfriend, some Netflix and bed. But first, she had to finish this project.

She heard the noise before she saw it. How had she missed her coming in? Sitting on the chair of the desk behind her was the dreaded “bag.” She closed her eyes in disbelief. Not tonight, she thought, not now. She has so much to do but the appearance of the bag was it…she had no choice.

Now with her legs shaking, she continued working, still working to finish but having trouble concentrating. The bag was waiting, screaming out her shame. It knew what she had done, what she would be doing shortly and what she would continue to do whenever they chose. She was just a pawn in the game now.

Miraculously she finished and sent her work off. A few minutes later she got a good job email from her boss and then he popped in to thank her on his way out. She smiled, accepted it and turned back to the screen. While the rest of her office packed up and left to get an early start on a Friday night, she continued working, knowing that she had to wait for the last one to leave. Finally, at 5:30 or so, she heard no one else moving in the cubicles or offices around her. Either way, she had to get started or pay the consequences.

She spun her chair around to grab the bag. She knew what in there, a rain jacket that would only come to midthigh. It would be the only thing she would wear tonight and even that wouldn’t be too long. For the past year, she been forced to play this game six times…each one was horribly shaming for her but she was helpless to say no. She had to play along or risk everything.

She took the jacket out and placed it on her desk. Now she had to follow their direction to a T. Leaning over, Charlotte undid the straps of her shoes and pulled slid each one off. Reaching under her skirt, she pulled down her pantyhose, removing them and balling them up in each heel as directed. From past experience, Charlotte knew that she was being watched so it was important to follow each detail they had burned into her memory.

Next came her skirt. She unzipped it and shimmeyed it over her bottom, down her legs and off. Folding it, she placed it next to her shoes and hose. Glancing around, hoping she had guessed correctly that the floor was empty, she started unbuttoning her blouse, her hands shaking as she slid each button through the hole. Once they were all undone, she hesitated a bit but then pulled the garment off, folding it and placing it on her skirt.

Though it was not the first time, she still marveled at the thought that she was sitting in her bra and panties in her office. She didn’t have a door and the walls didn’t go all the way to the ceiling. Anyone could walk by and see her but she knew she had no choice. If that were to happen, she would have to deal with it.

Knowing she couldn’t dally too long, Charlotte slid the straps of her bra down her arms and slid the garment around so the clasp was in the front. She undid it and let her full boobs pop free from their casing. Looking down, she verified that her nipples were achingly hard. She left the bra on top of the pile and then stood to remove her panties. It was sad to her that she had worn a good pair of panties that she loved; one of the parts of tonight was that her bra and panties would be “lost” forever. She dropped the flimsy garment on top of her piles of clothes and stood there naked.

She didn’t know exactly where the cameras were but they were always there, filming her. She had learned that the hard way. After counting to 100, she began putting her clothes in the bag. First it was her purse, then her shoes/pantyhose next to it. She remembered to grab her keys from her jacket and slide them into her purse as her jacket was definitely staying here. On top of her shoes went her skirt and then her blouse. Her bra was then left on the side of the bag, half in and half out, to be “dropped” as she walked. Her panties were balled up in her hand for her to “drop” as well.

She turned off her computer, grabbed the bag in one hand, her rain coat in the other and made her way to the elevator. This was always so harrowing as she was not permitted to put the coat on until she was in the elevator. Even though her office was empty that didn’t mean the building was and she was taking an awful risk. She had to make sure that neither the bag nor the coat covered any part of her nudity, just her arm.

Barefoot, naked and feeling oh so vulnerable, Charlotte tentatively walked out of her cubicle and towards the elevator. All of the lights were on but there seemed to be no one around. She moved quickly but did not run (not allowed) and finally made it unseen to the elevator. She pushed the button and waited in excruciating suspense, desperate to keep her arms at her sides and not covering any part of her body. Finally the elevator dinged and she held her breath; luckily, the car was empty and she went in. She breathed a short sigh of relief but knew she was far from free. She put the bag down and pulled the jacket on, tying it in front of her (the buttons had been removed) as tightly as she could. Looking up, she saw her reflection in the shiny door and knew that it would be easy to surmise that she wore nothing under this jacket. Nearly all of her legs were bare as was her cleavage. Still, compared to the naked way she entered the elevator, this felt fully covered.

