**Quit While You’re Ahead**

by Hooked6

**Chapter 1**
“Life is made up of choices. I believe life is just a series of decisions we make, and depending on our choice, must live with the result of that decision.” James Van Praagh

“Success or failure is not based solely on one major decision we make but rather on a series of seemingly small and inconsequential decisions that build upon each other until a climax is reached.” Hooked6

Where in the hell were these guys a couple of months ago when my life changed forever? If I had read these quotes back then I might not have repeatedly embarrassed myself in front of half the town I live in!!

Have any of you ever had that dream where you wake up naked in front of your classmates at school or find yourself naked at work and in a panic wondered how you got that way? Well, for me that wasn’t a dream. It really happened and I think I now understand why. Did I have one of those “Gee, I shouldn’t have done that moments?” No, like that Hooked guy said above, I think I made a bunch of little decisions, any one of which if I didn’t make it the way I did might have kept me from being where I am today – naked and embarrassed in front a hundred total strangers, family members and my closest of friends and there is nothing I can do about it!

I guess I should start at the beginning. My name is Ashley and although I am young and rather cute – okay, I’m Hot as Hell so eat your heart out ya’ll. I’m not what you would call outgoing. I’m really kind of shy and somewhat conservative in how I live. I DO, however, love to live vicariously through some of the great stories about taking risks being naked in public that I have found on the Internet. I wish I was as brave and as confident as some of those characters in my favorite stories. The truth is I am not. I have a good reputation, a good job and try to live my life so that I can hold my head high no matter what comes my way.

Deep down though I wonder what it would really be like to be completely naked somewhere in public or get caught without a stitch on by a complete stranger. It sounds kind of fun and I admit I get off on imagining that I am one of those lucky girls who can be naked in public without getting in trouble or having to deal with any negative consequences like having my picture plastered all over the Internet with guys all over the country doing “god-knows-what” while looking at my photos. Oh, I know there are legitimate ways to do this like being a life model in a professional art class but that seems so . . . well . . . sterile and unimaginative – almost like being half-naked in your gynecologist’s office. Where’s the fun in that? It’s the RISK, the “naughty factor,” that makes this all the more appealing to me, not just the nudity. I could always become a naturist I suppose but being naked in front of a bunch of other naked people isn’t the subject of my fantasies. Rather, it’s being naked where you’re not supposed to be which seems like a thrill I just HAVE to experience, if only in my mind.

Therein lies my problem. I’m a coward at heart. I WANT to do this but I’m not really brave enough to actually go through with it in real life. I’d have to be crazy to risk everything just to pursue a fantasy, right? So I just content myself with living my dream via all the great stories I’ve read like those of Molly McCann, Katie Lynch, Seahawk, Blzr and BPClavel, oh and did I mention Molly McCann? She really understands me I think and I don’t even know her!

Well, temptation is a terrible thing. It nags and torments you until you begin to see possibilities that really aren’t there. It maximizes the pleasure you might receive while deceiving you that you are taking little or no risks at all. It was all I could do to keep things under control.

I live with my girlfriend, Jessica. I moved out of my home into one several houses down from my mom after getting a real job as a Hair Stylist after getting out of high school. I love what I do and have started building up a good clientele. I have a good reputation and things are currently going well for me. There are 5 other girls I work with at my Beauty Salon. Anyway, as soon as I found myself earning some decent cash the possibility of living on my own became a priority for me but, alas, my dream seemed ever so elusive as everything is so darned expensive these days. That’s when my friend, Jessica, said we should move into together as with both of our incomes we could probably afford a place to ourselves. We’ve always been close so this was an easy decision.

Things went along really well until one day I came home from work and found Jessica siting on the couch smiling at me in a weird sort of way – like a Cheshire cat that just got away with stealing all the cream.

“What are you up to?” I finally asked dying to know what was going on.

“Oh . . . nothing,” she said playfully as she skimmed through the pages of her favorite magazine. “I’m just thinking of something amusing.”

I plopped down beside her and stared at her as she ignored me doing her best to pretend to be interested in some article in front of her. Finally I couldn’t take it anymore. “I know you, Jess. Come on . . . give it up. Did you win the lottery or something?”

She smiled all the more but her eyes never left the page. “Oh . . . something like that, I guess.”

I playfully grabbed the magazine from her hands and tossed it across the room as she giggled uncontrollably. “You rat,” I said pouncing on her. “You better tell me or I’ll tickle you until you piss your panties.” With that I started tickling her belly and her neck simultaneously then rapidly moving around to anywhere that seemed like a sensitive place.

We were both laughing now and she wiggled and squirmed beneath me but she continued to refuse to say anything more than musically singing, “I know something you don’t know.” I increased my efforts and soon she was begging me to stop. I knew I had her in my power now.

“Go on, tell me. How much did you win?”

“NOTHING!” she said playfully while laughing so hard she could hardly breathe.

“You’d better tell me or . . .”

“STOP, please,” she begged as my hand found its way between her legs. “I’ll tell, but you’ll be sorry!”

After a little more persuasive tickling and teasing I stopped and looked her in her eyes, which had teared up from laughing so hard. “Alright, give!”

She took a moment to catch her breath and finally spoke still gasping for air. “Like I said, I know something but you won’t like it. Are you SURE you really want to know?”

“That does it,” I teased and shoved my hands under her shirt as if I was going to resume my tormenting.

Jessica put her hands up in self-defense and cried in a panic, “I know what you like!”

“Huh? Of COURSE you know what I like; you’re my best friend. We always go shopping to together. We watch the same movies; we have the same taste in . . .”

“No, I mean I know what you like to read . . . what you fantasize about.”

My mind went numb and I sat up in a daze. How could she know? I was so careful and secretive. Sure we share a life together in the same house but how could she . . . She didn’t mean . . . Did she?

After letting her revelation sink in, Jessica got that playful look in her eyes and continued, “So you like to think about being naked in a public place, eh? Maybe being forced a bit?”

“No way!”

“Yes, you do. I saw your browser history when I had to borrow your laptop to send an email to my mom as my phone’s battery had died.”

“You . . . you borrowed my computer? You went snooping around my personal stuff? How could you?”

“It’s no big deal,” she replied matter-of-factly as if violating someone’s privacy was perfectly acceptable. “Everyone does it.”

“EVERYONE GOES SNOOPING AROUND OTHER PEOPLE’S STUFF WITHOUT THEIR PERMISSION?!” I was really getting worried now as my mind raced trying to think of what all she might have seen. Maybe she didn’t really know as much as she was letting on.

After all, what does a web address like: [http://disc.yourwebapps.com/Indices/58894.html](http://disc.yourwebapps.com/Indices/58894.html%22%20%5Ct%20%22_blank) mean to anyone not “in the know?”

“No, I mean that everybody has fantasies. It’s perfectly natural, right? So you like to imagine being made to get naked in public. I think it’s cute. So have you ever . . .”

“ABSOLUTELY NOT!” I quickly snapped back before she could complete her thought.

Jessica giggled playfully. “You HAVE, haven’t you, you naughty girl!”

I got off the couch in a huff and sat down on the chair across the room and crossed my arms in front of me and pouted. “I’m NOT talking to you. I’m really upset with you.”

**Quite While You're Ahead - Chapter 2**
“Oh stop being such a baby. So I checked out a few links on your laptop. So what? I thought some of those stories were pretty cool.”

She knew!!

It was my turn to pretend to ignore her this time. It wasn’t long before she knelt down in front of me and, putting her hand softly on my leg, carefully continued, “Did you ever think that maybe I could help?”

“You’ve got it all wrong,” I said defensively. “You just don’t understand. You’re jumping to conclusions that aren’t there.”

“Come on Ash, this is me you’re talking to – your BFF, remember? I understand. I really do. I’m not judging you. I’m sorry if I borrowed your stuff without asking but finding your browser history was an accident. I wasn’t deliberately snooping. Honest.”

I just sat there trying to think of what to say next. Looking at her kneeling there in front of me looking all pretty and playful made it hard to stay mad at her. Still, I didn’t want her knowing my intimate secrets. Some things should just stay private, right? If I admitted she was right about me, our friendship would be changed forever. I HAD to think of how best to handle this. One thing was sure; we were much too close of friends for me to get away with lying to her. She’d know right off and THAT would make me look really stupid. But I didn’t want her to think less of me either. Gosh I feel so cheap right now.

“Come on,” she finally said, “Let’s forget all about this and go out and grab something to eat. I’m starved. If you want to talk later we can. What do you say?”

I was hungry and it had been a long day. “Okay. Sounds good.”

“That’s my girl. Why don’t you go and put on something less . . .”

“Oh, very funny; I thought you weren’t going to bring it up any more, you big fat liar.”

“I meant go and put on something less work-like. Get comfortable and let your hair down.”

“Oh . . . sorry,” I said realizing I was being waaaay to touchy about this whole thing.

Dinner went well and true to her word nothing more was said about her discovery. In short we had a really nice time.

Later that night we were watching our favorite show and things were beginning to seem like normal when Jess suddenly turned off the TV and looked at me with a funny expression on her face.

“Hey, I was watching that!”

“Let’s go for a walk before we turn in for the night. I think it will do us both a world of good.”

“Are you nuts? It’s almost one o’clock in the morning!”

Jess leaned over close to me and began playfully twirling my hair and persisted, “Oh please . . . I really want to get some fresh air and I don’t want to go out this late by myself. We won’t be gone long, I promise.” She then gave me her trademark puppy-dog eyes that I found almost impossible to refuse.

“Fine,” I finally sighed, “but I have to work tomorrow so this had better be quick. In my profession I need my beauty sleep, you know.” She saw my wry smile and I think she knew that I wasn’t upset with her any more.

Upon hearing my answer, she enthusiastically got up and almost raced to the door waiting for me to follow her.

When I had joined her at the door and was about to open it she grabbed my hand and said those fateful words, “I dare you to walk with me in just your bra and panties.”

My heart literally skipped a beat, then another; then I swear it almost stopped working altogether! “Are you out of your fricking mind?”

“Why not; it’s warm out. It’s late . . . it’s dark . . . nobody is going to see you. Here’s your chance to see what it feels like only it’s safer as you won’t be indecent and best of all I’m with you,” she giggled, “just for protection you know . . . not because I want to see you in your underwear,” she added with a laugh.

