**Perils of Paige Turner**

by Spunk N. Wagnels

Paige Turner sat slumped over her steering wheel in tears. She had turned her key over for her bookstore now in receivership that morning and she drank all but $3.00 of the last money she could withdrew from her personal bank account.

None of this was a surprise to her. Her business had been going down hill for over a year. Having to deal with creditors had caused her to rag out on her staff, especially Stephanie Fuller, the one whom she treated as a personal assistant rather than as an Assistant Manager as the title she had given her would suggest. She knew she had to pay her staff first before any other creditors, because she needed them and couldn't handle it alone. She also hoped they appreciated that she paid them with her own money and maxed out her credit cards up until the last two-week pay period where she finally had to stiff them.

The officer wrapping her knuckle on the driver's side window now compounded Paige's embarrassment and shame.

The officer opened the car door. "Com'on," she said hauling Paige out by her left arm, "let's get you outta there."

The officer held Paige's melancholy drunken form back against the car with her hand on Paige's chest, while she scanned the interior of the car for incriminating evidence.

"Have you been drinking?" She asked as she looked.

Paige mumbled unintelligibly.

The officer left Paige to fend for herself for the moment while she bagged a roach sitting on the passenger seat.

"You'll have to come along with me to the station."

The officer handcuffed Paige, put her in the back of her cruiser, while her partner secured and tagged Paige's car.

Paige sobered a little on the ride to the station when she couldn't bring around her hands to button up her blouse now open to just below her breasts. She tried to recount the lost moments of the day leading up to riding in the back of a police car in handcuffs.

There was the bar and the sympathetic people who kept the drinks flowing when she was running out of money. Then a sudden panic washed over her ^when did I lose my bra?^ She shifted in her seat to try and get her hands free and realized in the tussle that she was not wearing her underwear either. She calmed down to try and get her bearings, to think, to figure ou … "Come this way ma'am the officer from the passenger seat requested after he opened her door.

He delighted in the downblouse and upskirt views he had as she shifted over and swung her legs out of the car door. Paige was quite the dish but you would never know that since she was careful to only go public with her serious controlled demeanor, tight hairdos, and conservative clothing choices.

Her skirt came back down as she stood, but the slit in back had ripped up to just below her crotch sometime in the evening, and she was alarmed that she could see her entire breasts when she looked down her own blouse. He led her into the station by pulling on her upper arm. She looked in horror as the material pulled away from her breasts revealing peeks at the darker circle of her areola. She feared the material might get caught outside her hard protruding nipples, so she made every effort to keep up with him.

She was led to a chair beside a desk where the female officer sat and the man uncuffed her. The female officer began to ask her questions and the male officer stood by with his thumbs in his gun belt at his sides enjoying a good angle to continue to see down her blouse while Paige fumbled to find the missing buttons to her top.

"We are going to have you take a Breathalyzer test." She said.

"Can I refuse?" Paige said, thinking she would stymie that evidence for court.

"Your choice Ms. Turner, but I should advise you that we'll be taking away your car for a long time if you don't."

"What if I …"

"If you blow more than a .08? Well, we take your car away for a very long time in that case."

"Then I don't want to." Paige said thinking she was being more in charge with each moment that passed.

"No matter," the officer said holding up the bag with the roach in it, "we've got you on a drug charge."

"What?" Paige said alarmed. "That's not mine. I never …"

"Oh yes it is." The officer said with a Cheshire grin. "This was in your car when we stopped you. You can refuse the Breathalyzer test, but I'm afraid you are going to have to be searched."

"You mean like pat me down right here?"

"No. Afraid not. I mean cavity searched in there." The officer said with authority while her partner blushed in anticipation.

"Bitchy Paige" started to take over to protect "Little Girl Paige" who had never been seen naked in the light except by her physician. Even the few boyfriends she allowed be intimate with her had to do so in the dark. In public places she would always change in a toilet stall behind a closed door to go swimming, exercise, or play sports. She wasn't about to violate that perfect streak now.

"There is no way in Hell you are going to get me to submit to that."

"Well, I was going to just do it myself with your cooperation, but maybe I need my partner Ben in there to help me if I need it."

Paige looked in horror at the blushing, smiling male officer and felt faint as the blood drained from her head toward her extremities preparing to run. "Okay, okay, you win." She said to get back to some level of control. "What do you want me to do?"

The lady officer stood up and pointed her open hand to a door with a frosted window panel. "If you will proceed me into that room, we'll get started."

Paige stood up rubbing feeling back into her wrists. Then looking back to make sure the man didn't follow her, she fell forward in a drunken stumble and landed on her hands and knees with her skirt flipped up onto her back. The male officer rushed to help her up. He straddled her and put his hands around her under her arms on her breasts lifting her to a standing position again.

His hands were off of her and he was a step back smiling when she finally came to her senses and realized what had just happened. Embarrassed but still too drunk to be humiliated, she collected herself for the moment and staggered into the room.

The officer took a seat in a side chair. "Take off your clothes please." She directed.

Paige's heart was pounding so hard she could hear it in her head. She tried to collect herself ^Let's just get this over with.^ She thought and started to unbutton the bottom two buttons on her blouse.

"So, where did you get the pot?" The officer asked while she watched admiringly as Paige's middle flesh came into view.

"It wasn't mine. I swear it."

She stood up and approached Paige getting her lips within a couple of inches. "You smoked it though. I can smell it over that vile smell of booze."

Paige stopped with the last button staring up in thought. ^What? … Wait, … who … ^ A wave of recognition suddenly hit her. ^The Doctor … or at least he said he was a doctor.^

"A doctor gave it to me saying it would make me feel better." Paige said relieved she could answer the officer.

"What's your diagnosis?" The officer said playing along, anxious for Paige to pull back the shirttails of her blouse.

"I, uh, I just lost my business today and he was trying to make the bad feelings go away."

"Sounds about right. Do you have a prescription for the weed?"

"Weed? What do you mean?"

"For the pot. Keep going. Don't let my questions stop you."

"Ah, no. I don't think so."

"So it was an office sample I suppose." The officer said now admiring the nice set of mammaries on Paige. Paige was so lost in trying to remember details that she didn't notice the excitement she was creating in her observer. "And what was his name?"

"Ah, I don't … yes I do 'Love' 'Dr. Love.'"

Even Paige was getting sober enough to realize how stupid that sounded. She all of a sudden became aware that the officer was playing her, just like the guy in the bar had done and she rushed to put her hands on her opposite shoulders.

^My bra! What happened to my bra?^

"Now the skirt please."

"No ooooo, isn't this enough?"

"The skirt please. Do I need Officer Ben to help you?"

Her heart was beating out on her head at the temples. She was going to have to free her breasts from her hug to take off her skirt. Her breasts were the real deal. They were full and round on the bottom and had a slight ski jump slope down the tops to the nipples when they hung free. They always gave her more attention than she could deal with when she didn't keep them harnessed and disguised behind loose fitting clothing.

"Com'on Ms. Turner let's get on with it. We need to see just how many samples 'Dr. L-o-v-e' gave you." The officer said in a way that continued to make fun of Paige's drunken naivete'.

The officer was walking around her now looking her up and down.

Paige timed her move for when the officer was behind her and quickly lowered her skirt. Then covered up again as best she could. All she could cover on her breasts were her nipples as her breasts were much bigger than her wrist, especially when they were hugged back toward her body.

The officer came around the front and batted her hand away from covering her hairy triangle. "This is a search. You are not to cover the areas to be searched."

Paige put her palms on her two breasts.

"Lace your fingers behind your head."

"Ungh?"

"Do it." The officer said continuing to walk around and enjoying the womanly charms Paige was so reluctant to reveal.

Paige did as she was told squeezing her eyes shut to make it all go away.

"Open your mouth wide."

Paige complied and the officer took a surgically gloved finger and pulled her lips aside and probed. Then she continued to walk around her taking a gloved hand and traced along the underside of Paige's breasts as she turned.

Paige opened her eyes and mouth wide in shock and labored momentarily to return to normal breathing.

"Let your hair down."

Paige complied but it made her feel guilty to do so. She always kept her hair properly fixed up on her head in public, and let it down only in private when she would stimulate herself in front of her mirror with a private dance, touching herself, and enjoying sexual fantasies playing in her mind.

"Bend over."

Paige put her hands on her knees while the officer ran her fingers through Paige's hair. Paige couldn't tell if the officer was searching for evidence or caressing her scalp in an affectionate massage. Regardless, it felt wonderful and made her feel dizzy.

"Spread your legs and put your hands on the floor."

Paige was felling motion sick and nearly fell into the four-point stance on hands a little more than shoulder width apart and on the balls of her feet about three feet apart.

The officer stepped into the vortex created by Paige's wide stance and let her pelvis bump up against Paige's pussy imagining what it would be like to have a penis that could fuck this bitch silly.

Paige felt the violation, but couldn't react to it. It was all she could do to keep from passing out.

The officer then crouched down and knelt on one knee to bring herself face-to-face with Paige's cunt and took in a full whiff of her aroma. She then visually examined the shiny pink gape amidst the hairy crotch, enjoying the heat radiating onto her face. Then back to work she fingered through the hairy snatch for any hidden contraband.

Paige was moaning, not as much from the stimulation on her most private area as from trying to keep from getting sick on the spot.

"How are you doing down there?" The officer asked before proceeding further.

"uhHHHnnnh." Paige moaned.

Then the officer spread Paige's nether lips with one hand and stuck a gloved finger in her cunt with the other and wiggled it around.

"UHHhhhnnnnmmmmm." Paige moaned.

Using the lubrication from Paige's cunt, she coated her sphincter a couple of times until her finger was allowed past into Paige's rectum.

Paige gave a brief hum and then threw up on the floor in front of her face.

"Well now, that is a mighty strange reaction to my technique." The officer said mostly humored but slightly insulted. "I hope you don't expect me to clean that up for you."

"Can I please go home now?" Paige pleaded wiping her mouth having rolled over to the floor propped up with one hand and her feet still spread wide apart.

"I'll get you something to clean that up with and then you can go as soon as we book you and someone comes to pick you up."

The officer went to a closet and wet some paper towels. She took the roll and told her partner to hold out his hand. Then she slapped the wet towel into it and playfully slammed the roll of paper towels onto his chest saying, "She has work to do. Don't ever say I never did anything for you."

Ben went into the room, wet towels in one hand, a roll of towels in the other, and a big grin on his face. When Paige saw him walk through the door she scrambled back up to the desk and hugged her body in tight to cover herself as best as she could, as quickly as she could. The cold metal desk and cold linoleum floor chilled her body and gave her goose bumps all over arms and legs.

"You'd better get that up before my captain gets here. He doesn't like messes in his office." He said handing her the towels.

Paige tried to take them all in one hand keeping the other across the tops of her breasts to hide them from his roving eyes. She hesitated waiting for the officer to leave.

"Better hurry. No telling when he might be in."

Paige thought a moment about the possibility of having two men in the room if she didn't get out soon and asked, "Could you leave me alone to do it?"

"Lady, you need a lookout. I'm telling you, if the Captain sees his floor looking like that, there will be hell to pay."

Paige decided to get dressed first. She tried to keep her back to the officer's watchful eye, but the open blouse and skirt slit up the back were strangely more titillating for him than if she had just remained nude.

In her remaining time in the station, the looks of contempt made her feel more like a hooker than a businesswoman. When given a chance to call someone the only one she could think of calling was Stephanie Fuller.

The last thing in the world Stephanie Fuller could think of doing in the early morning hours was to go to a police station and bail out her bitchy, demanding, double-crossing ex-boss. Maybe it was part knee-jerk reaction to a personal service request. Certainly it was in large part an opportunity to see her in a compromised position, but she almost didn't sign the paper pledging she would take responsibility for her ex-boss to maintain sobriety, refrain from driving, and make her court date.

In the car Paige felt completely embarrassed and humiliated. She looked a mess and she never let people see her that way. She was wearing a revealing outfit, but as Stephanie's employer she constantly complained to Stephanie about wearing her revealing "hoochie" clothing as she called it around the store. She answered Stephanie's questions but tried to do so in a way that would not encourage follow up questions. She just needed to be in the comfort of her home, to set a spell, and lick her wounds.

When they turned onto the street of Paige's apartment building, they saw fire trucks and police cars blocking entry into the area. Paige got out fearing the worst. Hugging her blouse closed she walked to the opposite side of the street and looked back at her apartment building. The middle, where her apartment was located was completely destroyed. She collapsed to the ground hugging her knees, looking over them in disbelief at the last vestiges of her life gone up in smoke.

There she was, rocking disassociated with the world, no job, no money, no car, no license, hadn't renewed her renter's insurance, and now nowhere to go.

Stephanie looked at her from behind the steering wheel of her car first thinking, ^serves you right you bitch!^ but as time wore on she grew sorry for her ex-boss rocking on the sidewalk like a mental case.

"Come on." She said tapping Paige on the shoulder.

Paige didn't move.

"Come on." She said again hoisting Paige up by her armpits, and walking her to the car.

Paige stared out into space shaking her head.

Stephanie had her husband Rod help her get Paige upstairs and into the guest bed.

At breakfast they talked.

Rod wanted her out of the house. Being an attorney he saw having her there as nothing but potential liability. Stephanie argued that she would figure out ways for Paige to earn her keep and that she would enjoy being the 'boss' for a change. "Besides," she said, "I saw the way you looked at her body when we put her to bed."

"I had to look." He argued. "I had to carry her to the bed once you got her clothes off for god's sake."

"Ah hungh." She said accusingly. "I saw 'Little Henry" perk right up. The only problem I see with having her in the house for a while is keeping my eye on you.

"Don't worry my love. You've got it all over her in that department." He said and kissed her good bye.

Stephanie didn't have a job to go to any longer so she fretted and checked in on her new guest periodically during the day. Paige slept all day and all night.

That next morning she awoke and realized she was in a strange room naked in a strange bed. When Stephanie walked by the open door, Paige pulled the covers up tight around her neck fearfully.

Stephanie stopped and took one step back to center herself in the door's opening. "Well now, Sleeping Beauty has finally awoke."

"Stephanie! What am I doing here?"

"You don't remember?"

"Remember what?"

"You asked me to sign you out at the police station early yesterday morning. I signed a document, which said you would only be released, if I would agree to take responsibility for you. You pleaded with me to sign it."

"I did?"

"Yes you did. And then when I went to drop you off at your apartment it was in ashes."

"Oh god no."

"Oh whatever yes."

"If I didn't have that signed oath requiring me to take responsibility for you I would have left you on the sidewalk looking at your burned house."

Paige cried into the sheets.

"I'm making some breakfast for us. If you hurry and shower, there will be some left for you."

Paige rushed to close the door when Stephanie left. She showered and tried to find a way to do her hair up. All she could find was a small Scrunchy left under the bed so she put her hair up in a ponytail. All she could find to wear was a man's satiny pajama top, golden with white piping, hung on a hook in the bathroom, so she put it on and looked at herself in the full-length mirror attached to the closet door. ^I can't go down for breakfast like this. What if her husband is around? God, I'm hungry though. It smells so good.^

Paige peeked into the kitchen from the dining room and saw Rod sitting reading the paper and Stephanie working at the stove fixing breakfast. "Psst." She said to get Stephanie's attention.

"What is it?" Stephanie said poking her head through the door into the dining room.

"I need my clothes."

Stephanie looked Paige up and down. "You look okay for breakfast."

"I don't want your husband to see me like this."

"Well, I'm busy making the food. If you want it, come and get it now. I worked long and hard fixing your clothes yesterday. I'll get them for you when we are through in here. Either way, your choice."

Stephanie ducked back in and Paige decided to follow her.

Paige felt naughty and embarrassed entering the kitchen in bare feet, wearing a shimmering top that barely covered her naked crotch, and donning a flirtatious ponytail.

Rod scrambled noisily to get up from his chair to greet the new houseguest. He looked her up and down in obvious lust, which made Stephanie smile knowingly and made Paige blush with a hot flash.

"This is Rod. You've met him at the store."

Paige reached out her hand. As Rod reached out his to shake hers, the material rubbing her nipples made them swell with excitement. "Glad to meet you." Rod said politely. "I must say, this looks a lot better on you than it ever did on me." He said scooping up her other hand and holding her arms out to her side to look at her in total. It had the effect of riding the material up dangerously high on her thighs and to accent her excited nipples now poking through the material.

"Thank you." Paige said just ahead of the realization that he could see the size and slope of her breasts capped by her erect nipples and it was making her feel shameful and humiliated. When she sat down, the squishiness of her crotch on the vinyl seat made her realize that she was wet from the excitement.

Paige sat up straight and close to the table focusing gratefully on the food presented to her and only looked up to see Stephanie answer to Rod's question, "What are you ladies planning on doing today?"

"Well, it's not going to work. Is it, Ms. Turner." Stephanie said sarcastically. "I guess we aren't going out for drinks either, are we. Not since I signed a pledge to be responsible for Ms. Turner here for her drinking."

"Could I see that paper please?" Paige said meekly.

Stephanie retrieved it, plopped it down next to Paige's plate and left her finger on the part in bold where she had to swear to and sign an oath before Paige could be released from custody.

Sure enough, Paige couldn't believe it. ^This paper says that Stephanie has accepted responsibility for my sobriety, to see that I don't drive a motor vehicle, and that I show up on the 19th for court.^ Paige looked pale. ^Court! I don't have … I can't afford … oh god, what am I going to do?^

While Paige stared at the paper in disbelief Stephanie asked, "So Rod, honey, what does this mean legally? I didn't want to sign it. She begged me over and over to sign it."

"Well, technically you are responsible for Ms. Turner. I guess you can't stop her from drinking, but you'd better report it to the authorities, or you, we could be held liable for her actions while intoxicated."

So with the side of her chin on her interlaced fingers and her elbows on the table Stephanie turned to her ex-boss and said, "Well Ms. Turner, are you going to do what I say, or am I going to have to turn you in?"

Paige wiped her mouth with her napkin in both hands and returned it to her lap before saying. "Thank you for doing this. I'll be good about everything."

"Well then, to answer your original question, we're gunna to do errands and work around the house." Stephanie told Rod as he got up and kissed his wife good-bye for the day.

Stephanie sat looking at Paige slumped over, mouth agape, hands in her lap, legs locked straight at the knees resting her heels on the floor with her feet lazily turned out. She gave her several minutes to feel sorry for herself and then remarked, "So you insisted that I take care of you at the police station, slept in our bed, ate our food that I prepared for you, and you don't even offer to do the dishes?"

That produced a quick response. Paige was up in a flash, clearing the table and washing the dishes while she sniffled back tears.

Stephanie liked that she could get her to respond like a personal assistant. The turn around was fair play. She also liked the opportunity to gaze upon her former uptight, even stuck-up boss in this uncharacteristic state of dress. Even a woman could appreciate how sexy and well formed Paige's legs were; not to skinny, not too fat, and not even the hint of cellulite. All of the muscles were in proper proportion and with smooth definition. ^That butt must be just as nice I'll bet.^ She thought to herself. ^We'll see soon enough.^

As luck would have it, Paige was so distraught that she sprayed herself with the hand sprayer when trying to rinse a pan and in her shock didn't have the wherewithal to immediately figure out how to stop the offending water.

"I thought you already took your shower." Stephanie said amused as she got up, turned off the water and unbuttoned the silky top from behind.

When Paige put her hands down from drying her face, Stephanie started to pull the top down her shoulders.

"No." Paige said reflexively, hugging her arms closed across her front.

"You're soaked. Let me put this in the wash." Stephanie said insisting with gentle tugs that it should come off.

"No, but what shall I …"

"You don't have much left to do. I can go find your clothes while you finish." Tug, tug "It's no big deal really. Remember we saw you naked when we put you to bed the other night."

"Both of you?" Paige said alarmed.

"You're a big strong woman, what, 130, 135 pounds?"

"Ah, something like that."

"Now how would I be able to lift over 100 pounds to get you in bed, of course Rod helped."

"Oh gawd." Paige said letting her arms drop so Stephanie could take the pajamas off. With a confirming glance at her ex-boss' perfect butt she left for the laundry room.

Stephanie could see Paige at the sink from the laundry room. ^Look at that body. She has it all. How can such a stuck up bitch be blessed with such a perfect body like that. The well toned back, narrow waist, strong shoulders, that feminine neck, god, that long brown hair. It's not fair. It's just not fair.^

Stephanie brooded over the inequity looking at Paige until Paige put her hands on the edge of the counter and without looking around said, "I'm done."

"Well, let's get you your clothes then." Stephanie suggested.

Paige turned around and waited with her butt against the edge of the counter with her limbs providing her modesty as much as two arms could afford.

"Here you go. I had to sew up the tear in the skirt."

Paige reached for the blouse first. Her breasts always created lust in men and envy in other women so she liked to keep them covered up as much as possible. When she put it on she noticed that the tails had been cut and hemmed so that it came down just below her breasts leaving her midriff exposed. Plus, there were no buttons.

"What did you do?" She asked alarmed.

"I didn't have any buttons that would match so I turned it into a Daisy-Mae."

"What? How the hell can I wear this?"

"Excuse me? What did you just say?"

"I'm sorry."

"That's better. You just tie these tails together in front. It's really very secure. Try it."

"And you cut off the sleeves? These are awfully big arm holes."

"It took me a long time, but pretty professional, don't you think?"

Paige was steaming, but resisted letting it go. Then she put on the skirt.

"What happened to the length?"

"I shortened it of course."

"But why, and what's this in back?"

"I shortened it, because that is the way I'd wear it myself. That gap in back is where it was ripped. I straightened it out and dressed it up by hemming back the rough edges."

"Why would you do such a thing?"

"I did it for YOU, you ungrateful bitch."

"I'm sorry. Well you know I don't wear hoochie, I mean clothes as revealing as this."

"So you think you are better than me. Well let me tell you, you ungrateful sack of shit, I may not have a job, thanks to you, but I have a house, a nice husband, food on the table, a drivers license, and all of which I am currently sharing with you."

Paige put her hands on her face just below her eyes shocked at Stephanie's sharp reaction and poured out tears of humiliation. When she collected herself enough to speak she put her hands on Stephanie's crossed arms and pled for forgiveness.

"I'm grateful. Really I am."

"Okay. Turn around slowly. I want to see my handiwork."

Paige turned around as instructed, not wanting to upset Stephanie any further.

"Can we go to a mirror so I can see me too?" Paige asked sniffling back tears.

"Follow me." Stephanie said.

Paige followed eager to see what she looked like but also eager to figure Stephanie out. For the first time she was considering her as a person and what made her tick, if for no other reason than to avoid her wrath again.

Paige's heart fell when she saw how lewd her breasts looked in the white Daisy-Mae blouse. ^My god, you can even see my nipples through the fabric. Geez, pulling them together like this really gives me a deep cleavage. I've got to find something else to wear and soon.^

"What do you think?"

^Maybe I should take a different tact.^ Paige thought.

"Your modifications make me look great, but don't you think I should be dressed more modestly around your husband?

Stephanie's face turned red.

"So you think you could win a contest over me with my husband?!"

"No, no, no, that's not what I meant at all. What I meant to say was, uhmm, I meant to say that usually the wife likes to be wearing the sexiest clothes around her husband, but here you've put the sexiest clothes on me."

"I did a pretty good job of it didn't I."

"Oh, I'd say you can't make me any more sexy than this. In fact, I'm a little worried about what you can see through this gap back here." Paige said straining to see herself from behind.

The gap ran from three inches wide at the hem to one inch wide at the base of Paige's butt.

Stephanie stooped down. "No you're good. The only things you can see are some wispy hairs sticking down. If you trim them off, you're clear."

Paige looked up blinking to fight off the tears welling up in her eyes. ^What am I going to do? My only set of clothes make me look like a tramp. I can't get a job in this. I can't go to court in this. Oh god,^ She remembered. ^I have no attorney.^ She held a finger tightly against her upper lip to try and arrest the need to use a tissue. ^If they kick me out, I have no place to sleep ...^

"Here, put your heels back on. They shift things back here." Stephanie said with her hands resting on the upper part of Paige's butt cheeks. "Let's see what happens with them on."

Stephanie stooped down again to reexamine the gap.

"Well it does change things a bit. A little more hair from the front comes into view. Let's just snip it off."

"What?"

"You know, baldify the puss. Everybody's doing it."

"You mean shave down there?"

"You can leave a trim in front, but to regain the mystery designed into this skirt back here, we've got to shave the crotch clean. Don't worry. I've done it before on other girls. It won't hurt. It's like shaving your legs, only higher."

^I should just go along. She blows when I react to her helping me. I've got to figure a way outta here!^

"Okay," Paige agreed, "if you're careful."

"Leave it to me." Stephanie assured her, taking her by the hand to the bathroom.

Paige removed her skirt as directed. "Okay, bend over into the bathtub. If I work from behind I won't be tempted to take it all off."

"Hunh?"

Stephanie moved her into a forward bent position so her hands were touching the bottom of the bathtub. Paige flashed back to the police station and felt a little dizzy. Stephanie combed her fingers down the hairs a couple of times before clipping the long hairs with some scissors. Paige's dizziness heightened each time Stephanie brushed the loose hairs away and stroked the remaining hair to organize the grain. When Stephanie blew hard on Paige's pussy with her warm moist breath to remove any straggling hair, Paige swooned forward and ran into the wall in front of her between her head and shoulder.

"You okay?" Stephanie asked.

"Yeah. I guess I lost my balance. I think I'm still a little hung over even after all that sleep." Paige replied not wanting to let on that the sensations were taking her over and causing her to nearly pass out from the sexual stimulation.

Then Stephanie started rubbing on some lotion. "We've got to get this worked in good so the razor doesn't scrape and irritate the skin."

Paige experienced a dizzying wave of loss of control and swooned down forward until she was hugging the base of the tub. The only thing keeping her from flipping all the way in was that her knees locked against the outside edge having been anchored by Stephanie crouching directly behind Paige's calves preventing any backward movement.

So, with Stephanie at eye level with Paige's snatch, she carefully and expertly scraped the short hairs and excess lotion away from Paige's labia and inner legs. ^Humm,^ she thought ignoring Paige's moans, ^Body hair is disgusting. I think it is sexier for a woman to have no hair below the neck. I'm going to do the back crack too.^

When Paige felt a dollop of lotion being applied to her asshole, she squealed and tried to twist away to the right.

"Careful there. I wouldn't want to cut you." Stephanie warned with a sharp slap on the right cheek.

Paige stood still. She became more aware of everything going on though, with this temperamental ex-employee working around her most private place. She walked her hands up the opposite wall of the tub and as her head became elevated it grew clearer. She put her head up and back sticking her rear out to give Stephanie a wider crevice to work safer in. Stephanie cupped the denuded snatch in one hand while she scraped the inner slopes of Paige's butt crack with the other.