Finally she reached the ground floor and made her way across the empty lobby with only a security guard sitting at his desk. He barely looked up as she walked, her bare feet not making any noise on the tile floor. Seeing he was distracted and looking down, she took the time to drop her wadded panties on the floor for him (or someone else) to find and pushed her way out of the building through the spinning door. In no time she was barefoot, mostly naked, out on a public street.

As usual, a town car sat waiting for her. She moved towards it and the trunk popped. She did as she usually did and placed her bag of clothes, containing her purse, in there and slammed it shut, effectively blocking her from them until they were ready to give them back. She slid into the backseat and shrugged the jacket off, balling it up and handing it to the driver.

“Where are we going?”

**Office Girl Charlotte (chapter 2)**

Jack smiled at the question. Ginger was getting to be a regular customer, not that he mind.

He had never asked her name…called her Ginger because of her red hair. He didn’t need to know her name or what her story is.

Jack had been driving for this company for more than a decade and he was well-compensated for it. Though he was an excellent driver, his road skills were not the reason for his high pay; his discretion was. Jack kept his head down, did what he was told and never asked questions. Some nights, like tonight, he earned extra compensation: an unencumbered view of a beautiful nude woman.

In silence, he pulled away from the curb and drove. He had only been told the destination. Once there, he would hand the woman a folder with her instructions. He would later receive a text with when/where to pick her up. For now, he just drove, the silence driving his passenger crazy but that was what the customer wanted.

This was the fifth or sixth time in the past year that he had been driven Ginger. Each time she arrived like this, naked but for a raincoat. She handed it to him and then sat there nude and spread. He didn’t know for sure but he was pretty certain that she was told to not cover herself at all so she sat with her arms at her sides, feet on the floor so that all of her body was on display, and what a body it was.

Her hair was stunning, a deep read that was long and shiny. Today, she had it pulled back into a ponytail that showed off her angular face that was pale with a hint of freckles. Her breasts were magnificent. Full, round, with perky pink nipples, they stood firm and strong despite no bra. It was hard for him to concentrate on the road when they were on full display in his rear view mirror.

Between her legs, she was completely bare, with her full lips that were parted just a tad. She also had long, lean legs that looked like they had been toned from hours of running. Her bare feet were also cute, with the toenails a pastel pink. All in all, this woman was an amazing package and he could not believe his good fortune.

He had no idea what she had done to be in these circumstances nor what was being held over her head, but he was happy to spend some time in her company and to play a small part in her escapades. Yes, he was well compensated for his work but the perks weren’t bad either.

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Charlotte looked out the window, trying to ignore his eyes looking through the rear view mirror, devouring her nudity. It took every ounce of restraint to keep her arms at her sides and her feet spread, as commanded. Again, she assumed there were cameras watching her every move and she would be punished for failure to comply.

She noticed that the windows were tinted, a small relief as they drove slowly though the city, with traffic on one side and pedestrians on the other. That must mean that her humiliation is going to be delayed; they wanted her seen now, she would be seen. They certainly did not choose the tinted windows for her comfort.

It was almost a year to the day that she took her first naked ride. Then she had been shaking like a leaf, so completely taken aback by the turn of events. Now, after doing this six times, she was less traumatized, though still mortified.

That first ride had been in a car with untinted windows, the nude ride was part of the humiliation. They also stopped for her to pump gas and to do a naked run around the park. Each time, the situations were ramped up.

Finally, after driving for a long time (nearly an hour), they slowed down and the drive pulled over. He turned around, making eye contact for the first time and handed her an envelope.

