**Rachel**

not a politician

**The Setup**
Rachel wasn't wearing anything, unless you counted the expression off bliss that was a result of the intense orgasm she had just experienced. Until just a moment ago, she had masturbated furiously to one of her exhibitionistic fantasies. The thought of running around naked outside, and being caught that way...

The reality was that she was in her room, door locked, shades drawn, and everything triple-checked to make sure absolutely no one could see her in her unclothed state. For all her fantasies, Rachel was a very shy girl. She had already begun to resign to the fact that her fantasies were just something she occasionally masturbated to.

But then she happened upon the idea of erotic blackmail. On an erotic story board, she found a reposted and recently completed story by a genius under the alias of hooked6, featuring a heroine that got blackmailed to expose herself in a lot of inappropriate places.

Being an independent-minded person, she at first objected to anyone being forced to do anything against her will, sexual or otherwise. But her mind wouldn't let go of the issue, and she began to include elements of coercion into her fantasies, placing herself as the (unconsciously willing) heroine/victim of some interesting new masturbatory scenarios.

She eventually realized that it not only turned her on, but would also help to overcome her shyness, at least in so far as it was eliminated as an obstacle to making her fantasies come true. Forced nudity was definitely her thing!

Some of the board's regulars had posted teasing comments about doing something like the blackmail club in real life. One of them even tried to develop a guide on how it would have to be done. While consideration of boring real-life problems was certainly less of a turn-on than exciting fantasy scenarios, it showed her one thing: This would work best if her blackmailer was someone she knew, like in the story.

Finding the right person was a no-brainer: She and her flatmate Michelle told each other everything, even their sexual fantasies. Rachel got dressed and went to Michelle's room.

Michelle listened to her friend's plans and agreed to help her out by giving her tasks to accomplish. Secretly, she was absolutely thrilled by what Rachel proposed to her and it was all she could do to keep from showing too much eagerness. Ever since the first time Rachel told about her exhibitionistic fantasies, Michelle was hoping she'd actually go through with at least some of them. Now, she could make sure she'd do all of them. Best of all, she'd be the one to make her do it.

Michelle didn't want anything BAD to happen to Rachel, but this was something Rachel herself wanted, and Michelle intended to make the absolute most of it.

Of course, she'd have to move at the right pace, making every task more daring by the right amount. She needed to do this not only to make things progress smoothly, but also to keep them fun. It wouldn't do at all if Rachel got bored with a task or was so frightened of it that she broke down and was unable to do it. Well, enough thinking, she thought to herself, let's get it started.

Michelle produced a digital camera from somewhere, and told Rachel to hold her head in several different positions. Rachel did so while Michelle took photos of her. She wondered if and how these photos could be used for blackmail. However, this was soon to be explained by Michelle:

"Over the next week, I'll combine your face with erotic pictures from the net, especially the kind containing strange fetishes. That'll be our blackmail material. I assure you it will be nothing you want your friends and family to see."

"Won't they recognize it's not really me?", Rachel asked.

"Depends. How many of them know how you really look like nude?"

"Oh."

"That's right. Now please undress completely."

"Want some real photos as well?"

"No, this is not about more photos and no, this is not a task. You don't even have to do it. But I thought that things will be easier for you if you get used to being naked inside of the apartment. You may also want to start sleeping in the nude. Whatever you do, your first task will start exactly a week from now."

Despite having readily stripped for the photos, Rachel felt uneasy about getting naked without any real reason. On the other hand, Michelle's reasoning made perfect sense. Sighing, she undressed, neatly folding her clothes, but then sat on the couch, drew her legs, which were pressed tightly together, to her chest and put her arms around them.

Knowing that such silly covering could not reasonably be kept up for the whole next week, Michelle didn't say anything about it. Everything was going just like she wanted it to.

When Michelle had suggested for Rachel to ease into nudity (as far as the blackmail scenario allowed easing in), she really thought about Rachel's well-being. She almost succeeded to convince herself this was the only reason. But the truth was, she just loved to get the still somewhat shy exhibitionist trainee naked as often and as long as possible.

Needless to say, when the girls went to their respective beds that night, it wasn't for sleeping...

(Well, not immediately) next: The first real task

First Task

A week had passed, too fast for Rachel's liking, and it was now the great day of her first task.

The first step was for her to acquire a set of disposable clothes. She was to get them at a clothing discounter, one of those places where they didn't waste place for changing cubicles. Normally, customers were expected to know their approximate size and to live with the fact if the fit was not perfect.

Of course, Rachel was expected to try her outfit on for size. In fact, her instructions were to try at least three outfits, and to get completely naked between them. She also had to make sure there was at least one other customer in the shop when she did it.

At the time of the day Rachel had chosen, there was a good chance of finding a shop with really just one customer, and Rachel indeed got lucky.

She went inside, grabbed a couple of light summer dresses from the bargain bin, and checked if the young man was looking. He wasn't.

"It's now or never", Rachel thought. Trying to get it over with before her nervousness got the better of her, she quickly slipped out of her flip-flops, dropped her skirt, unbuttoned her blouse and shrugged it off. She hadn't worn underwear, which was not, as one might think, because of the heat, but because it was easier to get naked without it. Plus, had she worn underwear, her "excuse" of trying clothes wouldn't have covered its removal.

Without pause, Rachel slipped one of the sundresses over her head. Of course, there was no such thing as a mirror to check her appearance. But this was the last thing on Rachel's mind, as she finally realized that she had just been very naked, in a very public place, in a very inappropriate situation.

Rachel checked around nervously for any newcomers, and to make sure "he" was still occupied otherwise. She then took the sundress off again. With her being so nervous, it took noticeably longer than the first stripping. She then quickly donned the next dress. Looking up again, Rachel noticed with a slight shock that the young man was looking in her direction. How long had he been watching?

That question quickly was answered when he pointed out, not unkindly, that it was not customary to try on clothes in such a shop.

Rachel had gone her task over in her head several times since she was told about it, and she knew her best chance was to try to brazen it out (which is not easy when you've just blushed as red as a tomato).