Paige realized she was going to need to cum and cum soon or she might grow mad from the tension that was coursing through her body. She prayed Stephanie would stop now so she could get some private time to take care of her ripe condition.

Paige felt Stephanie trace her finger along and around her rear hole to check and admire her work and then with a smart slap on her butt Stephanie declared, "Now it's time to do the front."

Paige stood up, turned around, and dipped in a squat sneaking a feel like she needed to adjust some underwear. ^Oooo,^ she thought, ^that feels good.^ Then she tried to see how she looked from the front.

"You said I wouldn't need to do the front."

"I changed my mind."

"Really, don't you think we are through?"

"Well, at least let me make it look interesting." Stephanie said looking seriously at the project like an artist would. "You sit back on the john and I'll do it. I've got an idea."

Stephanie combed and clipped the entire front patch into an even shorthaired carpet. When she put the tools down Paige started to get up. "No, no no no, no. Not done yet." Stephanie said and pushed her back with her hand on her bare abs. Then with her hand steadying herself with her fingers just above Paige's thigh and her thumb resting down near Paige's clitoris she scraped the carpet into the shape of pronounced but stubby arrow pointing down. Every time Paige tried to squirm away from the maddening thumb, Stephanie regripped and caused her even more distress.

When she was done, Stephanie kept rubbing her fingers up and down her handiwork until Paige accepted the invitation to replace Stephanie's hand with her own.

"There," Stephanie said pleased with her work, "doesn't that feel special?"

Paige was sucking in her lips with a worried look when she nodded "yes."

"See if there are any spots I missed."

Paige needed to continue stroking herself not only to honor the service her host had provided, but to possibly sneak in a quick orgasm unnoticed to quell the tension built up in her body as well.

Stephanie watched until she was satisfied that no more stubble was to be found and grabbed Paige's wrist to pull her to her feet.

"Let's put the skirt back on to see if that did the trick."

Paige couldn't believe it. It was like she had just stepped off of a roller coaster. Her head was swimming, her cunt was aching, and she had trouble keeping her balance in her heels.

"Yep," Stephanie said from behind her, "all clear." Stephanie put a couple of fingers in through the top of the slit and moved them up a couple of times to see how much room was left before Paige's nether lips would be exposed. "Couldn't be any better." She reassured Paige who was surprised by the move and was up on tiptoes holding onto the vanity for balance.

"Ooooo Pheeeew." Paige exhaled when the fingers stopped their dainty assault. "Are we done Stephanie?"

"We're done." Stephanie confirmed. "But why don't you call me 'Ms. Fuller'. I think I'd like that. You had me call you 'Ms. Turner' at the store and you're only six years older than me."

Paige was caught off guard, "Yes of course, Stephanie, I mean Ms. Fuller."

"Good. Now we can go shopping." Stephanie said leading the perspiring Paige out of the bathroom.

"Shopping!?"

"Yes of course. How do you think we get the food to put on the table for dinner tonight?"

Paige stopped and stood with one arm across her stomach and the other with her hand squeezing her forehead taking in deep breaths.

Stephanie turned, "What's the problem?"

Paige put her fingers tightly across her mouth before answering tearfully, "I can't go out in public looking like this."

Stephanie's face grew red again, "You said you liked what I did for you. Were you lying? This is something I would wear. Do you really think you are better than me?" Stephanie said with her hands on her hips. "Well, I've got news for you sister; you're not better than me; in fact, you are less than me. You got that?"

"I'm sorry Steph...Ms. Fuller, really I am." Paige quickly said trying her best to avoid further tears. "I'm just not used to going out looking this sexy in public."

"Yeah, my handiwork does sex you up; I'll give you that. Now, let's go."

Later that night Paige went straight to bed after dinner sad, exhausted, and confused.

Stephanie climbed aboard Rod when they were in bed and discussed their day. She straddled her husband's lower abdomen resting her upper body with her forearms on his chest listening patiently to him as he told her about his day.

When it was her turn she pushed herself up with straight arms and started to slowly hump his lower belly between thoughts as she recounted her day.

"… It was like I had my own living doll to play with." Rod reached up to play with his wife's breasts as she talked.

"When do I get to see your handiwork down there?"

"So Roddy-Poo wants to play with my doll too, does he. What would the other boys say?"

"Okay, I'll shut up. Go on."

"The bitch was pretty mopy on the way to the store. She kept her arms crossed the whole way there. She is a little self-conscious I think. Do you really think I'm prettier than her?"

"Of course I do Sweetie. Go on. Don't leave anything out."

"Okay, so we get out of the car. I could see she left a wet spot on the leather. I guess the skirt I fixed for her doesn't work too well when she sits."

"Like pee?"

"No silly."

"Oh. Go on."

"So we are walking into the store and every time someone is behind us she speeds up and kind of walks sideways. She couldn't quite handle people seeing her legs right up to … you know. Anyway, it grew pointless because people found lame excuses to be following us everywhere we went. When I would ask her to get something from the lower shelves the lucky followers would see butt when she squatted because the skirt flared wide and high."

"You do have a way with clothes." Rod said, his stiff cock knocking on his wife's butt crack every so often.

"Yes I do. Then when I'd ask her to pick off the items from the upper shelves, she would have to unfold her arms to bring it down and that really seemed to mortify her. She really has a thing for her breasts."

"We all have a thing for her breasts."

"Hey." Stephanie said playfully slapping her husband several times causing him to briefly cover up.

"Hey Babe, you've got the best chest in the house, in the county. You've got the best breasts I've ever seen."

"And don't you ever forget that."

"What else? Com'on, share."

"Well, when we passed the aisle with stockings and stuff she picked up a pair of cheap undies and dropped it in the cart."

"Presuming you'd pay?"

"Exactly."

"What did you do?"

"I asked her just exactly how she planned to pay for them. She hemmed and hawed. The bottom line was that the last couple of bucks she had I took from her the first day as a down payment for my time and gas money when she pleaded with me to pick her up from the police station and I told her so."

"What did she say to that?" Rod asked now propped up on his elbows.

"Nothing. What could she say? I'll tell you what she did do though. She took another pair and stuffed it in the back waistline of her skirt when I wasn't looking."

"She lifted it?"

"She tried. And she might have succeeded except for the fact that part of it was showing out the top and I got someone from the store to notice."

"Ut oh, more legal problems."

"It could have been." Stephanie said now mounting Rod's cock. "But I couldn't have that, not while I am responsible for her."

"What did you do? Oh Honey that's good."

"I called a conference with the manager and struck up a deal." She said sitting up and down slowly on Rod's pole. "I, ah, ah, I explained a few things to him and struck a deal."

"A deal? Oh yes, faster."

"Yep. I got him to agree not to press any charges if he could see what the stolen panties were meant to cover."

"You didn't?!" Rod said pumping up to meet his wife's moves.

"Yes I did, and you should have seen the look on Paige Doll's face. It was priceless."

"What did she do?" He said thrusting urgently.

"What else could she do? She has nothing but problems and they are all her fault. Couldn't happen to a more appropriate person." Stephanie said rocking her head in time opposite to her body's movement. "She took off the skirt like I ordered her to do and a bra fell out too."

"What happened with that?" He said the tendons of his neck sticking out prominently.

"Well, the pimply faced manager now had to see what the cheap stolen bra would cover and my Paige Doll nearly fainted. Like I told you she has a thing about people seeing her tits. I don't know why, they are nearly perfect. Well, that manager was about to get the treat of his young life because when I made her take off the top and keep her anxious hands away so he could see everything, he thought maybe he had died and gone to heaven. Oooooo, that's it give it to me good. Oh yes baby, hit me with your best shot. Ah, unh, unh, unh, Oooooo Yesssssss that's the way to do me, you beautiful man!"

They kissed passionately and luxuriated in place until shortly after Rod's cock had limped its way out to rest. Then in a cuddle Rod asked, "Was that it?"

"Well mostly, I had her carry the sacks out to the car of course, and an eager guy came up to us and offered to carry them for her. He took them in his arms, but not without hooking his pinky finger in the tie of her Daisy-Mae. It didn't give, but it got me to thinking that maybe I should redo it with a Velcro closure instead. So that's what I did while you watched TV."

"Good idea Honey."

"Tomorrow I'm thinking about dying her hair blonder than mine and making her a total living Barbie Doll to play with."

**Perils of Paige Turner 2**

Paige Turner sat up in bed hoping she might have awakened from a nightmare that would explain away the torment she endured the previous couple of days. But no, she again found herself naked in the guest bed of her ex-employee, Stephanie Fuller's house.

She showered, put her hair up in a ponytail with a Scrunchy she had found, and looked for her only set of clothes.

Nothing.

She wrapped a towel around her and peered out of her door. She looked back at the clock, 10:20, ^Good^ she thought, ^Rod has probably left for work.^

Thinking she would just encounter Stephanie, she crept downstairs. Working her way to the kitchen, she ran into her sitting at the dining room table.

"Oh Stephanie." She said surprised to see her there. "I mean Ms. Fuller."

"Good morning Sleeping Beauty, or should I say Cinderella. I've been making a list of things you might be able to do to start to repay our hospitality. You sure sleep in like a lady of leisure while you are racking up this sizeable debt you owe me. Look here." Stephanie said turning a tablet around and sliding it across the table for Paige to read.

"Oh my god. You think I owe you this much?"

"Well, look closer. It starts with the two weeks wages you owe me from the bookstore, taxi service in the dead of night, room and board, custom tailoring, babysitting you for the cops, and personal grooming. The list could go on and on."

"I had no idea."

"That's just it. You wouldn't listen to any of us at the bookstore and you drove it into the ground. I liked working in a bookstore and you took that away from me."

"I'm sorry."

"Hell, you don't even listen to yourself. I can't believe you thought it was the wisest thing to do to drink away all of your cash, then drive until caught, and call me to clean up the mess, like you used to do at the store."

"What would you like me to do?" Paige said with uncharacteristic humility and then sat down to take the load off of her unsteady legs.

"Well, I started a list." Stephanie said pulling the tablet back and flipping the top page up over. "Helping around the house goes without saying."

"Yes of course I will."

"Then I was thinking for instance, that you could be a model."

"What?"

"Sure. You're attractive, maybe not the same as me, but you've got the height thing and long legs that models always have. If I were six inches taller like you, I'd think about going into modeling myself."

"I don't think I could do …"

"Oh sure you could. The only thing you need that would make it a shoe in is to let me dye your hair blond. You'd get any job you auditioned for."

"No, I … I think you are over estimating … I couldn't … My hair?"

"Leave that to me. I'm good at these things. I've got other ideas, but we can discuss those later."

Paige thought better than to argue. Her immediate concern was to get clothed, even if they were the clothes Stephanie modified after she arrived.

"Do you know where my clothes are?"

"Of course, they are in the laundry."

"The laundry?!"

"Do you think you can just wear the same thing everyday without having it cleaned. Not in this house missy."

"What do I wear?"

"Well, I have good news there. We have the beginnings of a wardrobe for you. Rod has agreed to give you the gold pajama top. He thinks it looks better on you than on him. Actually, he and I share the pajamas. He takes the bottoms and I get the tops. But I've got others."

Paige was waiting for more, hopefully much more.

"And … come with me. And you can wear this anytime you want for working around the house."

Paige's heart sank when the surprise was an apron. The bib would probably just about cover her nipples if she didn't move and the skirt wrapped halfway around her hips providing modesty only from the front.

"Here," Stephanie said pulling the towel away, "try it on."

Paige didn't have the time or reflexes to resist the towel's removal, and chose the cover of the apron over attempting to cover herself with her hands. She had to decide how far up to tie the bib straps around her neck to cover her breasts as it affected the hemline in front.

Paige's eyes welled up with tears, but Stephanie was unmoved.

"Don't worry. I'll give you opportunities to earn more clothes for your wardrobe in the future."

The doorbell rang.

"Time to start earning your keep. Go answer the door." Stephanie said with a surprise swat on Paige's rear.

Paige lunged forward initially but stopped and turned toward Stephanie.

"But …"

"But nothing." Stephanie put her hands on Paige's upper arms and turned her back toward the door. Then she pointed with one hand and swatted her again with the other.

Paige felt like she had no choice and walked to the door. She looked back to see if Stephanie might have changed her mind before opening it a crack to see who was there.

There on the stoop was a uniformed man. He looked similar to a policeman, but the uniform was different somehow.

She peeked around the door and he said, "Is there a Paige Turner staying here?"

"Ah, yes that's me."

"Can I come in? My name is Eriksson ma'am; I'm from the Fire Marshall's office. May I have a word with you?"

"What's it about?" Paige said stalling.

"Let the man in." Stephanie insisted.

Paige opened the door wider and let him in, hiding herself behind the door until the very last second. Then she put her arms up with her fists under her chin to hide that which the apron left revealed of her chest. The inspector looked her up and down not believing his luck and glanced briefly over at Stephanie before clearing his throat and asking, "Ma'am, could you have left anything cooking on your stove before you went out for the evening the other night?"

Paige froze in thought afraid of what she might recall. "I don't know, why?"

"Well, it looks like your stove was the cause of the fire in your apartment building."

Stephanie was fascinated with the possibility that Paige may have also been responsible for destroying her own home and possessions. "Would you like some coffee? Maybe some juice or some water." Stephanie asked.

"I guess coffee would be nice, black, if it wouldn't be too much trouble."

"Oh, no trouble at all. Paige? Would you do the honors?"

Paige was in no position to argue. She started to back up out of the entry, but ended up backing into a chair by a table and had to react quickly to keep a picture from falling. The inspector's eyes bugged out and Stephanie smirked. Paige ran into the kitchen before she broke out into tears in front of them.

When she came back out with the coffee, they could hear her coming from the clattering of the cup on the saucer in her shaking hand. Paige found she had to slow down and hold her wrist with her other hand to have enough strength to hold it.

The inspector was delighted with the downblouse view of her apron as she handed it to him. Then he cleared his throat and produced a form. "So is this your current address?"

Paige looked at Stephanie perplexed.

"Yes it is officer." Stephanie replied and then smiled at Paige.

"And what is the name of your insurance company?"

Paige felt panic as she suddenly recalled that cancellation notice she had ignored. "I can't remember and all of my records are gone I think."

"Yes they are, unless you kept any of them at another location."

"Well, maybe at my business, but I'm locked out of there."

"I'll just put 'pending' here for now. Okay, if there is a hearing, I need you to sign here that you will make yourself available."

Paige held her other hand over her apron bib while she leaned forward to sign the document on the coffee table.

As he was leaving, he took one last obvious look up and down Paige's body and left a happy camper.

Paige was shaking.

"I know how to take your mind off your troubles. Let's make you look pretty." Stephanie said taking Paige's upper arm and leading her into the kitchen.

"Can I see how it looks?" Paige asked meekly when Stephanie finished towel drying her hair.

"Sure, the mirror in the hall." Stephanie said beaming at the bright golden blonde dye job she just completed on Paige.

Paige looked at herself in shock. She had never considered what she would look like as a blonde.

"Do you really think … ?"

"When this is dried and brushed out you will really like it." Stephanie assured her as she combed out loose tangles with her fingers in Paige's long hair.

Paige sat patiently while Stephanie blow-dried her hair curling in body to the otherwise long straight hair.

"Now, I'm going to put on some make up." Stephanie said.

Stephanie approached Paige's face as a canvass, impersonally enjoying the decorating of her living doll.

"This is fun. You look fabulous." She said.

"Can I see?" Paige said sounding a little age regressed.

Paige was shocked to see a stranger looking back at her in the mirror. She had never worn makeup that way or that much before. The bright red lipstick, the new golden blonde hair and her naturally pale blue eyes made for a striking pallet of color, a kind of glamour and hooker look all wrapped up into one.

"Now for the clothes." She said pulling the spacey Paige by the hand back to the kitchen.

"What happened to my blouse?" Paige asked realizing that the tails tying the Daisy Mae were retailored to have a small Velcro tab hold the blouse closed below her breasts. The blouse wasn't much protection from exposing her breasts in the first place, but tying the shirttails did seem more secure for what there was of it.

"I improved the look, don't you think? It looks more trim and has a more professional, cleaner line to it in front. You can thank me later. Let's go out."

"I think I should stay here and work around the house for you."

"There will be plenty of time for that. I want to get you a present for being such a good sport about letting me doll you up."

Once inside the mall Paige asked where they were going. "We're going to 'Fantasy Intimates.' I think I know just the thing." Stephanie replied.

Paige perked up her walk hopeful for additional options to her wardrobe.

Stephanie pointed out how Paige was turning nearly every head, male as well as female, as they walked by. "Now only model material can command that kind of attention."

"You don't think it is because I am nearly naked in this outfit?" Paige asked referring to her white Daisy-Mae top that revealed the hint of her areolas, her bare midriff and the short skirt gapped in the back up to her pantiless crotch.

"Uncross your arms and walk naturally. Feel what it is like to be admired."

Paige tried complying for a couple of stores.

"I don't think I'd be cut out for modeling." She said crossing her arms again. "Having people look at me confuses my mind. I can't think straight."

"You'll get over it. We've got to go where the money is or you may never be able to pay me back."

Paige followed Stephanie into and around the lingerie store. Stephanie had Paige try on a few revealing outfits. It was like trying clothes on a doll in the toy store for Stephanie. Paige had learned to just go blank and follow along with Stephanie's lead not wanting to give her cause to blow up as she had shown herself to do before.

Stephanie had something paid for in a bag waiting when Paige reemerged from changing back into her clothes.

"That for me?" Paige asked hopefully.

"Could be." Stephanie teased and led her to the food court.

They sat down and Paige couldn't stop thinking about what might be in the plastic bag.

"What do you want?" Stephanie said looking around at each of the concessions.

"Ah, pizza?" Paige replied.

"No, too fattening. We need to take good care of your moneymaker. How about a salad?"

"Okay." Paige reluctantly agreed.

"Here, I'll buy, you fly." Stephanie said handing her a twenty and then telling her what she wanted.

Paige stood in line with her arms crossed twisting nervously side to side, while Stephanie sat at the table calling on her cell-phone and admiring the job she had done fixing up her Barbie Doll.

As Paige approached the table, Stephanie stepped in front of her to see if she got the order right. Then she asked, "And where's the change?"

"It's inside my blouse; I'll get it for you as soon as I can put down this tray."

"No, I see it. I'll get it." Stephanie said reaching in and feeling one of the wonderful objects of her envy.

Paige blushed and nearly dropped the tray. Nobody had touched her breasts in a long while, and that was in the dark. Stephanie had hooked her little finger purposefully over the Velcro tab, so when she pushed her hand in more, she ripped it apart.

Paige squealed jogging in place. "Close it. Close it quickly. Please close it." She implored Stephanie.

Stephanie pealed back both halves of the blouse independently and looked under them for any money still stuck to the fabric before calmly closing the tab for Paige. "There you go." She said patting the closure. "That was a close call."

"Close call?! Everybody was staring at me just then."

"Well, that wouldn't have happened if you hadn't made such a scene."

Paige set the tray down and sat for awhile trying to catch her breath. She looked shyly at everybody around her who had seen what they wanted to see and were now focusing more on their own stuff. As she began to eat her salad, Stephanie pointed out, "I'm almost done. You'd better hurry up with that."

Paige gobbled up what she could. She took a couple of forkfuls as Stephanie stood up to go. "Get enough?" Stephanie asked.

Paige nodded with her mouth full. Then she bussed the table and ran in her heels with her arms cradling her bouncy breasts and new blonde hair flowing back to catch up with Stephanie who was already headed down the mall to the exit.

On the way home Paige couldn't wait to see what was in the bag. She almost peeked but a look from Stephanie at just the right time cut her off.

In the house Paige asked if she could see what was in the bag.

"No, a little later. I'm having some people over for a business meeting so we need to get ready."

"A what?"

"A business meeting to help me with a plan for helping you earn money in modeling."

"I really don't think I'm cut out for it. Couldn't we look at something else?"

"What, like stripping or hooking or something? Would you rather do that?"

"No, of course not."

"Well, the only way I can think of using your obvious physical assets right now is modeling. You got a better idea? Do you have any family that would loan you any money?"

"No. I used the inheritance from my parents' estate to open the store."

"I'm sorry." Stephanie said. "Well, unless you can think of something that can financially jump you high enough to get you out of this hole, we'll just have to go with my idea won't we."

"Yes, I suppose."

"Good. Then why don't you take off those clothes to keep them nice for company and start vacuuming and straightening up."

Paige put on the apron and started to clean the house at Stephanie's direction while Stephanie put together some finger food in the kitchen.

Her nipples became increasingly sensitive to the material of the apron bib rubbing against them as she worked the vacuum cleaner. Eventually she decided to try to vacuum completely naked since Stephanie hadn't left the kitchen since she last told her where to find the vacuum.

It felt naughty to be nude and moving freely in someone else's house, especially while they were in another room. Paige shifted into a fantasy mode to avoid the seriousness of her situation that continued to haunt her. She imagined she was a naked harem girl dancing for royalty as she vacuumed. She imagined she was a naked sprite spreading pixie sparkles as she dusted, and she imagined being caressed helplessly by irksome furry creatures as she stopped cleaning to stroke herself with her fingers.

Stephanie watched silently from the dining room as her houseguest stood bowlegged, head back, hugging her breasts with one arm while her fingers on her other hand worked earnestly on her twat. When her Barbie Doll started to whimper, Stephanie threw her towel over her left shoulder and walked back to the kitchen yelling, "Are you done yet?"

Paige was shocked into awareness. She picked up the apron and ran into the front hall and put it on while yelling back, "Yes, it's all done."

"Good." Stephanie said coming back into the living room wiping her hands on the towel. " My, you really worked hard. You've even worked up a sweat. You'd better get dressed. I expect people to be arriving any second now."

Paige went upstairs and took a quick rinsing shower. She put her new blonde hair back up in a ponytail, put her two meager items of clothing back on, stepped into her heels, and went downstairs.

Stephanie saw her and reacted, "Oh my gosh. We have to quickly redo your makeup."

Paige stumbled along in tow and sat as calmly as she could in the presence of Stephanie's manic energy to get her made up again for the company.

"Come in!" Stephanie yelled stepping out into the upstairs hall and calling down. "We've got to go downstairs."

"Wait in the kitchen here until I call you to bring in this cheese tray. Okay?"

"Sure." Paige replied back in a melancholy tone.

"Okay, everybody is here. You can come in now with the cheese tray. I'll bring in a six-pack."

Paige followed Stephanie into the living room. The room was thick with lust, envy, and resentment. There sat her former employees, three women and two guys, all of whom she had kept on for the last two weeks knowing full well that she probably would not be able to pay them. She owed them different amounts, only one woman and one guy worked fulltime, but she owed them all nevertheless.

Stephanie asked her to pass the platter around. Paige was mortified, and they were collectively shocked at seeing her transformation from stuck up, bitchy, demanding, conservatively dressed boss to blonde bimbo. As she leaned over with the platter for the seated guests, the ones in front could see the complete nature of her blushing breasts that she so diligently concealed all of the time she had known them. From behind, they could see peeks of her butt cheeks as the material rode up. There was no way or place to hide from his or her prying eyes.

No one seemed sensitive enough to pretend they weren't looking either. They all had a beef with her, and now the lads were growing hot and bothered. The view was worth their paychecks as the price of admission. The gals were amazed and jealous. Paige's body was even more spectacular than they had imagined. Before this they were only really jealous of her calves.

When Paige was through with the first pass around, Stephanie took the tray from her hands and placed it on the coffee table. Then she put her arm up around Paige's shoulder and spoke.

"As you know, we are all here to help Paige get back on her feet." She looked at Paige. "I know that seems strange for you to hear, considering you screwed everyone here in the room out of two weeks pay, but in our helping you pay your debts, all can be forgiven, you can walk with your head held high, and you can take another stab at being a productive member of society."

Page was so embarrassed she couldn't move. Bitchy Paige would have tried to shame them back for looking at her the way they were, but Bitchy Paige was absent.

"We have formed an informal business arrangement and I am the general manager." Stephanie said walking behind Paige and putting her hands on Paige's arms just above the elbows. "What we are going to do today is brainstorm and put together a business plan for you." Stephanie continued starting to adjust Paige's posture. "So you can make the most money possible in the shortest period of time. There that's more like it."

Paige's eyes darted around like a cornered animal as everyone watched her be pawed and adjusted by Stephanie.

"So Gail, will you take the notes?"

"Ready."

"Okay, Michael, any thoughts?"

"I think we need to consider basic things like the walk and the turns that models do."

"Good, good. Gail, just write every suggestion down no matter. We can cross out or change anything later."

"I know; I got it."

"James?"

"A model needs to be able to follow directions. Time is money on a shoot, man."

"Good one."

"Ashley?"

"I think a model needs to have the confidence to act in the moment."

"And maybe just confidence in general too. Kathy, your thoughts?"

"Models not only need to look good, but they need a certain attitude I think."

"Okay attitude; that may also connect with confidence. So Gail?"

"Well, being comfortable in front of a camera of course."

"Good answer." James cheered.

"Is somebody winning a prize here?" Michael said to razz James.

"Okay, those are all good. I'd like to add that we need a contract."

"Good one." Gail seconded.

"I can have Rod help us with that."

"Anything else? Anyone? Okay, well that is a good start I think, don't you?" Stephanie said now moving on to other business. "Now, did everyone bring an outfit they would like to see Paige model for us?"

Paige snapped to when she saw what looked like a bikini slide out of James's bag. "Now wait." She said with her palms out toward the group. "I'm sorry for what I did to you. I really am. I don't want go along with this modeling idea, but I do owe you all some money and I do intend to pay each and every one of you."

"Is that because we are all here putting you on the spot, or were you going to pay us anyway?" Gail challenged.

"To be totally honest with you I didn't know what I was going to do, but I'm the kind of person that would have eventually paid you all back. I was paying you out of my personal savings and credit cards until they all ran out, for god's sake."

"That's nice, but that doesn't explain the last two weeks." Stephanie retorted.

"Look, I'll do my best to do a modeling thing if one presents itself and I'll try to figure out other ways to pay you all off completely. I promise. Just don't make me do this here, right now, please."

"How long do you expect for us to wait? We have bills to pay. Our contract with you was to be paid every two weeks. We did the work." Kathy asserted.

"I would give you the money, right down to my very last cent, this instant if I had it, but I don't, really." Paige pleaded while Stephanie shrugged and nodded a confirming smile.

"Hey, you're a lot hotter than everyone thought Ms. Turner. You could be a good model. Why don't you want to do it?" James asked.

"Well, I'm just a modest person I guess, and I don't like people looking at my body."

"That's fucked, man. Women who want to be models would kill to look as good as you do." James retorted.

Paige started to cry. "I want to be appreciated for my mind and who I am," she said then paused to sniffle, "not how I look. I can't deal with that."