“Dearest Charlotte, it is so good to see all of you again. Your last few assignments have been great fun. We know you will enjoy tonight’s journey as much as you have the others!

Here are your tasks. Once completed, your driver will be messaged to meet you at your location. Have fun dearie and best of luck…you might need it tonight.

All my love.”

She sighed as she read the note, written as if from one friend to another. They were most definitely not friends.

“TASKS:
Have your photo taken with a group of four others…must be at least one man in the photo.
Take a selfie with a security guard or police officer.
Take a photo of yourself on stage.
Once you finish each task, text the photo to \*484. When the final task is completed, you will be picked up. It’s that simple.”

Her legs started shaking in fear as she noticed that the car had stopped near a music festival. She heard the faint sound of the bands and people. Thankfully, the festival had begun.

The driver reached back and handed her a cell phone, a ticket for the concert and pressed unlock. This was her sign to leave the car. Sliding out, taking a deep breath to steel herself, she opened the door. No sooner was she out of the door than the car pulled away and she was alone and visible. She had to move fast to get out of the street and develop a plan so she slid between two parked cars and crouched down.

From her vantage point, she could see the entrance to the festival. The boom from the bass and the lights caused her heart to jump. In a few moments she would be heading into that crowd, completely bare and vulnerable. She had nothing but his phone and ticket to shield her.

She knew she had no choice but to go through with it. Three extremely dangerous photos: a group shot, a cop shot and a stage shot. How she was going to accomplish any of these without getting arrested was beyond her. She took a deep breath and decided to take each task one at a time.

Standing up straight, she began walking towards the noise, her heart beating rapidly and her legs shaking. She was shocked that no one was around and those who passed on the opposite side of the street barely noticed her. Finally she got to the front gate and saw several staff.

“Whoa,” the teenage girl in the yellow polo said as she turned and saw Charlotte approach. The naked girl smiled painfully and handed her ticket to the girl who scanned it and rolled her eyes. After two summers at this job, she had seen a lot of things. This wasn’t even the weirdest thing to happen tonight.

Charlotte walked into the concert venue and was overcome by the noise. Luckily it was pretty dark so her nudity wasn’t quickly apparent to everyone. Plus, many women were scantily clad and she also noticed that she was not the only one topless. Make no mistake, there weren’t many girls showing their boobs (and she was the only one totally nude) but she felt a little better that she wasn’t entirely alone.

She knew she had to act quick…once word spread of a naked girl in the crowd, she might get attacked or arrested. She rushed towards where a group of people were sitting in a circle drinking beer and smoking cigarettes.

“What the hell,” one of the guys said, obviously gay. “Girl, where are your clothes?”

“Ah, I’m on a dare…for a sorority,” Charlotte said, glad she still looked young enough to make it convincing.

“Oh God, I had to do something like that too,” one of the girls said, standing up and moving towards her. “Good luck hon.”

“Um, can I get a photo of us?”

“You serious,” one of the other girls said. “You want a photo of yourself naked?”

She nodded and the gang seemed to shrug. The group gathered around the naked girl, with the men being very careful not to touch and be accused of something. The girls had no problems with it and moved right in, one hugging her around the shoulders and another around her waist, her hand on the naked hip just above her pubic region. Charlotte then felt a hand on her butt that caused her to shiver.

“OK, smile,” said the guy taking their photo and she did, knowing that was expected of her. He then asked if he could take one with his phone and she had no choice but to comply. Finally he handed her phone back, she thanked them and ran off. “GOOD LUCK NAKED ONE,” one of the women yelled after her.

She hid behind the concession stand and tried to formulate a plan. She tried to find a dry spot for her bare feet but couldn’t (her feet must be black by now anyway). Meanwhile, she texted the photo to the number she was given and received an autoreply. One down, two to go and maybe the end of her night. The next two would be tougher though.

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Charlotte stayed in her hiding place a while longer while trying to figure out what to do next. She had to get a photo with a group of security or cops. She thought that the cops would be out because that might get her arrested. However, security guards at a concert might not mind a naked girl coming up to them. She had to risk it as she knew time was always short.