My heart found its life again and began pounding away as my mind pondered her suggestion. It would be kind of . . . risky, daring and naughty – hell; I knew I wanted to do it. My body got that tingly feeling all over and I felt that little man in the canoe spring out signaling it was ready for adventure!

This was all happening so fast. Here was my best friend literally telling me she was okay with my desires and seemed to be helping me . . . no make that encouraging me to take that first step. You have no idea how that felt to have someone I admired and cared about give me her support. It was as if she had my back somehow - IF I wanted to pursue this.

But did I really WANT to pursue this? I was at a crossroads in my life. I was confused. I heard that little voice in my head rapidly firing off a million reasons why this was insane. I could hear Forrest Gump saying over and over, “Stupid is as stupid does.”

But then another more insistent voice chimed in saying reassuring things like “it’s not like you’re naked and who’s to know? You’ll be wearing more than what most people wear to the beach. Besides in the dark it will probably look like jogging attire. Go on, this is your chance! You might not get another!”

I was brought back to reality when Jess spoke up, “Well, are you taking my dare or not?”

I wanted to ask, “Why are you doing this to me?” but all that actually came out of my mouth was a meek and barely audible, “yes.” That was my first little decision that I regret making. There were others as you’ll see.

A HUGE smile broke out across her face and I swear I noticed her eyes glistening like she was looking at a beautifully wrapped package someone had just given her for her birthday! It was as if my answer had awakened a side of her that she didn’t know she had. I began to get cold chills wondering if I had made the right decision.

“Well, come on,” she said impatiently, “are you doing this or not? Get those clothes off and let’s go!”

I just stood there looking at her for a moment and then, reluctantly and ever so slowly, I reached for the bottom of my T-shirt and began fiddling with the hem at the bottom. If I pulled this over my head now there would be no going back. I was like stuck in slow motion and my mind was blank or something.

“Oh for Pete’s sakes,” she sighed and suddenly grabbed the waistband of my shorts and before I knew what was happening she had them unbuttoned and I felt her giddy fingers unzipping them. In a flash they were at my feet. “Go on, step out of them,” she said with an authoritative voice. All too quickly I found myself standing in front of her in my underwear!

She looked me over approvingly and quickly opened the door and shoved me outside before I could change my mind.

“JESS! The porchlight. Shut it off!” I screamed, much too loudly as it happened. I swear she had done that on purpose! The result was that I knew I was now totally illuminated in the darkness. Anyone looking could tell I was parading about in just my bra and panties

She just laughed, grabbed my hand and we were off!

Once we reached the sidewalk I felt a little better as I felt a bit concealed in the shadows. She headed down the sidewalk in the direction of my mom’s house as if she hadn’t a care in the world.

My body was alive with excitement! The feelings I was having were too intense to describe. Even though I was decently covered I was outside in my underthings – something that a decent person – a professional person like me – shouldn’t be doing. It was wrong and it felt naughty. How would I explain what I was doing if I got caught by one of my neighbors? THIS was the exact feeling I had been searching for in my fantasies! It was almost overwhelming for me and I felt myself getting moist down below. I think my roommate could tell as she had this knowing smile on her face as if she KNEW was this was doing to me.

She tightened her grip on my arm and she picked up her pace. I wasn’t sure if she did that because she was feeling the excitement of what we were doing or if she was trying to make sure I didn’t suddenly run back to the safety of our home.

She must have realized what I was thinking because she playfully smacked my butt and said, “Don’t even THINK about it. The house is locked and I’ve already hidden the key. You’ll never find it.”

“What? When?”

She giggled excitedly and said coyly, “After we got home from dinner. I knew you were going to do this. I just knew it! Isn’t this fun?”

“You mean you PLANNED all of this?”

She laughed all the more and replied, “Let’s just say I was prepared just in case.”

She then started walking even faster. I began to panic as we past my mom’s house. The lights were on in her bedroom. All I could think of was how much trouble I’d be in if she just happened to look out her window and saw her favorite daughter walking around the neighborhood dressed like I was. My sister, Angela, was the wild one of the family. I was mom’s pride and joy. She always said how proud of me she was that I had made something of myself. She was so thrilled when I announced that I had gotten a place of my own that she went around telling everyone of my accomplishment. “Ashley not only graduated school, got a good job and she’s now living in her own home!”

**Quit While You're Ahead - Chapter 3**
She’d kill me if she saw me doing a stupid stunt like this! She’d never let me live it down. I began to get worried. “Jess, how far are we going?” I asked nervously. “Maybe we’d better go back!”

“Nonsense,” she said waving her free hand in the air. “We’ve only just started!”

“WHAT?! You can’t be serious, I’m done. This isn’t as much fun as I thought it was going to be. It’s no big deal let’s go back, okay?”

She suddenly stopped walking, spun me around to face her and looked me in the eyes. “So this isn’t fun, is that what you are telling me?” I gasped as she began playfully and teasingly sliding her fingers on the outside of my panties between legs. Even I could feel that the gusset of my panties was practically soaked from arousal. “Seriously, Ash?” She said with mock condescension.

I lowered my head in embarrassment. I was busted. She KNEW I was about as excited as I’d ever been. She let the moment linger in the air for a moment, and then to my added shame, she wiped her wet fingers on my bra as if to drive home her point. “Come on, it’s getting late.”

For a moment I was hoping she relented and we were going to go home but she kept walking onward.

“Jess . . .” I pleaded but before I could finish my thought she held her finger to my mouth and told me rather forcefully not to say another word or she’d strip me bare and leave me to fend for myself.

I almost came right then and there just hearing those words! My heart was racing and my body felt electrified! I was hers and I’m pretty sure she knew it!

She led me around the corner of the next block, farther and farther away from the safety of my home. The more we walked the more aroused I got! Those stories I had been reading hadn’t exaggerated the thrill in the least. It wasn’t the sexual arousal alone that appealed to me, it was the combination of arousal and ABSOLUTE FEAR that kept my adrenalin at an all-time high. I could see how this could be addictive!

So far no one was about. The neighborhood was quiet; not even a dog barking in the distance. There was no moon to speak of; no distant sounds of traffic to cause me to faint. It was just Jess and I sneaking around!

I’d like to say I began to relax but that would be a lie. Yet, the longer we were out and about the more thrill grew deep within me. I almost wanted to say something just to see if Jess would really strip me naked . . . I wanted to . . . but alas I wasn’t brave enough. Walking around in my bra and panties in my own neighborhood was a HUGE step for me. I wasn’t sure if I could handle anything else just yet. Maybe ever!

Still . . . the thought was overwhelming. I began to imagine that she HAD done it and I was totally naked and at her mercy as we walked along! I was certain that a car was going to drive by at any moment full of high school students coming home from a night of partying and catch me like this! What would they say? What would they do? I was so horny I now wanted to go home for another reason and attend to business if you know what I mean.
Then I panicked. As we rounded another corner I saw several people out in their yard about 200 feet up ahead just casually talking. Jess suddenly stopped and looked at me with wicked eyes and grinned.

I violently shook my head back and forth without saying a word. I was certain that she wanted to walk me right past them in my underthings. I nervously looked up the street and to my relief though I counted five people chatting - none of them seemed to have spotted us as we stood on the lawn of someone’s darkened house. We were in the shadows but we were clearly out in the open. Fortunately I didn’t think I knew any of them but the voice of the man talking with his back angled slightly away from us seemed familiar as was the voice of one of the women he was conversing with. Was she a client of mine at the beauty shop? My legs grew weak at the thought!

Suddenly I felt my bra clasp in front of me coming undone and swinging away partially exposing my breasts! My roommate had this wicked, open-mouth smile on her face!

“JESS!” I whispered in a panic! “NO!”

Jess just leaned over and whispered back,” Oh dear, you said a word. I warned you!” She quickly pulled my bra off and hid it behind her back “Better keep quiet or they’ll see you!” she warned. My head swung around to look back at the crowd and to my relief no one seemed to have noticed us!”

My legs felt like they were frozen in concrete. I couldn’t move if I wanted to and I was too scared to make a sound.

I was standing several blocks from my house TOPLESS . . . in PUBLIC! I didn’t think it was possible for my heart to beat any faster!

My thoughts were cut short as I felt Jess playfully inset her fingers into the waistband of my panties and in like a nanosecond she yanked them down to my ankles and let them stay there. She stood back up and giggled softly. I was now totally exposed! If any of those people looked my way my life would be over as I knew it.

Jess then grabbed my shoulders and turned me so that she was now standing in front of me – facing me – so that she was blocking my view of those people. I could hear them but I couldn’t see them. I was relieved and fearful at the same time. I would have rather been able to keep an eye on them to see what was going on. For all I knew one of them might be walking our way at that very moment to see what was going on!

I felt like an idiot standing there with my panties around my ankles like some school kid being punished.

Jess leaned over and whispered, “Having fun?”

Oh I could have killed her right then and there and hidden her body so that no one would ever have found it! Well, not really, but I was so upset with her! What was she doing?!

I didn’t have to wonder long as she suddenly turned around and faced the crowd up ahead with her back to me still keeping me hidden from view. She then playfully leaned way over to one side bending at her waist like she was doing an exercise at the gym so that my topless form was exposed for like a second or two before she stood back up hiding me again. She then repeated her exercise bending at the waist in the other direction. To her this was all a game! Back and forth, back and forth – flash, flash, flash, it was torture!

Each time she did that my heart literally stopped. I just knew that her moving about like that would catch the eye of one of the women up the block and I’d be busted! All I could do was just stand there - lest I pissed her off and she’d leave me as she had threatened earlier.

I guess she grew tired of her little game and finally stood still for a moment and caught her breath. I wasn’t sure what I should do and I certainly wasn’t about to say anything. I wasn’t that stupid!

“Are you ready to go back home?” she whispered still standing in front of me.

I wasn’t sure if this was a trick to get me to say something that I knew I wasn’t supposed to do so I didn’t answer her.

I heard Jess giggle again and then say quite loudly – too loudly as a matter of fact, “NO? Well I am . . .” she then took off running away back towards the way we came leaving me standing there exposed with my panties at my ankles facing those people up the street!