"Well it's time to see how the rest of us live. By the way, we all saw your mind at work in operating the business and all experienced who you were every day we had to deal with your bitching." Stephanie said in rebuttal.

Paige grew silent, teary, and looked down, lost for words.

Stephanie put her arms around her from the side. "Come on. That was the past. Believe it or not, we are here to help you. You might even learn something valuable about yourself that you never knew existed. It worked for me the first time I went to a nude beach."

James slid to the edge of the seat and complimented, "Stephanie, you fox!"

Stephanie smiled it off. "Women have been modeling since time immortal and they have been appreciated by women as well as men. I can't believe a person who risked her family's fortune in business couldn't marshal the internal resources to meet a challenge as commonplace as this."

She took Paige's arms and gave her a "buck up" body shake. "Now, I see James has a two-piece you could try. After all, swimsuit modeling is a common modeling gig, and you'd be showing less than I do at the beach now wouldn't you."

"It's my sister's." James said handing it to Stephanie. "It is a size smaller than you suggested, but I thought I'd give it a try anyways just in case."

"No it's fine, James."

Stephanie took the suit and led Paige around the corner into the back of the hallway. A comment made by someone stuck with Paige as she exited the room, "You sure were dead on about the confidence part."

Stephanie undressed the dejected Paige and helped her step into the bright red bikini. When she crouched down in front to adjust the gusset, she observed, "Now with this bikini on, aren't you glad we just did a trim?"

Paige whimpered fearfully. Then Stephanie adjusted the top on her breasts. "Looks great. Now lets go meet your audience."

Stephanie pushed the melancholy Paige down the hall, around, and into the living room. Paige wanted to cover up, but the areas she wanted to cover were already adequately covered so she crossed her arms across her stomach.

"Well, what do you think?" Stephanie asked the group.

"What? About her body?" Michael asked. "It's 'kickin' all right, but I'd like to see the walk and how she turns."

"Okay, anyone else?"

No one responded, They just sat there embarrassed or dumbfounded looking at their former boss standing in front of them on display in a red two-piece swimsuit, hardly better than standing there in front of them with nothing on at all.

Stephanie directed her to walk back and forth in front of them. Eyes went from the subtle, gentle bounce in her breasts to the muscles of her legs and butt. It was sensuous to them considering the context, but Stephanie realized that it was not the kind of walk required.

"Okay, just try walking without the heels on this time."

That was all together different.

"But, stay up on the balls of your feet. Yeah like that. It flatters your legs."

Paige walked with a little more ease.

"Okay, that's good. Now, who has something else we can try?"

"Well, I brought this. It's not as cool as a bikini though." Michael said holding up a dress.

"Wow, Michael. You didn't go out and buy that did you? That looks expensive." Kathy observed.

"No, it's my dad's girlfriend's dress. I've got to get it back before she misses it."

Stephanie took Paige's bikini off before Paige realized that she could have left it on as undergarments to have under the silky black dress with nothing but spaghetti straps holding it up. If it had had any lace on it, it would have been mistaken for a black slip.

"There, that looks nice on you." Stephanie flattered, but realized that Paige would probably have trouble keeping the straps on her shoulders if she didn't straighten up out of her depressed posture.

With the dress cut plunging low down the front and below her shoulder blades on the sides and back, the only way to keep her breasts covered was to stand up as straight as she could or what little material there was would fall away from her breasts.

To make matters worse, the dress was exciting to wear, both from the feel of the material as well as the style. Much to Paige's consternation, she could feel her nipples hardening and poking through the silky material.

"I can't …" She mumbled as Stephanie pushed her around the corner and into the room again with her body jiggling the shimmering material.

This time there were audible responses from the group going form utterances of pleasure to outright compliments.

"Okay walk the line." Stephanie directed.

Paige started out carefully realizing that walking unchecked in the heels, even on the carpet, was casing her breasts to bounce. As she would look down to check on her nipples, the material would droop away causing her to hold her head up straight. This happened a couple of times until she realized the only way to keep her top on properly was to stand up as straight as she could.

"Okay, any comments?"

"That was much better. The walk I mean. She still has a killer body." Michael said proud of his choice of garment.

"Yes, that walk was much more like it. Did you notice what that was like?" Stephanie asked Paige.

"Yes." she nodded impatiently. "Can I change into something else now?" She felt naked in the outfit as it hugged her every curve.

"Who has something else? Okay, Ashley what is that?"

"It's a thong. I've seen thongs modeled on the runways on fashion reports."

"Okay, let's do it."

Stephanie pulled the dress up over Paige's head and Paige instantly covered her breasts with her hands.

"I can't go out there in that."

"Sure you can. What's the difference between this and James's sister's bikini bottom? A couple of inches?" Stephanie said picking up Paige's foot into the openings like she was a horse. "You'll probably be wearing these all the time in modeling. They don't show any panty line like regular underwear does." Stephanie said adjusting the strip in back.

Then she started pushing Paige back into the living room again. "No wait." Paige said in panic as she tried to stop the forward progress by digging in her heels.

"Don't worry. You can keep your hands on them like you are now."

The group applauded when they saw their bitchy boss trying to cover her breasts and wearing just a thong and heels.

Stephanie ordered her to walk up and down again and stood ready to block her exit to either the kitchen through the dining room or upstairs through the hall.

The group continued to applaud as she walked up and down. If she pushed her breasts in with her hands they expanded around them. If she held them lightly, they pushed forward showing the ample sides in another way. All she could really manage to shield from their prying eyes were her erect hard nipples pushing back against the palms of her hands.

Stephanie and the group kept her out in front of them longer than any of the earlier times commenting on her walk, how contemporary thongs were and how she would get to like to wear them, how she must be feeling more confident to be able walk around without a top on, etc. Eventually, Paige was padding impatiently in place and they couldn't make up any more chatter about it so Stephanie took the bag with the garment in it from Kathy and took Paige back around.

"I can't do this. This is mortifying."

"There is just this one in here and the one outfit I have for you. Don't worry mine covers you almost completely."

"Well, get this thong off of me and let's get it over with."

"Yes ma'am." Stephanie said sarcastically.

Stephanie pulled out a leather bra. "Oh that Kathy. Here you can put this on yourself."

Paige put it on only to find out that a three inch round cutout in each cup left her areolas and nipples exposed. "I can't wear this." She declared just about fed up with the whole enterprise.

"Sure can. You can use your hands to cover them as before. Here, sit down and pull these on."

Paige sat down looking at her breasts poking through the bra cups as she pulled on fishnet stockings.

"Okay, now stand up." Stephanie said so she could wrap around a leather garter belt and fasten the stockings. "This is pretty kinky. I wonder if Kathy and her husband ever? Okay, it looks like you wear this too." She said referring to a chrome and leather collar. "Ope. Still more. Give me your hands a minute." Then she fastened leather and chrome cuffs to her wrists. "All right then. Let me take one last check around. Looks right, let's go."

"But what about underwear or something?" Paige said trying to dig in her heels against Stephanie's push again.

"You told me to take off the thong, not me. Use one of your hands."

When Paige was pushed into place around the corner, she had taken one hand from a breast and placed it over her fancy arrow trimmed bush and shifted her other arm across her exposed nipples. The group cheered and whooped at the site of the kinky costume.

"God Kathy," Ashley elbowed, "where did you come up with that little item?"

"Oh we found it in a catalog." She said clapping with the others.

When Paige was made to parade back and forth in front of them in the kinky costume, she kept her ass checks held tightly together so the secret of her bald pussy would remain safe. The costume, the ardor of the group, the friction of her arm on her breasts and her legs rubbing together were turning her on both at her rock hard nipples and her now juicy pussy.

When she was told to stop and stand for comments she kept scissoring her knees like she had to go to the bathroom.

"Yes Kathy."

"You know," Kathy said getting up and approaching Paige, "this wasn't put on the right way."

Paige looked worried.

"This outfit is made to attach the wrists here and here." She remarked pointing out the hooks on the cuffs and the rings on the collar and garter belt.

"Lets fix that." Stephanie said taking Paige's hand from in front of her pubic area and quickly attaching it to her hip on the garter belt, while acting in consort, Kathy grabbed her wrist hiding her boobs and attached it to the other side.

"There," Kathy said standing back, "that's one option."

While the guys whistled, the girls craned their necks to see around Kathy. Paige bent forward and tried to back away. Stephanie and Kathy each held onto an arm around the elbow and Paige had nowhere to go. Plus, without the use of her arms, she had no way to cover up her turgid nipples and the trimmed arrow pointing down to her denuded pussy lips.

"Wow, Ms. Turner, you're hipper than I thought." James said looking at her bald pussy exposed in her momentary struggle to get free.

They had some talk as before ostensibly to guide Paige's new career, while she occasionally tested Stephanie and Kathy's grips.

She let loose on Stephanie when she was brought back around to the changing area. "There was no call for that. I may owe you money and be in your debt at many levels, but that was low down, rotten, and mean."

"I'm sorry you feel that way. I guess you can't see the bigger picture, that I am helping you with more than just your debts. So, it sounds like you are prepared to wipe out all that I have done for you at work and the last couple of days over a little exercise you don't understand that was designed to loosen you up about life and get you more prepared to welcome it."

"I told you I wouldn't be good at this modeling thing." Paige said throwing the fishnet stocking toward the bag. "I just don't like being exposed like that. I've never experienced anything as humiliating."

"Never? How about the police station? I guess you were too drunk to realize how degrading that experience was. Well, if you are going to throw all I am trying to do for you away over Kathy's well meaning trick, then we are going to have a rough working relationship and maybe you'd be better off just putting your life together right now on your own."

Paige sat there naked and not bothering to cover up staring like she did when she saw her apartment burned to the ground. Stephanie packed up Kathy's gear back in the bag and turned to see Paige starting to cry.

"I'm sorry." She balled. "I don't know what is wrong with me."

Stephanie bent over to hug her. "Maybe that's your problem you always look at what's wrong. Wherever you look, that's eventually where you go. Look on the bright side this time. It makes whatever I have for you easier by comparison doesn't it?"

Paige started to calm down to upper body spasms and sniffles, wiping each tear she felt as it started to fall.

"What did you get for me?" She said like a child being distracted from crying.

"Hold on, I'll get it."

Stephanie returned with folded material. Paige perked up. Stephanie shook it out until it was clear to see that it was some sort of body stocking. "See, something that covers just about everything. Now isn't that better?"

Upon closer examination Paige could see that it was a one-piece suit that looked like a pink Lycra leotard over white lace tights. There was even a detachable gusset to allow the wearer to pee without pulling the whole thing off.

"I got this for you because I thought we were starting to work so well together as a team. I can take it back if you are still mad at me."

"No, please. I love it."

"Well then put it on, your audience awaits."

Paige wiped her last tears away and eagerly put on the garment. She was so excited to have her body finally covered, that she didn't even notice that the semi sheer nylon lycra looked like it was painted on. It scooped in front down to just the hint of cleavage and in the back across her shoulder blades. Without any lining, Paige's excited nipples and areolas were visible in detailed relief as well as for her pussy where there was hair left and where there was none.

She walked out proudly on her own to a muted response. The group was collectively embarrassed for her parading in front of them like the empress in her new clothes. They realized from her lack of effort to cover for modesty that she must have not been aware that she looked almost completely naked from their vantage point.

"And any comments?"

"Killer body, I say." Michael blurted.

"She'll do great. Maybe we should think about business beyond getting paid back - If that's okay with you Ms. Turner." Gail said.

Paige just smiled naively posing, feeling momentarily euphoric about things.

"Well, that should about do it for the day. When should we reconvene?" Stephanie asked.

"None of us are working yet, tomorrow Friday or Saturday?" Ashley offered.

"I'm working." James said. "Well, it's part-time again."

"Oh, where at? Are they hiring?" Ashley asked.

"Maybe. At Pro Labs you know on Providence? But my schedule is flexible. I can change shifts if I have to."

"How about tomorrow Friday then. The sooner we get this business rolling the sooner we all get even."

Paige's face went from blank blonde bliss to questioning furrowed brow at the sound of the words "get even" so Stephanie quickly added, "You know, get back to square one so we can all get on with our lives." The clarification softened Paige's look again.

When the guests had left, Paige continued to wear her new garment. She was upbeat because it was a gift from Stephanie, because it felt sensuous to wear, and because it was the only thing that covered all of her body.

As they cleaned up Stephanie surprised Paige by asking her to wear the apron over the body stocking. "I think you are right. I am not ready for my husband to see someone dressed sexier in this house than me."

Paige put on the apron floored. Not only was Stephanie conceding a point in an earlier argument, but she was flattered that Stephanie thought she might have an effect on Rod, strictly from a woman's point of view, and not intending to compete with Stephanie in any way for her husband's affections. At the dinner table she for the first time in a long time was anticipating and trying to catch a man looking at her body when she was willing to display it.

That night in bed Rod lay on his back with his fingers interlaced behind his head recounting his day while Stephanie waited patiently rubbing his cock and balls for her chance to tell him how exciting hers was.

She started off by telling him about the group and solicited his promise to help them with drawing up a contract. He said he would be happy to as she put her mouth on his cockhead. When she got to the part about putting the reluctant Paige into the red bikini, she swung her leg over him to straddle his face saying, "If you want more, you've got to keep kissing me."

Rob happily obliged and propped pillows under his head to be able to give her a tongue lashing for as long as it took.

As she talked about Paige modeling garment after garment, she was getting closer and closer to Rod clipping her horns.

Finally, when Rod complimented her on the genius behind exposing Paige in stages, she came the moment he plunged his tongue back into her love tunnel. She rode it out hugging down on his body, licking the side of his cock that she held in her hand.

When she regained enough strength to pay some attention to Rod, he asked what his wife honestly felt about Paige's body.

Stephanie sucked her husband's cock and cradled his balls as she described how she viewed Paige's body. Rod was mesmerized to learn that a woman could appreciate another woman's body in many of the same ways that a man does.

"And those nipples. Nipples are nipples, right?" Stephanie said bobbing his knob between sentences and stroking his shaft. "But there is something magic about her nipples. When she lets me see them, they make even me want to suck on them. No wonder she goes to such lengths to keep them under wraps."

"Oh god here I go." Rod said relieved, and then eked out one last question before cumming, "When do I get to see your doll in action?"

"Don't worry Honey," Stephanie said milking his shooting penis, "the next time the group gets together we are going to have her learn how to get comfortable being in front of a camera."

**Perils of Paige Turner 3**

Paige Turner sat up in bed feeling hopeful for the first time in over a year. Stephanie Fuller had followed through with her promise to reward Paige with new clothes for allowing Stephanie to be involved in her immediate future and help her dig herself out of the hole she put herself in.

She got up, showered and twisted her hair up on the top of her head and held it twisted and folded over on itself in place with a Srcunchy.

There, slung over the back of the chair lay her newest garment, one that covered her whole body. She was thrilled and excited to put it on. Not since she had arrived at Stephanie and Rod's house had she been able to cover up completely, which was closer to what she was accustomed to doing.

Although her former employees showered her with compliments of how she looked the day before in a business meeting, Paige was still steadfast in wanting to be appreciated for her mind and character instead. The new blonde hair color Stephanie had put her in and her own indiscretion in a desperate moment in a supermarket had put her down several notches in that effort however.

She pulled the bodysuit on. It fit deliciously snug but stretched freely and almost felt as if nothing were on after awhile. The lacy white hose for the legs gave it the look of lingerie while the shiny, pink, nylon Lycra leotard made the outfit look sort of athletic.

She went downstairs in search of Stephanie. She was nowhere to be found so Paige looked into the refrigerator for something to eat. She cooked herself some bacon and eggs. Shortly after the smell had permeated the house, Stephanie appeared.

"What are you doing?" She asked.

"Ah, I was fixing some breakfast."

"Okay, but it's rather presumptive of you to do so without an invitation, don't you think?"

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"It's okay. You need your strength. We've got to keep 'the old moneymaker' healthy."

"Thank you. I'll ask next time."

"How do you like that outfit? It looks really good on you, if I do say so myself."

"It feels wonderful to wear around the house, but I noticed in the mirror this morning that it is too revealing to wear outside the house."

"Well, I have been working on another surprise for you this morning and if you clean up this kitchen and the laundry room spotless after your breakfast I should be done with it and I'll show you."

Paige perked up and agreed. Stephanie went back upstairs and Paige cleaned every visible surface in the kitchen and laundry room from top to bottom. She didn't know she had been watched at the end until Stephanie said "Good job," from the hall into the laundry room.

She walked in, did a finger test, a smell test, and turned to say, "Very good. You deserve the surprise. I'll go get it."

"Should I follow you or should I stay here?"

"You can come."

Paige was eager to see what Stephanie had for her and chose to follow her to what turned out to be Stephanie's sewing room at the end of the hall upstairs.

"Do you make a lot of your own clothes?" Paige asked.

"Yes, I do some. Maybe more now until I can get another job."

Paige felt a quick pang of guilt and then got excited when Stephanie asked her to take off the body stocking. That meant that the surprise was probably more clothing. What surprised her most was that Stephanie was also removing her clothing.

Paige grew embarrassed, not for Stephanie seeing her naked, she had done that many times in the last couple of days. She was growing embarrassed to now be seeing Stephanie naked for the first time.

She thought she should turn away but she couldn't help but stare at the beautiful creature without her clothes on. She had young athletic but feminine features, with average to large perky breasts just right for her shorter frame. Her bubble butt showed strong feminine confidence and her neck exposed by her head leaning away looking at the item in her hands needed a kiss. Paige grew alarmed by her thoughts and started to force herself to look away as Stephanie started to redress herself to quell a sudden strange urge to give Stephanie's more petite, sexy body a warm hug.

"There," Stephanie said turning around to face Paige, "what do you think?"

Paige looked at the yellow tube mini skirt and white stretch cotton tube top and thought it looked typical for Stephanie and rather hot considering having just seen what was under it.

"That's very nice. Is that something you made by yourself?"

"Yep. And I made one just like it for you."

"You what? I mean you did?"

"Sure. Here, try this on."

Stephanie handed Paige a matching yellow stretch tube mini skirt and stretch cotton tube top to put on.

Paige was mixed about the outfit that did little to hide her physical features. "Gee Stephanie, I don't know what to say."

"Do you like it?"

"I can't tell how it looks on me but it sure looks good on you." She flattered.

"Isn't it great? I was thinking, how could I afford to clothe you when I don't have a job, and it hit me. I could turn some of my things into two things."

Paige was nodding, listening, and waiting for more or a question.

"Don't you see? I had a tube dress. I cut it up into two tube minis and two tube tops. I turned one dress into two separates for me and two for you."

"Wow, that was clever." Paige said still wondering how she could get out of wearing it.

"Then I tried the same thing on a couple of stretch tee shirts. I cut off these bottoms here and now we each have a white tube top and a shorty tee, and it didn't even cost me a cent to dress you."

"Well, that's good for both of us isn't it." Paige said as Stephanie handed the two other items over to Paige.

"Let's go put these in a bag to take them to the meeting and use them with your other things for a mix and match modeling session."

Paige was trapped. She wouldn't want to be caught dead in such "hoochie" clothes, as she would call them. But how could she refuse? Stephanie had taken her in when no one else could or would. She had fed her, given her a bed to sleep in, taken an interest in proactively helping her out of her jam, and now she was showing genuine care and concern for her in the best way that she could given the tightness of money.

"We've got about an hour, let's get you made up before we go."

There was a slight chill in the air when they stepped outside, so Stephanie ducked back in to get a sweater for her and suggested Paige put on the white Daisy Mae top to wear over to the meeting that she had made for her the first day.

Paige was relieved for the second covering because her nipples always grew hard, to her dismay, in temperature changes like that. Except for the yellow micro tube mini skirt that would be teaching her new ways to sit, stand, and walk, she felt more covered than she had in the last couple of days.

Stephanie drove them to an abandoned warehouse district that was in the process of regentrification with residential, commercial, and artist loft spaces above galleries, jewelry boutiques, and fancy café's. They went to the third floor, knocked, and were let in to Michael's mixed-use loft space. Kathy, James, Ashley and Gail were already there and sitting in the available chair and sofa, which left Michael, Stephanie, and Paige to grab one of the only two oversized cushions left on the floor.

Stephanie motioned for Paige to use a cushion as she planned to stand and conduct the meeting. Paige didn't know quite how to go from standing to sitting wearing the micro mini and her heels. She ended up holding the front of the skirt down while she knelt on one knee, then two knees, and then over to the side on her hip. She found it uncomfortable and had to figure out ways to shift her position modestly throughout the meeting.

"So Gail, do you want to review what we accomplished at the last meeting."

"Yes indeed." She said sitting up straighter and looking at her notes. "We listed ideas we might need to research and try to learn how to help Ms. Turner become a sought after model so she can pay us back for the money she owes us."

"Good."

"Well, I'd say we accomplished getting a good start on the walk thing, the turn part was okay I guess, and we improved Ms. Turner's confidence I'd say." Gail continued.

"Yes she did look more comfortable and confident in the end. The more you work on that Paige, the better your modeling will be. So what's left?"

"We have on the list things like, following directions, as James pointed out, time is money and someone who can't follow direction will not be asked back for future gigs."

James beamed.

"Kathy pointed out that sought after models have a certain attitude. You mentioned that confidence would play a big part of that, but I think Kathy was talking about a presence, like maybe being able to turn off thoughts that might distract you or lower your confidence."

"Good point." Stephanie acknowledged while Kathy looked pleased with the clarification.

"And then there was being comfortable in front of your audience."

"No, you said 'comfortable in front of the camera.'" James clarified.

"Well, I'm amending that to take in a broader sense. The camera is only one possible audience."

"But maybe the most important." Michael added, since photography was becoming a hobby for him.

"Okay, then that brings us to, check me Gail, to confidence, presence, following directions, and being comfortable in front of an audience like the camera."

"100%" Gail confirmed.

"How should we do that?" Stephanie threw out.

"No, wait. I see where this is going. I don't want anybody to take my picture today." Paige said.

"We have a problem then. Ashley emailed me an ad from the Internet. Do you have a copy of that? Good. It says: "Models Needed = Models in good shape, like dancers, fitness models, bikini, and lingerie types, with a pretty face please. Difficult "Prima Donnas", this is not for you. If you are a person who enjoys working in front of the camera and has a creative spirit, it will be a fun shoot." See? Right there they are looking for what we are talking about. There is a gig ready for you when you are ready for them."

"But I'm not a dancer or fitness person."

"You look like you are in pretty good shape to me." James said.

"And I think you're pretty too." Michael said almost with regret as everyone looked at him blush."

"I think we have solved the Prima Donna problem." Stephanie said. "So now we need to work on enjoying being in front of a camera."

"But I don't like my picture being taken."

"That is why we are all here to help you." Stephanie said, and then shifting gears, "If I were to give you five million dollars if you were to let me take your picture, would you let me take it?"

"Of course."

"How about one million then?"

"Well sure."

"How about one dollar then."

"No."

"Okay. Your price is somewhere between one dollar and one million dollars."

Paige gulped.

"Now, the better you are at the elements of modeling, the more money you can make and the more fun it will be for you." Stephanie said, but Paige just looked down.

"Does anybody else have any ideas to help Paige right now?"

"I've always heard that if you do things that are more difficult than what it is expected of you, then what you need to do seems easy." Ashley said.

"That seems about right. What were you thinking?"

"Well, we're an audience, right?" Ashley continued. "What would be the things that would be the most difficult for us to do right here in front of each other?"

"What, do you mean like losing at strip poker?" Kathy said.

"Exactly." Ashley said. "Or even a striptease."

"Well, I'd even have problems with going to a nude beach, if it were me." Gail said.

"No." Stephanie said. "You guys have the whole wrong impression of what a nude beach is like. You should all go there and do it. It worked wonders for me." Stephanie assured them.

"I think I could maybe try it if there was nobody there that I knew." Kathy disclosed.

"How about just me. I'll take you there and you can see what it is like." Stephanie offered.

"Okay. Well maybe, but just maybe though."

"What about wearing a wet tee shirt?" James said causing Paige to cross her arms across her chest, which was difficult for her since she pretty much needed one arm to support herself in her current seated position.

Michael laughed. "So you would find it a stretch to wear a wet tee shirt in front of us?"

"No, I was picturing these lovely ladies wearing wet tee shirts." He said regretting going that way with it except the "lovely" part hoping for some redemption. Ashley playfully hit him with the back of her hand on his upper arm. "Com'on." He said at further risk. "I'd bet that if we were all at Mardi Gras in New Orleans, that you would all end up flashing your boobs for a lousy string of beads."

"I've got a string of beads." Michael said playfully.

"No, really. The ones that flash their boobs just don't do it once; they are wearing a whole bunch of beads, but there had to be that first time. It must have gotten easier to do each time they did it."

"Okay. You guys, what would be difficult for you to do in front of us right here?" Stephanie asked the two young men.

"To be honest," James said. "it would be to jerk off in front of all of you."

"Ooooo gross." Ashley said.

"I think he'd rather like that." Kathy accused making James smile.

"I think the hardest thing for me to do would be to hold poses completely naked in a room full of clothed people staring at me like for a drawing class or something."

"Hardest?" James said bursting out laughing until Ashley hit him again.

"Be serious." Ashley said. "We need to help Ms. Turner figure out ways to be more comfortable with her body in front of an audience."

"What if the audience were just a camera?" Michael offered. "No photographer, no film, just the camera, but with all the flashes and things.

"Paige, what do you think?" Stephanie asked

"I don't know."

"Michael, why don't you show her what you mean."

Michael led Paige behind a large white sheet that was actually several large sheets sewn together, hanging down from the ceiling creating a private studio space behind it. There was a padded bench in front of another plain backdrop facing camera equipment on a tripod. There were different kinds of lights and a coat tree just off to the side.

"What are all the wires coming and going from the camera?" Paige asked.

"They control the lights and things. Now I can add this cord here like this, and you can hold this handle on the end and every time you push this button, (FLASH), see?"

"How's it going?" Stephanie asked while coming around the partition with Paige's bag of clothes and some of the clothes the others brought.

"Just fine. I've shown her the camera, the lights, that coat rack is where you can hang changes of clothes. Oh, and the flashes could go off randomly especially if you take too long to push this button to release charges that build up in the capacitors."

"Sounds mighty fancy Michael. I didn't know you were so into this stuff."

"Well, I've always been told, if you are serious about something, get the best equipment you can afford."

"Probably the salesmen you've been talking to." Stephanie said under her breath.

"Ah what?"

"Nothing. So Paige, why don't we start with just you controlling the camera alone back here by yourself. Then we can try it with a photographer, and then we can try it with real film and so on. Are you willing to give that a try?"

"I'll try the first part if you promise me there is no film in there."

"I promise. I swear to God there is no film in the cameras" Michael said. "Now when you want to experience the camera, you just push this button."

"I got that."