"Well, erm, yes, I know. It's just that I saw the shop's almost empty, and I wanted to see how it looks."

"I think the yellow one would look good on you."

Damn! Now she had to change in front of him again, or she was busted! Of course, she could have told him not to look while she changed, but given her state of mind, she just didn't think of it. Well, she had to try another dress anyway.

Her until then suppressed exhibitionist tendencies, her plan to brazen it out and the knowledge that Melissa would want her to do it combined to prevent her from turning away as she changed dresses again, feeling his eyes on her naked body in the process. The feeling of being looked at naked and unable to do anything about it started to turn her on immensely.

The yellow dress found the approval of both Rachel and the young man. Of course, she couldn't wear it out, so she had to give him a second show, which he seemed to appreciate.

Once she had bought the dress, she went back to her car, where she changed back into the dress. Actually, because of the confined space in the car and the emptiness of the parking lot, she changed out in the open, behind the cover of her car.

It was now time to move to a mall, where her main task was about to happen.

Walking from the parking lot into the mall, Rachel felt the air moving under the thin, short summer dress. Not only was this pleasant on a hot day, it also made her pussy become wet in anticipation of what was to come. Rachel wandered around the mall, familiarizing herself with its layout and waiting for it to fill with people.

When a sizeable crowd had gathered, Rachel, as ordered, went to a bathroom on the far end of the mall. Once there, she went into a stall, lost her flip-flops and dress, and moved her hand to the door handle. But then, she hesitated. Over the past week, she had been naked in her apartment and in front of Melissa. She had been naked while and after shopping for the dress, even when a stranger had seen her. But now, she was about to expose herself to dozens of people, without any excuse or pretext. She couldn't do it.

"Come on, you must do it, think of the photos, think of the photos", Rachel tried to encourage herself. Finally, she managed to open the door and started to run. She ran straight through the mall towards her car, past a crowd of shouting people. She couldn't hear whether it were shouts of disgust, encouragement, or plain surprise. There were probably some of each, but Rachel didn't care, she was just running.

She started her streak in a nervous mood, panic barely suppressed, but with the adrenaline flowing, she was shifting to excitement, which began to take on an erotic tone.

Rachel had almost reached the exit when she saw the mall security man beside it. With only moments to decide, she quickly dashed into some kind of clothing shop or boutique, with a young, mainly teenage clientele she hoped would not give her away.

Once inside, Rachel spotted a changing cubicle and hid there, not being able to do anything except not going out again.

After a short time, the curtain opened, and a teenage girl, identified by her nametag as "Lisa" but otherwise indistinguishable from the shop's customers, entered. Rachel was semi-relieved it was not mall security, but remained wary.

"Okay, seems some killjoy alerted mall security of your little streak. Everyone here thinks it was way cool, so we'd like to help you. You look young enough to be a customer here, so we'll lend you an outfit, complete with boots, so you won't stand out. We'll get your clothes if you tell us were they are, so you can leave with them."

Rachel gratefully accepted their help. Mall security actually entered the shop, but could find no naked person, nor any witnesses. They soon gave up their search.

Meanwhile, Lisa returned. Mall security had not bothered to look anywhere else but the area where the streaker was last seen, and apparently no one else had used that particular stall, so Rachel's "disposable" outfit was returned to her.

Well, not exactly "returned" just then, as Lisa held on to them for the moment. She asked everybody to proceed to the staff room, where she informed Rachel that since she was so fond of streaking, she surely could change in front of everybody as a little thank-you show.

Rachel was still frightened from her near run-in with security, and in no mood to expose herself, but she saw no choice.

Taking off and carefully folding her loaned outfit, Rachel was soon birthday-suited and held out a hand for Lisa to hand her her dress. But Lisa didn't

"I think she should give us a real show and masturbate for us. Who's in favour?"

Everybody except Rachel signalled agreement. After a look at Lisa confirmed there was nothing to be gained by begging or refusing, Rachel complied, unenthusiastically at first.

But there obviously was a lot of pent-up arousal, since her rubbing soon made her wet. Closing her eyes, Rachel furiously masturbated to the fresh memory of the day's events, which seemed to be a lot more arousing in memory.

Rachel came heavily. Opening her eyes again and realizing where she was, and with whom, suddenly made her very embarrassed.

**Epilogue:**
Rachel returned home without further incident. While somewhat glad she had done it, she decided she had had enough adventure for this lifetime . However, when she talked to Melissa about it she was informed it was too late:

"You should have thought of this before the pictures. I gather that in your internet story, the heroine was free after ten tasks. I think I'll give you the opportunity to quit after every six tasks. I'll also let you go if I think you can't take it anymore. Other than that, you're mine."

end of task one. next: task two (duh!).

**Second Task**
When Rachel first heard Michelle's words after her mall streak, they came as a shock. Over the following days, she got more used to the idea. The fact that Michelle obviously hadn't planned daily ordeals helped to further ease her worries.

In her memory, the less pleasant parts of her mall streak slowly faded away, and her forced nudity masturbation scenarios became more and more exciting.

Michelle was not at home, so Rachel thought it would be more appropriate for her fantasies if she had her masturbation session outside of her room. So she went to sit on the living room couch (she was already naked, as was her usual state now when at home), closed her eyes, opened her legs, and started to use her fingers on herself with a vengeance.

"Thinking about your masturbation show in that clothing shop?"

The expression in Rachel's face which followed her surprised gasp told Michelle she had been right. She had more important news, though.

"I've just come back from a gallery of modern art. You may say it was a scouting mission. Aside from paintings made by three-year-olds and ugly sculptures, they have a lot of performances. So it's the ideal place."

"?"

"Your second task, dummy. We'll get you in, get you naked, and have you walking all around the place as if you had every right to do so."

Michelle went on to explain the details of her plan. They would enter the gallery and go to the ladies'. There, Rachel would change into her birthday suit. She would then roam the gallery's halls for about an hour, acting like an ordinary visitor. Everyone would assume this to be part of some performance art. She would then find Michelle, who'd be somewhere in the gallery, get her clothes back and leave.