In an instant I heard one of the women say, “Hey, what’s that?” She had probably heard my stupid roommate yelling and looked over. She was obviously straining to see what the commotion was and appeared to be looking in my direction.

Mama didn’t raise no fool. In a heartbeat I bent down and tried to pull my panties up as I simultaneously turned away from them in one quick motion and started awkwardly running back towards my house.

“Who’s that?” I heard a man’s voice say followed by lot’s laughter which told me that I had been spotted!! I don’t know if anyone recognized me but I was sure they got a good view of me pulling up my panties and my bare backside as I was running away.

I rounded the corner and saw Jess a yard or two ahead of me laughing her fool head off – again quite loudly too!

Here I was topless, tits bouncing around as I still tried to get my panties all the way back up doing my best to keep moving while trying not to trip. Jess was running sideways now looking at me laughing all the more. I must have been a sight!

Running past my mom’s house like this seeing that her bedroom light was still on didn’t do my nerves any good either!

Finally we were back home and on our front porch. I had my arms across my chest – my panty-clad body now fully illuminated by the porchlight as Jess wickedly waved my bra in the air!

“Jess,” I yelled angrily in a panic. “Get the Key!”

Barely getting her words out as she was laughing so hard she said, “It’s open silly. I was only joking about hiding the key!”

I never bolted into the house so fast in all my life!

**Quit While You're Ahead - Chapter 4**
The next morning I was cautious around my roommate. Nothing was said between us about the previous evening, something for which I was grateful. In fact things pretty much followed our normal routine and I hurried off to work.

I half expected to see the lady I had seen the previous night walk through the door and start teasing me unmercifully in front of a waiting room full of customers about seeing me naked; streaking around the neighborhood. Though it was dark then and I couldn’t really identify her with certainty, I had recognized her voice and I knew she was a client of mine but I just couldn’t place her. Every time the door opened my heart skipped a beat until I heard whoever it was speaking to one of the other girls. Only then did I feel a wave of relief rush over me. I was a nervous wreck all morning and it took me forever to settle into my normal routine.

By the time late afternoon rolled around I was dead tired and began sweeping up. Hair gets all over the place in our profession and although we all try to keep up with things as we go, by the end of the day the place is still a mess. I was busy tidying up when I heard the door open. By this time I was pretty relaxed and didn’t pay it any mind. I had made it through the entire day without incident and after being up so late the night before with precious little sleep, I was ready to go home.

“Am I too late for you to give me a quick trim?” I heard the customer ask one of the other girls.

That voice! It was her!! Karma is bitch sometimes. I slumped over and continued sweeping making damn sure to keep my back to her as I listened carefully. Her appearance here at the shop was either a total coincidence and she didn’t really recognize me from the night before or she knew EXACTLY who I was and came by to deliberately humiliate me.

“A quick trim?” I heard Zoey say, “Sure, I can manage that. Have a seat.”

I heard the rustling of the cover drape being waved in the air and the lady taking a seat. Trying not to look conspicuous I slowly kept sweeping moving ever so carefully towards the back of the shop and hopefully out of harm’s way.

I was just about to reach the back storeroom in which I intended to hide and stay low until she left when I heard her say, “Ashley! Is that you?”

My heart once again stopped and I froze in my tracks. My mind raced trying to think how best to handle this. I could make a dash for it out the back door; I could pretend that I didn’t hear her and keep on sweeping the last few feet until I reached the relative safety of the store room or . . .

“Ashley?” I heard the woman calling again. I decided just to face the music and get it over with.

“Yes?” I said as I turned around pretending to hear her for the first time. Now seeing her up close I knew I had done her hair before but again I still couldn’t place her, not really anyway.

“I thought that was you. I think an apology is order, don’t you?”

My legs almost gave out from under me. SHE KNOWS IT WAS ME!!! Zoey stopped what she was doing and looked at me inquisitively.

“An apology . . . um . . . well . . . it wasn’t what it looked like . . . you see . . .”

The lady furled her brow as if she was growing impatient with me. I sighed heavily knowing what she was about to say next. Instead she said, “Huh?” with feigned confusion, “What I meant was. I owe you an apology. I didn’t realize you were here when I walked in and asked Zoey to cut my hair. I don’t want you to think I was dissatisfied with your work or was abandoning you as my stylist.”

I stood there for a moment just studying her face to see if she meant what she had said or if she was just having me on. When she looked back down towards her lap to let Zoey get on with her work I was so relieved. She hadn’t recognized me from the night before after all!

I chuckled nervously and replied, “Oh that’s okay. No problem.” I went back to sweeping when she spoke up again, this time with a note of seriousness in her voice, “Hey, what did you mean when you said, ‘It wasn’t what it looked like?’ Do you have a guilty conscience about something?”

I whirled back around and this time the playfulness in her facial features was gone and she had that look my mother often gives me when she thinks I have done something bad. “Nothing . . .” I said with my voice cracking a bit. “I didn’t mean anything.”

“Yes you did. Come to think of it I think you thought I meant YOU owed ME an apology. Is that right?”

“NO . . . um, that’s not it,” I quickly stammered as I tried to think of something to say. “What I meant was . . . I mean . . . well, I DID think I owed you an apology because, um . . . I didn’t want you to think I had been ignoring you before . . . all the noise in here you see . . . it’s . . . it’s hard to hear sometimes . . . that’s all.” I knew I must have sounded like a guilty teenager but, despite the uneasiness in my voice I did my best to look confident.

“Oh,” she said simply as she went back to looking down at her feet so her trim could continue. “It’s just that for a minute there I thought you were going to say you were the girl I saw running around naked in my neighborhood last night . . .”

I almost died right then and there. “What?!” I exclaimed with my voice rising in pitch, “That’s silly . . .” My reply was so awkward that even I thought I was guilty.

The lady looked at me standing there for a moment as did all the other girls I work with until she finally began laughing, “Yeah . . . silly . . .:” she said “I’m just messing with you.”

Was she really? Damn it, she KNEW it was me.

The lady changed the subject and began talking about the latest Hollywood gossip and all seemed fine as she kept talking to Zoey, but inside I was a nervous wreck. I was too embarrassed to look at her or any of the other girls for that matter. I knew had to get out of there quick as I was surely looking guilty. I made my way to the back on the pretext of emptying the garbage and then announced I was calling it a day.

Jess ended up working late so it gave me much needed time alone to calm my nerves. I must have had 4 glasses of wine before she came home.

When she did finally arrive she never said a word just like earlier that morning. We each went about things as we normally did and conversation seemed free and easy.

All week I kept expecting her to bring up my little fantasies but she didn’t. For obvious reasons I kept away from my computer so that Miss Nosey-Browser History-Snoop wouldn’t have anything to accuse me of. She didn’t. It was as if our little evening jaunt never happened. I suppose I should be grateful for small favors but somehow I felt empty inside. In fact, none of the people I worked with ever said anything about that customer’s comments either. I took that to mean they thought nothing further of it.

By the end of the second week I was practically begging her in my mind to broach the subject again. I hate to say this but I was missing the excitement that I had had with her.

By the third week I knew I was the one who had to say something. I needed to talk. You know how we girls are, right? If we don’t talk things through then the problem isn’t resolved. Well, I had a problem and I needed to talk about it but I wanted HER to bring it up. To you guys reading this that probably makes no sense but to us women, well, we get that.

Tonight I was going to give her one more chance to say something before I confronted her about it myself. Some of you have probably guessed that this was the second decision I was going to come to regret.

**Quit While You're Ahead - Chapter 5**
Once again she came home and never broached the subject of my little forced underwear jaunt around the neighborhood. I couldn’t take it anymore. I must have been ovulating because I was horny as hell and her dare was all that I could think about lately.

“Jess . . .” I casually said as we ate our salads for dinner, “I want to ask you something.”

“Sure, go ahead,” she replied not even looking up at me as she eagerly shoveled a rather large forkful of her bourbon grilled salmon salad into her ever so cute and delicate mouth.

It was now or never. I just had to find the right words so as not to sound stupid. I had rehearsed what I was going to say over and over in my mind for the last two days but somehow when it came down to finally saying what I had practiced the words seemed to vanish from my mind. “Well, it’s about the other night . . .”

Jess put down her fork and seemed to be doing her best not to laugh at me, “Yeah? What about it?”

I swallowed hard and continued, “Well, you know when you dared me to take a walk with you in my underwear the other night, well . . .”

“Oh THAT, don’t worry, I’ll never do that again. I’m sure you’re worried about me messing with you every day or making you feel bad. Don’t give it another thought. Your fantasies are your own. I’m not going to make fun of you for them. I’m cool with it. Besides we are best buds right? Pass the Salad dressing would you, Ash?”

“How could she say that,” I practically screamed in my head. “No, listen, I get that but I had such a great time I was wondering if . . .”

Without letting me even finish me sentence she interrupted me and said flatly, “No.”

“NO? No, what? I haven’t even finished my thought yet.”

“You were going to ask me if I’d dare you to do something again, right? Well the answer is no. Not interested.”

All the air in my sails came spilling out and I was as deflated as I had ever been. I just looked at her as she continued to polish off her meal. “But . . .” I persisted.

“No.”

“But . . . why? I don’t understand.”

She put her fork down on the table and studied my face again. “Well, if you really want to know I don’t think you really want this. Besides, if I said yes we’d end up playing around for a bit and then at some point I’d dare you to do something and you’d eventually refuse or think I was trying to make you mad and one or the other of us will get our feelings hurt and our relationship is much too important to me to chance messing it up over something so silly. That’s why.”

How was I supposed to respond to that I wondered? “I wouldn’t do that, honest!”

Jess started giggling, “Oh, no? You mean you’ve thought this through and you’d let me dare you to do anything and you’d follow through with it no matter how hard or embarrassing it might be?” She then raised her hand and began wagging her finger in front of my face as she continued, “Think very carefully before answering. I don’t want you to write a check your body can’t cash.”

I scrunched up my eyebrows as I tried to understand where she was coming from. “Well, of course I’ll let you dare me anything. I trust you so I’m sure you’d keep things within reason.”

“Not good enough.”

“Huh? What do you mean not good enough?”