"Okay then, when you've tried on all of the different wardrobe items and their possible combinations, it should give you plenty of time to feel more comfortable with just the camera, don't you think?" Stephanie asked.

"I suppose."

Paige stood in front of the camera and tested the button for herself. FLASH, FLASH, … FLASH. Then she started to think of some poses. FLASH, FLASH, …

"Call out loudly if you need anything, we are going to put on some music or something and relax out here." Kathy called to her.

"Okay." Paige yelled back then undid the Velcro tab and posed a cheesecake pose looking over a bare shoulder back at the camera. Then again sticking out her tongue.

She took off the Daisy Mae top and posed right and left, sticking her rear out and her hands on her knees then she started to fantasize. ^What if I were at Mardi Gras?^

She dropped the remote shutter release button and snuck up to the edge of the curtain and peeked around. She counted the members of the group and found them all watching the television. Stephanie looked up, caught her eye, smiled, and waved. Paige gave her a sheepish smile and lame confirming wave back and then hurried back to her position in front of the cameras.

The first thing she did was pull up her tube top to earn some imaginary beads. ^How do those women have the courage to do this in front of people?^ She wondered. FLASH ^That's a hair trigger on that button.^ She thought.

Then she imagined she was in a bar and took a picture of herself with her hands on the sides of her face wide eyed and with a wide open mouth as if someone in the bar had just pulled her top down. Then with the top and the mini down to her knees FLASH, FLASH ^Strange,^ she thought ^ only pushed it once.^

She tried similar fantasies with each outfit. She imagined strolling deserted beaches in just the thong, then with a crowd of people admiring her stroll past them in the sand. FLASH, FLASH

She tried dancing and taking sequential shots of herself stripping. She tried naked shots of her breasts holding them together, holding them apart, sucking on a nipple, and every diversion she could think of in a wild reckless abandon of her phobia for having her breasts exposed for people to see.

She tried on every item provided her. She tried to make each sequence of poses more risqué than the previous one, and she started to get so hot that she did full frontal nude poses on and around the bench imagining she were a centerfold and every man in the country would be wanking off to her image.

Finally, she couldn't handle the freedom to explore the dark recesses of her sexual fantasies any longer and started to masturbate outright, daring herself to keep on doing it while she set off the flashes one after another.

Then just as she was arching her back, with her body convulsing, and eking out the last few strokes, Stephanie called through the screen, "How's it cumming?"

"I'm just about there." Paige hissed back loudly, and exploded in a much needed orgasmic release. She was so exhausted and taken by the experience that she barely noticed the flashes continuing on their own accord.

She only luxuriated for a few minutes realizing that someone might come around and check on her, so she quickly slipped the yellow micro mini and white tube top back on and took some final straight shots as her body continued to calm down for her.

Stephanie announced she was coming and peeked in. Paige smiled and put down the remote cable, turning away to pick up some clothes and avoid Stephanie seeing her blush.

"Are you ready yet for someone to stand by the camera, still without film in it, of course? Maybe just suggesting poses or wardrobe choices?"

"No, I think I've taken one too many flashes in my eyes for one day. Could we make it another day?"

"That is probably wise. I think there are a certain amount of things you have to kind of get in shape for in doing professional modeling. I'll just tell everyone we're heading home and that we need to continue with it later."

"Okay, thank you."

Rod came into what seemed like an empty house from work. "Honey, I'm home." He called out.

"Be right there." He heard his wife call from upstairs.

He fixed himself a drink and sat down at the kitchen table to unwind form his hectic day for a moment. Then in walked Paige being gently pushed by a proud Stephanie. Rod's eyes bugged out seeing both his wife and the six inch taller Paige in matching, revealing outfits.

Stephanie positioned Paige and stood beside her with her hand up on her shoulder. "Well Honey, what do you think?"

"I've only had a couple of sips of this drink but I'm already seeing double."

Paige relaxed slightly with the humor and Stephanie proceeded to ask, "Would you take our picture?"

"Sure, I'd be happy to." He said looking at the bashful Paige up and down and Stephanie left the room to get the camera. "So Stephanie is pretty resourceful at making clothes. I think I recognize that skirt as being part of a dress I gave her on a trip a couple of years ago."

"I'm sorry I've caused her to do this to your gift."

"On the contrary, it looks twice as good now as it used to."

"Here you go Honey." Stephanie said handing Rod the camera. "Where can we get us both completely in the picture?"

"Let's go to the living room."

"Right here?" Stephanie said standing with her arm around Paige's waist in front of the opening to the hallway.

"Paige, smile like Stephanie." Rod instructed. "I think we are going for the 'twin' look here."

Paige forced a smile FLASH.

"How about from the side." Stephanie said turning Paige to her left and putting her hands up on Paige's shoulders.

"Look at the camera Paige. And smile." Rod directed, FLASH

Then Stephanie wanted a playful shot of them sticking out their yellow mini skirted rears at the camera. It was accomplished with the reluctant cooperation of Paige. FLASH

"One more." Stephanie said and wrapped her arms around Paige in a half open hug, her head resting on top of Paige's breast.

Paige reflexively put her arms around Stephanie and with a devilish smile on Stephanie and deep red blush on Paige, Rod snapped off the last shot, FLASH.

"There," Stephanie said to Paige. "That didn't hurt did it?"

"No." Paige said. ^It was kind of a thrill.^ She thought.

At dinner, Stephanie tried to keep an arm on the table to block Rod's view of the side of her left breast in the stretch cotton tube top.

During the meal Rod interrupted his eating and reached into his briefcase. "Oh Honey, I got what you all were asking for, a models release form."

Stephanie took it and quickly scanned it. "Thank you Sweetie."

She took it with her, reading out loud some of the wording while she went to retrieve a pen.

Paige listened to parts that read that she would be willingly giving up all rights to her name and images in connection with modeling etc., etc., etc.

Rod said that it was standard boilerplate models release form and that if Paige had any questions that he would be happy to answer them for her.

Paige's mind was growing dizzy as Stephanie handed her the form. Paige made an effort to look like she was reading it carefully, but in fact she barely registered a word of what she saw. Then Stephanie handed her the pen. Stephanie looked at Rod, who was now eating again, looked down at the side of her plate for a moment and signed the document.

A wave of panic swept her from head to toe as she handed it to Stephanie.

Shortly after cleaning up the kitchen, Paige went upstairs to her room, lay down on the bed and fielded the thoughts washing over her in rapid succession like arrows heading at her and just missing. Eventually they were replaced with the memories of the cathartic personal, private photo session she had earlier. She pulled up her tube top to play with her breasts and fingered herself to sleep with thoughts of public exposure both accidental and on purpose.

In the bedroom, Stephanie asked Rod about his day while they were getting ready for bed. She was anxious to tell him about hers, and he sensed he would be excited to hear about hers too.

By the time they were ready for bed he was asking her about her day with Paige.

"Well if I tell you," she said in a naughty little girl's voice gliding her index finger down his chest, "You might get mad at me."

"Is it so bad that I'm going to need the big stick?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Then, assume the position." He said getting a boner as his wife crawled onto the bed waiting for him on her hands and knees. "Now confess your sins and set yourself free."

"Tell me everything." He said diddling her twat.

"Don't leave anything out." He said tweaking her nipples with his other hand.

"It had better be the whole truth and nothing but the truth or so help me …" He said getting his cock ready at her love tunnel.

"I did a very bad thing." She said and he plunged his cock in.

"Oooo unh. We got Paige to take pictures of herself."

"What's so bad about that?" He said continuing a slow and steady in and out plunging of her nether recesses.

"Unh, unh, we tricked her into doing it."

Slap! Rod stopped long enough to sting her butt cheek with his hand. "Now that was naughty. Go on."

"Unh, unh, We told her that there was no film in the camera."

"Were you lying?"

"Unh. No. Unh, we had her use a digital camera."

Slap! Slap! Rod stung one cheek and then the other. "Now that was naughty."

"Unh, unh, ooo, unh, we watched her on a video feed and took pictures when we wanted to with a remote cable. Unh. Unh."

"That was naughty but what makes it so bad?" He asked slowly increasing his pace.

"Unh, unh, unh, she did naughty things by herself in front of the camera."

"That still doesn't sound that bad if she did them on her own."

"Well, unh, oooo, ah, we kind of planted the ideas in her head ahead of time."

"Ooooo bad." Slap! "Very bad." Slap! On the other one. "Well, I'm just going to have to use the stick to teach you a lesson." He said and started to fuck his wife for all they were worth.

Stephanie went down to her elbows and forearms. She put her forehead on her hands and widened her knees. "Unh, unh, oooo, I'm so naughty. Give it to me good."

Rod alternately gave her love stings on her butt cheeks and affectionate tweaks on her nipples until Stephanie exploded into a dizzying climax and pleaded with him to stop, but he kept on going until he emptied his pent up excitement and she had helplessly cum again.

"That should teach you a lesson." He said falling back from her and luxuriating on his back.

Stephanie crawled up to him and rested an arm and her chin on his chest. "I'll be good from now on."

"I should hope so, Missy, or there is a lot more where that came from waiting for you."

Then in a more serious tone, "Do you think we will have any problems?"

"You have a blanket models release form, the pictures were, for all intents and purposes, appear to be taken by herself, right, and she owes you all some money. I'd think that if you only use them to recoup what is owed you, then you'd probably be in the clear."

"But we're not done with my living doll yet."

"What do you mean?"

"I think we are owed some interest."

**Perils of Paige Turner 4**

Paige Turner sat up in bed at first wondering why her clothes were pulled up and then she remembered fantasizing and pleasuring herself the night before. At least her recall was improving.

She was proud that she was finally on an earlier schedule. Then she remembered it was Saturday, her regular sleep in day. No matter for her, she got cleaned up and put on the pink and white body stocking. Even though it was revealing, it was still her favorite of the items she had available to wear.

When she got downstairs she found Stephanie packing a carry bag and a pair of sunglasses stuck up on the top of her head.

"Well, keeping more productive hours now I see. Hurry and grab some cereal. That doesn't take very long." Stephanie said.

"Why, what's happening?"

"Kathy is going to be here within the hour and the three of us are heading to the beach."

"The beach?!" Paige said in panic. "I can't go to the beach. I have nothing to wear there."

"No need to worry. Kathy is bringing suits for all of us."

"She's what?"

"She has some suits from Australia she thinks will be a good compromise for her first day."

"First day for what?" Paige asked thinking she already knew the answer.

"For the nude beach."

"I can't go to a nude beach."

"Don't worry. You'll be wearing a swimsuit. Now, are you going to wear that or not?"

"No, I don't know what to wear."

"Wear the shorty tee and the yellow skirt. It will look like beach wear. See?" Stephanie suggested striking a pose. "We can be twins again."

Paige did not want to hurt Stephanie's feelings in the clothing department. She had been helping Paige rebuild her wardrobe after the fire, but the shorty tee shirt didn't fit her the way it fit Stephanie. The round swell of her breasts showed out the bottom of Paige's shirt.

"Here, take that off and we'll put on some lotion. We want you to get some color but not a burn."

Paige knew better than to argue about disrobing in the kitchen, tanning for modeling jobs, or not following Stephanie's advice to go to a beach. It would just end in an argument that would result in a threat to put her out on the streets, and she would still owe her the money. Paige's only hope was to build her wardrobe in time for court in the hopes of getting her license back, and get a little money ahead of her debts to be able to make independent decisions about her own life.

There she was naked again and Stephanie was squeezing lotion into both of her hands. Stephanie put lotion in her own hands and set the lotion down on the floor in front of Paige so she could refill when she needed it.

"What are you waiting for? We may need to go soon."

Stephanie started to put lotion across Paige's shoulders prompting Paige to start putting the lotion on her own front. Stephanie took her time spreading the lotion on the back she had been admiring and then worked her way down Paige's sides. She got a little carried away and put her hands around and met Paige's fingers that were going down her breasts. They both stopped for a second and continued working down until Paige needed to bend forward to do her legs at about the same time that Stephanie was ready for her low back. They took more lotion and as Paige started to do her legs, Stephanie started to do her rear cheeks.

Paige hurried with her legs while Stephanie lingered with the butt she secretly envied. Paige bent further to do the backs of her legs. When she tried to take over for Stephanie, their fingers met again at the tops of her leg. Then Stephanie finished with one last stroke of her hands up the inside of her legs and butt cheeks, causing Paige to shoot straight up.

"Can you do my back?" Stephanie quickly asked to ward off any awkwardness.

Stephanie tilted her head and held her hair out of Paige's way. Paige found herself drawn to the exposed neck. She felt like kissing it for some strange reason so she slathered on the lotion quickly to make following through with it less appealing.

When Paige was done Stephanie suggested she quickly get some cereal if she wanted it while she went upstairs for some towels and Paige's clothes.

Paige stood at the sink snarfing down some cereal when she heard Rod say, "Good morning."

Paige nearly dropped the saucer in the sink. "Good morning." She replied after swallowing hard.

"I see you are all set for the nude beach."

"Ah, yes." She said still facing the sink, her arms held close and a little forward to hide the side of her naked breasts.

"What are you having there?" he said approaching from the side. "Ah, cereal, looks like that's what I'm going to have since Stephie seems to be in a hurry to go."

Paige was mortified. She was completely naked in front of Stephanie's husband with no way to cover up. Rod got his cereal and parked himself next to Paige with his butt leaning up to the counter. Paige half looked and could tell he was just in his pajama bottoms with his trim muscular body just a foot away.

"So have you ever been to a nude beach before?"

"No, this would be the first time." She did not want to say that he was the first man to see her naked in the light. The few times she was made love to she insisted it be in the dark.

"You'll like it. We've tried it. It is very relaxing."

"I hear it was eye opening for Stephanie." She regretted her choice of words grimacing. "I mean she said it changed her life to go."

"Yes she is quite an advocate of the experience. It is strange. You go there thinking that you'll just leave your clothes on, but it is incredible how uncomfortable you feel in clothes when everyone else is naked. It is just like the other way around in some sense. On the one hand you are ashamed you can't be as free as those around you. And on the other way, being the only one naked, hmmm. Well, that's never happened to me."

"Well I know. On the other hand you feel ashamed you've screwed up your life so bad that you've lost all of your clothes and you're going to go to court and you don't have any money and you can't get your car and even if you could you are not allowed to drive it and …" Paige started crying.

"There, there," Rod said consoling her. He took her bowl and set it in the sink. Then he wrapped his arms around her huddled form and hugged her naked body onto his. "I'll help you in court. The other things will take care of themselves." He said patting her on the back.

With her arms trapped inside of his, all she could do was put her hands on his shoulders to push back. She knew he could feel her hardening nipples and she thought she felt a stirring in his pajamas.

Then the doorbell rang.

"You'd better get that." He said turning to hide his tenting pajamas.

"Uh?" Paige uttered hesitating.

"Can you get that?" Stephanie called form upstairs.

Paige ran to the front door to see who was there. She opened it a crack and saw Kathy with her sunglasses on and tapping a foot. She opened the door and let her in.

"I'm just going to go upstairs and get my clothes on." She said huddling her body modestly.

"No wait, before you go. I have a swimsuit for you to wear if you want."

"You do? Great." Paige said padding in place and looking for any signs of Rod coming out of the kitchen.

Kathy looked in the bag. "Pink, blue, or white?"

Just then Stephanie came bounding down the stairs. "Hi Kathy. Glad to see you didn't back out. You'll love it."

"We were just selecting swimsuits to wear."

"Let's see them. After that S&M stuff you had Paige model, I'm not sure what to expect."

"Well, they're unique. You have to get them from Australia, but I think they are just right for a first time at a nude beach. See?"

"But you can see right through them." Paige panicked.

"Yes they are sheer, but the white one isn't as sheer."

"You wear the white one." Stephanie offered.

"Thank you Stephanie, I mean Ms. Fuller." Paige said appreciatively.

"My, where did that come from, Ms. Turner?" Kathy said surprised. "Will you mind calling me Mrs. Roberts?"

"No, that's fine." Paige said not having any army to even pick her battles.

"You chose from the other two. I don't plan to wear mine for long." Stephanie said to Kathy.

"I'll take blue." Kathy said.

Off came the clothes on Stephanie and Kathy while Paige held up the two pieces to see which was which.

"Oh Kathy, these are wicked you weasel." Stephanie said carefully putting the small sheer strip of material over her nipples and the narrow patch centered on her nether crack.

Paige tried to do the same with hers.

"See what I meant by a compromise? They are too revealing for the regular beach but just revealing enough that you would not have to go completely naked if you didn't want to at the nude beach."

"This is fun learning about your freaky streak." Stephanie said and then looked over at Paige who was beside herself with frustration trying to cover more than the suit was designed to cover.

Paige threw her arms down and hit her thighs. "I can't go out in this. It is not any better than being naked."

"You'll feel covered in that at the beach; believe me. Here, put on your things. It will be okay, you'll see."

"Park here. If we walk left it will be families with children and suits are mandatory. If we walk right, clothing is discouraged."

They unpacked the car and locked it. Stephanie led them right. Paige looked apprehensively for the first naked person.

"Good, few cars. We got here early enough that we can get a good spot no problem. If you wait until later, you have to set down between other groups and that isn't as smooth. … Now just over those dunes is beach. You'll feel just fine walking with clothes on until we find a place to set up camp. Then you may start to feel a little out of place if you still have your clothes on." Stephanie advised.

Paige stopped to read the sign thoroughly that warned that the path over the dune led to a clothing optional section of the beach, then had to hurry to catch up with the other two. She joined them at the top of the dune and they breathed in the fresh air. Then they saw a couple of hardcore nudists with dark brown all over tans on leathery skin walking around with their morning cans of brew.

"This isn't what I thought it would be like." Kathy said.

"Oh, don't worry, by two o'clock, this place will be wall-to-wall people."

They walked past naked people stringing a volleyball net on permanent poles. They walked past a couple of families, but mostly they passed serious beach goers out to have their standard fun time.

"How about right here in the middle of things?" Stephanie suggested.

"I'll go along with you. You seem to know your way around." Kathy said.

"How about back there behind some of that tall grass?" Paige suggested hopefully.

"No here's good. You'll get over it."

They spread out a blanket and some towels then Stephanie and Kathy stripped down to their skimpy suits while Paige watched.

"You get your lotion on yet?" Stephanie asked Kathy.

"Oh I got greased up gooood this morning." She said in a sultry way, which let the others know she got some good loving before she left.

"Okay Ladies, here I go?" Stephanie said taking her suit off.

Paige wanted to tell her not to because it put the pressure back on her, but kept her mouth shut instead.

Paige spent the next half an hour thinking about Stephanie and how brave she was. And she thought about Kathy and the fact that she was married and kinky compared to herself who was single and uptight. Stephanie was definitely a beauty. She could be proud of her looks and her body. Kathy however, was plainer. She was attractive, but not a "beauty" in comparison. Her breasts would be less but for the few extra pounds proportionally distributed over her whole body, so she looked fine.

Paige watched with her arms around her knees as others came and set up in the spaces around them. They all undressed to bare skin. There were all ages, all shapes and sizes, and differing degrees of tan. The common denominator was that they all were free from the hang up of clothes.

Paige lay back to think about doing it herself when Stephanie started to tug on her tee shirt.

"Com'on, we can't have you developing a weird tan line." Then she pulled off Paige's mini skirt. "There. Don't you feel better?"

Paige sat up and covered her breasts with one arm. She looked around and noticed that because of that one move, people started looking her way. Stephanie grabbed her by that arm and pulled her to stand up.

"Com'on, let's walk over to that tent and see what's brewing."

"No I couldn't." Paige said.

"Look. Kathy has her top off, and can you see anyone else in any direction with a top on besides you?"

Paige looked around and was hard pressed to find anyone but then saw a lady standing up with a loose fitting tee shirt on brushing the sand off of her bare ass.

"She does."

"She probably has sunburned shoulders. She is totally naked except for that. Com'on, it will do you some good."

Paige followed with her hands holding her breasts.

"Put you hands down. You're drawing attention."

"But everyone is looking at me."

"Sure they are looking at you. They are looking at everybody and you are the only one covering up. People look and compare, but they all accept you. We are the prettiest ones here so they might look a little longer, but that should make you feel good about yourself."

Paige put her hands down as they walked, and held her arms tight at her sides wishing she hadn't come.

"Look it is a promotional tent. It looks like beer. Let's see if they are giving away any freebies."

As they got closer Paige realized, "They have suits and tee shirts on."

"Those are the employees. They have to wear the tee shirts for advertising. You can stand behind me if you want. Com'on."

"Howdy ladies. Can I interest you in a little taste of beer?"

"No, She can't drink. Got anything else for us?"

"Well, we only offer this to the prettiest ladies, but if you would help us advertise "Buck Beer" we'll pay you."

"What would we have to do and how much do you pay?"

"You let us paint your body to look like our beer can and we'll pay you $25 per hour for a minimum of three hours to walk the beach."

"I don't know, three hours?"

"I'll tell you what, I'll throw in any item in our promotional catalog worth $50 or less at the end. What do you say?"

"We'll get back to you."

"Stephanie pulled Paige aside. "I knew this was the right thing to do today. You've got your first modeling gig."

"Wo-ah-o, wait. You want me to parade up and down the beach for three hours looking like this?"

"No, you'll be covered more than this. You'll look like a beer can. This is what modeling is all about, selling stuff. They get someone pretty like you to display it so people see the product."

Paige looked confused.

"Look. What is the difference between a micro thin fabric on your body and a micro thin layer of paint? The answer is nothing except that one you put in the wash and the other you wash off. Wait."

Stephanie went back to the man. "What's in the catalog?"

"Logo products, like clothes, hats, can insulators, lighters, coolers of course, you know anything you can think of that we can put our logo on."

"Thanks, I'll be right back."

"Did you hear that? They have clothes in the catalog, money that you owe us, and clothes for you. You've got to do this or there will be a real problem. It can't get any better than this."

Paige knew that Stephanie was right. It did seem too perfect for her situation so she agreed.

"Here she is, she'll do it."

"Just her?"

"Yes, she is the model in the group."

"Okay. You'll do just fine. Why don't you step in here and we'll get you ready. … This is Willy."

"Hi" Willy said. Paige nodded.

"Willy here is the best body painter around."

"And the most expensive."

"Tell me about it. He'll get you all fixed up just fine.

He positioned her with her shoulders back and her legs spread about shoulders width apart. Then he traced with his hands as he explained the overall concept, "… with the top of the can here at the shoulders our logo across you chest and stomach here and the rest on down to the tops of you thighs here. When I'm done with you you'll look just like a can of Buck Beer with a head on it."

Paige was looking down at her body feeling ill as he explained the concept.

"Hey," He said pulling her head up on the side of a bent finger under her chin. "Don't I at least get a courtesy smile for that can of Buck Beer with a 'head' on it remark? Okay, so much for my failed attempts at humor." He put his fingers under the straps of her top, "We'll need to take this off."

Paige put her hands instinctively on her chest below her heck. "No, I couldn't."

"Well, if you were wearing a fuller top that wouldn't run the risk of slipping right or left, I could just paint over it, but this stringy thing could shift to either side and show bare skin and it would blow the effect of my artwork. We can leave the buttfloss on though, it will be more hygienic that way."

Paige conceded and removed it standing with fists clenched and unable to look at him in the eyes.

"Anybody got a rubber band or something?" He called around to the people working under the tent. "Thanks. Here why don't you double tail you hair up out of the way?"

Then while she worked on getting her hair done up she was forced to look down when he took his wet fingers and moistened her nipples.

"We've got to apply the paint with your nipples erect." He said gently spraying some compressed air on her wet nipples to excite them to full attention. "If we paint them excited and they calm down they still have paint on them, but if we paint them flat and they get excited, then the flesh shows and creates an effect I don't think either of us would want."

Paige's most immediate concern then was to get her breathing down to a normal unconscious pace.

He talked to her to try to keep her mind off of it and to just enjoy the sensations. "You know, I've had many women orgasm while I've done this."

Paige could see why. The spray paint for the background and base was especially stimulating on her breasts, on her butt, and between her legs.

Paige grew concerned that people were stopping to watch. When someone aimed a camera, and she covered her breasts with her hands.

"Ah, Paige honey, I can't have you doing that. From now until your gig is over I can't have you or anybody else touching my artwork, okay?"

"But he was going to take my picture."

"But you covered the wrong thing sweetie. If you are going to cover anything, cover your face."

"But people will see my …"

"A picture of breasts is just a picture of breasts. It could be anybody without the face. Besides, what do you have to be ashamed of? These are the nicest set of tits I've worked on in weeks. I'll tell you what, if you promise not to touch my artwork again, I'll talk these yahoos out of a Buck Beer hat and sunglasses for you to have and wear."

"Okay." Paige said appreciatively.

"Here you go. These will make you invisible. Now people can snap away and none of the pictures will show that it was you."

Paige put on the hat low on her forehead and started to feel invisible as soon as she slipped on the shades.

"Why you would be bashful with a body yours, I'll never know." He said making conversation while he worked.

Paige felt comfortable with him now and felt like she could talk to him about anything.

"I've always felt funny with people looking at my body. It didn't feel like they were looking at 'me'."

"I've heard that before, but never from somebody who should show her body."

"What do you mean?" Paige challenged.

"I mean that beauty isn't beautiful unless it's observed."

"That sounds like double talk."

"No, it's like the old ponderable, 'if a tree falls in the forest and nobody is there to hear it, does it make a sound?'"

"Oooo that feels good. So you're saying it takes two people to make one person beautiful."

"That's exactly it. How can you say a woman is beautiful in appearance if you never can lay eyes on her? It is the duty of beautiful people to let themselves be seen for beauty to exist."

"What about people who aren't so beautiful?"

"Here you are beautiful. In another culture you may be too skinny, too tall. To a man who likes smaller breasts you are too well endowed. For the rest of us you are just right."

Paige blushed uncontrollably.

"What do you do for a living?"

"Ah, I'm unemployed."

"What did you do then?"

"I sold books."

"Okay. People buy books for information and entertainment right?"

"Ooooo, that tickles. Yes."

"That's perfect for this then. You are informing these people of Buck Beer's product and you are entertaining the notion of beauty by letting people experience the beauty of you."

"I never thought of it that way before."

"Let me just put some finishing touches on these antlers here and we can send you on your way."

The antlers on the buck branched out on each of her breasts so she said in reaction to his finishing up, "Oooo, I don't want you to stop."

"Well, here's my card. Maybe we can do it again sometime. It's been my pleasure."

Kathy and Stephanie applauded as Paige walked towards them from the painting area.

"Turn around." Stephanie said. "That is amazing. That guy is really talented."

"He gave me his card. See?"

"I'll hold it for you while you do your thing."

"Hi Ladies. Anybody else want to look like a can of Buck Beer? We are looking to make a six-pack." An employee came up to them and said.

"No, our friend here is representative enough for our group. Thanks."