It was all very simple. The only problem would be to avoid the security guard, which should be doable. That's why Michelle had added a catch: During her streak, she had to inform three persons of her own choice that she really was a streaker.

The girls immediately headed for the gallery. But no, "immediately" did not mean Rachel forgetting her nakedness and rushing out the door. She was far from being that careless about nudity. Instead, she dressed in a business-style skirtsuit very similar in style to what Michele wore and to the attire of the majority of the gallery's visitors.

In the gallery, everything went according to plan right up to the moment when Rachel had undressed in a bathroom cubicle and was supposed to leave it. Just like that first time in the mall, she got a bad case of the nerves just when she reached for the door handle.

That first time, the thought of the blackmail photos had helped her to get started. But since Michelle was present, Rachel couldn't help pleading with her.

"Oh please, I just can't! Can't we do this when I've had some more naked time at home?"

"I know you, you'll be nervous about this no matter how long you were naked in private. But OK, we'll just cancel this, go home and hit the send button on those e-mails"

You may have guessed that Rachel's expression went to hope and back over the course of the last sentence.

"NO!", Rachel shouted, and rushed out of the stall before she had a chance to stop herself again.

When Rachel had walked amongst the well-dressed visitors, she had imagined walking amongst them naked with impunity, but that had not prepared her for reality (it wasn't wasted, though, as it made her slightly aroused). The "public place"-carpet under her bare feet, the feeling of air on usually covered parts of her skin, and the sheer naughtiness of it all.

But the weirdest thing was the lack of reaction. Oh, they did look, some quite thoroughly, but it was nothing like the mall. Michelle's plan seemed to work.

Rachel strolled through the gallery for some time, pretending to be interested in the artwork and generally acting like a visitor. Or rather, acting like someone acting like a visitor as part of an art performance. Some moments, she felt like she would burst into laughter. Others, she wanted to run back to the toilets and get dressed. But either action would have busted her cover.

When the moments of panic became fewer, she decided it was time to inform the first of the three persons. After a few minutes of looking around, she settled on a sympathetic-looking middle-aged man. Focusing all her willpower on not showing her nervousness, she approached him.

"Excuse me", she began, "What's your opinion about nude art performances?"

"Well, I'm not against them, but you've got to admit that there's little innovation left in them and the artistic value is wearing thin."

Whatever his problem was about nude art performances, it was certainly not the nudity, so Rachel continued: "I'm not part of an art performance."

He didn't seem to understand.

"You see, my friend had the idea that, if one acted cool, it is possible to streak this place with nobody noticing it's not "official". So I went to find out."

What he said next really surprised her.

"I don't usually like to make important decisions without proper information, but I did not get were I am now by not trusting my instincts. You seem to have courage and, considering the responses of the people here, judgement. If you want to work for me, here is my card. Whatever you earn now, I will pay more."

He then offered her his business card. Rachel was speechless and stared at the card. Misunderstanding the reason for her staring, he apologized:

"Pardon my thoughtlessness. You seem to be a bit inconvenienced in regard to storing my card. May I..."

"You can give it to my friend!", Rachel finally managed to say, "she's around here, too." She then gave him Michelle's name and description.

Rachel was still surprised how well this first "outing" went, and continued searching for the second person with considerably raised spirits.

But this was not to last. A man in an expensive suit approached her: "Excuse me, miss, would you please meet my at my office?"

"Office?", Rachel thought, "Oh no! he must be working here, and knows I'm not real!" (She almost thought multiple exclamation marks).

As Rachel feared, the man led her to his office, introduced himself as the director, and informed her that he couldn't tolerate her using his gallery without his consent.

However, there were three things she didn't expect: He locked the door, putting the key in his pocket, he apparently, despite knowing she wasn't allowed in the gallery, believed her to be an artist (he could only think about his work, it seems), and he expected sex in exchange for not taking any legal steps against her.

Rachel kneeled before him, pulled down his suit pants and underwear - and while he was hobbled by his own pants around his ankles, made a dash for the window and escaped via the fire escape ladder.

Rachel turned a corner so he could not see where she went from his window, and found herself on the sidewalk of a very busy street. Shouts of encouragement, but also of those disgust told her that the day was not to end without a more traditional streak, though it was an unwanted one (and not in the blackmail sense of unwanted).

She escaped into a side street and entered the first door she found, Hoping to somehow find an opportunity to call Michelle on her mobile phone.

"I see you're eager for audition, but you're supposed to lose those clothes \_during\_ your performance."

A part of Rachel wondered how she had managed to run into a strip club, of all places. But another part was glad that it was OK to be naked there. And anyway, there weren't any customers yet.

"Erm, can I use your phone, please? I need to call my friend to collect me."

"the phone is for employees only. But if you dance as good as you look...", the man replied.

"I dance worth shit, at least this kind of dance. And no offence, but I wouldn't work in a strip club even if I could. I just need a phone. Please?"

"Now look, I can't just let a stranger use the phone. You might call Tokyo!"

Rachel argued that a call for someone to collect her would be useless if it were not local, but he seemed to disbelief the whole story. She finally, after much begging and reasoning, convinced him to let her call under his close supervision. She could actually have called Tokyo, for he seemed to prefer to supervise her body. Rachel found it a bit strange that he ogled her then but not before, but maybe he thought he got some kind of "permission".

Rachel made her two phone calls (the first to get Michelle's number, as she usually used the electronic phone book in her own phone), and waited for Michelle, who arrived, gave Rachel her clothes and took her to the car.

On the drive back to their flat, Michelle briefed Rachel on recent events:

"Congratulation for your latest career move. That old fella with the awfully formal language was really impressed by you. Maybe he could even be of help if you ever get in trouble with your streaking. By the way, right reaction to tell him it was your own decision. Wouldn't have done to tell others about the blackmail. Would have hated to send those photos."

Rachel paled at the thought that there had been the chance of a \_wrong\_ reaction. Michelle saw this:

"Gee, you're easy to fool. You wanted to be blackmailed. We both have the same interest in keeping it secret."

When they had reached their flat, Michelle ordered:

"Get naked!"

"You're pulling my leg again!"