“I mean that if I’m going to go out of my way to play this game of yours I need to get something out of it too. I mean YOU’RE the one who will be having her fantasies fulfilled. What do I get out of it?”

I was shocked at her attitude – even if she WAS smiling at me. I thought friends did things for each other.

“I can’t pay you if that’s what you mean.” I replied flippantly. “I thought you’d do it because you and I were close and that you’d like to make me happy.”

“Don’t you realize how selfish you sound? Of course I like doing things for you but I have fantasies too, ya know.”

My jaw dropped open at her revelation. I guess I had been so wrapped up in my own desires I didn’t even consider the fact that she might have hidden desires of her own. “Um, what sort of fantasies?” I asked carefully not really sure that I should even be asking such a personal question. “I mean if you want me to dare you to do stuff I can do that.”

“No, that’s YOUR fantasy,” she said sounding a bit put out.

“Well, whatever it is, count me in. Like I said before, close friends do things for each other. You help me with mine and I’ll help you with yours.”

“I’m not sure you’d want to do that which is why I think we’d both be better off leaving things be as they are.”

I chuckled, “What . . . don’t tell me you’re one of those wierdos that like hurting people, making them suffer or something.”

“Well, as a matter of fact I am . . . in a manner of speak anyway.”

My jaw dropped again as I pushed myself away from the table. “What do you mean?”

“Well my sexy roommate of mine, I like controlling people, making them do whatever I want – especially making them do embarrassing or humiliating things. The riskier the better, making them do things that they would NEVER really do by themselves; pushing them well past their limits; things that might have a certain element of risk or pain – not physical pain per se but certainly having the potential to cause them emotional stress.”

“You mean like the other night when you stepped away from me exposing me to that crowd.”

“Yes, that’s it, but more. I want to be in total control. I want you to absolutely agree that if we start this you’ll do anything I dare you to do whether you like my idea or not.”

“But you wouldn’t really make me . . .”

“Stop right there. You’re setting limits. Part of the excitement for BOTH of us is that you’ll never really know what I’ll dare you to do. If you go drawing up a list of what you’ll do and what you won’t do, this won’t really fulfill either of our fantasies. You know I care for you very much but that doesn’t mean I can’t really be a bitch sometimes just because I want to. You’ll have to agree to that. I know what you like and I’ll certainly not be selfish in my approach to our little game but you’ll have to commit to my way of doing things. Agreed?”

Talk about signing a blank check! I was shocked. This certainly wasn’t turning out the way I could have EVER imagined. I also realized something else too. My panties were totally soaked. Her words were getting me so worked up I could have let her take me right there on the dining room table.

I sat there silently as I pondered the ramifications of her desires. In the end I just nodded my head in agreement. (That’s another small decision that I should have thought better of if you guys are keeping track of them.)

My roommate smiled. “I’ll tell you what. Let’s put this to the test. Tomorrow is your regular afternoon off, right?”

I nodded. I always tried to take Wednesday afternoon’s off to make up for the rather late hours I kept during the week and for the occasional Saturday morning’s that I had to work.

“Good. I’ll pick you up at the shop. I’ll give you a dare to do, something that I think will make both of us happy. It’ll definitely push you beyond your comfort level and might be a little risky but I think you’ll enjoy it. If you go through with it and still want to play I’ll have my answer.”

My heart was pounding as I squeaked out a simple. “Okay.”

**Quit While You're Ahead - Chapter 6**
I could hardly keep my mind on my work the next day knowing that Jess was going to dare me to do something that I was certain involved some exposure and risk.

1 o’clock came around faster than it had ever done before and all too soon I spotted Jess pulling up to the curb out front. I bid my coworkers goodbye and hurried out the door and into my friend’s vehicle and off we went.

“Where are we going?” I asked nervously.

She just laughed and replied simply, “You’ll see. Are you nervous?”

I nodded my head and looked at the floor. Just her question and the playful tone in which she asked it got my heartrate up.

“Good, you should be. I’m glad I’m not the one that’s going to do this.”

I gasped and looked at my friend who was clearly enjoying herself. Her eyes were glistening and I couldn’t help noticing she really looked fantastic in her outfit – a short white sundress that I swear she wasn’t wearing anything underneath! That put my hormones into hyper-drive and my brain lost most of its ability to think rationally. I suspect she wore that outfit on purpose just for that very reason.

I wanted to ask her what she was going to make me do but I realized that part of HER fun was being in control so I just let her assume that role. (I TOLD you I wasn’t thinking rationally anymore!)

All was fine as long as we were just driving along. About a half an hour later we pulled off the main road and into the parking lot of our favorite mall. I began to get a real uneasy feeling about all of this and was starting to have second thoughts. I couldn’t get naked in the mall! I wasn’t that brave – or that crazy!

She found a parking space and beckoned me out of the car. Once inside we walked around the various storefronts as she did some serious window shopping. All she talked about was how expensive everything seemed to be. I began to wonder if she was just having me on – doing this on purpose- prolonging things just to stress me out without really making me do anything here at all. That would be just like her and would certainly go along with her control fantasy. Or maybe she just wanted my senses on high alert for whatever she planned later on someplace else. Or . . . perhaps she was going to make me do some little “innocent” exposure here in the mall while trying on some dresses or something. That wouldn’t be so bad I thought. I could do that, or least I thought I could anyway. Nope, apparently that wasn’t the case though as we never went anywhere near a clothing store.

For a Wednesday the mall was really quite crowded. There were also a lot of young people milling about for some reason, more than I thought there would be given it was the middle of the day during the week. As we walked around window shopping I found myself slowly beginning to enjoy our little outing. If I wasn’t so concerned about whatever Jess was planning this might have been a perfect way to spend an afternoon. We don’t get out together like this very often. As it was, however, I was on edge and deep down inside my stomach was turning summersaults. The uncertainly of it all was maddening!

“Let’s head up to the second floor,” she announced as she nonchalantly guided me towards the escalator. Once on the second floor she walked on a bit looking at a few more storefronts before telling me that she had to use the Ladies’ room and headed down a small barren, brick-lined corridor to the lavatory facilities. I decided to make use of them as well as since I was a bundle of nerves my bladder was filling quite rapidly.

Once we were through and she was primping herself in the mirror she calmly announced, “Ash, I dare you to walk back to our car wearing just your underwear.”

Talk about having your heart skip a few beats, “WHAT?! Seriously?”

She gave me an incredulous look – no make that a look of disappointment as if she somehow hadn’t expected me to protest.

I swallowed hard and softly replied with my voice trembling, “Let me get this straight, you want me to take off all my clothes and walk out of here in just my bra and panties, in front of all those people milling about, down the escalator, through the mall about 400 yards or more – by the way, did I mention that the mall just so happens to be packed with hundreds of people? Then you want me to walk out the entrance that we came into; out into the parking lot, in broad daylight no less, to where we parked out car; by myself . . . in just my underwear. Is that right?”

I was certain that in repeating out loud my understanding of what she just dared me to do she’d realize just how absurd her dare was.

“No, silly,” she said laughing.

“Oh thank goodness!” I sighed with relief. “For a moment there I thought you were serious.”

“Of course I didn’t mean you have to wear just your bra and panties.”

“Whew! I knew that I had misunderstood you!”

Jess just grinned from ear to ear, “You can also wear the sandals you have on too.”

“JESS!!”

“Make up your mind. You’re either into this or you aren’t. I warned you that I’d test you today, didn’t I? Well, here is your test. All you have to do is walk out here like you’re dressed perfectly normal. Imagine yourself as some kind of lingerie model or something for Victoria Secret and you were taking a bathroom break. Just act perfectly normal and walk on like you own the place. You won’t be obscene – you’ll be covered, well the important bits anyway. It’s not like you’ll be totally naked though there’s an interesting thought!”

“JESS!!”

“Sure hundreds of people will see you in your underwear, so what?”

“But why are you making me do this here in such a public place? I mean the other day when you made me walk around in my underwear is was dark and pretty secluded.”

“That’s the point. I want you to do this in a place where you are guaranteed to be seen. Don’t tell me that when those people up the street saw you the fateful night that you weren’t turned on by it all.”

She had a point. Being exposed hiding behind her like I had been was the highlight of that night!

“Besides,” she added, “I’m doing this because I want to. That should be a good enough reason for you. So are you in or out?”

She stood there twirling her hair in that flirty way that she often does while leaning forward from the counter just enough so that I could see down the top of her sundress revealing that she was indeed not wearing a bra. Damn her! She knows what her teasing does to me!

“I’m in,” said as I reluctantly pulled off my T-shirt over my head and handed it to her. I quickly unzipped my jeans and pulled them off as well before I changed my mind. Seeing myself in the lavatory mirror I realized one thing. I wasn’t thinking too well when I had gotten dressed that morning because I chose a white bra and plain looking red cotton panties. Model for Victoria’s secret indeed! Why couldn’t I have chosen sexier undergarments? At least that way I could have used the model explanation if any customer complained. As it was I clearly looked like I was wearing a plain old bra and panties. I couldn’t even hope that people might think I was wearing a bikini either. What I had on looked exactly like what they were – a BRA and pair of PAINTIES!

Jess was giggling almost uncontrollably now. “You look terrified! I LOVE IT!”

What a bitch, I thought to myself. She was relishing my discomfort!

“This is how I want you to do this,” she said rather firmly. “I’m going out and get ahead of you so I can watch everything as you walk towards me. I want you to wait at least FIVE minutes before you leave here. You are to WALK at all times. If you run, you fail this test and we will never do anything like this again – not to mention how disappointed I’ll be in you. At no time will you acknowledge me. Do NOT look at me or even call out to me. I want to you act as if you are completely alone – that I’m just another customer in the mall. Got it?”

I nodded.

“I’ll be off. You do remember where we parked, right?”

“Yes, outside the Macy’s entrance to the mall.”

“Have fun!” she quipped and left chuckling leaving me alone and quite scared. Did I mention I was also quite aroused?

**Quit While You're Ahead - Chapter 7**
I stood there looking at myself in the mirror. I didn’t have a watch as I use my smartphone for keeping track of the time and I didn’t have that with me as it was in the pocket of my jeans and Jess now had those. I guessed at when I was to leave. In any event I wasn’t in a hurry.