"Hi there," the original man said approaching them. "Wow this turned out great. Willy does good work doesn't he? Let me look at you. … Now, put your hair through the back of the cap in a ponytail. … Nice. Now take off the shades. Perfect. Jim, come here look at this. Put the cap up a little higher. That's it. What do you think?"

"I think she would be perfect."

"Perfect for what?" Stephanie said excited but with a tinge of jealousy.

"For an ad shoot."

"I'm her agent." Stephanie said hooking her arm around his and leading him into the tent.

"Wow, it looks like you might get two gigs out of one visit here." Kathy said.

"Well, I would want to get dressed before they take my picture though."

"Com'on, you look like a can of beer. This could be just what you need to get us off your back."

"Okay, we're doing it." Stephanie said upon returning.

"Doing what?" Paige asked.

"They want to take your picture over there by the blown up beer can."

"What, like this? I'm naked."

"No you're not. You are completely covered with several coats of paint. Besides, it's $500 and I'll give you $100 of that to get yourself some clothes for court."

"I'm wearing the hat and glasses then."

"Okay, com'on."

"You'll do it? Great. Come over here for some makeup."

Now, professionally made-up, her hair combed out and her blonde ponytail out the opening of the hat, she looked downright frisky. With her tall sexy body painted up like a beer can, with deer antlers painted over her tits, she was made to stand in front of a blown up version of the can she was holding and the paint job she was sporting. She rested her weight on her right leg while her left knee was slightly bent forward. Her right hand rested as a fist on her right hip and her left hand held out the beer can up and toward the camera.

"Hold very still, just like that. Don't move." The photographer ordered. FLASH "The flash is reflecting off the glasses. Somebody?"

An assistant holding a reflector pulled her glasses.

"No." Paige said.

"Smile." The photographer said. FLASH, FLASH.

"I'll bet that one was it." The negotiator said to Stephanie.

Then after a few more shots of different poses Stephanie walked with Paige for a while down the beach.

"I wish I didn't have to take off the glasses." Paige bemoaned.

"You've got blonde hair for the first time in your life and you were wearing a hat. Who's gonna recognize you? In fact, as your manager, I wished there was better face recognition because one successful ad could bring many more."

"I guess it wasn't so bad now that it is over with."

"That's the spirit. Ooops. I can't go any further. This is the end of the nude beach, but go on and advertise; you're completely covered."

"No, I don't want to go on without you."

"I'll be waiting for you near here and I'll walk back with you. Okay?"

"But what if I see someone I know?"

"Who's gonna recognize you inside a beer can with that hat and those sunglasses. Go on. Live a little."

"Maybe a little ways I guess."

"I'll be waiting over there."

Paige walked over a jetty and onto the regular beach and drew a lot of stares. She decided to try Willy's approach and pretend she was invisible even though the people would be looking at her painted body. People would come up to her and look at the detail. She heard herself referred to in the third person like, "She looks good enough to drink." But she kept on walking as if she was not there and her body was mechanical.

Eventually she came upon a rowdy group of beer drinkers that tried to slow her down to interact with her.

"Hey babe try my beer. Time for you to switch brands."

"Look at that can. Hey lady you've got quite a can on you."

"Now I'm ready for a tall one."

"Deer me, look at that rack. Hey lady can I touch your rack?"

Paige decided her adventure was over and started to head back.

"Hey lady where are you going. Can't we tap your keg first?"

"This a can of beer that could actually give me head." A guy said grabbing his crotch.

"Hey lady, come back here. We're talking to you." The leader type said and put a finger through her buttfloss. She dug in and lunged forward until a couple of guys and a girl stood in her path.

Then the suit bottom was pulled down her legs by one of the drunken girls and placed on her hat. "Look, this buck is a doe."

"Let's tap her kegs." Someone said and fingers started grabbing for her tits and nipples while she tried to back up and keep her balance. Then others started goosing her from behind causing her to stick her breasts and pelvis out.

She didn't have enough hands to fight off all of the hands vying for a piece of her flesh so she started insisting "No. Stop it. Please stop it. No." And fell on her ass into the water at the shore's edge.

They watched and laughed as she cooled her butt in the water for a moment. She pulled the suit bottom off of her hat and put it back on, but it did little to hide her femininity as it became completely transparent when wet. She tried to move past them scraping her butt along in the sand, and in the process removing Willy's paint job there. They watched and laughed, but mercifully let her go.

"Hey man, look at that white tailed deer go." One said watching her run holding her breasts tight and her white ass jiggling.

"I got to get me some of that Buck Beer man."

"What happened to you?" Stephanie said as Paige finally stopped with her hands on her knees to catch her breath.

"I, hunh, hunh, was attacked. Hunh, hunh."

"Who did this to you?"

"I don't know, just some drunks."

"Do you want me to get some authorities involved?"

"No, I just want to go home." Paige said weeping.

"Okay, come on. Let's go." Stephanie said walking beside her holding Paige by her upper arms in each hand.

When they got to the tent a couple of workers came out to see what happened.

"It sounds like she was swirled by some drunks." Stephanie explained. "We want to go. Can we get paid for just the one hour?"

"Sure. I'm sorry that happened. Where did it happen?"

"Up past the jetty." Stephanie replied.

"Oh, we usually like to keep it in the nudist section where you are safe. I'm sorry about the mix up. Here, you can choose anything under 50 bucks in here that you like too."

Paige looked as Stephanie paged through the brochure and ended up selecting a four-foot square scarf with the Buck Beer logo across it as everything else for a woman was over 50 dollars.

In the car Paige wasn't talking so Stephanie said, "except for the nastiness toward the end, did you have a good time?"

Kathy looked at Paige in the rearview mirror and saw that she was thinking about it so she volunteered, "I had a good time. You're right, there is nothing like a nude beach experience to learn a lot about yourself. Don't you agree Ms. Turner?"

Paige thought about being tickled mentally and physically by Willy, the scarf she was holding, and the $100 allowance toward some decent clothes in time for court and replied, "Yeah, the nude beach part was okay I guess."

"Good." Stephanie said pleased.

"What was up with Paige tonight? Is she still worried about her court date?" Rod said taking off his shirt. "I told her I would help her with it."

"She had a bad experience at the beach that she doesn't want to talk about." Stephanie said putting her bra in the hamper with her other clothes she changed into after the beach.

"Will she be able to get over it? She is pretty darn sullen." Rod said taking off his socks.

"I'd be able to get over it if it were me." Stephanie said putting her underwear in the hamper and holding out her hand to her husband who had fallen back on the bed wanting to get ready to sleep. "Hey, come with me into the shower."

"UnnnUnnnUnh." He said as he got up and walked towards her like a reluctant child. He tossed his drawers toward the hamper and followed her into the shower.

"Golf tire you out that much?"

"I'm not tired any more." He said hugging his body up against the back of hers.

"Is that a bar of soap I feel, or are you just glad to see me?"

Rod had her soapy and slippery in no time. "I'm glad to see the twins." He said mauling her tits. Then, "I'm glad to see Tight Tessie too." He said taking one hand down to her snatch. Then, "But most of all, I'm glad to see you." He said turning her around and embracing her for a passionate kiss.

"This is a nice pole position." She said climbing on and straddling his erection. "Tell me Sweetie, how does it look for my Barbie Doll in court?"

"First offense, extenuating circumstances, I could argue she needs a car to look for work and so on. I can probably do it." He said pumping his cock along her pussy crease.

"You know, we made some money on her today. Umm, ummm. If she got her license and got a job, I'd lose my doll and a moneymaker all at once, and you wouldn't have a chance to play with it either."

"You know Honey, … may I come in?" Stephanie took a hold of his cock and aimed it for him and put her hands back on the wall behind him for the ride. "Oommm good. You know, if you want to keep a bird close to its cage, you clip its wings. Ooo you feel so good tonight."

"The problem comes, unh, when the wings, unh, grow back." Stephanie said staying impaled and feeling full on Rod's thrusting cock.

"I had a short talk with her this morning, oh yeah, and she doesn't seem that bitchy to me." Rod said straining every muscle along his neck, chest, and stomach.

"That's because we have it over her now. Yes, oh yes. The bitch is still in there. Oh god yes. It is just tamped down." Then she started to whimper. "Lord save us from the day she gets back on top. It will be hell again." Stephanie said and exploded in a body rocking orgasm. She rode her husband until she couldn't take the intensity any longer and struggled to get free.

Once free she got down on one knee and stroked his cock unmercifully until he bucked against her hands and shot his load and then joined her in a cuddle down on the tile under the running water.

"What are you asking me to do?" He said.

"Oh what I want you to do isn't important. I expect you to do what's right. I count on you to do that. It guides me in making my decisions. I'll just let fate take its course. Fate has been good to me the last couple of days."

"Somehow I don't see you letting fate determine everything about the future."

"Maybe not. Let's go to bed."

**Perils of Paige Turner 5**

Paige Turner sat up in bed a little sunburned on her arms, the tops of her feet, and the back of her neck. She didn't sleep much during the night replaying the incident at the beach the day before over and over.

She dragged herself downstairs in just the pajama top before even bothering to shower. "Good morning." She said to the Fullers sitting at their kitchen table.

"You look a mess." Stephanie observed. "Didn't you sleep very well last night?"

"No, I got to sleep, but I couldn't stay asleep."

"How come?" Rod asked.

"Oh, you know, just some things on my mind from yesterday."

"Except for that one unfortunate incident, it sounded like a typical 'eye-opening' day at the nude beach." Rod said trying for a little levity to perk things up.

"Yes, I suppose. Okay if I get some breakfast?" Paige remembered to say from the warning the other day.

"Sure, help yourself." Stephanie replied pleased to hear the respect.

"I'm going to eat this upstairs and get cleaned up. When can we go shopping for my clothes?"

"Come back down when you're ready and we'll decide."

"Okay." Paige said shuffling away.

"Did you see that?" Stephanie said to Rod in an emphatic whisper.

"What?"

"That proves that the 'bitch' is still lying just below the surface of that pathetic conciliatory act."

"What are you talking about?"

"She said 'when can we go,' not, 'can we go sometime.'" Stephanie said clearing her dishes.

"That's splitting hairs don't you think? It sounded polite enough to me." Rod said handing her his dishes and then wiping his mouth.

"No, it proves the bitchy version is still lying low just waiting for a chance to come out."

"Aren't you going to give her the benefit of the doubt? She might surprise you and change into a person you could be friends with."

"Ha, that would be the day and I don't want you falling for her guiles either."

"Come here." He said making his lap available. Stephanie settled in and put her arms around his neck. "You know you are the only girl for me."

"But you're six years older than me and she's your age."

"Honey, you are more woman than I can handle." He said and then kissed her. "Besides, I'm kind of into this doll idea of yours. As long as you don't do anything to hurt her I'm all for it and kind of interested in playing with it myself."

"Oh you naughty, naughty boy."

"The way I see it, she is so low down right now with no one else to turn to, that the attention we give her is a lot better than she would get from the world out there on her own. I just trust you when you say that there is the bitchy part in there still. She really made your life a living hell for months and mine too indirectly. Yeah, I can get into this doll idea for another couple of weeks based on the past alone."

"Well then, you can play with us today if you like."

"Oh goodie." He said squeezing her sides and shaking her body affectionately.

When Paige returned Rod was reading the paper and Stephanie was writing things down on a pad. She was wearing her skirt with the gap in the back, but as low on her hips as possible, her yellow tube top under her Daisy Mae sleeveless blouse, and the only shoes she had, her heels.

"When can we go, I really need some underwear."

"Give us an hour. You can clean up the kitchen. Rod is going to go with us, since we are shopping for court and he is your attorney."

"Okay." Paige said a little surprised that he would be willing to go.

"Where are we going?" Paige asked from the backseat.

"Well, you can't get much for a hundred bucks, so we're going to the "Value Mart".

"Used clothes?"

"You got a problem with that?"

"No." Paige said resigned to it.

"Follow me." Stephanie said leading the entourage.

Rod followed Paige, trying not to be obvious about enjoying his wife's handiwork that created the gap in the back of Paige's skirt.

"Here, try this on." Stephanie said holding a silky, cream colored blouse against Paige's front. "See, there is great stuff here."

"Where are the changing rooms?"

"They don't have any here. If you buy something that doesn't fit, I guess you're expected to just donate it back and get something else because everything is so cheap and all the money goes to charity." Stephanie explained. "But, in your case, I don't think we can afford to get the wrong size. Just do it right here. Rod and I will cover you. Look over there. That guy is trying on things right in the aisle. Let me help you."

"No, wait." Paige implored Stephanie, who was undoing her top and ignoring Paige's plea.

When she started to pull down Paige's tube top, Paige pinched her top with her two thumbs at her cleavage and to try and thwart Stephanie's tug unsuccessfully. "Hey, I would need a bra anyway." She argued panicked and holding her breasts in her hands while she crouched down below the racks facing Stephanie.

"With this kind of material, it is much sexier to wear this top without a bra like with a blazer or something." Stephanie said taking a hand and putting it into the sleeve.

"But this is for court. I don't need to look sexy."

"Rod? Your department."

"Well Paige, it depends on who your judge is going to be. I can find out for you tomorrow."

Stephanie buttoned Paige's front while Paige waited with the back of her hand on her forehead frustrated and powerless.

"There." Stephanie said and turned Paige around holding her arms at her sides so Paige wouldn't try and cover up again.

Rod looked at Paige's nipples showing through the shimmering material like the end of tent poles holding up a shiny tent. He acted like he was contemplating the appropriateness of the garment and told the pouting Paige, "It looks absolutely stunning."

"And versatile, don't you think?" Stephanie added

"And versatile, yes." He confirmed.

Stephanie turned her again and Paige moved with it like a reluctant rag doll. Stephanie unbuttoned and removed the blouse and draped it over Rod's arm holding that was holding the tops she came in with. When Paige reached, he turned ostensibly to look at other things for her while Stephanie turned her around again to show her another top. Paige was holding her hands across opposite breasts worried that someone might come by when Rod handed Stephanie a skirt.

"Okay Hun, we'll see if it fits." Stephanie said and went for Paige's skirt.

"No, I can't. I don't have anything on under it."

"Keep it down, or you'll attract a crowd. We'll cover you in the aisles with our bodies. Now step into this."

Paige was mortified and helpless. She couldn't run; the Fullers had her blocked. Besides, running in heels would make her nakedness more attractive to curious onlookers than a proud slow walk out the door.

"No Honey it is too small for her." Stephanie said and let it fall and picked it up when Paige stepped out of it. Rod had laid Paige's things down on a rack behind him when he accepted the skirt back for rehanging.

"Come down here." Stephanie directed before Paige could make an attempt to get past Rod. "I can make these into good pair of cutoff jeans for your wardrobe so you can do work outside." She said holding up a pair of dungaree overalls.

Paige didn't feel comfortable with the two of the Fullers moving that far apart when they were supposed to be shielding her in the aisle.

"Come on." Stephanie insisted but she had also moved across an intersecting aisle.

Paige moved stooped towards her with her hand covering her pubic area and her other arm across her breasts and stopped at the intersection. "Can't you come back here with that?"

"Come here you baby."

Paige started across the intersecting aisle when she nearly toppled a little old lady walking across her path.

"Well, I never!" The lady said indignant.

"Excuse me." Paige said embarrassed and humiliated and continued on in front of her where a pair of jeans awaited her.

The little old lady turned to watch. Paige tried on the jeans that were two inches too big for her and had to cinch them in while Stephanie looked.

Paige turned and saw the lady standing there staring in disbelief and tried to cover her breasts peeking around the sides and hold the cinch for Stephyanie at the same time. She smiled a sheepish smile back at the lady while Stephanie grabbed material as if to measure and check the feasibility of modifying them herself.

"Sure, I can fix this for you, You can take them off now."

"What about something else I can put on first?"

Just then Rod stepped in front of the old lady and she moved on mumbling when Rod blocked her view. "I've got a cart going. Do you want me to add those?"

Paige knew that Rod had seen her in this situation before, but the fact that she was the only one naked except for high heels made her feel ashamed.

"Sure Honey. Can you start adding up the tab for me too please? Thanks."

"How much for those things in your hands?"

"Call it thirty. Okay Paige, come with me we still have to get you a skirt for court unless you want to wear the one you already have."

"No!" She said emphatically following Stephanie around the end of the aisle and back down the next one over.

Her naked turn caught the eye of a couple of guys looking for oversized pants and they started to work their way over to the women's clothing section.

Rod was already at the skirts. "What do you think?" He said holding up a navy and green plaid wraparound.

"That would make me look like a catholic schoolgirl." Paige said putting down the choice.

"If it's old man Otis on the bench, then this would be just the ticket with maybe a white blouse. We all know he is into that look."

"There, you see, your first insider strategy to get you through the proceedings. Go ahead Honey, add it, it will fit. It wraps around." Stephanie ducked around to the next aisle back to get a blouse to go with it. That left Paige exposed from the intersecting aisle and the two guys that were pretending to find something for their girl friends. Their rouse was transparent as they copped looks at Paige's bum as she was turned hiding as much as she could with a better than average sized bosom and only two average sized arms.

"Ms. Fuller, could we hurry please." She said insisting, but hoping by remembering to address Stephanie properly from the start, that Stephanie would recognize her urgency.

"I'm coming, I'm coming. Just a … here we go." Stephanie said holding up a semi-sheer white sleeveless blouse with a younger girl's rounded collar. "Try this on." She said handing it over the rack to Paige in the next aisle.

Paige was thankful for anything to cover herself from the gawkers still playing their game of browsing down the aisle from her. When she had it buttoned she grabbed a hanging skirt and pulled it up in front of her as she turned to let Stephanie see the blouse on her.

"Yes, I think that is what Rod has in mind for Judge Otis." Delighted she could still see Paige's breasts through the material.

"That will work for Otis if he's sitting on the bench. I got some pantyhose for you if it is Bev Willet. Then maybe this fancier skirt to go with the first blouse and this button up sweater or something?"

"My aren't we the fashion expert." Stephanie playfully teased.

"Well, I notice these things in court."

"No need to explain." She said whispering with warm moist breath in his ear. "It's fun dressing up dolls, isn't it?" Rod blushed. She liked being able to do that to him. "So how are we on the budget?"

"I calculate a dollar over."

"Then we should lose the hose." Stephanie said.

"No!" Paige blurted, wanting the cover it would provide her.

"Excuse me?" Stephanie said sensitive to any signs of strength from the formerly bitchy Paige Turner.

"Now, now, ladies. The hose is my treat. Com'on follow me. Your clothes are over here in the cart." Then walking with his wife, "That's okay Honey, isn't it?"

"It's okay Sweetie." She said playfully slapping his arm and smiling. "You're doing good at this."

Paige dressed hurriedly with several patrons craning their necks around the Fullers to see what they might see. They checked out and it was a dollar, fifty over but Rod assured Paige that it would be okay. In the car ride home Rod saw Paige pouting in the rearview mirror.

"What's the matter? You don't look like someone who has just more than doubled her wardrobe."

"I just thought I would have more say in it. After all, it was my money."

Stephanie's head turned to the back slowly as steam built up and she exclaimed sharply, "What?!!"

Paige nearly jumped out of her seat. "I uh, uh, I uh, mean I earned it didn't I?"

"You had to earn it." Stephanie replied pumping up the volume. "You ungrateful bitch. That was money meant for the group, people you purposely screwed and I, acting as their general manager, decided to help YOU with some of that money for clothes to wear to court so YOU might get your license back and stay out of jail. Those aren't your clothes they belong to the group until you pay us back every last cent." Stephanie took a few heated breaths. "I have a mind to donate them back in your name and add the hundred dollars back to your tab."

"Ladies, ladies. Peace." Rod said. "Don't be so hard on her. She has a lot on her plate."

"She needs to show some more respect for what we are doing for her. From now on, you don't get to wear any of the clothes I've given you without permission."

"What should I wear then?" Paige said in tears.

"The clothes you came in. If they wear out, get torn, or too dirty, that's your problem."

"Paige, don't worry she doesn't mean all that." Rod said and then got seriously slugged in the arm by his wife. "Owwww." He said rubbing his arm

"Don't you say what I mean. I've had enough disrespect and crap from this bitch over the last six months to last a lifetime."

"Okay, okay. Let's just get home in peace."

When they got in the house Stephanie opened the Daisy Mae top, pulled the tube top down to the ground and pulled it against the sides of her heels causing Paige to step out or lose her balance. Paige looked horrified at Stephanie for a moment and ran upstairs to her room and shut the door to give herself a good cry.

"Maybe I should continue to play the good cop and go up and see how she's doing while you stay here and calm down.

"That 'good guy - bad guy' crap works great doesn't it." Stephanie said smiling.

"If I'd known it was this much fun playing dolls with the girls, I wouldn't have spent so much time playing football and baseball with the guys."

Rod went upstairs and pushed the guestroom door open. He stared for a moment at Paige sobbing on her bed. She hadn't bothered to close her top and her arms were close in at her sides keeping the pressure off her breasts and her hands covered her face. Her feet were dangling off of either side of the corner and her parted legs sent his eyes up the channel they created to her completely shaved pussy lips staring back at him.

He bit his curved index finger tensely reminding himself to play well with others and moved up to sit next to her on the bed. Then when she didn't ask him to leave he put his hands on her shoulders and started to massage away her tension.

"Paige, don't worry too much about this. Stephie will get over it and soon. She just needs to calm down."

He knew Paige was listening because she started to sniffle.

"I don't know if you realize how much she liked working in a bookstore." He said moving the massage out to her shoulders. "She also likes to help people and you probably recognized both of those qualities and relied on her to do more than just punch in, do the job, and punch out."

Paige propped herself up on her elbows and continued to listen and sniffle. She didn't mind that he had put his hands under her top and was now massaging her shoulder blades.

"She describes it as being treated like a personal assistant at the best moments and a gopher at the worst."

Paige arched her head up as he worked on some of the vertebrae in her back. He got a little closer and worked the massage from the center out to her sides.

"I think when things were going bad for you near the end, you counted on her to clean up all of your messes; she regrets she didn't have the guts to quit back then."

He moved down to her low back.

"It really hurt her and the others to be strung along for the last two weeks and then not get paid."

"I know. I'm really sorry." Paige said tearing without the crying.

He surprised her and moved to her upper legs working down.

"I'm going to help you get through court and I can even look to see if your rights are being protected in the receivership if you want me to.

"Yes please." She said wiping her nose and her eyes on the tail of her top.

He alternated legs as he worked his way down.

"One thing I've found with Stephanie is that she has strange ways and outlooks sometimes, but if I go along when it is at its strangest, I find myself going on a wild ride and better off for having ridden it." He said massaging her calves and ankles.

"If you'd like my suggestion, I'd let up and go along for the ride and see where it takes you." He said massaging her feet.

"Can where you end up be any worse than it is for you right now?" He said massaging between her toes.

"Thank you." She said sitting up all red and puffy, reaching for his neck, and hugging her hard nipples into his chest.

As she unfolded her embrace, she lowered herself back to the bed twisting her upper body toward him, supporting herself on her elbow and pulling her top together with her other hand.

"Let's go down and make some lunch, okay?" He said giving her a playful smack on her butt.

When Paige came downstairs she had splashed water on her face and put her hair up in a ponytail. She sat down but didn't look at either of her hosts. Stephanie put a sandwich, potato salad, and some carrot slices down in front of her and Paige thanked her, but she said nothing more until Stephanie asked her if she would be willing to even out her tan in the backyard with her.

Paige's immediate instinct was to ask if anyone would be able to see them, but she said "Sure, okay," instead.

Paige cleared the table while Stephanie smiled at Rod.

Once outside Stephanie set up two chairs right next to each other pointing into the direction the sun would be setting. She laid out some towels on the chairs and they each put lotion on each other's backs. When they were through lathering the rest of their bodies they lay on their stomachs while Paige tried to think of something to say to break the silence.

She looked over and as if by automatic speech she said, "I think I missed a spot on your back," then she sat up on the lounger next to Stephanie and started to massage her shoulders.

"MmmMMmm. That feels nice." Which was the first pleasant thing she had said to Paige since the car.

Paige was encouraged so she expanded the rub. She did broad sweeping strokes up the centerline, over the shoulders and down the arms.

"Where did you learn to do this?" Stephanie asked dreamily.

"I want to apologize."

"It's okay. I know you can't help it."

Paige didn't really understand what Stephanie meant so she left it as meaning her situation, then stood straddle over the chair to get better leverage of her whole back.

"I mean I am really sorry. I'm old enough to control myself better than I have done. If you'll be patient with me when I make mistakes, I will try harder to do what you need me to do." She said including a little upper butt cheek in her sweeping strokes.

"ummMMmm. And I'll try to count to ten before I react and maybe save us some of this anguish." Stephanie replied.

Paige reversed the straddle facing toward Stephanie's legs and continued the long sweeping strokes up and down her legs.

"And I hope you can learn to trust me when I ask you to do something that you are uncomfortable with when I think it will help you grow and make you better equipped to deal with the stress and difficulties you have in your immediate future."

"Yes, I will. I will try very hard."

"Like, if I asked you to open the front door completely nude. Would you do that without an argument if the reason was to stretch your envelop out so you could handle less daunting tasks."

Paige stopped her stroking a second. "You mean open the door without anything on, not even the apron?"

"The apron can protect you at the stove, but it can also be a crutch when you use it to answer the front door when you are still not comfortable doing so without it. Do you see?"

Paige was still, pausing to think, "I guess so. Why do I need to be able to open the door naked again?" She said and resumed the stroking down to Stephanie's calves.

"It's not so much that you need to be naked to open the door as much as it is you need to be able to open the door naked if you ever had to. That is what being a successful model would be all about, being able to do anything asked of her, no matter how strange, as long as no harm is done."

"I think I understand your point. It's just really scary for me. I never pictured myself as a model and I'm still unsure that I will be able to live up to your expectation for it."

"Now that I understand." Stephanie said turning over onto her back. "That was honest, but you implied you'd give it a try and that is all that I've been asking of you in so many ways."

Paige brightened.

"I think you are unhappy being uptight and that brings you problems, and then you get frustrated with the problems and that's what makes you bitchy. It has been frustrating to try and beat the uptightness out of you, but if you trust me and we work together, I think you can make the most money in the shortest period of time and get your life back together again. And, I might add, as a sexy confident woman ready to take the world by the tail."

Paige sat down with her hands on her knees to contemplate the validity of Stephanie's insight. "Do you really think this is the way to go for me, or are you just saying that to make me look foolish and get back at me?"

"The only time you'll look foolish is when you resist the lesson plan." Stephanie said and put one foot down on the ground and swung her other leg over to rest her ankle on Paige's knee. "Leave the design of that to me. Now, do you see where I might have missed any spots on the front?"

Paige sat like a deer caught in headlights staring at Stephanie's bald pussy winking back at her.