"No, I'm serious this time. You only told one person about your streak, so walking up naked is your penalty. And don't sneak either. I've decided we'll go with honest for today, so if you meet someone, you'll just have to explain yourself. Shouldn't be much traffic on the stairs this time of the day, but anyway, I don't think you'll keep your nudity secret in this house forever."

While she got naked, Rachel felt dread at the thought her neighbours would find out eventually, but while she walked up the stairs, this same thought also somehow eased her fear of discovery just enough so she could do it.

When Rachel entered their flat, she beelined for her room, where she sank against the inside of her door and buried her hand in her crotch.

End of the second task. In the third task, Michelle will get Rachel naked at her posh new job.

**Third Task – Naked at Work**
During her second task, Rachel had been offered a job by an eccentric rich man. Rachel still couldn't believe such a thing would happen in real life, but the man apparently had been serious, and Rachel would have been stupid to say no. Rachel wisely picked a position she was actually qualified for (although she was younger than you'd normally be upon reaching it), but it still ranked an office and a secretary.

This secretary was about to have a day off, and when Michelle learned of this from an offhand remark, she immediately and unexpectedly exclaimed:

"I'll fill in as a temp!"

"But you already have a job! And it's a better one than secretary!"

"I can take a day off. It'll be well worth it. I've always wanted to have you do something at work, and this will be my opportunity to be there with you."

"But I've only been there for just over two weeks, I don't want to loose a job this good."

"At least you'll loose it the way you gained it", Michelle half-joked. "Look", she added, "given the way you got this job, you won't loose it if we don't do anything harmful to business. At any rate, a little tasteful nudity will be more easily accepted by your boss than those photos on my computer."

Rachel didn't know whether to feel encouraged or threatened, but realized that Michelle was serious, so she had no choice. If she was honest, once she knew her objections didn't matter, she began to feel excited about the idea. The next day, at the office, she arranged for Michelle to be a one-day-temp.

The night before the task, Rachel went to bed with a mixture of anticipation and fear...

Rachel and Michelle arrive at the office. At the receptionist's desk, Michelle bluntly tells Rachel to get naked. She obeys, without hesitation, but with an oddly detached feeling. The undressed Rachel walks through the corridors to her office, still with the same detached feeling. There seem to be more people walking around and indeed more corridor for her to walk than usually, but nobody reacts to her nudity.

Rachel sits at her desk, naked, doing nothing, least of all work. She looks out of the window and spots a male window-cleaner. Rachel knows she should be wondering how long he had been there, but instead, she walks over to maybe halfway between her desk and the panorama window. Then, she gives him a real show.

She starts by cupping her breasts and shaking them at him. Then, she wets two fingers in her mouth and uses them to tweak her nipples into an even perkier state. Turning around, she bends at the waist so that her upper body is horizontal, and slaps her right ass cheek lightly with her right hand. She turns and straightens again. This time, she holds her pussy lips apart with her left hand, while using a finger of her right to make slow masturbation moves.

When she sees the window cleaner's eyes pop out but for the nerves they're attached to, she abruptly stops and returns to her desk to sit there like before, completely ignoring him. Her eyes fell on her schedule for the day, telling her of an important client meeting later that day...

Skip forward to a naked Rachel being berated by her boss: "...I don't know why you considered it necessary to be naked all of yesterday, but what on earth possessed you to do this crazy naked happy-dance around one of our most conservative clients? We've lost some very important deals that were ready for signing..."

Just when Rachel opened her mouth to defend herself, the words "you're fired" seemed to be everywhere, coming from her boss' mouth, the walls, and seemingly her own open mouth as well. she felt the floor opening up under her, literally, for she next saw the (very hard) ground rushing towards her at tremendous speed...

...and with a start, she sat bolt upright in her bed, her sweaty skin suddenly hot under the light summer covers. Her dream still fresh in her mind, she suddenly realized all the inconsistencies that went unnoticed while she still was dreaming. With all the clarity only available to the half-asleep hobby psychologist, she knew now that it was her fear of her own wild side that made her so shy prior to her blackmail. What a good thing she had good old Michelle to plan everything for her...

And with that comforting thought, she slept soundly until morning.

On task-day (for real this time), Rachel and her new "secretary" arrived at the office. The layout was such that you had to go through the secretary's office in order to get to Rachel's, which was exactly what Michelle had been hoping for. Rachel's office, by the way, had no panorama window, just another thing she didn't notice while dreaming.

Michelle bluntly told Rachel to strip (at least she got that right in her dream), and while she got naked, Michelle examined the phone system. Apart from phoning in the inside and outside telephone network, it could be used for a direct link to the loudspeaker in Rachel's office, so visitors could be announced the old-fashioned way.

Michelle took Rachel's business suit and underwear, and stashed everything in her desk. It was to be returned shortly, but Rachel was not to know this while she received her instructions for the day.

Rachel was to stay naked all day, but would have her clothes in her office. Michelle warned her that there would be surprise checks. If there were visitors, Michelle would switch the intercom on and off. It was turned loud enough that Rachel would clearly hear the noise.

Two clicks meant Rachel was to get completely dressed. If risk and consequences of discovery were acceptable there would be one click, and Rachel was to sit at her desk bottomless. Michelle reasoned that the click system was safer then name alone, since she as the secretary had the better position to judge this, and of course the clicks would prevent Rachel from being too conservative. Michelle would also stall the visitors long enough for Rachel to get dressed.

Then, Rachel was left sitting naked at her desk, "birthday-suited instead of business-suited", she thought to herself, chuckling once at the silly pun despite herself.

After a moment of not quite knowing what to do, Rachel finally started working. At first, it was like a normal day at work, and she almost forgot she was naked, until she heard the intercom. One click. Bottomless. While Michelle told who it was and what he wanted, Rachel quickly got dressed from the waist up and then told Michelle to send him in.

While she talked to him about business matters, she knew he couldn't see her from the waist down (she was sitting close to the desk, which had a modesty panel), but she couldn't help thinking that he somehow knew anyhow. She was in a strange mood that could best be described as a mixture of excitement, fear and - horniness.