Suddenly I heard voices approaching from outside in the corridor, women’s voices so I knew they were headed my way. I HAD to leave. The last thing I wanted to do was to get caught up close and personal dressed like this. I’d be in trouble caught in such a confined space

I took a deep breath, glanced at myself in the mirror one last time, ran my fingers quickly through my hair a bit and opened the door and walked out. The first thing I heard was a sudden gasp! I looked up and saw three college aged girls looking at me in somewhat disbelief.

“COOL!” finally one of them said as the others giggled covering their mouths.

Just seeing them looking at me made me get all the wetter and I worried that I was going to develop a visible wet spot that would be easily noticed against the red color of my cotton panties. The fact that they didn’t say anything rude or do anything to stop me was just the incentive I needed to keep going. Of course I was still in the somewhat isolated corridor that led to the restrooms. The real test would be out in the mall.

The girls just stood their giggling and watching me as I passed them by and headed towards the main area of the mall. I could see people wandering to and fro up ahead and so far no one had noticed me.

As I rounded the corner and actually made my way towards the escalator several yards up ahead I heard a little boy ask almost at the top of his voice as kids his age often do, “Mommy, mommy, why is that girl in her underwear?” I quickly glanced around and saw the boy pointing his finger right at me. Then I noticed that his mother shot me a dirty look as she grabbed his hand and turned him around and headed in another direction.

NOW I wanted to crawl under a rock and die!! I tried to recall the advice Jess had given me earlier – to pretend that I was supposed to be dressed this way and act confident. I took another deep breath pulled my shoulders back and marched on. Of course this had the effect of jutting my boobs out away from my body drawing ever more attention to them so I quickly exhaled and tried to walk normally.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Jess grinning from ear to ear. She was also holding up her cell phone obviously recording the whole thing for her enjoyment later, the rat! I did my best to ignore her but the more I tried to look away the more I wanted to look back at her! Somehow seeing that she was enjoying this made me feel warm and loved inside.

As I walked on most of the people in the mall came to a stop and, well, just stared. It was clear I was THE center of attention and I loved it! It was embarrassing as hell and after seeing Jess with her phone I just knew that this was going to be plastered everywhere – Facebook, amateur porn websites, people’s personal blogs, Instagram. There would be no mistaking that it was me as my face was not disguised in the least and the lighting in this mall in the middle of the afternoon was good enough to capture my panty-clad form perfectly. No hiding in the shadows today.

That fact sent shivers up my spine!! It also gave me that funny tingling down below.

I was a confused mess to be sure.

No one approached me or tried to stop me. I had gone over 100 yards so far and other than the dirty look I got from that mom everyone seemed just to be content with enjoying the show.

Just then a woman came running up to me obviously thrilled at her good fortune seeing me this way. Giggling she said, “Excuse me, but why are you doing this?”

She was quite pretty and the fact that she was so professionally dressed in her skirt and blouse made me feel so much more exposed and out of place that I had felt before she approached me.

I knew I had to say something but going with the Victoria Secret line seemed out of place given my rather unimpressive underwear. Saying that this was a dare seemed equally sophomoric. Hormones make you say and do some pretty stupid things so before I knew it I found myself saying, “A kid threw up on me back there and I wasn’t about to go home with that all over me so I just tossed the foul clothing in the trash and I’m trying to get to my car!” Of course after I said that it seemed to me to be quite impressive.

At first the lady looked rather empathic to my plight then her face broke into a HUGE smile and she practically yelled, “Yeah, SURE. Is this one of those hidden camera reality shows? I’m on TV right?”

I shook my head and was about to correct her when she yelled, “HEY EVERYBODY, THEIR SHOOTING A HIDDEN CAMERA REALITY SHOW. WE’RE ALL GOING TO BE ON TV!!”

“No, you’ve got it all wrong,” I protested but to no avail. People came flocking over to me like bees to a pretty flower asking all sorts of questions like, “What’s your name? What show is this for? When will it be on TV? Can I help?”

The crowds kept getting bigger and closer and soon I felt people brushing up against me – in places they shouldn’t be touching! I couldn’t tell if the contact was accidental or deliberate but my intimate places were getting touched quite often as people gathered around. I was getting so aroused I was barely able to contain myself. I’ve never been in a big crowd in just my bra and panties before.

“Please, let me pass. I need to go . . . please everybody move out of my way!”

No one was listening to me. Finally I got an idea. “Look, if everyone would form a single line against the wall over there the hidden camera will be able to see you clearly. Everyone please just move back against the wall or we will have to stop shooting and do this project somewhere else!”

I then heard several people repeating my instructions and a couple of guys began herding the crowd away from me. I guess if you just tell people what they want to hear they’re more likely to do want you want.

Once the crowd started moving away from me; I saw the down escalator just up ahead. If I could just make it to those stairs I’d be on my way. They couldn’t encircle me on that thing! The worst they could do was to follow me but at least I’d be able to move!

It was now or never I thought and I started walking. No one seemed to notice at first as they were all so busy trying to get lined up to get seen on my fake hidden camera.

I was about 4 steps from the escalator when I heard some woman from behind me shout, “STOP!”

Someone finally noticed that I was sneaking off. I had to get on those stairs before they started coming after me. I took another rather quick step forward and suddenly felt someone grabbing my arm rather forcefully. “LET GO OF ME!” I demanded.

“I’ll do no such thing!” the authoritative voice said. “You’re coming with me.”

“Like hell I am,” I snapped and tried to break free of this idiot’s grasp but my arm was held fast and all I did was strain my own muscles.

“I whirled about to see who this maniac was and I saw a woman in a Deputy Sherriff’s uniform – not a mall cop or one of those old men in rent-a-cop uniforms but a real bona fide law enforcement officer and she had a death grip on my arm.

I looked up at her face to plead with her to let me go and then a light bulb went off . . . “YOU! It’s YOU! You’re a cop??” I exclaimed in disbelief. It was my customer from the beauty shop – the same woman who saw my embarrassing streak in my neighborhood many nights ago.

I was so screwed!

**Quit While You're Ahead - Chapter 8**
The officer just gave me a sly grin before getting a more serious look on her face and yanking my arm signaling her intent that I was to follow her. “You’re coming with me.”

Those idiotic customers in the mall apparently thought this was still all part of that reality TV show they thought I was part of and began clapping as I was being led away.

It was totally embarrassing being led way arm in arm by a Sherriff’s deputy who was also a customer of mine! I just HAD to know who she was. I looked at her name tag; it read: Officer Barbara Hollingsworth. “Please let me go, Barbara,” I pleaded softly trying not to make any more of a scene that I had already all the while hoping that our business acquaintanceship might just persuade her to give me a little deferential treatment. I obviously needed all the help I could get.

“Just keep walking,” she demanded coldly and led me past the crowd and towards another corridor near the restrooms. Given her “By-the-book” demeanor I guess I was mistaken about her cutting me any slack. As I looked over my shoulder upon leaving the main mall, I saw the crowd breaking up and going about their business. I guess they figured the show was over thank goodness and that there was no sense in hanging around.

The officer led me to the end of that unassuming corridor and through a plain solid door marked, “Employees Only.” Once inside I was in a large open area with multiple desks and a bunch of clerks of some type all working away until one of them happened to look up and notice me. “What the . . . ?” she said, obviously taken aback at the sight before her. Others hearing her remark stopped working and soon everyone was staring at this young woman in her underwear. The silence on the room was deafening and added to the seriousness of the situation.

Without pausing even for a minute the officer led me down an internal corridor past several offices until we reached a solid door marked, “Security.” She opened the door and pushed me inside closing the door after her. She pointed to a spot in front of the only desk in the room and told me to stand there as she removed her nightstick from her gun belt and tossed it haphazardly onto the desk and then sat down. She leaned back in the chair putting her arms behind her head as if to admire her trophy as I stood there looking back at her not knowing what else to do.

Neither of us said a word for several minutes. She just looked at me with a stone-cold expression on her face that was inscrutable. Oh WHY was I so stupid, I thought to myself? I should have NEVER listened to Jess. Now look what I had gotten myself into.

Finally I detected her pursed lips changing to a smirk, then an evil grin and finally a huge smile. “So, my stylist is a bit of a tart. Who would have known?”

I felt so ashamed I just looked at the floor in silence. Barbara was a pretty woman and normally quite kind to me when she was in the salon. It was hard to look at her.

“You are in so much trouble . . . Ashley, isn’t it?”

“Yes, ma’am, Ashley,” I replied meekly still looking at the floor.

“So, just what in the hell are you up to now? First I catch you flashing in my own neighborhood and now this! Are you some kind of weirdo pervert or something?”

“No, ma’am . . .”

“Is someone making you do this, is that it? Are you in some kind of trouble?”

“No, ma’am . . .”

“Well, you’re a polite little tart I must say. So what’s the story?”

I swallowed hard. I couldn’t very well admit my perverted fantasies to her – not a client of mine! Why, it would be all over town. No one would ever seek me out to do their hair. You know how women are in a Hair Salon – we are all gossip. I’d be the talk of the town for like years! Finally I just blurted out, “Look it’s not what you think. Please just let me go.”

She just picked up a pencil that was lying on the desk and began fiddling with it in her fingers. “I wish it was that easy. I like you, I really do but the management here takes a dim view of things like this. Teenagers and college kids are always causing trouble here – mostly because they are bored. The mall’s corporate office has had enough of it. This is a family place and they want to keep out the bad elements in town. They have a good reputation and they intend on doing everything possible to keep it. That’s why they’ve discontinued their own security force and began hiring off-duty police officers to handle things. I’m afraid the mall manager will insist on your formal arrest and pressing charges. I’ll have to take you down to the station and book you and get you fingerprinted. He’s on his way here right now. His secretary has already notified him.”

I let out an audible gasp, “ARRESTED? I can’t be arrested and taken to jail! I’ll have a record! I’ll lose my license – my job! Isn’t there some way out of this?”

She looked at me pensively for a moment and then smiled again. “I guess I could try persuading him . . . to argue on your behalf but . . .”

“But? But what?” I asked with obvious stress in my voice.