Glancing around, she saw a man sitting along at what looked to be an emergency exit door. He was a young guy, large but with a friendly face. That was her guy. Another deep breath and she was out, heading towards the man. His eyes got huge when he saw her coming.

“Excuse me,” said a surprised Darius (according to his name tag), “but what are you doing?”

She gave the spiel about sorority as he made a move towards his walkie talkie. “Please, don’t do that. I’m not going to cause any trouble. I just need a photo with a security guard. I can even block your face out if you want. Please, it’s the only way I can get my clothes back from my friends.”

“Miss, are you in trouble,” he said, his face full of sincerity.

Yes, yes she was, she thought, but instead shook her head. “No, it’s just a prank. Please, harmless. I just need a photo and you looked like a nice guy.”

Charlotte noticed that Darius’ eyes did not roam (much) beyond her eyes, an admirable feat. In other circumstances she might have found him cute and flirted with him but not tonight, not like that.

“OK, no face in the photo, is that clear?”

She sighed. “Yes, great, cover your face.” She moved towards him, bumping her bare butt against him, causing him to moan softly and another shiver from her. Men, she thought, were so easy.

“OK, ready,” she said, holding the phone up. She made sure to get her bare boobs and belly (and the top of her pubic region) in the photo while also getting Darius. Certain she had gotten the shot, she turned around, kissed him on the cheek and took off, saying, “thank you!”

**Office Girl Charlotte (chapter 3)**

Two down, one to go, she thought, as she hid in a grove of trees near the bathroom. How the heck would she get on stage? Thus far she had stayed on the periphery of the action but her last task demanded she get right into it all and expose herself to the entire crowd. She wondered how to accomplish it.

Then she saw several girls “surfing” above the crowd. Maybe that would be her way on stage…it would be risky as she would be on full display to all including the police. Still, it was the only way she could get to the stage…maybe it could happen and then she could run like hell!

Looking around, praying for this to work, she ran towards the crowd, hearing hoot and hollers as she passed shocked people. Finally she got to the back of the standing crowd and tapped a guy on the shoulder.

“Holy S#!\*,” he exclaimed.

“Can you lift me up and crowdsurf me to the stage?”

“What? Are you crazy? You’ll get arrested. Why are you naked?”

“It’s a sorority prank,” she said, now begging as others noticed her. Somehow the security guard nearby hadn’t seen her. “Please, I have to get on stage.”

The guy shrugged. “Why not. You ok with everyone groping you and stuff? I don’t think people will be gentlemen.”

She hadn’t thought about that. At this point, she had no choice. “Thanks for thinking about me, but I have to do this so I can get the hell out of here and get my clothes back. Please?”

He put his hands together and she lifted her leg and slipped her bare foot in as he hoisted her up. “Let’s go guys, let’s get this lady up to the stage,” he yelled as she laid back and felt hands on her bare back and butt. She closed her eyes for a second but knew she had to be aware of her surroundings.

He was right…people were quick to grab her butt and even slide in between her legs. She couldn’t tell the difference between those who were just trying to help her and those who were taking the chance to molest her. Either way, she was making her way towards the stage and it was clear that everyone was now seeing the naked girl.

The ride continued…sometimes sideways and sometimes backwards but she kept screaming that she wanted to get on stage. This plan was brilliant in one way: in the crush of the crowd, it was very difficult for the security staff to get to her. However, some of her fellow fans were clearly just grabbing her boobs and vagina…one person actually slid a finger inside but she kicked him away. She tried to cover her face but knew that people were getting photos of her…she prayed that no one she knew would see them.

Finally, unbelievingly, she was at the front of the crowd. “ON STAGE, PLEASE LIFT ME ON STAGE!” They did as she asked and she was right next to the lead singer who stopped and smiled. The guards were coming after her but she asked the singer for a selfie. He said sure and they turned around so the crowd was also in it and she had her final task done.