Over the next two such visits Rachel noticed that the warning mechanism actually worked and that she actually started to enjoy this. Then something happened which she didn't think about. She needed to pee.

She started to get dressed to go to the toilet, but then thought that Michelle might veto it and that it might be better to first ask Michelle if she could.

Opening the door and leaning to the side so that only her head could be seen, she spoke up:

"Um, Michelle, I need to go to the toilet..."

"Go ahead, you don't need my permission."

"No, I just wanted to know whether I could dress for it."

"Oh, absolutely not."

"But..."

"No buts, it's your nude day." "Oh, and one more thing", Michelle added after a slight pause, "I wouldn't have let you get away with being dressed, but it was cute that you asked. I think from now on you'll have to ask for permission whenever you want to get un-naked."

"Now wait, that's a nice idea, but it's not practical. I mean, what if you're not around, and more urgently, what about the intercom? I can't very well ask you with people standing in here."

"My clicks will mean permission. And for practical, I'll think of something. I'd just like to remind you now and then that you can't just be dressed whenever you feel like it."

It might have been a good thing that Rachel was already slightly horny, or this might have come as a shock. Besides, her bladder allowed her no time for discussion.

Rachel peeked out of the door to check for anyone who might see her, and, deciding everything was clear, made a mad dash towards the nearest toilet.

The risky action intensified her emotional condition, and added some adrenaline to the mix. She was now so horny that it was hard not to masturbate in the stall, but she knew it was getting riskier the longer she stayed out of the office.

Peeing, wiping and washing her hands seemed to take an eternity, let alone the fact that it took a lot of willpower not to let the wiping turn into something else.

After a second mad dash back to her office, Rachel was so horny that she just \_had\_ to masturbate. Pushing her office chair slightly back, she opened her legs wide and put the bare soles of her feet on the edge of her desk. This gave her easy access. It would also have given a great view to anyone who entered the room, but with Michelle as guard and warning system, she didn't worry about it.

Her right hand worked on her crotch, while her left hand pinched her rock-hard nipples, alternating between the left and right one.

She had been doing this for some minutes and was nearing a massive climax when an important female client entered the outer office. Michelle couldn't find an appointment, but the client nevertheless wanted to see Rachel immediately. Michelle clicked twice and announced her name on the intercom. When this produced no answer, the client went directly to the door to the inner office, and ignored Michelle's request to wait.

She was treated to the explicit situation described above, right at the moment of Rachel's orgasm, and calmly demanded to know what was going on.

She was given information about how Rachel got her job, and what was going on that day, but without the blackmail part, as Rachel and Michelle didn't know how she would react.

Fortunately, the client wasn't put off by what she heard. However, she reminded Rachel and Michelle that with some other client discovering them, there could have been serious damage to business. She then hinted that Rachel's new boss might not like to hear of it.

"However", she went on, "I like your company, and I like you, Rachel. I'd love to do business with you. I'd also like to get to know you personally. Tonight, I host a party, which I fear will be quite boring. Maybe you could liven it up with a little nudity."

"We'll be there", Michelle said before Rachel had a chance to somehow deny the request, "We'll arrive about an hour before it starts and see what we can do on site."

Once the party arrangements were made, it was time to go back to business. Given the previous course of the encounter, Rachel thought it would seem strange to ask for clothes, so she had to do it nude. She had had time to calm down after being caught in mid-orgasm, and compared to that previous embarrassment, conducting a business deal in the nude wasn't really bad.

When the client had gone, Rachel had time to marvel at how well every "discovery" had gone so far, but was slightly worried how long this would last.

end of the third task. The next task will involve a traditional streak, at a college campus. Also, the party will have to be mentioned.

**Fourth Task – The Party**
After the client (whose first name was Barbara, by the way, and she will bee referred to as such from now on) had left, Rachel thought her third task would be finished, but it was in fact only just before lunch break, and Michelle refused to declare the task to be over before the official end of work (sorry if the standard chapter end message was misleading, it was just a good point to stop).

Rachel was getting hungry, and meekly asked Michelle whether she could get dressed to go and grab a bite.

"Well you can go and get something to eat..."

Rachel began to turn back into her office to get her clothes...

"...but I don't think I should let you get dressed yet..."

<shocked expression on Rachel's face as she understood the obvious implication>

"...so I think I will get us something from that fast food place 'round the corner."

Rachel visibly relaxed. When she then voiced her preference for having something chinese delivered, Michelle objected with a vehemence Rachel found a bit odd on a matter of food, especially as her suggestion would have meant less work for Michelle.

Michelle however had her own reasons for insisting on fast food. By getting something fried in a lot of oil eaten with fingers, she effectively ensured that Rachel had to make a dash to the toilets, as they contained the only sinks in the office (at least within proximity).

Michelle also brought large drinks, necessitating the next similar trip a while later.

Both trips got Rachel just as anxious and horny as the first one, but after Barbara walked in on her last masturbation session, she didn't dare to loose herself like that again. As a result, she was nearly bursting with pent-up arousal by the end of the workday.

When the end of work finally came, Michelle informed Rachel that she was allowed to dress for the way to the car. Since Rachel was horny, and had been out of her clothes for the whole day, it felt strange wearing them again.

Michelle noticed her fidgeting on the passenger seat.

"Don't worry. You'll be out of those clothes again very soon."

Once they arrived home, Michelle took charge again: "I'll shower first, since I have to pick out some clothes for the party afterwards. You can wear your business suit, seeing as you almost didn't wear it all day and, come to think of it, won't be wearing it for the party either."

Since this was evidently practical, Rachel couldn't say anything about it.

Secretly, Michelle wasn't all that happy about this evident practicability. She'd have loved to have an excuse to deny Rachel a shower, so that she had to ask for one at Barbara's. But no matter how you looked at it, it was obvious Rachel could shower while Michele got dressed. Of course, no excuse was needed for Rachel, as she could be ordered, but Barbara was another matter. Michelle decided to file the idea away for possible later use.

Just before Michelle disappeared into the shower, she addressed Rachel again: "You might as well get naked now, I bet you are dying to touch yourself."