“Well, if I’m going to go out on a limb for you and put MY reputation at risk for someone I hardly know I need to understand what’s going on with you. So why don’t you tell me why you were out practically naked in my neighborhood and why you are walking around this mall in your bra and panties – nice color panties, by the way – red, it matches your blushing face.”

“Well, um . . . it’s hard to explain really . . .” I certainly didn’t want to tell her any more than was absolutely necessary and I certainly didn’t want to implicate my best friend either.

Listen, Ashley,” she said with a serious tone, the smile now gone from her face. I’m not sure how long you have before the manager walks in here and once he does your ass belongs to him. Got it? So, if you want my help I suggest you find a way to tell me the truth – all of it – and I must warn you that I’ll be able to tell if you are lying or hiding anything because I’m an expert at reading body language. I have to be in my line of work, you know. So get talking . . .”

She was right. I was in a bad situation and my only hope of getting out of it was to do as she asked. She was holding all the cards. “I . . . that is, I have this . . . um, fantasy . . . you know of imagining myself in certain . . . situations.”

“Time is running out, girl . . . go on. What KIND of situations?”

“Well, I like to read stories about girls being caught in compromising situations, you know.”

“You mean like this?” she asked pointing to me waving her hand up and down my nearly exposed body.

“Well, sort of . . . sometimes I imagine myself . . .” I could barely find the strength to continue “well, naked.” There, I said it. “Naked like some of the girls in the stories I read getting caught that way by strangers. Anyway I’ve always wanted to see what it would be like but I’m too chicken to do that. So I figured that I’d try to let people see me in my underwear and just IMAGINE I was actually naked figuring maybe I’d find out what it was like without, you know, exposing myself completely. I figured it would help me when I was reading my favorite stories, you see? I could identify with the character in the story better, that’s all.”

“So you’re not really a die-hard exhibitionist, is that was you are telling me?”

“God, no; the other night was, well an accident. I wasn’t trying to be seen but it got me thinking and . . .”

“And this is what you came up with?” she asked chuckling a bit.

I just nodded my head in total humiliation.

“And I suppose I ruined your fun just now by hauling you in here.”

“In a way, yes,” I replied softly. “Ruined is a good word, I guess.” She certainly ruined my day anyway, I thought to myself.

“And I suppose you’ll never really know fully what it is like now that I turned your little experiment into a nightmare. I imagine that in the back of your mind you’ll still be wondering until you end up doing something really stupid.”

I didn’t know what to say or even if I was supposed to respond to her.

“Well, go on.”

“Go on? I’ve told you everything, HONEST!”

“Oh I believe you,” she said with a note of empathy. “No, I meant go on and strip – get naked.”

“WHAT?!”

“You heard me. You wanted to know what it felt like to be naked in a public place, right? Well, this is a public place and I’m practically a stranger. Just take off your bra and panties and find out what it feels like.”

“I . . . I couldn’t. I just couldn’t!”

“Why not? It’s the only way you’ll get the answer to your question and know for sure what it really feels like. If you do that I’ll feel better about trying to get you off the hook with the mall’s manager. This way I’ll know in my own mind that you’d probably not try something like this again.”

“Right now?”

“You’d better hurry . . . tick - tock, tic- tock, you know.”

I wasn’t sure if she just wanted to see me naked or if she was really trying to help me. She was a hard person to read. I hated to admit it but she was right about me wanting to experience this firsthand and it WAS just the two of us. The thought of actually doing this was overwhelming. My hands were literally trembling with fear as I reached back behind me and unclasped my bra and let it fall from my shoulders revealing my breasts.

Barbara reached out and took it from me as I then nervously lowered my panties which she also took possession of holding them in her hand.

I was actually NAKED in the mall’s back office and a client of mine was looking me over not two feet in front me!! My heart felt like it was going to pound itself right out of my chest!

**Quit While You're Ahead - Chapter 9**
Barbara seemed quite pleased with herself as she continued to look me up and down. “Turn around,” she asked making a circular motion in the air with her finger.

It was embarrassing knowing that as I turned away from her she was ogling my bottom. When I completed my turn facing her again she was all smiles like she had won the lottery or something. That made be blush all the more knowing that she was obviously liking what she was seeing. All girls want to feel that they are attractive and Barbara was certainly making me feel that way. The fact that she was quite pretty only made things worse.

“So, how does it feel?” she asked coyly still grinning from ear to ear.

“Truthfully, I’m scared to death!”

“If the damp spot on your panties is any indication you’re probably horny as hell.” She then held up the soaked gusset of my panties for me to see making me blush all the more. “I’d say you’re much more aroused now than you were when you were wearing these,” she added laughing aloud.

Suddenly a man’s voice somewhere out in the hallway angrily asked, “Where are they?”

“I think they are in the security office, sir?” a lady replied.

“It’s the MANAGER!” Barbara exclaimed excitedly as she tossed my undergarments into her desk drawer and slammed it shut. She then ran around behind me nervously yelling, “QUICK, put your hands behind your back.”

“What; why?”

“Just do it. There’s no time! Just follow my lead and go along with what I say and I think I can get you out of this.” I then felt the cold steel of handcuffs locking my wrists firmly in place behind my back just as the manager barged into the room!

He only took step into the office and suddenly stopped while still holding the door open when he saw that I was naked. The look of shock on his face will be forever burned into my mind as he looked me over.

Regaining his composure he continued into the room leaving the door wide open to the hallway and walked in a circle around the two of us as Barbara continued holding onto my arm. At that moment I saw a professionally dressed young woman walk by the open door. She peered into the room, stopped dead in her tracks; looked at me with her mouth wide open and then gave me a playful smirk as she continued on.

The manager cleared his throat as he rounded back in front of me and said, “So you caught the little delinquent that was causing all that disturbance. Good work, officer.”

He then looked at me with his beady little eyes and said, “YOU disgust me! I’ll not have your type pulling stunts like this in MY mall. I want her formally arrested and I insist on pressing any applicable charges. I also want to have her given a trespass warning baring her from this property forever! ”

I gasped again. Barbara was right, he was a bastard! And I was in soooooo much trouble!

My heart stopped however when my supposed protector simply said, “Right. I thought you’d feel that way,” and jerked my restrained arm that she had ahold of towards the door my eyes got big and I began to get angry!

I had been betrayed! This was all been a lie! She got me to strip just to get me in a more damning predicament just so she could look good! I was about to shout out in protest when Barbara spoke up, “You know . . .” she said thoughtfully, “You are right in wanting to press charges against this woman but I think I should tell you that I know her, well her family actually and that might not be the best course of action.”

“Oh?”

“Yes, and if you don’t mind me saying, that from what I know this might be one of those delicate situations that must be handled carefully.”

“Really? You mean she’s got connections of some sort?”

I could see Barbara nodding her head ever so slightly. “Like I said I know this girl and her family and she’s not really a bad sort. She’s high spirited, I’ll grant you that, but she’s not the type to get into trouble. This is highly unusual behavior for her and I’m sure she regrets her stupidity.”

I began nodding my head vigorously in agreement as the manager looked at me as if to ponder Officer Hollingsworth’s words
.
She then continued, “I’m sure your kids have done a thing or to that you didn’t want to get out in the public’s eye. You know your kids are decent at heart. I think this one here is basically a good person who did something foolish.”

The manager rubbed his chin for a few moments and then I saw him lower his eyes down my body – slowly down my body. I’m sure he wanted me to think he was considering Barbara’s argument but he was a man after all and I knew what he was doing – he was taking the opportunity to leer at my exposed flesh! Just knowing what he was doing caused me to get aroused once again and I felt my nipples tightening up right before his very eyes. His gaze continued down lower and lower stopping at my pelvis. I could feel my vaginal lips getting all the more engorged. I was afraid my ever-increasing wetness was going to eventually start trickling down my thighs if he kept this up.

Finally he quickly raised his head and directed his attention to the officer. “I’m sure you’re right but I can’t just let her off the hook. If word gets out that I’ve gone soft I’ll have every looney-toon in town pushing the envelope here. That would undo all the hard work and expense I’ve put into curtailing delinquents from visiting here.”

I was screwed! This guy is definitely a hard-ass.

“I see your point,” Barbara continued, “but I think I can assure you that you won’t be troubled by her again. I know her mom and trust me after I take her home she’ll be suitably punished and I’m sure word on the street will be positive. In fact, I’ll personally see to it by keeping an eye on her. This way you won’t ruin a potentially good person with a record and, well, frankly you’ll avoid a lot of potential headaches from the family later on if you do as you originally suggested. Of course the decision is ultimately yours and I’ll certainly support whatever you decide. I just felt I had a duty to point out a few things that might be in your interest.”

I wasn’t sure how much of what Barbara was saying was true about knowing my mom or all that stuff about my family having connections and all that as we certainly weren’t well-connected. As far as I knew she didn’t even know my mom at all. Perhaps she was just using her street smarts and playing a little politics to do me a favor. What she was saying wasn’t really important. I was just glad she was true to her word and was trying to help me.

The manager once again looked at me for a moment and then said, “Can I have a word with you in private?”

Barbara agreed and sternly told me not to move until she got back. Like where in the hell was I going to go naked and restrained as I was? I just meekly nodded as the two of them stepped just outside the door. I could hear them muttering to each other. I couldn’t make out what they were saying but their exchange went on for some time.

I thought that the longer they were talking the better it was for me. Perhaps he was softening his stance and was going to let me go. I needed to put all my faith into Barbara. What choice did I have?

Eventually they stopped talking and I no longer could see the man’s trouser-covered leg that had been visible near the doorway. In fact, I couldn’t hear or see anything! What was going on I wondered? I began to get worried as more time passed.

It was obvious that the Manager and Officer Hollingsworth were no longer in the hallway as soon a steady parade of people began passing by the open door giggling. It seemed that every one of those clerks wanted to get a peek at the nude girl in the office. I was so embarrassed but there was nothing I could do. Some people waved, some gave me a mock kiss in the air. Several actually shot me a bird, which really pissed me off!

Then the crowd vanished as soon as it had appeared. I heard footfalls in the hall and suddenly Barbara and the manager had returned and entered the room. Both had somewhat serious expressions on their faces which didn’t bode well for my hopes of getting out of here without going to jail.