Stephanie wiggled her toes and Paige unconsciously put her hands on Stephanie's foot and rubbed now looking alternately between Stephanie's breasts, cunt and foot embarrassed she couldn't look at Stephanie in the eyes as she continued to talk.

"Would you do anything I say, as long as it didn't hurt you in anyway?"

Paige stood bent over and placed Stephanie's ankle on her shoulder while she rubbed her leg. "You're talking about helping me get over my inhibitions, right?"

"Strictly. But also to help you live life a little more, create some memories, do things you've never done before."

Paige started pawing at Stephanie's leg and bringing her fingertips closer and closer to her pussy with each stroke and …

"How are you ladies doing?" Rod said, coming outside with some lemonade.

Paige put Stephanie's leg down and sat back with her hands on her breasts.

"Here you go." He said handing his wife a glass.

"And, here you go." He said handing one to Paige. "My, that's going to create quite an interesting tan pattern on your breasts." He said trying to make light of the fact that Paige was still acting so modest in his presence.

Paige removed her hand and took a drink.

"I was going to drive the cars over to the car wash, but then I thought maybe we could just all pitch in and do it here."

"Paige, why don't you put on the tube mini and the shorty tee and help Mr. Fuller. The clothes are in the sewing room."

"I'd be happy to." She said trying to start out on a new foot.

The Fullers observed her walk to the house first with her hands on her breasts, and then watched her take them down to her sides and go the rest of the way practicing being proud of her nakedness. They gave each other a quiet high five and Rod left to get things ready.

Paige joined Rod in the front looking in all directions for anybody outside that might be able to see her in the too short tube mini skirt and too short half tee shirt. Rod had set up a couple of chairs on the lawn facing the cars and started to instruct Paige on how he wanted it done. Stephanie came out in a tee shirt and shorts and sat for a moment with him while they watched the tall, fake blonde bend and stretch to suds up the car. There was no way she could avoid flashing her pussy and showing upshirt views of her breasts as she reached over the hood or down the sides.

Paige almost didn't care. It was a beautiful day, she seemed to have repaired her relationship with her hosts, and she was on assignment to learn to lighten up about letting people see her body more.

"Here, I'll help you with that." Stephanie said and picked up the hose.

Paige was delighted to have the company.

Stephanie followed Paige around the car rising what she had soaped up. When Paige bent down to soap up the bumper around the front corner of the car, Stephanie squeezed the handle to make the water change from flowing in a scattered pattern to flowing in a stream and aimed it at Paige's pussy that was winking back at her from between her legs.

"Ooooo!" Paige squealed, shooting straight up and bringing the sponge around to stop the stream. She looked at Stephanie and determined that she was being playful and threw the soapy sponge at her laughing, "Why you."

Stephanie took the hit on her cleavage and sucked in her breath at the sudden cold wetness and then gathered her wits and started shooting a steady stream at Paige who yelped and darted for the other side of the car.

They played a game of cat and mouse dancing from one side to the next. Stephanie charged Paige with the hose when Paige started to reach for the bucket and Paige squealed as the water forced the now transparent top up off of one of her breasts.

Rod turned off the water on Stephanie who stood shocked and then panicked when Paige saw her chance to get her back with the bucket. She picked it up and Rod turned the water back on so his wife could defend herself with the spray trailing up and down Paige's body from her pubic area to across her breast and back down again. Paige tipped the bucket accidentally on herself and stood surprised and defeated as Stephanie wound down her assault on her.

Paige shook her arms out away from her body to shed as much water as she could while Stephanie pulled the wet tee shirt away from her own breasts, and for a pregnant moment they all stood and looked around at the soapy, wet devastation they created. Then they burst out laughing and all three huddled loosely with their arms on their shoulders. Stephanie and Paige continued to laugh when Stephanie took the nozzle and sprayed it down Rod's pants.

A couple of nosey neighbors came by that the Fullers had little patience for and the three excused themselves to clean up leaving the couple hungry for more.

Later in the kitchen Paige made dinner under Stephanie's supervision. Stephanie asked, "Was that so bad being in the front yard practically naked with people coming by to see you?"

"You know, I've always felt that attracting people to look at my body would make me grow dumber, but you pull it off. You're pretty, you show yours off, and yet you still have a lot on the ball."

"Thank you, Paige." Stephanie said with sincere appreciation.

Later that night Stephanie jumped on top of Rod's legs as he lay on his stomach reaching over and setting the alarm for the workweek ahead. She pulled his boxers down and gave his butt a couple of amorous swats. "Turned the water off on me did ya?" She said and started to tickle his sides making him squirm and do a muffled groan-laugh into his pillow.

Then she started to squeeze his flesh between his neck and his shoulders.

"How did my big strong man like playing with my doll today?"

"I should have grown up a girl. It was fun."

"I'm glad you didn't." Stephanie said clawing her hands into the strong muscles of his back. Then clawing his butt cheeks she continued, "I want to thank you for helping me with her attitude adjustment this morning. You moved right in to that good cop role as if I had given you a playbook to read."

"I like to do my part." He said reaching under to adjust the position of his hardon.

Slap! Her hand came down hard on the right butt cheek.

"Hey, what was that for?"

"I have one beef with you though," She said going back to grabbing at his flesh, "I had Barbie just ready to kiss me where it counts when you stepped in and took her away to work on the cars."

He put his head up with a questioning furrowed brow, "Hunh?"

"You know, out back in the sun, she was primed and moving in on the target. I think I could have gotten my former boss to kiss my ass or better, so you owe me. You owe me big time."

"Oh, saR-Ree." He said apologetically now that he understood.

"Time to roll over and try to pay me back right now."

Stephanie lifted her knee as he rolled over toward the middle of the bed. He propped up his head with pillows as she straddled his head and sank her warm moist cunt into his face.

He started to go nuts lapping and sucking on her pussy. He could feel her hard nipples dragging across his chest as Stephanie danced her head around his genitals and pretended to be trying to gobble them up.

"You'd better do me good and be prepared to do me long, Buster, because you aren't getting off until I have cum as many times as is necessary for you to pay me back."

**Perils of Paige Turner 6**

Paige Turner sat up in bed pleased she might have found a path that would both please her hosts and hopefully benefit in her ways more than just having some money would. She decided she would try her best to trust Stephanie's help in overcoming her hang-ups about having people see her body and give becoming a model a try.

The last couple of days she had not been able to cover herself up like she was accustomed to doing and now was less panicked by being seen in compromising positions. The worst part of it was that she realized she brought it all upon herself whether it was the immediate trouble with the law, losing her possessions, or the longer term damage she had done to the trust of her former employees.

She dressed in the only clothes she had, a skirt that was shortened with a tear up the back now repaired by having the rough edges sewed back into a permanent gap, a blouse that was maliciously retailored into a Daisy Mae half shirt, and a pair of high heels.

"Good morning Ms. Fuller." She was getting used to saying.

"Good morning Paige." Stephanie Fuller said clearing her husband, Rod's dishes having said good-bye to him for the day.

"May I have some breakfast?" Paige said famished from all of the cumulative stress and the physical excitement over the weekend.

Stephanie already had some extra scrambled eggs cooked and some bacon strips ready that she placed on Paige's spot at the table while Paige fixed herself some toast and poured some juice.

"Are you ready to try taking instruction from someone behind the camera and letting them set off the flash when they think the moment is right?" Stephanie asked.

"Yes, I think so. I mean at least I'll try."

"That's more like it. I really think you turned an important corner in your life yesterday." Stephanie remarked and Paige blushed.

The group of Paige's former employees reconvened at Michael's loft. Stephanie asked Gail to review what they had accomplished at the previous meeting.

"We had Paige pose privately in front of an unmanned camera and trigger the camera herself so she could get used to it."

"And that went well, didn't it Paige?" Stephanie asked.

"Yes." Paige replied a little more present, less self-conscious, and a little more cooperatively present than on previous occasions.

"Where does that leave us." Stephanie said procedurally although everyone knew the answer.

"Well, the next step, I believe is taking pictures in front of a camera with someone standing there giving directions and setting off the flashes." Gail continued.

"But without film right?" Paige questioned.

"Right." Stephanie confirmed. "Was there anything else to work on?"

"Well, we've worked on the walk, the turn, and building confidence. I think creating a presence and following directions and maybe learning to be immersed in the moment might be the new challenges." Gail offered.

"Okay, we can't afford to hire a professional photographer for this but we do have an aspiring one in our midst's."

Michael stood up and took a couple of bows.

"So I say we each give it a try. That way Paige here gets to experience it with different photographers and styles and with each of the costumes you'd like to have her try."

"Ah, I don't have a costume this time I had to return the bikini I borrowed from my sister." Michael said.

"That's okay. We'll think of something for her to model for you. Now, when I was watching some modeling videos about making a calendar, I noticed that the photographers interacted with their models. Not only did they tell them what they wanted them to do, but told them things they liked about them so they'd feel more comfortable and do a better job. Since we need to help Paige get over being bashful, the more you can tell her what you like about her and what she's doing, the more she'll learn to accept compliments gracefully and derive energy from them to perform better. Okay?" Stephanie said reaching a hand over to Paige to help her stand up.

"So if you're ready, Paige, why don't we start with Kathy."

Paige stood up with her stomach all a flutter and followed Kathy around the screen while the others huddled around a TV monitor with talk radio playing in the background.

Paige looked nervously as Kathy opened her bag. "You're not going to make me wear that awful leather outfit are you?"

"No, I'm not going to ask you to do anything you haven't already done." She said pulling out an assortment of sheer swimsuits she had ordered from Australia. "Here, this one should look familiar." She said handing Paige the one she wore at the nude beach.

Paige looked around the space and realized that she should just change out of her clothes and into the suit right in place. FLASH She looked, up but Kathy wasn't even at the camera. She was untangling the stringy suits still in the bag.

Kathy looked up too and saw Paige's surprise and said, "Must be an automatic function."

"Yeah," Paige said, "it's the capacitors or something."

Paige stooped to adjust the thin slivers of material over her crotch, FLASH and then her nipples. FLASH

"Could I wear a hat and sunglasses or something?"

"What, and hide that pretty face of yours?"

"But I don't want pictures taken of me without clothes on where you can recognize my face."

"I understand that, but there is no film in these cameras. Now you have to try and look like you've done this all of your life to project that model presence. I've already seen you naked. There are no surprises here for me. Okay, I'm taking over the camera now. I want you to put your arm …"

Kathy posed her in a variety of standing poses as if she were Vanna White turning letters or a model presenting a showcase on the "Price is Right".

"That's good. FLASH … Nice posture. FLASH … What delicate hands. FLASH …"

Then she had Paige change into the sheer bikini that Stephanie had worn. Paige couldn't argue. Stephanie had worn it briefly at the nude beach until she had taken it off all together. Not that Paige would argue, she was tying to transform herself into a more confident woman under Stephanie's direction.

After a few more shots Kathy asked her to take off the small top pointing out she had done that at the beach.

"Do I h …" Paige caught herself in time to avoid whining. "At the beach I was covered up with paint though." Paige said alternatively, although still complying with the request.

"Right." Kathy said sarcastically.

Paige felt her breasts swell with excitement and her nipples get as rigid as gumdrops. There she was staging a full on topless photoshoot whereas days before she would have been mortified to allow anyone to gaze openly on her tits with even some clothes on.

"Can I come in?" Stephanie said from behind the screen.

"Sure." Kathy said.

"How's it going?" Stephanie asked.

"She is doing great, see?"

Paige beamed. She was glad that Stephanie had joined them and proud to hear Kathy tell her she was doing well.

"There are others waiting." Stephanie reminded Kathy.

"I'm done." Kathy said and went up to Paige to get the suits from her while Stephanie took Paige's clothes and hung them up on the coat tree and moved it all the way to the side.

"Very good job." Kathy said to Paige as Ashley came around.

Paige blushed, covered herself with her hands as best she could, and then looked where her clothes were last lying. By that time Ashley was handing her a garter belt bustier combination with a mostly transparent, ruffle edged material to cradle her breasts and seamed stockings.

Paige quickly put the arrangement on. It was the first time she had been completely nude in front of her younger former employee and felt uncomfortable because she thought Ashley might be little bit of a wild child outside of work.

When she was finished with fastening the stockings she asked, "And what about panties?" FLASH

"Just the heels will do it." She said starting to look through the viewfinder.

Paige waited for instructions with her fingers interlaced at her pubic triangle with the back of one hand resting in the palm of the other.

"Okay, please stand in a little wider stance. Wider. That's good. Now put your hands behind you. FLASH That's good now on your cheeks. No your other cheeks behind you. FLASH Great. I could really get into doing this. Now put your hands under your tits. Higher, kind of hold them. That's it." FLASH

Paige was blushing and looking worried.

"I think we need to work on the expression. No keep holding them, but smile. FLASH Try thinking about offering them to your boyfriend to suck on."

Paige's face went sad. She didn't have anyone in her life.

"Okay, maybe not a boyfriend your future husband, whomever that me be. That's better. FLASH Now pull the material down in front and have it resting under your breasts."

"Can't we just do it like this? You can pretty much see through it now?" Paige asked but felt guilty about complaining.

"Hey Ms. Turner. You have the prettiest breasts I've ever seen, and like you say the camera can already see them, so what's the difference. That's the spirit. FLASH Now again with a confident smile. FLASH You're doing great. I gotta hand it to you. I used to think you were just a stuck up snotty bitch, but the bravery you've shown over these three business meetings and the cooperation you are showing us today, well I admire that. It's been a big change for you and you should be proud."

Paige brightened. FLASH

"Now let's take off the bustier but leave the garter belt on."

Paige was taken by surprise, but reached behind, FLASH and let it fall, FLASH then put her hands on her breasts.

"You can hold them, but from underneath. Okay, but down a little further so I can see those sexy nipples. That's it. FLASH"

"How are we doing?" Stephanie called out lyrically.

"She's doing great." Ashley called back.

"Don't hog her." Stephanie said poking her head through at the edge of the screen. "Others want a shot at directing her modeling too.

"Okay, I'm done." Ashley said.

Paige sat on the padded bench and put her hands back on her nipples but they were so sensitive to her touch now that she cupped her palms to avoid their direct contact. She looked longingly over at her clothes but realized she would have to take the garter belt and stocking off first anyway, so she stayed put while Stephanie and Ashley approached her.

She heard footsteps and stood up to see James moving into place behind the camera. She freaked inside. It was one thing taking direction from Kathy, she had been to a nude beach with her. It was worse being directed by Ashley, since she wasn't sure where Ashley was coming from. But, James she knew, and he was the archetype of the person she most wanted to cover herself up from.

"It's James." She said grabbing Stephanie's forearm while moving her other arm across her breasts.

"Well sure. He gets a chance too."

"But I don't have any …"

Ashley stepped to the side to wait for the stockings and garter belt.

"James, what did you bring for Paige to wear?" Stephanie asked.

"These pantyhose and this bra, but those will do just as well." He said.

"Can he use these?" Stephanie asked Ashley.

"Sure, no problem." She said walking toward James on her way out. "Just as long as he doesn't wear them himself." She said in passing close and touching his face flirtatiously.

"Here, you can put this on too." He said handing Paige the bra.

She took it and turned away from him and held her legs together to minimize his view of her denuded pussy. "Can you stay in here when he does it?" she asked Stephanie as she put one arm under a strap.

"Sure I will." Stephanie said in a comforting way and took the ends to help with hooking the bra up in back for her.

Paige was comforted only for a split second as she realized the bra only had one-third cups. The majority of her breasts and her erect nipples were lifted and jutting out forward over the top of them.

"Look what he has me in." Paige said to Stephanie alarmed.

"It's still more coverage than what you wore at the nude beach and there were hundreds of guys there."

"No, I was completely covered with paint."

"Okay," Stephanie said not wanting to contradict what she had told Paige at the nude beach, "but it is way more coverage than I wore and every other woman wore at the nude beach then. Let him have his fun. It wouldn't be fun for him if you weren't so pleasing to look at."

Paige was finding now that each complement was being met with a corresponding twinge of excitement in her pussy.

"All right, but stay here and help me okay?"

"Hey man, are you chicks ready?" James said frustrated he couldn't be first.

"James. Now be nice." Stephanie said warning him.

"You look great Ms. Turner. Now could I please have you put your hands down to your side? FLASH Now behind your head please."

Paige hesitated and put her hands on her nipples again.

"I bet if I were to ask your girlfriend if she liked your foreplay that she would say 'not much.'"

"I don't have a girlfriend."

"My point exactly. Why don't you let me direct this for you and you take the pictures. If you don't like what I suggest, you can take over again, but you need to be more patient."

"Okay." He said reluctantly.

Paige was relieved Stephanie was taking charge.

"Okay you are doing great. Stand like you are, but taller, more confident, okay, maybe toes out a little and just a little farther apart. Like that. Any time James. FLASH. Good, now that is a strong statement of a proud woman."

Paige blushed, her stomach was churning and her pussy was pulsing.

"Now let's make it prouder by just covering your nipples FLASH with your first two fingers of each hand. Like that." FLASH, FLASH "You're not supposed to get me in the pictures Dipstick." She scolded James for jumping the gun on the shutter.

"Sorry Stephanie." FLASH

"Okay. That was a nice shot. How about just opening these fingers on this hand like a peace sign. FLASH Good, now show him you are really for peace and open the other two in a peace sign. FLASH, FLASH. Now why don't we take off this hideous thing." Stephanie said and went behind her while Paige looked amazed at how swollen her nipples looked to her.

"Here you go. Put your plaything away." Stephanie said tossing the bra back to James.

"Now rub out the impression left by the bra there a minute. That's it FLASH I said not to get me in the picture." Stephanie scolded.

"It wasn't me." James shrugged.

"You're starting to perspire, hmm, but that's okay, glistening is good. Now how about a little fantasy woman pose?"

"Hunh?"

"Put your hands into fists and your fists here like this on your hips. Now shoulders more back, chin up and glare at the camera. FLASH, FLASH, FLASH Good thing there isn't any film in there, isn't it, or he'd be changing it by now. Okay, that was a great shot of your magnificent body and breasts."

Paige could accept that from Stephanie and was surprised to feel a little wobbly when Stephanie asked her to do the same pose, only looking back over her shoulder for a shot from behind. FLASH, FLASH Look at that. Buns of steel." Stephanie said putting her hands on each cheek and giving them a few pulsing squeezes.

"Oooo." Paige yelped surprised, and distracted from seeing James adjusting his pants that had grown tighter.

"Okay," Stephanie said giving her an affectionate swat on the butt. Let's show off these incredible legs, one at a time. Put one foot up on the bench, careful with the heel. FLASH Okay a little more over to the side. That's it. FLASH I hope these butt cheeks aren't getting too shiny." She said wiping them down with her hands.

Paige was posed with her weight on her other leg. FLASH Then Stephanie challenged her to try and hold her leg up while balancing on her other leg, FLASH, FLASH, FLASH but the attempt went bust as she fell back on the bench giving James a final wide opened pussy shot. FLASH, FLASH, FLASH.

Paige tried to collect herself as Gail came around the screen. "Ready for me?" she said like a cruise director on a ship.

"What do you have for her?" Stephanie asked.

"Oh just some intimates for the bedroom." Gail said bringing her bag toward them.

"James you can go." Stephanie said and Paige was thankful.

James left reluctantly but not before craning his neck to see what Gail might have brought.

Gail stood with her first selection held to her chest as Stephanie helped Paige out of the stockings and garter belt.

"Wow, that's nice." Stephanie said seeing the black and clear smoke short nightgown on Paige that was about the size and style of a short slip, but had a clear panel spiraling down and around the body revealing sexy portions as it flowed. It started at the left armpit and had an expanding clear river of material running along the top of her left breast just above her nipple across her cleavage and under her right nipple. Then it wound its way around and down her back until it crossed her navel then back around across her butt cleavage and to the front again right below her puffy cunt lips.

By now Paige was wishing she had someone in her life she could wear it for. The design, the material, and the sexy positions Gail was putting her in were all making her hot. It didn't matter that her nipples were aroused and poking the material out in attention getting bumps, or that the postures and poses she was being asked to assume were downright lewd. Gail asked her to pull the hemline up some more, FLASH but she was so randy that she could have pulled it all the way up, off, and thrown herself against the first naked body presenting itself to her and embracing it in a passionate hug.

"Now let's try this little number." Gail said holding up a teddy with matching panties.

Paige was eager to try it on. She was transforming inside and she was noticing it. For a moment, while she changed from the nightie to the teddy, Gail wasn't in the room. The cameras, the lights, the random flashes, nothing was in the room while Paige had the pleasure of sampling the revealing outfit selected especially for her if just for a fleeting … "You look spectacular in that. I'm sure we have found your true calling. Here see of these slippers will fit."

Paige squeezed her feet into the three and a half inched high-heeled slippers with the crape pompoms on the toes. They were going to fit by god. ^Ouch^ she thought, ^just bear with it a few minutes. This probably happens in modeling. They can't always have the right sizes.^ She rationalized ^Oooo, panties. I wish I could wear these home, even if they are see through.^

Gail took shots from different angles. Paige's head was hot and pounding now less from the embarrassment and humiliation of the situation and more from the sexual tension steadily building up in her system. When Gail asked her to take off the panties and hold them out to the camera, FLASH, FLASH Paige wanted to take her other hand and frig herself till she could get some relief. When Gail asked her to pull the teddy open outside of her breasts, she didn't have to be asked to reach back and touch her nipples, rolling her head in delirium.

"Okay, that's probably it for me." Gail announced abruptly.

Paige was befuddled and looked like a kid who had just stopped spinning around in place as she took a moment to catch her bearings and normalize her breathing, but she came quickly to her senses when Michael appeared as Gail was pulling off the teddy for her. As soon as her arms were clear of the garment, she rushed to cover up with her hands opposite shoulders. She lightened up a bit when she saw Stephanie follow him in.

"How's it going?" She said smiling and rubbing her hand gently up and down Paige's arm.

"Fine." Paige replied in a breathy voice. "It's getting hot back here in front of the lights."

"Yes, modeling tends to get you hot. Now since Michael didn't have any outfits for you to wear, and since he fancies himself as a professional artist, we challenged him to do a shoot with nothing but towels. Here, wrap this around you."

Paige was relieved she could be covered for her shoot with Michael. Like with Ashley, she didn't know what to expect. "Would you stay back here for this one again please?"

"I'd be happy to. I've got to keep the old boy honest to the challenge or he might just say lose the towel as soon as I leave."

"Good, thank you."

"Could I have the subject, I mean Ms. Turner, could I have you lay sideways on the bench. Kind of like that, you could prop yourself up with your left elbow, yeah and put your right knee up. Okay. FLASH

He did a couple of variations of that, then he asked her to stand up again and face the back. "Okay, you have such a beautiful back and rear and legs, I want you to open the towel and hold it across your front under your arms but leave the back open. That's perfect. FLASH You would have liked that picture if I had film in the camera, very artsy. Now turn forty-five degrees, good, look at the camera, no look back ahead of you but just turn your eyes this way, chin down, good FLASH That displayed your butt just right. Now keep turning this way, let's say another ninety degrees. Good, now put your back leg up on the bench, chin down, look out of the top of your eyes good, smile, FLASH excellent.

"Michael, I'm growing impressed. Maybe you do have a future at this."

"Thanks Steph. Now just hold the towel at the corners vertically at your breasts. Higher. FLASH Lower FLASH and lower,"

"But my nipples …" Paige said and looked at Stephanie who nodded assuredly.

"That's right." FLASH He said without missing a beat. Now hold it lower down and let the material fold over your hands. Exactly right FLASH Now do the same thing at your waist and let more material fold over. FLASH. "You are going to make a very good model Ms. Turner." He said taking a break from looking through the viewfinder. "The next towel please, Steph."

Stephanie took the bath towel away from Paige and handed her a hand towel instead. Paige immediately hung it vertically to hide her breasts and pubic area hopefully behind it. Paige found it humiliating and embarrassing to be standing naked holding a marginally adequate towel in front of her for modesty. She also felt vulnerable being the only one nude in a house full of clothed people, but with Stephanie there in the room with her, she felt safe enough to try and think of ways to channel the emotions into something more productive. And, the only thing that kept coming back to her mind was taking the bull by the horns and trying to be confident and sexy with it.

Michael had her stand facing away trying to cover her buns with the towel but revealing a nice side view of her breasts instead. FLASH He even had her stand confidently with the towel over her shoulder looking back. FLASH With each new request she grew bolder. So that with the final request, she stood with one hand on her hip while she exchanged the hand towel for a washcloth then held it down FLASH waiting for instructions on what to do with it. For the last task he asked her to bend forward at the waist toward the camera, FLASH and hold out the washcloth in front of her so that in the two dimensional picture, the washcloth would be just barely covering the vital spots. FLASH

Paige stood relaxed as the three of them debriefed. Stephanie was impressed with Michael and his burgeoning talent and Paige was impressed with herself, that she could just stand there naked without covering up.

Michael finally left proud of his work, and Stephanie said she would be right back. As soon as they both ducked around the screen, a wave of sexual sensation swept Paige from head to toe. FLASH She started to try and walk it off pacing back FLASH and forth FLASH in just her heels in front of the camera with her hand feeling her forehead and her other hand holding her belly. FLASH.

Stephanie came around the screen again.

"Oh thank goodness. Let's go. I'm feeling kind of woozy."

"I haven't had my turn yet." She said. "But I think I will be able to take the wooziness away for you. Here, this is my prop."

"What is it?"

"You've seen a feather boa before."

"Well I …"

"Put it around your neck. FLASH now move it in ways that you think a sexy model like yourself would do. Good FLASH Good, FLASH You know, one of the things that uptight women miss out on are fulfilling orgasms. So do you orgasm Paige?" FLASH

"Do we really need to talk about this here?"

"You're sounding a little uptight right now. You are still trusting me to help you aren't you?"

"Yes. I'm sorry. Yes I think so." FLASH

"Yes you have fulfilling orgasms or yes you have orgasms?" FLASH FLASH

"I feel kind of funny talking about this, but I do have orgasms." FLASH

"If you are an orgasmic woman then this has got to be making you horny." FLASH

Paige looked down, "Yes it is." FLASH FLASH

"Good that's a start. FLASH Put the boa between your legs and hump it."

"What?" Paige replied shocked.

"I've gotten you this far haven't I? Trust me. It will work for you. That's it." Stephanie said in a soft reassuring voice. FLASH

Paige started to whimper.

"Now that you can do that in front of just me I'm going to ask Kathy to join us. No, don't stop keep doing that. That's it." FLASH

Stephanie waved Kathy in and she stood beside her with her arms crossed while Paige's humping of the feather boa between her legs grew more pronounced and urgent. "You're doing just fine. See? It feels good doesn't it?"