This was indeed what Rachel had been thinking about during the whole ride home, but somehow, being told to do it sent a blush all over her body, although most of it was thankfully hidden by clothing, something which had become a rare grace for Rachel.

The time immediately afterwards was filled with showering, arcane procedures women use trying to increase their beauty, and the selecting and donning of an elegant party dress for Michelle, while Rachel's timetable showed naked masturbation in the living room, showering, and getting re-dressed in her business suit.

While driving to Barbara's mansion, Michelle addressed the topic of Rachel's dressing permissions: "I've decided on a solution for your permission to get dressed. While we're alone, there's no problem. You ask, and I grant or deny permission, depending on the circumstances and my mood. When there're others around, We'll be more subtle. I'll make suggestions on my own initiative, which will mean permission to you. You may ask for permission by any non-obvious way you can think of. While we're apart, we'll use a guideline system. When naked, you'll dress or stay undressed as you think I want you to. Afterwards, you tell me and I decide which guidelines will stay or be changed. I may also leave you with special orders just for certain occasions or a certain period of time. Special orders may include that you \_do\_ need to get remote permission."

"So basically, you're making sure I get permission most of the time, with an eye towards not clueing any outsiders in on it."

"Yes, most of the time. But it is not just a ritual where your every request of getting dressed is met with approval. I may deny you your clothes for no real reasons, and if a good opportunity arises, outsiders may be "clued in", as you put it, on purpose. The heavier occasions will count towards your opt-out, though."

Having calmed down after her last orgasm, Rachel was not sure she liked this statement. Or rather, she was in two minds about it. Her sensible and still rather shy "business self" was worried about the loss of distinction between the tasks and the rest of her life, not to mention a little afraid of the things that might come, while that part of her that caused her to venture into forced nudity insisted that this was just what she needed.

When they arrived, Barbara, having waited for them, opened the door personally. She told Rachel that she may undress, and where she could store her clothes.

However, while Rachel had, out of necessity, learned not to freak out when someone caught her naked, she was as apprehensive as ever about that crucial point in her tasks when public nudity was about to turn from a plan into a reality. And here she was being casually asked to undress, right down to nothing, in front of Michelle and Barbara!

Trying to come up with a plausible excuse quickly, Rachel used the first idea that might buy her a little time: "I think it'll be better if we wait until the other gusts are here, then, pretending to have just arrived, I will enter, undress, hang my clothes as if I were just checking a coat, and join the party folk." Rachel was very pleased with her fast thinking, which might have bought her an hour or more.

"That's a wonderful idea, much better than the short appearance I had in mind", Barbara replied, "but do you think my guests will take it as well as the gallery visitors?"

"If your house and interior design are an indication of your guests, we're almost certainly dealing with the same clientele", Michelle chimed in, "but I think there's something Rachel overlooked in her enthusiasm for her idea: She's not compelled to stay dressed until she makes her entrance. She can get dressed again just before."

And thus, Rachel's pride in her own cleverness was destroyed as fast as it came to bee, for her own idea had turned against her.

There was, however, a slight reprise for Rachel when Barbara pointed out that since Rachel needed to get re-dressed without anyone noticing, it was best if she undressed directly at the coffee table where the three of them would be waiting.

While they proceeded to said table, Michelle added new motivation to Rachel's attempt to gather the necessary courage for stripping: "I'm turning this into a task right now, so you better not mess up or hesitate if you don't want the photos to get out", she whispered.

Michelle's intervention proved successful. Rachel, focusing on her desire to keep the photos secret, did indeed strip down to nothing without hesitating. Since the plan to involve Rachel's nudity into the party was already complete, the time until the guests arrived was filled with idle chatter, with Rachel almost forgetting the fact she was naked amongst other, clothed females several times, only to fully realize it again some minutes later. On the positive side, the slight arousal she strangely build during this shock-like realizations would help her during the coming main part of her task.

At nine o'clock, the guest started arriving, and eventually, Rachel was told that everyone was there. She was still naked, even after Barbara and Michelle had left to join the guests, and was in fact reluctant to get dressed even now. This was not due to an eagerness to be naked, but because she knew the faster she got dressed, the faster she would be naked again, in front of a lot of strangers.

But there was no evading it, so Rachel started to proceed as planned. When she had re-entered through the front door, she almost froze up while undressing, and only by repeating her mantra: "you can do this, think of the photos", did she manage to strip down to what could by then by referred to as her usual attire - nothing.

At first, only a few people by the entrance noticed her, but soon everyone was aware that a naked female was roaming the supposedly formal reception.

The men, even those who, on a theoretical basis, considered Rachel's presence to bee inappropriate, didn't seem to mind, although some stared more than others. The women were divided into those who appreciated Rachel's boldness and the refreshing novelty on an otherwise boring reception, and those who bitched about the shameless slut and secretly wanted to tear their staring husband's eyes out.

The presence of a lot of wives effectively countered any danger of the situation turning into an orgy, and after some time, Rachel got used to the situation. As the evening progressed, being the only one naked amongst a crowd of well-dressed and, by and large, cultured people started to feel increasingly erotic to Rachel.

Arousing as it was, the reception ended without any remarkable events. Rachel had by then reached a rather playful state, so even without blackmail, she'd have agreed when Michelle, upon leaving, told her to just take her clothes but not get dressed in them.

They got into Michelle's car and started to drive home. Rachel found it awkward to try and get dressed in the confines of the passenger seat. She decided to postpone dressing until they arrived; then, she'd open the door to have more room while still being under relatively good cover. Michelle didn't seem to mind her lack of effort to get dressed.

During the drive, Rachel slowly fingered her pussy as secretly as possible, partly in response to her arousal, partly to conserve it until home.

When they arrived, Rachel started to dress as planed, but Michelle commented it was silly to dress just for going up to their apartment. Rachel, being horny and getting used to follow such "suggestions" from Michelle, raised no objections.

On their way up, they met no-one. Well, almost. They briefly met a young woman from the floor below their own, but she was returning from clubbing and very drunk. If she noticed Rachel, let alone the fact she was naked, she showed no reaction to it.