My mouth was as dry as the Sahara desert. I tried to swallow but my tongue just stuck to the roof of my mouth.

The Manager guy walked over to me and stood practically two inches from my face. He starred into my eyes for several moments. Here it comes I thought. My life is over. “It’s against my better judgment but this fine Officer had convinced me not to have you arrested . . .”

As disgusting as it is to say this, I actually wanted to kiss that fat bastard. She did it! She really went to bat for me! Now it was Barbara that I wanted to kiss!

I was in a fog as the Manager kept speaking. I was brought back to Earth when I ultimately heard him say, “Provided and I do mean PROVIDED that you agree to Officer Hollingsworth’s plan and that she take you straight home and tell your mother exactly what happened here today. She has assured me she will keep a close eye on you and report back to me on your progress? If you agree then I think we can call this incident closed. Do you agree?”

My excitement knew no bounds at that moment. I wasn’t sure what all he had said but I was sure I wasn’t going to be taken to jail. I was getting off. I had dodged the bullet. I was ecstatic.

“Well?” he barked at me impatiently.

“Yes, I agree most definitely yes!”

“Very well then,” he said turning to Barbara, “I’m releasing her into your custody and I’m holding you to your word.”

“I understand,” my new found friend said as the manager walked out the door.

Barbara walked over to me and smiled as she told hold of my arm and began walking me towards the door.

“Hey!” I protested. “What about my clothes and these handcuffs?”

She just stared at me with a puzzled look. “I told the Manager that I’d take you home like you are and explain things to your mom and you just agreed. Would you rather I take you to jail? I can do that ya know if you break your agreement.”

“You’re taking me home naked and in Handcuffs?” Barbara grinned from ear to ear and without saying a word started walking me towards the door!

**Quit While You’re Ahead Chapter 10**
Without missing a beat Officer Barbara followed the manager out the door of the security office. I was still handcuffed and she still had that death grip of hers on my arm as she dragged me along in tow. “But wait . . .” I exclaimed, “You aren’t . . . but you can’t! Please, I’m naked!”

Once again I immediately regretted the fact that my voice had been so loud as everyone at their desks immediately stopped talking and looked up at me. It didn’t take me long to notice that damn near every single one of them was smiling. I also noticed that the mall manager had stopped and turned around to face me obviously pleased that I was reacting the way I was. When he saw the look of panic on my face he seemed to take pleasure in the fact that this was so horrible for me. It was as if I was already being punished somehow for my transgressions in HIS mall. I saw Officer Barbara return his grin as if to say “See, I told you my idea was a good one.”

I was led past the rows and rows of desks in the large open-styled office with my feet instinctively dragging across the floor in subconscious protest, which had the effect of forcing my less than endowed chest out as I leaned back resisting our trek towards the exit.

The female clerks were giggling, making no secret of the fact that they were thrilled with my predicament and what was happening to me while the male clerks, on the other hand, were simply taking in the view. A couple even had their mouths wide open, too paralyzed with what was happening to even grab their phones lest they miss any of the action. To those at their desks missing out on actually seeing me earlier, rumors of a naked girl in the Security Office was one thing, but actually having one forcefully being escorted in handcuffs right in front of their very eyes was quite another.

When we got to the plain solid door that opened to the corridor that led to the mall, I pushed my body roughly against it blocking Barbara’s ability to pull it open hoping to gain a few moments so that I could persuade her to abandon her plan. That was a mistake as she used her free hand to forcefully smack my bottom sending a resounding echo throughout the room causing everyone to breakout in laughter. Suitably chastened, I pulled back away from the door allowing her to open it.

Sure I was the one that wanted the thrill of exposure but not like this, not naked in a very public mall while enduring the humiliation of being treated like a criminal. I guess it was the “criminal” aspect that frightened me the most as it was so shameful.

Out into the corridor we walked. Once the door closed and we were walking along the long, barren hallway leaving the curious office employees behind Barbara said, “Well, that went better than I had expected. For a moment there I didn’t think old fuss-budget was going to let you off. I had to argue with him for quite some time as he was so insistent that I take you to jail. Believe me this was far from certain. It’s a good thing I can be persuasive when I have to be.”

Her comment reminded me that things could have gone much worse for me and I began to feel grateful for her assistance. “Thank you. I really DO appreciate your help. I owe you one.” I noticed that her demeanor had softened and she was almost smiling. I relaxed a bit and let out a huge sigh of relief. Now I was certain that she was on my side.

To my chagrin, however, we continued to walk towards the main part of the mall from whence we had come earlier with her still firmly holding my arm. I could see people milling about in the main section of the mall casually shopping and I began to get a little nervous again. “So . . . did you put my panties and bra inside your pocket or something or do you have another plan?” I asked with a little trembling in my voice.

She stopped abruptly and turned me to face her. “Excuse me?” she responded, as if she couldn’t believe what I had just asked.

“Well, I mean you ARE going to take these bracelets off now and let me get dressed, right? You’re not really going to take me through the mall naked are you? I mean it’s YOUR fault that I got caught without my underwear on.”

Her eyes narrowed and her expression turned quite serious. Pointing to the Star on her left chest she snapped, “Do you see this? I EARNED this. It took me years and a lot of hard work to get into the Police Academy and then several more years working in the county jail before I was able to prove myself and get promoted to full Deputy Status. It’s not easy being a female officer you know as most of the male deputies don’t think a woman can handle this job – that we are too soft or something. Let’s get something straight right now, missy. I put my career on the line for you back there and kept your ass out of jail. The only way I could get keep you from formally being charged and taken to jail was to get that manager to agree to let me take you home to your mother AS YOU ARE. You agreed to that. Everyone heard it so that’s what I’m going to do. Got it?”

I was in shock. I remember saying ‘yes’ back there but admittedly I wasn’t really paying attention at all. I was too relieved that I wasn’t going to be taken to jail that I scarcely heard anything old fatso was saying. What had I done? “You mean you’re going to . . . all the way out there in the mall . . .?”

With that I almost fainted as my legs went limp. Barbara grabbed me under both arms and began shouting firmly, “Buck up, sweetheart. Stop being such a wuss.” She lightly slapped me across my face which brought me back to reality. I regained my composure and stood back up. “That’s the ticket,” she said as we resumed our march towards the mall. “Besides, you wanted to see what it felt like to be a character in one of your stories so I guess you’re in heaven now, right?” She was grinning again as she nodded towards my chest.

I looked down and much to my surprise my nipples were proud and excited. I became aware of something else too. I was wet and that pleasing little feeling began rising deep within me. I might not have been in heaven but I was indeed aroused. My brain was scared out of its senses but my body was screaming for more. I took a deep breath and braced myself for my eventual public unveiling.

As we got with 5 yards of the mall proper Jessica suddenly stepped into view. “JESS,” I exclaimed excitedly! I had forgotten all about her.

“Well Jess, here she is in all her glory, just like you wanted!” the Deputy said laughing her fool head off.

“WHAT?!” I muttered half aloud and half to myself. “You mean you two know each other?”

Jess began laughing hilariously. “Of course we do. I’ve known Barbara for years. We go way back.”

“You mean you guys set all of this up? She was in on it the whole time?”

Jess came up to me and gave me a soft kiss on the cheek. “I told you that I’d look out for you, didn’t I? So . . . having fun yet?” she asked as she ran her finger between my legs. “Oops, I’ll take that as a yes,” she quipped as she raised her wet finger for us to see and added mockingly, “I guess that was a rhetorical question, huh?”

I must have turned six shades of red as I felt myself getting flushed with embarrassment all over listening to them carrying about her wet finger waving teasingly in the air.

“Oh Jess . . . you have no idea what I’ve just been through. I’m glad it’s over!

“Over?” Officer Hollingsworth replied. “Oh honey, it’s far from over.”

“Wha . . . what do you mean it’s not over?”

“Look, old Lard Ass back there was for real. He really WAS insisting on pressing charges. Like I said, the only way to get you out of this was to make him think your punishment was going to be something you’ll never forget so I have to take you home to your mother as you are. Weren’t you listening to anything we’ve been talking about for the last ten minutes? I really have no choice. Knowing him he’ll be watching on the various surveillance cameras throughout the mall making sure I go through with this.” She then began chuckling while adding as she looking my naked body over from head to toe, “. . . and with his hand in his pants no doubt.” Jess began laughing too at her remark.

My heart began to race again. I felt like I was on this frightening roller coaster – slowly climbing up and up then free falling down at terrifying speeds. I was scared out of my wits one minute then basking in relief in another then climbing once again towards the precipice!

“JESS!! Do something!” I gasped at my friend in desperation.

My friend began playfully caressing my face and hair and then rubbing her hand sensually up and down my back. “Do you remember asking me, no make that BEGGING me to help you live out your fantasies and I told you that I had to get something out of this too?”

“Well, yes but . . .”

“Do you remember when we started all of this and I said I liked controlling people, making them do whatever I want – especially making them do embarrassing or humiliating things. The riskier the better; making them do things that they would NEVER really do by themselves; pushing them well past their limits; things that might have a certain element of risk or pain – not physical pain per se but certainly having the potential to cause them emotional stress?”

“Yes, but . . .”

“Well, this is one of those stressful things I want to see you do. It will help me with MY fantasy. It’s not all about you. You agreed to that remember?”

Me and my big mouth! I’ve got to stop agreeing to things before thinking them through. Still, I cared so much for Jessica that if this makes her happy then I’d do it – I’d do it for her as I love her so much! I lowered my head and sighed. “I’m ready. Let’s get this over with.”

Both of them starting chuckling again, “You’re priceless, you know that?” the Deputy said. “I can see why Jessica likes playing games with you.”

I looked up and Jess had a warm and kind look upon her face as she said, “You didn’t really think that we’d make you walk all the way through the mall naked did you? I’ve got something you can wear.”

“YOU DO!” I said excitedly, “But what about old Lard Ass . . .”

The Deputy interjected, “Oh he’ll be watching that’s for sure but I think we can give you a little help.”