“Please don’t let them arrest me,” she whispered to him after the photo.

“Run that way sweetheart. Our road manager will get you out.” With that, he nodded to a man in the wings who motioned for her to come towards him. She did, trusting them, and the man got her out of harm’s way.

“This is the band’s bus,” he said. “You can wait in there. I am sure they will want to, um, spend time with you after the set.”

She shook her head. “No, I can’t. This is a sorority prank. If I don’t get back in time, I’ll never get my clothes back. But thank you!”

She heard a commotion and saw a group of police looking for her.

“How can I get out of here,” she asked nervously looking up, trying hard not to cover up from this man’s intense gaze.

“Hide here,” he said, pointing to a crate. “I’ll find you a way out. I don’t know why I’m helping you but you don’t seem like the other groupies.”

“I’m not a groupie, trust me,” she said. “Thanks.”

While hiding, she pulled out her phone and sent the photo, her third task complete. In a few seconds she got back a thumbs up, a screenshot of her crowdsurfing and then a location. “8:30.” Looking at the phone she saw that it was already 8:25…there was no doubt in her mind that the car would leave her if she wasn’t there on time. She had no choice but to run for it. Praying that the coast was clear, she took off, her bare feet slapping against the concrete as she looked for a way out that was unguarded. Finally she saw a gate and prayed that it was open. Sadly it was locked…she saw a group of police looking her way. There was no choice…she was going to have to climb the fence.

Now, Charlotte wasn’t much of a climber and hadn’t climbed a fence in her life. So, here she was, doing something for the first time and doing it barefoot and naked. Looping her toes and fingers into the fence, she started climbing as she heard a commotion and knew they had spotted her. The fence was about eight feet high and she climbed quickly.

“Stop, don’t go any further,” she heard someone yell but she paid them no attention. Oh God, she thought, would they shoot her? She had to keep going though, the alternative was just as bad.

Finally she got to the top and started the process of getting over, being careful not to harm her poor uncovered pussy. Gingerly she made it before the guards and cops could stop her and she ran towards the area that she thought the car would be.

8:27. SHIT, she thought. She stopped and looked at the map that was sent…she felt like she was there at the spot they had designated but no car. Though she had been exposed for a few hours by now, she felt so alone and vulnerable right now on this nearly deserted street.

At 8:30, she saw the town car turn the corner and pull up. The driver opened the window and held his hand out. “Phone.” She handed it to him and then he gave her a package. Tentatively she opened it and gasped: it was her vibrator, from her bedroom.

“Use this to orgasm,” the note on the package said. “You have five mins or the car leaves you here.”

She shook her head…no, God no. She had never been asked to do something this gross…to bring herself off in a public place, in front of this man. And how did they get her vibrator? What else did they take when they went to her apartment? Was her place bugged? Cameras everywhere?

Then she remembered the situation…they had her clothes, they had all of the evidence and she would be ruined forever. This was the price she had to pay. She stuck two fingers into her mouth and then rubbed between her legs to moisten her lips. Surprisingly (or maybe not), she was already wet. She turned the vibrator on and began the old practiced moves of making herself cum. She closed her eyes and tried to forget the location, the man staring at her from a few feet away and the incredible shame she felt. Instead, she tried to get into the moment, enjoying the feel of the buzzing against her lips, then raising it so it was rubbing against her clitoris. A soft moan escaped as she did that. Using her free hand, she began rubbing her breasts, noticing again how hard her nipples were. Soon she began rocking, gyrating her hips as the pleasure began to build and build. In less time than she expected, she cried out and her whole body shook as the waves of orgasm hit her. She spasmed once, twice, three times and more…finally, after what felt like forever but was really just a few seconds, she opened her eyes. Across the street, a few people had gathered and watched the show. The woman there began clapping for her and she was mortified.

Charlotte heard the door unlock and she hastened to get in. In seconds, the car was off again but Charlotte was still back there in her pain and shame.