Of course, this did not diminish Rachel's initial shock at the encounter. When her dread at being found out by one of the occupants off the house met with relief at the alcohol-induced lack of reaction, it turned into horniness, adding to that already simmering within her.

Upon reaching her room, Rachel dropped onto her bed, gave herself several magnificent orgasms to the memory of the day (both office and reception) and then immediately fell into one of the best night's sleeps of her life.

end of task four. you already know task five will be a college streak.

**Task Five**
When we last saw Rachel, she had fallen asleep on her bed naked, after a day spend mostly naked and a fantastic orgasm. Unsurprisingly, she was still naked when she awoke. Remembering the latest change in her arrangement with her roommate Michelle, Rachel walked out of her room to find her.

Luckily, Michelle had already woken up and dressed. There was a nice contrast between Michelle, dressed and ready for office, and Rachel, still naked and dishevelled from sleep.

"Good Morning, may I get dressed for work after my shower?"

"Of course", Michelle answered with a slight smile.

Rachel, still not fully awake, trudged back into her room and tried to unlock her huge wardrobe, to select clothes to put on after her shower. There was no key. After confirming it had not simply fallen down, she went back to Michelle and asked her about it.

"Oh yes, the key", Michelle answered. "Since I decided to be reasonable about your dressing permissions, there are some occasions, like work, where I \*have\* to give permission. So in order to uphold the symbolism, your wardrobe will always be locked and the key kept in my room, even when I'm away for longer. You will return it there whenever you're done using it in the permitted way", she solemnly declared.

Rachel complied.

By the time Rachel's fifth task was finally to be performed, this new system was already in use for about a week, and both were used to it.

The tasks' primary idea was to streak a college campus. Since they figured this was best be done under the week, when it was actually populated, Rachel and Michelle had both taken a day off.

Rachel, maybe out of nervousness, had woken early, or at least earlier than Michelle. Michelle had her sleeping nude most of the time now, so she was naked. Not wanting to wake her friend, she decided to prepare breakfast and ask Michelle for permission once she woke up on her own.

When Michelle woke up, Rachel's request to get dressed was cheerfully denied.

"The way I see it", Michelle explained between bites of food, "everyone who works for a living has already left, so the risk of encountering anyone on the way to the car isn't too great."

She further informed Rachel that apart from being naked on the campus, she would have to persuade a college girl to get naked as well.

Since Michelle was convinced no-one was around except them, they took the elevator down. Rachel, all too aware there'd be no escape if anyone were to enter the elevator as well, was nervous as can be, but trying to appear calm on the outside.

Still, she couldn't help but notice the naked elevator ride was turning her on.

In the floor below theirs, the elevator stopped. "uh-oh", Rachel thought.

A young woman stood before the cabin. She semed vaguely familiar to Rachel. Not to surprising, giving they all lived in the same house, but there was something else...

Before Rachel had the chance to ponder it any longer, the riddle resolved itself:

"A-ha! So I wasn't just drunk and seeing things", the woman spoke. "Well, maybe drunk", she admitted.

Rachel didn't know whether she should act caught or brazen, whether to say something or first await the woman's reaction. Even her body wasn't sure whether to be aroused or sobered up in reaction to being caught naked in the building she lived in.

All this emotional mix-up happened in less than a second. "Umm, hi!", where the words that totally failed to convey it.

The woman, as you will have guessed by now if you read the last part, was the same that had seen Rachel naked when she returned from the party, but had shown no reaction to it.

Her name, As Rachel and Michelle learned, was Carrie.

She had a job as a waitress, and was at that time working the late shift, and on her way to do some necessary grocery shopping.

Of course, the first question after "umm, hi" was why Rachel was walking around naked.

"Because it turns her on." was the answer, given by Michelle.

The drive down was accompanied by some friendly chatter, and Michelle was pleased that they now had someone in the house who, while not knowing about the "blackmail", was in on the nudity and rather friendly towards it.

Rachel and Michelle continued towards Michelle's car, who then drove her friend to the chosen college. With the distance to her clothes growing, so did the excitement of our naked heroine.

Rachel had made use of the map available online for visitors and freshmen, and basically knew were everything was. A pickup place was agreed on, where Michelle would be waiting for her naked friend to arrive.

Rachel, mindful that she had to find a girl to talk out of her clothes, knew she had to find a girl on her own, so she could talk to her.

Walking along a campus road, Rachel kept close to the bushes growing on one side. She knew she was to streak, which at some point involved exposure, but she first had to find and convince a campus girl to do the same.

So when she noticed a group of students approaching, going to some lecture or other, she took cover behind the bushes. Of course, it was all happening in bright daylight, so she was seen disappearing into the bushes, even if distance and movement meant they couldn't be sure about the nudity.

Realizing her assumption that she could hide in time had been erroneous, Rachel, running half-ducked behind the cover of the bushes, made for the next street and ran into the entrance of the next best building before the more curious of the students reached the bushes and began to look into them.

She apparently was in some kind of dorm building, and after a few moments, one single female student intent on leaving it came down the staircase only to find the stark naked Rachel standing at the door.

The student was wearing a short skirt and an almost transparent blouse tied beneath the breasts so her midriff was bare. Her hair was blonde, obviously bleached. Her style of makeup left no doubt she intended to make an impression on the college's male population.

Therefore, Rachel had cause to assume she might be a suitable candidate for streaking. Boy was she ever wrong. The clothed girl, after the second or so it took her to actually believe what she saw, immediately started to bitch at Rachel, what a slut she was, if she had no sense at all, and other things like that.

Rachel didn't know what hit her until after the blonde had left the building. She decided that the bitch, so named by Rachel because she had done nothing but bitching, was in all likelihood just concerned about the standard for revealing clothing being re-defined at that college, or a similar issue related to her aspiration to become the college mattress (It can clearly be seen Rachel didn't like the blonde).

Rachel, on the base of this assumption, figured she would probably not tell anyone, but decided to quickly leave the location anyway, just to be sure.

Rachel tiptoed through the building in search of another exit, on a different side of the building. Her bare feet wouldn't have made much sound anyway, and the sound of someone walking barefoot in a dorm wouldn't have been very suspicious anyway, but Rachel was acting on instinct rather than thought.