Paige sucked her lips in and nodded with a worried look and with the whimpering picking up. FLASH

"That's it, Now one more, Ashley?" And Ashley quietly joined the other two. See you can still do it with three of us here." FLASH Stephanie said softly. "If it feels right to you, you can use your fingers instead if you want. FLASH See, I know what you need."

She waved in Gail. "Now there are four of us and its all the same isn't it?"

Paige was looking but not really seeing. FLASH She sat with her knees wide and her left hand supporting her on the bench while she frigged herself with her right. FLASH FLASH … Her wimpering turned to moans.

"That's it. You have all of your friends here now to support you in seeking the relief from your troubles, from your stress, from your worries, we're here for you. Keep going now you are so close."

"Ah, ah, …" Paige was saying louder and louder not changing her mission now that Michael and James were there.

"You'll know you've done it when you get there. You can go slower or faster, yes that seems to be right for you, faster do it faster."

"Ah, ah, ah …." Paige was saying in rapid succession straining all of the muscles from her head down to her cunt.

"You're there, keep at it, you're there. Let go, embrace it, take it, own it. Yessssssss, you've done it." Stephanie said watching Paige scream and take herself over the limit now frigging herself rapidly to maybe get a few more.

The flashes were still going off when Gail and Kathy ushered the others out of the studio space for Stephanie to be alone with Paige.

The regular flashes stopped as Stephanie sat down next to the shaking, dumbstruck Paige. She put her arm around her and tilted Paige's head onto her shoulder for comforting. "Now didn't I tell you I would help you get through that?"

Paige was still shivering fiddling with her fingertips in her lap, rocking dazed and confused.

"You'll see that being able to do that will release all of your anxieties and stress anytime you need it. And now that you know how strong you are able to do it, you'll know what to look for in the future."

Paige sniffled back her tears and put her arms around Stephanie while staring out into space.

"Let's get you dressed, get you home, have a good meal, and you can get some rest. This has been a very big day for you."

At dinner Rod asked Paige, "You are awfully quiet tonight."

"I'm sorry." Paige said.

"No, you look radiant. You are glowing and look very healthy. Must be the color from the beach. She's not pregnant is she?"

"Ho honey, just pregnant with possibilities."

"May I be excused please?" Paige asked

"Sure Paige, See you tomorrow." Stephanie said.

When Paige was out of earshot he asked, "What did you guys do today anyway?"

"I'll show you later." Stephanie said teasingly.

Later in their bedroom Rod was lying atop the pulled back sheets in just his boxers with his hands behind his head and his ankles crossed challenging, "I keep missing out on all the fun. When are you going to show me what you all did today?"

"You want me to show you?" Stephanie said crawling catlike onto the bed and breathing on his neck. "I'll show you, but you'll have to take care of this yourself," she said with her thumb around his erecting cock and her fingers cradling and jiggling his balls, "because I'll be taking care of myself you see."

Then she crawled like a cat off of the bed and started a sexy dance for him. He pulled his shorts down in wide-eyed anticipation and got to work on his pole.

Stephanie started pulling her nightgown up as she danced and explained, "…and the camera flashed at every good scene from the remote in the living room as well as the person behind the camera."

As she explained who did what, she posed the way Paige was posed. She was encouraged in her act by the obvious excitement she was creating in Rod's face and the movement of his hand. Then she took a moment to catch up with him and just stood there circling her nipples with the middle finger of her left hand while she caressed her clitoris with the middle finger of her right.

"Did you make her do anything other than pose?" He asked almost hissing.

Stephanie took her boa from the closet, "I made her dance with this." She said electrifying each part of her body that the feathers grazed over.

"Oh my god." Rod said knowing her would not be able to hold out much longer.

"Okay, stop that."

"Hunh?"

Take your hand off a minute, or you'll miss the best part."

He did as he was told but reluctantly and propped himself up on his elbows looking past his erect penis, like the bead on the rifle sight, at his sexy wife dancing and humping the boa between her legs.

Stephanie wanted to keep it a smooth rhythm but the feathers grazing her twat caused her to shudder and buck forwards until she had to put it down all together as the sensations made her head spin.

She climbed up on the bed and the two of them masturbated themselves to a near synchronous conclusion.

Then Stephanie cuddled under his arm and cupped his package in her hand as she often liked to do and asked, "So, are you really going to get her off tomorrow?"

"I've got to do my job, Honey."

"I know." She said forlorn.

"It's not a slam dunk. Trying to play Otis could backfire and the new young assistant DA is unpredictable."

"Well, just do what you have to do." Stephanie said drifting off to sleep.

**Perils of Paige Turner 7**

Paige Turner sat up in bed shaking. This was her day in court and she had everything riding on it. When she cleaned up she came downstairs and sat with the Fullers over coffee in the kitchen.

"Well Paige, are you ready for your big day?" Rod asked.

"I don't know what I would do if we lose. What can I do to have the best chance of winning?"

"Well, it is Old Man Otis on the bench, so that little girl approach might be the best way to go. Then, do what I say and be flexible in case I can strike you a deal."

Stephanie stood up behind her holding apart two handfuls of her bleached blonde hair. "We can give her braids or pigtails," Stephanie stated, "which do you think?"

"You're the expert in the style department, Honey." Rod told his wife.

"You're going to come, aren't you?" Paige asked Stephanie.

"Sure, I'll be there for you." She assured her.

"What's going to happen?" Paige asked.

"Well, this is an arraignment. You are going to be asked to enter a plea."

"But what if I am kind of guilty but not guilty also. I don't remember doing any drugs." Paige asked.

"We are going to try and get some of the charges dropped due to extenuating circumstances, but I don't know what I can do about your license since you refused a Breathalyzer test. That is a mandatory penalty in this state."

"We know you'll be doing your best Honey." Stephanie said. "Why don't we go upstairs, Paige and do our bit for your cause."

Paige followed Stephanie to the sewing room, and wrestled with a warm feeling flooding her as she watched Stephanie's cute body work its way up the steps and down the hall.

Her emotions were momentarily interrupted by Stephanie's command to take off her clothes. She crossed her arms below her breasts waiting for Stephanie to do something, but all she did was look Paige up and down.

"Put your arms down." Stephanie said looking pensively at her living Barbie Doll, tall slender, long legs, ample chest, and bottle blond hair. "We still have to work on that all over tan. Okay put this on." She said handing Paige the skirt that she had shortened.

"But you've …" Paige started to say and checked herself before letting it come out as either an objection or a whine.

"Yes, I've shortened it. We are going for the 'little schoolgirl look' remember?"

"Will I get to wear the pantyhose?" Paige said worried that it would be easy to see she had nothing on under the skirt unless she sat with her knees together.

"I'm going to let you wear a pair of my white over the calve stockings. The pantyhose turned out to be mislabeled, they are really suspender hose and they might show a little skin as you walk."

"Okay." Paige said focusing on the fact that Stephanie was trying to save her future embarrassment rather than notice how revealing a costume Stephanie was putting her into to wear to court. Paige sat down and pulled on the short hose while Stephanie noticed as Paige lifted her knees that she might need some attention for the stubble reappearing on and around her labia.

"Here, stand up. Now bend over." Stephanie requested and Paige obliged. Then she rubbed her hand over Paige's pussy. "Call me a perfectionist if you like, but I think we should give you a trim."

"Ah. Okay." Paige said sheepishly.

"Take everything off again and follow me to the bathroom." Once there, Stephanie asked her to spread her legs and grab her ankles in front of her as she herself sat on the john with the lid down. Stephanie liked this position for her doll because she could gaze upon or fondle anything from her neck and breasts to her pussy and on down her legs.

She took her fingers and brushed at the stubble as if trying to rid the area of loose particles. Having her head down made Paige start to get a little dizzy with that kind of stimulation at her pleasure center. Stephanie kept it up until she saw Paige start to glisten from her own lubrication. Then Stephanie applied some lotion and rubbed it in. Paige broke stance momentarily to catch herself from falling forward, but walked herself back into the ankle grab as soon as she recovered.

Stephanie rubbed the whole area with each stroke ostensibly to feel her way around the job and to keep the lotion spread, but she really wanted to make Paige moan and kept it up long after the area was successfully shaved.

She knew she needed to stop as soon as Paige started bending her knees. Then she had Paige switch places with her on the toilet seat lid and started to redefine the pubic hair arrow pointing down to her crease while Paige absentmindedly played with her nipples and wishing Stephanie were still touching her as before.

"All done." Stephanie announced.

"Wha…?" Paige said blinking her eyes and drawing in a deep breath.

"Oh, that probably made you a little randy didn't it." Paige nodded. "Well, we'll use that energy to help get the job done today."

"But…"

"Come on." Stephanie said holding out her hand. "We've got to get you ready."

Paige followed Stephanie's instruction and acted like an animate mannequin dressing and moving per Stephanie's instruction while she put on the short, blue-green plaid shirt, white, knee sock style stockings, see through white, sleeveless blouse, and yellow, button up sweater. All the while having part of her attention on the itch that needed to be scratched between her legs.

Whether she walked with the newly shaved pussy or sat bare assed on the car seat or courthouse furniture, she pained for the sexual tension to be relieved from the sensations they kept creating in her snatch.

Then walking up to the courthouse from the car, she stopped short in panic putting her hands up to her mouth.

"What is it Paige?" Rod asked.

They all looked at the bus stop shelter that Paige was looking at and saw a picture of her naked except for body paint holding up a can of Buck Beer with the caption "I'd go buck naked for Buck Beer."

"Oh my," Rod said, "that's not good."

"But she's painted, who can tell?" Stephanie said.

"I can see it is her, and it's not that she is naked, it's that she's advertising alcohol and this is a DUI arraignment."

"Oh. Well at least you look fabulous." Stephanie encouraged the now panicked Paige then muttered under her breath, "How did they get this out so fast?"

Then a bus went by with the top half of Paige holding the can up and toward the viewer with deer antlers clearly painted on her naked breasts. As they approached the courthouse steps, they could see a half of a billboard sticking out from behind the corner of the building with the same picture obviously papered on it as well.

"What are you going to do, Honey?" Stephanie asked.

"I'll make it work somehow." He said pensively with a little more confidence than concern.

Inside the courthouse the looks from the guards at the metal detector gave Paige a new surge of sensation in her groin as she imagined what a humiliation it would be if they had to frisk her going through security.

They reassembled in the front hall while Rod looked at his watch. Then he looked to his right, "Com'on, I think that's him." Rod said thinking he spotted the assistant DA.

"Are you Bradford?"

"Yes, Charlie Bradford." He said holding out his hand to rod but looking up and down Paige and Stephanie.

""Hi, I'm Rod Fuller, this is my wife Stephanie and this is Paige Turner."

"Yes," He said looking at a file from under his arm. "I've been wanting to talk to you."

"Can we talk prior to this arraignment?" Rod asked.

"Sure, let's go in here."

"Okay Charlie, let's drop this case. The drugs were not hers, she only took them when she was already intoxicated and taken advantage of."

"So you're going to concede she was driving drunk then."

"I know technically it's a DUI arrest, but she was not actually driving, she was parked when she was arrested."

"Well, that's still …."

"But at that point, she was in no danger of causing anyone any harm."

"According to this she is unemployed and refused a Breathalyzer test."

"Yes she did refuse it, but she had been told somewhere along the way that she should refuse it."

"Well, not in this state. Did you tell her that?"

"No Charlie, I'm doing this pro bono, I've only met her since the arrest. And Charlie, she is employed now."

Paige looked at Rod surprised.

"She is modeling and Stephanie here is her manager."

"You're putting me on."

"No, come here, look out there." Rod pointed him to a billboard with Paige holding up a can of beer."

Charlie looked, then double looked, and then looked at Paige and blushed, "Is that really you in that ad?"

Paige looked at her fingers in her lap, "Yes it is."

"And you got paid?"

"Yes she did." Stephanie answered for her.

"I see, and this address here," he showed her what was typed on the page, "is that your residence?"

"No Charlie that is ours. She is staying with us until she can get on her feet again."

"Mighty generous of you folks. So, Mrs. Fuller, do you work at anything else besides managing Ms. Turner?"

"No, I used to work for her in a different capacity, but this is what is working for us right now."

"Then you could drive her to her jobs?"

"Yes." Stephanie said with a smile.

"Look Charlie, there are no priors, the drugs were not hers, there were no injuries or property damage, she's gainfully employed … Paige stand up honey, and walk for Mr. Bradford a second."

Paige stood up; Stephanie unbuttoned her sweater and pulled it off. Charlie's eyes bugged out looking at the tall caricature of a little schoolgirl with rouged cheeks and her hair up in pigtails. Then Paige took a proud walk in front of him. She in her heels that added three inches to her five foot ten inch body looking down at him with his five foot eight inch body as she passed in both directions while he stared at her breasts visible through her blouse.

"Okay, okay, you win. I've heard about Otis too." Charlie said realizing he might be fighting a losing battle to ask for it all.

"Okay Ladies," Rod said, "Why don't you wait outside while we work out a compromise."

Paige put on her sweater and they went out and sat on a wooden bench resembling a church pew.

"So it is all fitting into place now isn't it." Stephanie said feeling mighty proud of herself.

Paige looked at her waiting for more explanation.

"You know, the modeling, the confident walk that you did in front of Mr. Bradford, taking that first modeling job, the clothes, …" She acted like she could go on and on, but Paige put her hands on Stephanie's.

"I don't know how I'm ever going to be able to thank you enough. I'm sorry I ever doubted you."

"That's okay." Stephanie said and pulled her in for a hug. "I'm here for you. This gratitude becomes you, much more of it though and I'll start to be jealous of your new looks."

Paige converted her sad tears to a laugh and bucked up for her turn in court.

"Okay, we're on." Rod announced.

Paige hadn't figured on so many people being in the room and felt terribly self-conscious about being dressed like a schoolgirl in such a sober place. She followed Rod and stood before a chair he assigned her and then he waved his wife along to join her at her left.

Following formalities like swearing in, Rob addressed Judge Otis, "Your honor, District Attorney Bradford and I have reached an agreement we would like to present to the court in this matter."

"Proceed." Judge Otis said looking curiously at the defendant.

"If it would please the court, might we be allowed to do so in chambers?"

"Well, this is rather irregular, but I'll oblige for now." He said and banged his gavel.

"All rise …" The bailiff was saying as the DA, the Fullers, Paige and a court reporter proceeded to the Judge's chambers.

"Your honor," Rod began saying as the judge went around his desk to sit, "Paige Turner, stand up Paige, Paige Turner has been a model citizen. She was an employer until recently and due to a series of circumstances she had one night of indiscretion that she is faced with paying dearly for on top of everything else that has happened to her."

"Yes, I see in this file here that the incident occurred on the night that she lost her business."

"Yes, your honor. So as you can see that while her actions are not excused, she was only harming herself further in her own grief."

"Bradford, what do you have to say?"

"Your Honor, Mr. Fuller assures me that the defendant is now gainfully employed as a model and that she lives with them, he and his wife, while she puts her life back together again. Under these circumstances, the state is prepared to recommend probation on the DUI and possession charges as long as she remains in their recognizance."

"So Bradford, has the state confirmed this?"

"The Fullers confirm that she lives with them, and she looks like she could be a model, Sir."

"So she does. Have you ever modeled before, young lady?"

"Ah, no Sir, not before this last weekend." Paige said demurely.

Rod cringed and looked at Charlie Bradford apologetically.

"Well then, how can you claim you are gainfully employed as a model?"

"Your Honor if I could explain." Stephanie interjected.

"Yes go on, Miss …"

"Fuller Sir, Mrs. Fuller." She filled in and the judge nodded. "Paige has been working every day on modeling since this happened. She is devoted and she is good. She got her first paid modeling job this last weekend and you'll see the results as soon as you leave the building."

"What will I see?"

"The Buck Beer ads, Sir"

Rod slid down in his chair wishing he were somewhere else.

"The one with the … She's holding up the can? That's her?"

"Yes Sir. And she has another modeling gig this Friday."

"I do?" Paige asked.

"Yes, I'll tell you about it at home. We can show you how professional she is if you want."

"Betty, I think we'll go off the record for a little while now. Why don't you wait outside and I'll call you."

The court reporter left while Paige pulled down on Stephanie's arm to try to convince her non-verbally to change the course of the defense.

She positioned Paige to the judge's right. "Here, we have Paige in a Catholic schoolgirl's outfit." Stephanie said holding her hands toward Paige as if she were a game show display. "You have the option of wearing this yellow sweater on chilly days or just this blouse on warmer days." She said unbuttoning and removing Paige's sweater. Then with a hand on Paige's back she set her in motion.

Paige paraded in front of the judge as confidently as she could knowing her breasts were bouncing visibly unfettered under her white blouse and her pussy was getting wet with all of the conflicting thoughts and emotions coursing through her mind.

Stephanie saw the judge looking at the demonstration with his bushy eyebrows up to hold open closing eyelids and decided to proceed further. "And when today's schoolgirl returns home," she said starting to unbutton the blouse, then shaking off Paige's interfering hands, "she takes off her blouse and hangs it neatly for the next day."

Paige looked at the nonchalant judge and followed Stephanie's lead and removed the blouse and gave it to her. Then with a gentle push on her low back again, she walked in front of the judge, now more concerned with the obvious excitement from the young DA's looks he was giving her and by the tenting in his pants.

^If only I could just cover up these embarrassing nipples.^ She thought, realizing what a big step she had taken to be seen topless by these strangers in the first place.

Rod sat slouched in his chair with his chin on his thumb, his index finger on his temple and his other fingers curled at his upper lip, watching lustfully at Paige while embarrassed for being a party to the shenanigans.

Stephanie looked at the judge. He still looked unimpressed but he was starting to sweat in his brow. "So today's schoolgirl then neatly removes her skirt and places it where she will be able to find it in the morning."

Paige and Stephanie pantomimed an argument about removing the skirt, but Paige looked at the droopy-eyed judge and succumbed to the humiliation of removing her skirt and handing it to Stephanie. When she walked again, she lost her smile and scowled down at the DA who had now crossed his legs and put an arm over his lap to conceal his excitement. She tried smiling at the judge on the return trip and noticed at the same time that Stephanie noticed it that the robe of the nearly sleeping judge was moving.

"And then at the end of a hectic school day, our tense and hardworking student takes a few moments to caress herself and calm her nerves down."

Paige stomped a foot while scowling at Stephanie, but then looked at the judge as Stephanie did and noticed that the movement from under the judge's robe was more pronounced and faster. She stared transfixed at him, his eyes all but closed, his mouth open, while Stephanie put one of her hands on a breast and the other pushed in between her legs and sawed it in and out a moment until Paige took over the motion for herself.

Paige started to fondle herself watching as the judge rolled his head back and whinnied a moment, slumped forward with a few quick motions under the robe and then perked open his eyes with a "harumph" and stared surprised at the shocked Paige.

Stephanie quickly started to wrap the skirt back around her while Charlie and Rod shifted more upright in their chairs. And as Paige was buttoning up her blouse, everyone was trying to pretend that nothing had happened.

The judge spoke into his intercom, "Sally, can you have Betty come back in here please?"

"Yes Your Honor." The voice squawked back.

"Okay, it is the finding of this court that Paige Turner is indeed a model, that she is welcome at the Fuller residence where they will continue to assist her in her rehabilitation, and the court will order six month's probation on all charges. She will also serve sixty hours of community service and loss of driving privileges for the six months instead of the mandatory year due to extenuating circumstances. So be it." He said rapping gavel on his desk.

"Thank you Your Honor." Rod said then shock the DA's hand and the three left through the courtroom.

Paige felt conspicuous walking out in the short skirt, high heels, and pigtails of bottle blond hair, with all eyes checking out her reaction to try and determine what might have been decided in chambers. A courthouse rat that spends his days sitting in on trials approached her with a pen and booklet of paper and asked with wide eyes, "Are you this month's Buck Beer's Buck Nekkid Lass?"

"Ah, I guess so?" She replied off guard.

"Can I get your autograph?"

"Ah, sure, I guess." She agreed in kind of a daze.

Then someone came up to her and shoved an oversized collector's trading card with her Buck Beer image on it. "Could you sign mine?"

"Ah …" She started to say while signing it. " Ah, where did you get this?" She asked.

"They come with every six pack. I'm the first one at the store when they come out each month. See?" He said fanning out a few others for her to see.

^Oh gawd.^ Paige thought. ^My naked ad is a collector's item.^

Paige rode in silence back home with the Fullers. She cooperated with Stephanie in trying on the clothing they had bought for her so Stephanie could make the necessary adjustments. At dinner she only talked as much as was necessary to answer their questions. Then she retired to her room to try and figure out what to do with her life.

When the Fullers went to bed, they had wild, passionate, sweaty sex and were cooling and drying off on their backs with the covers pulled down when they heard a gentle knock on their door. Stephanie pulled just the top sheet up and said, "Come in."

Paige opened the door standing in just the pajama top they had given her to sleep in.

"Yes. What is it Paige?" Stephanie asked.

"Ah, I couldn't sleep."

"Come here then." Stephanie said sitting up and holding the covers over her chest as she slid her legs out and her feet down to the floor. "You can lay here with us for a while and tell us about it, but we'll take this off because we don't have any clothes on." She told her, when Paige was in front of her at the side of the bed, and as she unbuttoned the pajama top with no resistance from Paige.

Stephanie stood up and held the covers up for Paige to slide into bed next to Rod who was watching her with a smile. Paige climbed into the bed avoiding looking at her naked host and lay on her back rigidly with her arms tightly held at her sides.

Stephanie climbed in next to her on her side facing Paige with her head propped up in her hand. "So Paige, what's been on your mind?"

Part of Paige felt safe and secure in their bed like she had done when she climbed into her parents' bed to be safe from nightmares as a kid. But the other part of her made her sweat with sexual tension, humiliation, and embarrassment as she lay for the first time between two attractive naked people in their bed.

"Ah, I don't know how to say this." Paige said with ragged speech. "I ah, I just can't sleep without telling you two how much I appreciate what you have been doing for me."

"Well, that is very nice of you to say that." Stephanie said with ninety percent genuine sentiment.

"You're welcome, Paige." Rod added.

"What specifically are you thankful for?" Stephanie asked.

"Ah, I am realizing you are my best and maybe only friends in the world. I know I was mean to you and took advantage of you at the store. And then when I asked you for one last favor by having you come and get me out of jail, you still did it." Paige said her head turned to look at Stephanie in the eye.

"Go on." Stephanie prompted.

"And you've helped me get some clothes when I know you are out of work and money is tight …"

"Yes, and …"

"And you've cared about me as a person to help me come out of my shell and enjoy life more."

"Gee, I think you really are beginning to understand." Stephanie said.

"I'm impressed with you right now, Paige." Rod added.

Paige turned her head toward Rod and looked him in the eye and added, "And I want to thank you for helping me stay out of jail."

"It's my pleasure Paige. It is what I do, well it is not my main practice, but I know enough about it."

Paige turned toward Stephanie again. "I will pay you back every cent I owe you. I promise."

I know you will, Paige. I'm gonna make you a star." Stephanie said idealistically.

Then she turned again to Rod, "And I don't know how to repay you for the free legal work, but …"

"I'll tell you how you can repay me, Paige. You can tell I like to be around and look at beautiful women, just look who I married." Rod explained causing Stephanie to beam. "Stephie is really good at showing off beauty and she knows what I like. If you just do what she says when it comes to clothes or no clothes, having two beautiful women around and to look at will be its own reward for me." He finished while putting his head down and laying his arm across Paige's lower abdomen.

"Okay." Paige said sheepishly and trying to ride out a rush of sexual energy that was sweeping over her from the touch of his arm laying across just above her pubis.

"That's good Honey." Stephanie said acknowledging her husband's endorsement. "Paige is following my direction more these days and learning that it is making things work out for her when she does so, right Paige?"

"Yes ma'am." Paige said obediently.

"Good, tomorrow you can help me around the house and with doing some errands before we have another business meeting in the afternoon. Then Friday we have a new modeling gig for you." Stephanie said cuddling Paige from the other side by laying her arm across her upper breasts and resting her hand on Paige's shoulder.

Paige lay there for a minute trying to calm down her breathing. Although the covers were off, she was wrapped in a protective cocoon made up of the Fullers' bodies. Her arms were trapped at her sides, she could feel Stephanie's breasts squished up against her arm on one side and Rod's penis and testicles right by the back of her hand on the other. The Fullers hadn't moved since they each hooked a leg over one of Paige's legs and pulled her legs apart, when Paige finally asked, "What's the gig on Friday again?" The Fullers were asleep and it was hours before Paige's mind had shut down enough for fatigue to take over and put her to sleep and finally rescue her from the sexual tension coursing through her body.

**Perils of Paige Turner 8**

Paige Turner swung her arms up and then down onto the bed at her sides to feel the bed before opening her eyes. She was in the Fuller's bed, and they were gone. When she sat up, the coolness of the air on her back cued her to the fact that the sheets she had been laying on were damp.

She stood up, smelled under an arm, and headed straight for the shower. When she was through, she combed her hair and realizing, as she looked at the person staring back at her in the mirror, that being a blonde now wasn't so bad.

She looked around her room for something to wear. Nothing. She went to Stephanie's sewing room, but found it locked, so she went back to the bathroom and wrapped a towel around her to go downstairs.

She had overslept and Rod had already left for work. In Rod's place at the table sat Kathy, her former employee.

"Good morning Paige." Stephanie greeted.

"Good morning, Ms. Fuller." Paige forced herself to say, and then she hesitated, "Good morning Mrs. Roberts."

"Good morning, Paige." She replied.

Stephanie stood by Paige and pulled the towel away, "You don't need to wear a towel around the house. You are among friends and there is nothing about you we have not seen before."

Paige's instinct was to initially cover up, but quickly realized that it would be futile and put her arms down.

"Kathy brought a present over for you."

Paige brightened.

"I told her you had no underwear, so she decided to give you one of the swimsuits and will order a replacement from the modeling proceeds." Stephanie said in an upbeat tone.

Paige went from elation to the disappointed side of neutral in a split second. Kathy pulled the two-piece, sheer pink swimsuit from her lap and handed it to Paige with a smile.

"Here, do you want to put it on?" Kathy said.

"Thank you, Mrs. Roberts." Paige replied trying to sound grateful.

She couldn't object. It was a baby step closer to having undergarments, and Stephanie had already worn it out in public at a nude beach, so she took the strings from Kathy and put them on. Stephanie and Kathy enjoyed watching Paige go bowlegged to adjust the thin strip of sheer material over her vulva with some frustration, and as she targeted the long narrow triangles over her hardening nipples.

"There." Stephanie acknowledged. "We add another outfit to your wardrobe."

"Speaking of wardrobe, I couldn't find my clothes this morning." Paige remarked.

"Oh, they're in the wash. I'm going to have you wear the overalls I fixed for you today instead. Why don't you fix yourself some breakfast and I'll go get them." Stephanie said patting Paige's shoulder.