**Office Girl Charlotte (chapter 4)**

Lunch time and Charlotte ate at her desk, picking at a crappy peanut butter/jelly sandwich and some crackers. Pay day was coming tomorrow and she could finally go grocery shopping, though it would only be a little. Much of her pay was docked as she repaid her debts.

The woman took the lunch time to scan the Internet. She prayed that photos/videos of her nude appearance at the concert would not go public. So far, so good, though she had read accounts of it in some social media posts, thus far, no one had identified her. Good.

It had been five days since that awful night…five days and she was still shaking, traumatized by the shame. The public nudity wasn’t new, though this was a scale that she was not accustomed. The public orgasm, however, was new and cut her to the core. She hoped that this wasn’t what they had in mind going forward.

After being driven back (still naked) to her office that night, she was handed back the coat and an envelope. The trunk was opened and she scampered out to get the bag. Out there, in the street, she had to dress, removing the clothes from the bag and then stuffing the coat back in. Once that was in the trunk, the driver pulled away, leaving her naked and exposed, clutching her work outfit to her bare body. She had quickly pulled the blouse on and then the skirt (sans panties of course). She slid her heels on, dressed again after several hours nude. As directed, she dropped her bra and then a few feet away her pantyhose, a souvenir for someone who finds it. She was glad to have her body even minimally covered and her purse so she could drive home and try to forget this night. She put her vibrator into her purse, disbelieving what she had just done.

Since then she continually scanned the Internet looking for evidence of her night…so far, nothing public, though she had received texts from her torturers that had video and photos…more blackmail against her.

She sighed, took the final bite of sandwich and went back to work. She got so engrossed in her work that she didn’t hear them approach and again heard the noise before she saw it. The dreaded bag!

No, she thought, not so soon. It was just last Friday. Charlotte closed her eyes and sighed, knowing that her night was not going to be hers and again she would be exposed and humiliated.

She tried to concentrate on her work but it was really difficult. She also worried that others might stay late. Today was Wednesday not Friday…people didn’t necessarily rush out on a Wednesday night. Still, she had her orders so at 5:30, she began the process of stripping, stuffing her clothes in the bag.

For the second time in less than a week, she walked barefoot and naked to the elevator, jacket on her arm, bag in hand, covering nothing. Looking around, she saw no other lights on and heard no noise. The elevator binged and the door opened. Standing there were two women from another floor, dressed casually in jeans and cute tops, both wore flat shoes. Charlotte, of course, wore nothing.

“Oh my, what is your story honey,” the one woman said.

“Oh God, I am so sorry you have to see this,” she said, getting onto the elevator but not covering at all, as directed. “I, um, I was trying to do something naughty and I thought the building would be empty.”

The other woman was speechless but the woman who spoke eyed her up and down. “Hmm, you are a beautiful thing aren’t you,” she said, lust clearly in her voice. Charlotte put the bag down and gratefully pulled the jacket on. “Why cover up now,” the woman asked but Charlotte just turned and smiled. When the elevator got to the bottom, Charlotte walked out first, dropping her panties on the elevator floor, knowing that the woman would probably grab them and appreciate it. She shivered a bit, turned on despite herself.

She got to the curb and again put her bag in the trunk and slid into the car. There the driver awaited and she took the jacket off, handing it to him. He handed her back an envelope. Reading it, she gasped. NO, No, no, she thought.

“Hi Char. Tonight, you will go home naked and remain that way until you leave for work tomorrow. You may only wear the jacket back to work, otherwise, remain naked (no shoes either sweetie!). You can grab your purse from the trunk (so you can get into your apartment). Don’t worry, we will get your clothes to you tomorrow. Tonight, you must have sex with your boyfriend three times…in all three of your holes. Trust me, we will know if you don’t it.”

Her hands were shaking as she held the paper. The other times they had played this game with her, they had made sure that she was far from home. Tonight, she could not be any closer to home. And sex three times…and in all three holes. What were they planning on turning her into?