“What do you mean?” I asked hopefully. Then to my utter embarrassment Jess pulled out a small pad of tan-colored “Post-It” notes about two inches square. She peeled off one of the squares and placed it over my left nipple barely covering it and then did the same with the other breast. Tearing off yet a third piece of paper she placed it low on my pelvis so that the part of my labia that peeked up from between my legs was also covered.

“There!” she announced with pride. “That ought to do it!”

I looked down at myself and was immediately filled with dread. Yes, the “Post-It” notes ostensibly covered the essentials, albeit just barely, but my nipples were so aroused they were actually pushing the papers out from underneath as only the top side of a “Post-It” note has that sticky glue stuff. All the other edges are just paper. Anyone looking from underneath or from the side would see EVERYTHING. I also realized that from a distance the tan color my friend had chosen would make it look like I wasn’t wearing anything at all so Mr. Fatso couldn’t tell from looking on camera that my naughty bits were covered. The gentle cool air on my backside, however, also reminded me that my ass was totally exposed and if I bent over I’d be revealing my most intimate of places. Hell, I’d probably do that anyway just walking! This was supposed to HELP?!

This was more embarrassing than just being naked. The girls both had HUGE grins on their faces as they admired my “new look.”

“That ought to fool old Fuss Budget,” Barbara said as she once again began leading me out towards the mall. “We had better get going before the old man gets suspicious.”

**Quit While You’re Ahead Chapter 11**
“Remember, act like you don’t know me,” Jessica reminded me. “Don’t be looking at me or anything. I don’t want anyone to know that we are together.” With that my friend hurried on ahead leaving me alone with this Officer once again.

“No talking to me either,” The Deputy said as she put on her inscrutable business-like expression. I meekly nodded my head as Barbara began in earnest taking me out in public away from the relative seclusion of that corridor.

“What the . . .” a college aged girl said in obvious surprise as she spotted me shortly after we entered the mall.

“OH MY GOSH!” another woman said as she pointed me out to her friends. “Do you see that? She’s naked!” I glanced over in her direction and several young men and women were gawking at me giggling.

Enough time had elapsed that all of the people that saw me earlier in my underwear and assumed that a Candid Camera TV show was being film had long since gone. To these new shoppers I must have appeared exactly as I looked like – a common criminal caught by the law streaking the mall. For some reason that reality made me horny as hell. I decided that I needed to focus on the experience not the shame. Every time I saw someone looking at me I felt myself edging closer and closer to a spontaneous orgasm. This was so intense!

I heard murmuring coming from every possible direction as we walked along. It was clear I was THE topic of discussion for the day.

“Need any help, Officer,” a man asked as he came walking up next to us looking me over.

“No thanks. Everything’s under control,” Barbara replied while still looking straight head.

Another man came up to join this fellow who was still walking alongside of us and asked, “So, what she do anyway?”

Barbara ignored his query and kept walking towards the down escalator.

“What’s with the bits of paper?” the first man asked giggling.

“You’ll have to ask her,” the Deputy replied scanning the mall making sure of my safety.

“So what’s with your outfit, honey? You needed a new outfit and they didn’t have a sale at Bloomingdale’s and that’s all you could afford?” The other gentleman joined the first in laughing at me.

Mercifully we reached the escalator and there was just enough room that Barbara and I could get on together standing side-by-side – she on my right. The guys got on immediately behind us and followed us down. I heard one of them whisper to the other, “Check out that ass of hers. Is that hot or what?”

“Smokin!” his friend replied. His comment was both humiliating and arousing. Humiliating in that I now knew EXACTLY what he and his friend were looking at and arousing in that they actually found my ass appealing. I liked that! I usually don’t go around showing my naked hinny to guys so I’ve always wondered what they might make of it. Now I knew.

Barbara turned around and firmly said, “Watch your mouths gentlemen. We’re in a family mall here.”

“Oh, sorry,” One of the guys sheepishly replied while trying to stifle a giggle.

As I looked down I could see all sorts of people milling around – WAY more shoppers than had been on the second floor of the mall where we had been. It was so exciting seeing them going about their business down below not realizing that a practically naked girl was heading right for them. The thought that at any minute I was going to be spotted by this large group of people was so intense, so exciting that I could barely stand it! I was also scared to death and wanted like anything to be able to run back up those moving stairs and hide somewhere!

We were about half way to the bottom when a woman spotted me at the foot of the escalator. She stopped dead in her tracks – so suddenly in fact that another woman carrying multiple shopping bags ran right into her from behind practically knocking her down. By way of explanation the first lady simply pointed right at me and the second lady’s mouth dropped completely open in shock as she gawked at me.

I suddenly realized that from their vantage point below me they could see easily see my exposed vagina by the way I was standing and I instinctively tried to press my thighs together to block their view.

Other shoppers noticed that lady pointing up the escalator and began to get curious as they too stopped to check things out. Now there were dozens of people all looking at me on our unstoppable journey to the first floor.

The lower we went the more people I could see. Damn, there were literally hundreds of people shopping now – way, way more than I had thought earlier. My legs began to get weaker by the minute. I was also getting wetter and wetter. I could feel it as I clamped my legs together. As I increased the pressure keeping my thighs tightly closed the sensations on my throbbing clitoris increased and made me even wetter and, much to my embarrassment, I could also feel that sensitive love button budding out begging for someone to touch it! Thank heavens for that small bit of paper hiding my shame!

When we reached the bottom and were about to get off the moving stairs Barbara began waving her arm in front of her, “Make way . . . clear out . . . coming through,” she said in a commanding tone as the crowd below began separating creating a path for us to exit.

Things began to get intense as we starting walking out towards the main part of the first floor towards Macy’s. No longer were people subtly giggling. They were all laughing heartily – guffawing all over themselves.

“Serves her right,” an old lady in a scooter chair said as she looked at me disapprovingly, “The little tramp.”

A really cute coed came running up to me all smiles and asked, “Is this some type of Sorority Initiation gone wrong? What house are you pledging?”

Another coed asked, “What’s up with the paper? Am I supposed to peel one off and see if I won a prize? I might like getting a prize from you, sweetie.” Everyone laughed at her comment and I began perspiring a bit as I was so overwhelmed with emotion and erotic sensations.

Just then I heard some woman shout out, “Hey, Barbara, wait up!” I looked over and saw another uniformed Deputy heading in our direction. Oh crap, this can’t be good!

“What’s up?” she asked as she got closer. “What have you got there?”

Barbara stopped and began chatting with her colleague. “Just some college kid streaking the mall; nothing I can’t handle.” The second Deputy began looking me up and down smiling and then the two of them began chatting away about work and what shifts they were working the next week all the while forcing me to stand exposed, virtually naked except for my “Post-It” notes and handcuffed in front of an ever-increasing crowd of people.

Shoppers of all ages were ogling me, pointing at various parts of me. I’d have given anything to hear what they were saying to each other. But then again, maybe I didn’t really want to know. I was hoping that no one recognized me. That thought made me panic and I began scanning around looking for people that I might know. “No, no, no one familiar,” I said to myself as I moved my head from left to right; so far so good. “Come on, Barbara, let’s go already,” I shouted in my mind.

Then I spotted her! Standing just a little to my left and a bit behind me looking at my naked ass was my arch nemesis, Rebecca! I couldn’t stand that girl! Becky was one of those people that just loved to pick on me. When we were in high school we were always so competitive. I’d give a date a kiss; she’d brag that hers got to second base. I’d wear a short trendy T-shirt and she’d go to school without a bra. If there was ANYONE I didn’t want to see me like this it was Becky! Why did it have to be her?

When she realized that it was me standing there in handcuffs her face practically beamed with excitement. She squealed, “Ashley, is that you?” As if she didn’t already know! She then pushed her way through a couple of people until she was standing right next to me. “Well, well, well,” she whispered snidely. “What do we have here?”

“Shut up,” I whispered hatefully and tried to look away.

“Nice butt,” she teased as she secretively began running her finger up and down my crack sending shivers up my spine.

She just giggled as the two Officers continued talking amongst themselves oblivious to what was going on around them. It was as if they hadn’t seen each other in years. Come on people, you work together for Pete’s sakes!

Becky then whispered in my ear, “Nice outfit. Mind if I borrow it sometime . . . like now.”

Then without any warning she snatched the “Post-It” note from my left breast and crumpled it up in her hand exposing me to the crowd!

I gasped deeply at the sudden brazenness of this hateful bitch. What was she doing? Was she out of her mind?! “Barbara!” I cried out in a panic trying to get her attention but she just snapped back in an irritated voice, “Hush,” and continued talking to her colleague without so much as turning her head to see what was going on.

Becky just laughed. So did the crowd but with all the commotion and laughing that had been going on previously surrounding my presence nothing seemed obviously amiss.

Then I felt Becky putting her arm around my shoulder resting her hand on my right breast just inches from my only means of cover. She playfully flicked it a couple of times with her finger and ran circles around my paper-covered nipple whispering, “Like that Cutie-pie?”

“NO!” I whispered in a panic. Was she crazy? She wouldn’t dare!

She did. Playfully she slowly and quit teasingly peeled the “Post-It” note off my right breast and secretively crumpled it up in her hand as she had done with the other one before removing her hand from around my shoulder. I was now topless in front of a VERY appreciative crowd!

I was about to cry when I saw Jess out in the crowd and she was smiling giving me an eager “thumbs up.” She was like totally into this. Had she put Becky up to this, I wondered? I mean without my knowledge she had arranged for Barbara to arrive on the scene and then to strip me earlier maybe she had arranged all this with Becky too? At that point I wouldn’t have put it past her and she was obviously in full approval of what was happening. I just had to look at her face to see that she was ever so pleased.

Knowing that she was happy calmed me down and if that is what she had planned then I was just going to let whatever was supposed to happen, happen. I wanted this after all; but why BECKY? Of all people! What was she thinking?

Becky squeezed my butt and whispered. “I just LOVE your top. Can I have the Bottom, too?”

Before I could respond or even turn away she ripped the last remaining piece of paper from my pelvis leaving me totally, completely naked as the crowd applauded their approval!

I let out a shrill, very loud squeal and tried to bend over to shield myself from the crowd. Barbara felt my pulling and hearing my shout simply said, “Alright, alright. Simmer down. We’re going already.” She then said to her friend, “I’d best be on my way. Lot’s to do tonight before I can go home."