As Paige fixed herself some eggs, Kathy asked, "Do you mind if I ask you a question?"

"No, go ahead."

"You're what, in your late twenties?" Paige turned toward her and nodded. "How can someone get to their late twenties with such a great pair of legs and a matching body to die for like yours and be still be so bashful about showing it off?"

Paige blushed. "Thank you." She responded as if it was rhetorical.

"No, seriously, how do you get to be your age and be so shy about dressing attractively?"

"I think I already told you that people looking at my body fills my mind with thoughts about my body instead of more important things that make a person smarter."

"So attractive women who let people appreciate their beauty are dumber. Isn't that sexist?"

"I don't mean to be. You and the others are beautiful and smart at the same time."

"Paige, are you happy with your life right now?"

Paige hung her head.

"Do you have as many friends as you would like?"

"No." She admitted meekly.

"Well, do you think that separating your head from your body has anything to do with that?"

"What do you mean?"

"You attract people to you with your body before they get to know you for your mind, right?"

"Yes, I suppose."

"So I think you are forcing your head on people and denying them your body."

"Here you go." Stephanie said walking in with a denim bundle. "Hey, what's going on?" Looking at the sad and confused Paige.

"I was just telling Paige that she needs to connect her mind to her body to get more out of life." Kathy explained.

"What, like starting to use her looks to get more of what she needs and wants?"

"I was just thinking that you can be in more control of your life having your head connected to your body and working together with it, that's all." Kathy explained.

"You know Paige, she's right. It's like she's giving you the key to the vault."

Paige looked up at Stephanie in the eyes.

"You think that 'who you are' is your intellect, but that is only one part of you. Really who you are is what you do, and that includes your body."

Stephanie sat down, "Come here in front of me." Stephanie pulled the sheer long narrow triangles off to the sides of her breasts. Then she started to rub and tweak Paige's nipples. "You see, you do nothing and I make them hard."

Paige looked down at them embarrassed and humiliated.

"Now," Stephanie began again while taking down Paige's sheer g-string bikini bottom to her knees, and then putting two outstretched fingers on her pussy lips. "You can forget about your body and let me do what I want when I want to you down here, or you can decide in your mind what is best for you to do and will your body to move against my fingers at your own pace."

Paige looked back and forth between Stephanie, Kathy, and Stephanie's hand touching her pussy for a pregnant moment while a fiery passion built up surpassing the humiliation and embarrassment Stephanie was putting her through.

Kathy sat transfixed with her chin resting on the heels of her palms staring at Stephanie's two upturned fingers resting between Paige's legs. Stephanie too watched for Paige to respond and sat supporting her outstretched arm with her other hand at her elbow.

The tension built up to the point that Paige tried a forward and back lunge on the fingers, but stopped when the sensation caused her to quiver.

"There, you see? You can make things happen with your mind and body working together or you can merely formulate some intellectual reaction in your mind to whatever I choose to do to you." Stephanie said then started to pinch and tweak Paige's right nipple causing her to swoon her body to the surprise sensation. "Now you could let me do this when I choose to do it or you could put your own hands on your tits and take control of it yourself."

The sexual tension of the night before cascaded down Paige's body as she remembered being cocooned between the two naked Fullers unable to touch herself for relief. And, with her hands now completely free, she put her fingers on her own nipples, as if in a trance, and started to stimulate them the way she liked to do it in private.

"There," Stephanie observed, "your mind is taking control and you are getting what you want."

Paige closed her eyes and started to move against Stephanie's fingers while she stimulated her breasts with her own hands. Stephanie looked at Kathy and they exchanged devilish smiles.

Paige was at a point that she needed relief from the sexual tension built up in her system more than the humiliation and embarrassment would prevent her from acting in this manor, so she started to wantonly hump Stephanie's fingers.

Stephanie had a little fun with her living doll by lightening the pressure and holding her fingers a little bit apart causing Paige to squat down for more pressure and move around madly to get a finger centered on her love button.

As soon as Paige started to make noise, Stephanie pulled her fingers away. Paige humped air for a moment and then fluttered her eyes open and stood up straight collecting herself.

"There, you see? When you let your mind work in sync with your body, you can create anything you want."

Paige quickly pulled the bikini back into place and tried to act studious to Stephanie's coaching, and pretending the moment before had not happened.

"Here, put this on and we'll go shopping." Stephanie said handing Paige the bib overalls that had been cut like blue jean shorts.

Paige pulled it on and when she fastened the shoulder straps she felt an obnoxious seam sticking up and rubbing against the Lycra suit with any movement. When she started to fiddle with the adjustment of the straps to lengthen them, she found them sewn.

"Is something wrong? We measured carefully." Stephanie asked.

"There seems to be a rough seam in the crotch area."

"Let me see." Stephanie said motioning her closer. She knew full well what the problem was. She had cut the legs off so there would be nothing but a thin strip of material which she had taken apart and resewn so the feathered edges would stick straight up into Paige's crotch. "I see the problem." Stephanie said hooking her finger over the thin strip of material and grazing her knuckle along Paige's cunt as she moved it over the unfinished seam. "I know what to do about that, but there is no time for that now. Let's go."

They said goodbye to Kathy and Stephanie took Paige to the mall. When she walked, Paige felt an electric sensation on her nipples and her crotch as the material from the inside of the denim rubbed against the thin Lycra stretch fabric.

Paige's body was already wound up from the kitchen so she asked if she could just wait in the car while Stephanie shopped.

This caused Stephanie to reveal her surprise that they were there to buy Paige some new shoes.

"We've got to get you at least one alternate pair, or these heels will fall apart on you and you won't have any."

Paige bucked up against the distraction the sensations were adding to her already tense constitution and followed Stephanie carefully into the mall.

The maddening of the denim rubbing her nipples and pussy through the stretch fabric was only one of her problems. The bib overalls did little to hide the shape and swell of her breasts from the side, and the shortness of the overalls in back showed the beginning swell of her ass cheeks as she walked.

In the first store they went into she was waited on by a woman who made it obvious that she was disgusted with the way in which Paige was dressed and they left to shop elsewhere.

"Do I really need to get another pair of heels? They make me taller than most men. That was fine at work but now …"

"Heels are just what you need. With the way they make your legs and ass look, you don't have to worry about being taller than most men, those Ken Dolls will love you just the same."

In the next store they had a young salesman wait on them. He got flustered showing Paige shoes from the display as he had a difficult time taking his eyes off of her breasts peeking out the sides of the overall bib. He had Paige stand on a metal measuring device and knelt down to adjust it. He could feel the warmth of Paige's leg radiating onto his face and neck prompting him to follow them up with his eyes as he announced her size to her. When he saw the thin strip of material along her crotch and no visible pussy hairs, he quickly looked away blushing and stood up looking away from her.

Stephanie asked him to bring out some three-inch cork heeled sandals in Paige's size. When he returned the two were sitting holding the second shoe they wanted to try. He sat down in front of Paige and dared not look directly at the object of his attention with the two of them looking him in the eye rather than at the sandals.

Paige was too embarrassed herself to recognize the power she was wielding over him, but Stephanie enjoyed what was going on.

Paige wanted to wear the sandals out. They were more comfortable than her business heels even though they were slightly higher. As they walked down the mall, Paige whimpered and stopped.

"Aren't those shoes okay?" Stephanie asked.

"There fine." Paige said with a worried look on her face and they proceeded further.

Then Paige bent forward like she was about to barf and held onto Stephanie's shoulder while she went through the throes of an orgasm.

"I guess those shoes ARE okay." Stephanie said pretending she didn't know that her handiwork was the real reason why Paige lost control.

Later, at Michael's loft studio apartment Stephanie and Paige met with the former employees of Paige's bookselling business to continue to work on ways she could pay them back for the back wages she owed them. Stephanie called the meeting to order.

"…and Gail old business, new business please."

"Well, we've been working on Paige being more comfortable being in front of the camera and following directions in a camera shoot. We haven't used film yet, so I guess the next step is taking real pictures." Gail explained.

Paige's face went pale and she had a sickly look about her.

Stephanie looked at her a moment and announced, "Let me offer you this. This morning Kathy and I were talking to Paige about being bashful and distant from people. And, I think Paige would be the first to admit that she has a problem with her mind working in consort with her body, so today I think we should focus on conscious movement rather than taking pictures on film is that okay with you Paige?"

Paige looked back at her wide-eyed and relieved like she had just let out a breath she had been holding. She would do anything rather than be photographed with real film this day. "Yes," she confirmed, "I'd much rather work on getting more in touch with my body than pose for the camera with film in it today."

"Okay then, I propose we look at this problem from a standpoint we can all relate to. Paige, how do we, I mean how did we sell books?"

Paige looked perplexed at the question.

"We sold the ones with the more attractive covers and based on the promise of what the reader would find inside, right?"

"Yes, I suppose." Paige said cautiously.

"Of course we did. We all saw how people decided to buy a book. They looked at the cover and title first and then looked at the promises on the back and decided whether they wanted to mind with the book or not. Can we all agree on that?"

"Of course." Kathy said for everyone.

"Well, advertising your cover first attracts their attention then flirting communicates the promise of what they will find inside of you when they pay attention to get to know you better. Right?" Stephanie said to Paige.

"Yes, I see what you mean." Paige acknowledged wanting to put her full trust in Stephanie.

"I don't know how we can teach you flirting right here, except what might come out of a performance intended to tease."

Paige gulped.

"Gail, do you have those videos?"

"Yes, right here."

"Good. Let's try this one, 'How to Dance for Your Man.' Michael, do you think we could roll that cart with the monitor and all of your fancy equipment into your studio and we'll practice for awhile while you guys play cards or something, then we'll come out and give you a performance."

"Okay, Cool." Michael said.

"Can't we watch you practice?" James said almost drooling.

"Only if you want to dance to the video and do a performance for us at the end." Stephanie countered.

"No, I'm good."

When the video equipment was all set up, Michael and James reluctantly left and went out to a bar for a couple of hours. Meanwhile, the girls joined Paige following the lessons on a couple of videos teaching sensuous dance and stripping for exercise.

When the guys returned, James called out, "You gals ready to give us a performance yet?"

Just a minute said Stephanie, "Set up the video camera."

"What!?" Paige exclaimed alarmed.

"Oh, it's just so we can make a tape for you to have and review so you can see what you are doing and better connect what you thought was happening with what you actually see." Stephanie explained.

"Oh. You mean I get to keep the tape?"

"Exactly." Stephanie confirmed.

When the gals were through, they came out to find a video camera set up and Michael and James sitting on the couch with the premier view of the open space in the living room area. The girls sat next to and around them on the arms of the couch and chair giddy with anticipation.

Stephanie stood next to Paige with her arm around her shoulder for the introduction. Paige was wearing her favorite outfit, the pink leotard and white lace bodysuit. Under that she wore her new makeshift underwear, the wickedly brief, sheer, pink swimsuit. As an added touch, she wore the silky scarf she earned at the beach folded in half making a triangle down her right side and tied on her left hip to just hide the cameltoe made by the puffiness of her labia and her pussy crease showing through the material in front. She stood wringing her hands with stage fright but trusting that it would be good for her to go through with it for the sake of her future. She shifted her weight on alternate feet in open back and open toe clear acrylic heels they picked up earlier as Stephanie spoke.

"Paige is going to do an exercise right now for you to help her get over her inhibitions. Like a book cover, she is going to try and attract your attention. Then she is going to try a be flirtatious to the group to advertise the promise of what might be inside her cover if you were to purchase her at the counter and take her home to get to know her better."

Ashley raised her hand to be recognized. "There are several of us and we might all have a different subject in mind when we go to the store. How can she appeal to all of our different interests?"

"That's a good challenging question. Well, I think that you will each need to tell her what she should advertise to appeal to you. How does that sound?" Stephanie asked the group.

"Works for me." Michael said and was seconded by the others.

Michael got up to stand by the camera, made some adjustments, and then ducked behind the curtain for a couple of minutes while Stephanie talked directly to Paige.

"Okay, lets start the music." Stephanie ordered and Paige began to move.

She couldn't help but move stiffly and awkwardly at first. She was out of touch with her body in the moment, and she knew that her breasts would move provocatively under the thin clingy material of her bodysuit if she opened up to much. The eager faces of her former employees weren't bothering her as much as the video camera with the floodlight reminding her of its presence.

She kept staring toward the camera causing Stephanie to say, "Now you're using your head again instead of your body. Just pretend the camera isn't even there."

So, Paige closed her eyes and tried to recall elements of the instructional videos and ended up hugging herself, pulling her arms up alternately up her front and placing her hands on her rear end while she moved her knees and hips like the instructor had done on the screen.

"Keeping your eyes closed is okay for now; I know what you are trying to do. No don't stop dancing. That's it. Remember, you are advertising. You are flirting with a group of people so at some point you are going to want to connect with them eye-to-eye, but if this helps you get into the basic movement, then keep them closed for now." Stephanie instructed.

Paige started to get into a rhythm and toyed with opening her eyes but still couldn't look her leering audience in the eyes.

"Okay now people. Let's help her advertise. What would you like to see Kathy?"

"Well, I like to see those legs she used to keep hidden at the store. They are amazing." Kathy remarked.

"Yes, I agree." Stephanie said. "And, I like these buns." She said putting her hands on Paige's butt cheeks and giving them a playful goosing causing Paige to briefly lurch. "Paige, why don't you turn away from the group, take off the scarf and show us your dance from behind? That will advertise for the two of us."

"And me." Said James.

"And James." Stephanie said out of obligation.

Paige removed the scarf and held it around her shoulders. Then she turned away from them and danced with a little more confidence not having to look at any of them or the camera. Then she put her hands on her knees in a partial squat sticking out her rear and wagged her tail at them, remembering the move from the video.

Everyone applauded.

Paige was growing more encouraged. Then she bent all the way forward and grabbed her ankles and ran her hands up the backside of her legs up to her rear cheeks to more applause.

Then she tried to shake her booty Brazilian style with her hands over her head and slowly turned doing it to face them, and they rewarded this confident move with whistles, whoops, and applause.

She slowed down to a basic dance looking down with a bashful smile while Stephanie asked, "Who else? … Yes, Ashley."

"I think she should advertise those nipples of hers. You used to be able to see them in that outfit."

"She has foundation garments on this time." Stephanie explained.

"Well, if I were a guy I'd want to see them. They would show me that she could suckle my babies that I might have with her." Ashley explained.

"Good point. Paige?" Stephanie said starting her off by hooking a finger under one of the shoulder straps and sliding it down Paige's shoulder.

"But I don't want to show my nipples." Paige complained.

"Keep dancing. That's it. You're becoming a book with a different cover. You were doing so well, now don't blow it."

Paige took the other shoulder strap down and danced hesitantly with her arms out in front of her and the material being held in place by just the jut of her breasts.

"That's it, don't do it all at once. The tease is part of the sale." Stephanie coached.

Soon Paige realized that she couldn't dance that way forever, so she reluctantly pealed the bodysuit down to her hips and danced topless save for the two narrow triangle strips of sheer pink Lycra over her nipples. She tried to hide her blushing by dancing with her head down and letting her bleached blonde hair hang down around her face, but the redness showed on her upper chest down into her cleavage as well to reveal her embarrassment and humiliation to be forced to move seductively in front of her former employees.

"I'm still not seeing the nipples." Ashley remarked. "They need to be free and plumped out to advertise the promise of being able to care for future babies."

Paige had no fight in her and she wanted to please Stephanie with her cooperation, so she crossed her hands on the bottom of the bikini top and pulled it up over her head in one smooth motion. Her immediate instinct was to cover her nipples with her hands, but turned it into a plumpness check with her thumbs and index fingers instead.

At first she danced demurely with her arms at her side while her former employees leaned forward in their seats to get good eyefuls of her sexy nipples capping her more than handful sized breasts. Then she put her arms up over her head and tried dancing in an undulating wave from her knees to the tips of her hands as she saw on the video.

This animated her audience again so she tried to put her hands on her hips and continue the undulating as she slowly turned in place. This brought a standing ovation from James and smiling applause from the others.

She knew what they all wanted. She had studied the video they played for her in her disbelief. She wanted to be elsewhere, but she put her arms close to her sides and then stuck out her chest and shimmied her breasts while her face was turned off to the side with a sick and disgusted expression on it.

When the moment calmed down to a steady dance, Stephanie asked, "You're doing great Paige. Anyone else?"

"No, wait." Ashley piped up. "The nipples are fantastic, the moves are good, especially since she has never done this before, but I'm a little put off by the fact that she is not smiling."

Paige, she has a point there." Stephanie acknowledged. "Flirting is as big a part of attracting good things to you as the design and presentation of the package are. I think it is time in this exercise that you smile too. At least make it look like it is turning you on."

"It is." Paige blurted carelessly but privately to Stephanie and forced a smile for the audience as she continued to move to the music.

"Now, anyone else? … Yes James."

"If we are advertising childbearing here, I think showing the hips would be important."

The rest of the group seemed to second the suggestion.

"Okay. Paige? The bodysuit only halfway pulled down is confusing the presentation of your hips. Why don't you just take the whole thing off?" Stephanie suggested.

"But …" Paige started to say and corrected herself before turning things ugly.

Then Paige shimmied the outfit down her hips and took to the floor to remove her new shoes and the white lace stocking part of the bodysuit. The remaining narrow triangle of sheer pink Lycra, which barely covered her labial lips, was little consolation now that the rest of her clothes were off. Paige felt totally degraded as she tried to get up from the floor with her hands behind her only to have Stephanie hold her down with a hand on her shoulder.

"Why don't you try some of the floor moves we did earlier?" She directed.

Paige knew that meant air humping open pussy shots among other things and decided to stick her legs up and rub her hands up and down the inside instead.

"Smile." Stephanie reminded.

Paige forced a sickly smile. Then she repeated the move with just one leg up in the air, and then the other. She knew from her memory of what she had seen that there were few possibilities left from this position so in an effort to avoid humping her pussy up in the air, she cupped her breasts and jiggled them. Then when she kissed each nipple, the group went ecstatic and got up to stand around her with their applause.

They appreciated the initiative and demonstrated it as they all gave her congratulatory pats on her body as she stood up smiling bashfully amongst them. In short order they moved back, one-by-one to their original vantage points and left Paige standing naked but for the nearly nonexistent bikini bottom leaving her with nothing to do but to start up dancing again.

When Paige started to watch them as she danced, she noticed that they primarily stared at her pussy, the one place between her legs that still had any covering on it. She tried playing with her breasts to direct their attention away from there. And, each time she tried something new like lifting them alternately or wrapping the scarf around them, tweaking her nipples or squeezing her tits together to make deeper cleavage, she found that after the novelty wore off their eyes went to the bikini bottom she still had on.

Remembering what Stephanie told her at the nude beach about how covering up brought the wrong kind of attention, she put her thumbs in the elastic string and slid the bikini bottom off in one fluid motion. Then when she danced again, and their elated appreciation subsided, she found their eyes roaming all over her body.

Unlike before, however, she felt she had controlled the situation and was beginning to feel powerful and less vulnerable in her total nudity in front of her clothed former employees. So when James asked that she get down on all fours because he didn't know her very well and would like her to advertise accepting him from behind she did it.

Finally Gail observed, "Paige you are doing great. The lack of eye contact and smiling leaves one big gap in the sales presentation."

Paige stood still now that the music was off with her hands clasped at her pubic area waiting for a shoe to drop.

"I think that if you don't say it with flirting, that you need to show it." Gail continued.

"What are you saying, Gail?" Stephanie asked for everyone.

"That you are a sensuous creature, that a person could have a chance at making you happy because you are responsive to his or her touch."

"Her touch?" Michael asked.

"You know what I mean. To the person picking out the book. If you're not able to say you are sensuous and receptive through flirting, then you need to show them I think." Gail clarified.

"What do you mean?" Paige asked timidly.

"The dancing is one thing and I think you've done very well for yourself in that considering. But if you are not willing or able to flirt with confidence to demonstrate your sex appeal, then you are left with having to show it."

"That's cool." James added. "Some women flirt that they got it and they don't."

"Maybe what they are saying is that actions speak louder than words. Why don't you touch yourself." Stephanie suggested.

"Do you really think …"

"Remember the kitchen, you can pick up where you left off." Stephanie whispered. "Your hands or mine."

"Oooooo …" Paige whined then reluctantly grabbed her right breast with her left hand and cupped her pussy with her right.

"That's it. Show the buyer how sensuous you really are, how easily you can get turned on, how easy it would be for them to please you. Now lie down on your back and imagine your lover embracing you. That's it. He' playing with your breasts and he is stoking the fire between your legs. … Now try it from behind. That's it, on your knees; he can reach deeper recesses of your being. … Now move to this coffee table, on your back. Just lay back. Yes. Now you are ready for him to take you home. That's it faster. He is bringing it home for you. Faster, faster. Go ahead and scream. He'll like that. Yes, louder, faster, louder, let it go, let it out. … There, now you've shown him that he can please you. … Actions do speak louder than words."

Paige eventually sat up and the girls sat around her on the coffee table cuddle and console her while Michael and James fiddled with the equipment.

Paige was too sensitive to put the overalls back on so she dressed back into the pink and white bodysuit and drove home with Stephanie clutching the videotape tightly to her chest for dear life.

Stephanie did most of the talking. "… and I'm going to teach you how to flirt like an expert. We'll even take you to see how a pro does it, but when you've learned it, Rod is off limits. Are we clear on that?"

Paige was nodding her head and then confirmed, "Yes of course, I'd never …"

"Just so we're clear."

At dinner Paige wouldn't even look up from her meal.

In their bedroom Rod checked in with Stephanie, "You're not tormenting that poor girl are you?"

"Girl? What does that make me?"

"You know what I mean. I guess she's been acting like a girl lately. She is so passive. I just want to be sure you are not doing anything to harm your doll, in the process of playing with her."

"You really want to see what we did today and how far along I've come with her?"

"Sure." He said like he was surprised but curious.

"I'll go get her."

Stephanie looked for Paige in her room, but she wasn't there. Then she went downstairs and found her watching the video of her striptease from the business meeting. She startled Paige when she approached.

"I'm glad to see you are taking this training seriously. As your teacher, I'd have to give you extra credit for this study session."

"I was just …"

"It is good. I want you to watch as many times as it takes to get you comfortable with who you are both body and mind. Now, I want you to do me a favor."

"Yes. Anything."

"Good. Rod is worried about you because you act so sullen around him. He doesn't understand what we are trying to do here."

"I'll try to be …"

"No, that's not the problem. I need him to see some progress. He is waiting upstairs for me to show him that what we are doing is working out for you. He is concerned about you as we all are, just in a different way."

"Thank you."

"Yes, of course, our pleasure. Now I need you to come upstairs and do for him what you did on that tape today. Okay?"

"You want me to dance for him?"

"You already agreed to cooperate with my dressing or undressing you around him. Now I'm just asking you move a little along with it."

"And that's okay with you?"

"Anything you do with Rod is okay with me as long as I am there, understood?"

"Okay if you say so."

Following Stephanie up the stairs Paige asked, "Is this okay what I am wearing?"

"He likes you in that pajama top. I've got an old friend of yours for when you take it off."

Stephanie put in a Reggae CD in the player and announced Paige who was standing demurely waiting for her time to begin. Then she crawled on the bed next to Rod and rolled her hand forward to signal Paige to start.

Paige started dancing on cue with her elbows forward and her hands just above her head listening to the music and not paying attention to the Fullers on the bed. Stephanie was rubbing her hand on Rod's chest and grew concerned that Paige was off in her own world, so she got up and reminded her that it was okay to flirt with Rod because she was present.

Paige danced with her eyes open and watched embarrassed as Stephanie worked her hand from Rod's chest down to his lower belly. When she was unbuttoning the pajama top Stephanie had her hand cupped on Rod's genitals. When she pealed it off her shoulders Stephanie was fishing his genitals out through the opening in his boxers.

Paige tried some of the moves she had learned and tried successfully earlier in the afternoon.

"Wow Paige, I'm impressed." Rod remarked.

Stephanie got up and retrieved the feather boa from her closet. "Here, a friend of yours?" Then she returned to her bed and pulled her husband's boxers down to his ankles. "Get him bothered and begging me for it." She demanded in a domineering voice.

Paige worked the boa like she did her scarf from the prop segment on the instructional video. She wanted to please her hostess and watched Rod's semi flaccid penis as she danced for signs of hardening. She soon found that as she turned herself on, it had the same effect on Rod's cock. The feathers on her nipples were electrifying her crotch and the feathers on her pussy made her head feel feverish and dizzy.

She approached Rod's side of the bed and sent the electricity of the feathers to the head of his cock as she trailed it back and forth over the little soldier's helmet.

"Okay, okay, I give. Someone give me a hand here." Rod declared.

"Paige? Do you want to do the honors?" Stephanie asked.

"You want me to touch it?" Paige asked incredulous.

"As long as I'm here, it's okay. Here, I'll take the boa."

Stephanie stood up on the bed and started dancing to the same music while Paige stared at Rod's cock.

"Seen a penis like that one before?" Stephanie said thinking that maybe Paige hadn't seen an uncircumcised cock.

"Ah, I've never seen one this close up at all before."

"What?" The Fullers said in unison.

"I, ah, have only been with a man in the dark. I only know how they feel." Paige confessed.

"Well, touch it then." Stephanie ordered without missing a beat in her dance.

Paige pawed it and Rod eventually took her hand and wrapped it around and moved it to show her how he would like her to stimulate him. Then both he and Paige looked up at Stephanie who was pulling off her nightgown.

Paige looked up admiringly at Stephanie who was practicing what she preached as she danced erotically and trying to turn her two observers on.

She used the boa to tease and project her own stimulation onto Rod and Paige. Rod was bucking against Paige's hand and Paige started stroking her own pussy with her free hand. Stephanie talked dirty to the both of them as she sawed the boa along her crotch and had her two bedroom companions independently turned on as if she had them by two separate strings. Stephanie concentrated on catching up whomever was behind in their arousal with the other.

Paige sat next to the Fuller's bed, one hand mechanically working up and down Rod's pole, the other bringing herself to an impending orgasm, while staring transfixed on Stephanie's sexy body working itself to a well-timed conclusion. Rod started to quiver and Paige started to moan a worried tone. Stephanie challenged herself to bring everyone home at the same time with her.

Paige looked at Rod worried, he was beginning to act desperate and out of control. Then he shot his load onto his stomach setting Paige off with a squeal and her own orgasm leaving Stephanie to concentrate on her own conclusion.

Paige lay down to luxuriate on the floor thinking about all of the new experiences she was having since she moved in with the Fullers. She felt a warm feeling flood her system appreciating the intimate moment they let her share with them. She blushed as she remembered the feel of Rod's warm hard cock in her hands, and she began to worry about starting to feel strange feelings for Stephanie who had orchestrated the change in her.