The car stopped outside of her building and the driver popped the trunk. Looking around frantically, she dashed out of the car and grabbed her purse (with her keys) and closed the trunk. The car left immediately and she ran for cover, cowering between two parked cars. Luckily her street was quiet now but that could change at any moment. Grabbing her keys, she darted to her building, rushing up the steps and to the door. She tried to get the key into the lock as she heard a car coming down the street. As she opened the door, she bumped into her neighbor who was coming out to walk his dog.

“Charlotte, are you ok?”

Oh God, she thought, no, I am not OK. “Yes, just, um, trying to surprise Chris. Thought it would be, ah, fun if I came home naked. SURPRISE!”

“Where are your clothes?”

“In my bag,” she said, trying to get out of this conversation. “See you later Lou,” she said with a wave and a smile, trying to cover up as best she could.

She knew his eyes were on her bare butt as she made her way up the stairs but she had to move. She didn’t want to get caught again. She walked up the three flights to her floor and mercifully didn’t see anyone. She unlocked the door and was surprised to smell food cooking.

“Hello? Chris?”

“Hi honey,” he said from the kitchen. He came around the corner and saw her. “Char, what the hell?”

“Surprise,” she said, trying to be sexy. “I thought you might like to have a naked wife meet you.”

He smiled and came to her, hungrily kissing her as he pulled her in tight. His hand went between her legs and he found that she was wet despite the humiliation (or perhaps because of it). In no time, he had moved her against the wall and he was between her legs, sliding in and out easily. She moaned at the entrance, wanting release. He pounded into her over and over and finally they both erupted at the same time.

“Well, that was a nice surprise,” he said weakly, trying to recover. “I’m glad it was fast too with Frank and Darla coming over.”

Charlotte’s eyes got big. She had forgotten that they were having company tonight. And she was going to have to stay naked. Now what?

“Um, Chris, I made a promise to myself that I would stay naked until tomorrow morning,” she said. “I forgot they were coming.”

“Well that’s a shame but you can’t stay naked,” he said, pulling his pants up and moving into the kitchen to finish dinner.

Charlotte sat on the floor, not knowing what to do. She had no choice but to remain naked. Her life, her career counted on it. How could she do this?

“I’m going to shower and freshen up,” she yelled. “You know, after you ravaged me!”

“I bet,” he said with a laugh. “They’ll be here in 30 minutes or so.”

Charlotte made her way into the bedroom and tried to figure it out. She decided that she would have to just come out naked while Darla and Frank were here. That way, Chris couldn’t try and talk her out of it. This would require more strength than any of the other commands they had made…to knowingly show her body to friends was beyond anything she would have imaged herself doing before they began these little experiments. Now thousands of people had seen her naked and tonight she would be naked with close friends.

She showered, making sure to get her vagina clean after their lovemaking. That was nice, she thought, and totally out of character. She could count on one hand how many times they had sex outside of the bedroom and it was usually on the couch. Up against the wall, her legs wrapped around him being held up by his weight was incredible and would definitely have to happen again. Plus, she had to find time to have sex two more times and introduce anal sex into their relationship. Should be an interesting 12 hours.

Finally she turned the water off, having luxuriating in the cover of the shower. She dried off, wrapped the towel around her for a moment but remembered she was to remain naked. How they would know, she had no idea but she was sure they would somehow. She moved to the sink and began to get pretty for the night…without clothes, she had to rely on makeup and hair to do that.

She heard a commotion in the living room and knew that they were there. Frank was Chris’ oldest friend from childhood. They went to school together and even roomed together in college and in their first post-college apartment. Darla was his fiancé but they didn’t know her well. Tonight, Darla would get to know Charlotte very well.

The naked woman checked her hair and makeup, took a deep breath, and opened the bathroom door. Closing her eyes, praying for strength, she walked into the living room where her guests were sitting.

“Hi guys,” she said. They looked up and their face registered shock.