She was lucky and indeed found another exit.

Taking a few moments to orient herself, Rachel realized she was in an area of several dorm buildings. She decided to enter one of them, in the hope of encountering a college girl who had no lectures at the moment, or maybe just no desire to attend them.

After opening the door and walking inside, Rachel followed the first corridor that happened to get in sight. Her bare feet made no sound on the carpet, and this time, having calmed down somewhat, she didn't feel the same irrational need to walk on tiptoes.

She came past a common area were three or four boys were staring at a TV screen. They all faced away from her, and since she moved very silent anyway, there was no danger of them noticing anything, and indeed they didn't.

Nevertheless, their proximity caused Rachel heart rate to rise considerably.

Rachel sneaked up a flight of stairs and down another corridor. She noticed one of the doors ahead was open. Slowly setting one bare foot in front of the other, she tried to move into position to take a peek inside.

"Interested in my room?", a voice directly behind Rachel suddenly spoke up. Rachel turned around to find a college girl standing right behind her. She didn't wear any cliché nerd apparel, but it was nevertheless clear she wasn't trying to look sexy, either.

"I guess you want to tell me why you aren't wearing a stitch", the girl continued.

"I was trying to find a second girl willing to streak the college with me", Rachel truthfully replied.

"Normally I'd think you were to chicken to do it on your own, but that's apparently not the reason. Now, why..."

"Is that because you don't dare on your own? Want to join me?", Rachel interrupted her, following a sudden hunch.

The girl was clearly undecided about what to answer. Rachel looked directly at her. "Yes", the girl finally admitted.

The college girl, Karen, insisted to go into her room to undress. Hesitantly, the first piece of clothing came off. Each subsequent garment was shed visibly quicker, however, and when Karen was fully naked, she was visibly enjoying herself.

Karen admitted she had always secretly wanted to streak the campus, which at that point, didn't come as a surprise to Rachel.

Karen had also put some thought into a route, and after Rachel told her where Michelle was parking, she ran out so quick that Rachel could barely follow.

The two stark naked girls were running on campus, Karen obviously exhilarated. She occasionally cried "Whoohooo!" and other sounds of sheer joy, and even Rachel, at first terrified at the attention this might draw, was eventually joining in.

At least three times, They ran past huge crowds of students, and took some obvious detours which Rachel could only guess were to avoid campus security, or to maximise exposure.

Eventually, They saw Michelle's car, and Rachel ran to it and got in. As if it was the most natural thing in the world, Karen occupied the back seat.

"Hi, I'm Karen, and I'm naked!", she said, before Michelle had a chance to ask who the extra passenger was. "I don't know if I can make i back to the dorm safely, so I'd like to borrow something from you to wear home. And", she added with a twinkle, "it'll give me the opportunity to ride in a car naked."

Rachel very much wanted to masturbate now. But a look into the rear mirror revealed a Karen who was excited in a way that somehow seemed innocent, and Rachel just couldn't bring herself to destroy or even just transform it (Only later that day, when Karen was taking a shower to prepare for bed, did her touches, despite their innocent intention of washing, turn into frenzied masturbation and result in several tremendous orgasms).

The three girls, one clothed and two naked, arrived in front off the house the apartment of Rachel and Michelle was in. They marched up to the apartment, Karen still excited about being naked, Rachel very nervous about encountering other inhabitants \*again\* - after all, it was highly improbable that \*all\* of them would react like Carrie.

They entered the apartment, where Karen and Michelle entered Michelle's room, to find Karen something to wear back to her dorm.

In the meantime, Rachel hurried to her room, sank against the door, and worked her pussy furiously until Michelle called her out to say goodbye to Karen.

Rachel, having no physical access to the clothes locked in her wardrobe, quite apart from having no permission to get dressed, came out naked, hoping that Karen would not ask about the reason - or about Rachel's rather wet pussy, for that matter.

It were some rather taut moments for Rachel, but eventually, Karen left, apparently without having noticed anything, or at least, without taking offence.

"Well, she's gone. You can now go and masturbate, if you like. Task five is complete."

End of task five. Task six may happen if I have ideas and the readers have interest.

It was friday, and Rachel was returning home from work. wearing one of the conservative business suites her office wardrobe consisted of. Catering to wealthy customers, it was necessary Rachel always looked representative, even for Barbara, who had seen and accepted Rachel's occasional nudity, but would in all probability not accept "inappropriate" casual clothing.

She had needed to stay after hours, not long, but enough to ensure Michelle would already be home.

Entering the apartment, Rachel immediately began to disrobe, putting the blazer and skirt on a hanger and folding the blouse and underwear, even if they would end in the laundry afterwards.

When she was ready, that is, totally naked, she looked up to see two women sitting at the table.

One of them was Michelle, the other, Rachel realized, was as naked as Rachel herself. She recognized her as Carrie, the waitress from downstairs who had caught her naked in the elevator during her most recent task.

Rachel was a bit embarrassed at not having noticed the other girl before undressing. She then got a slight tingle at the thought that as per Michelle's current orders regarding nudity within the apartment, she'd have had to strip anyway, unless Michelle had somehow stopped her.

Before Rachel had a chance for any questions, Michelle began to explain:

"I think you remember Carrie. She is interested in the kind of nude adventures you have. In fact, she had already done some small things even before she saw you wandering about buck naked. As you can see, we had a little talk about it."

"As you know", she continued, "I'll be away for the weekend with some friends. I'm sure though, that you will want to follow Carrie's ideas as you would mine."

Rachel was not stupid, and anyway, it didn't need a genius to figure out that Michelle had just given Rachel her sixth, and possibly final, task. As was appropriate for such an occasion, it would apparently be a grand all-weekend task.

Rachel and Carrie greeted with a handshake. For a moment, Rachel couldn't help but notice the slight movement this caused in both girl's breast.

Since Michelle had still some final arrangements to make before her friends arrived, Carrie wanted to take Rachel to her apartment.

She made no move to get dressed, and headed straight to the door.

"Don't you at least want to carry the clothes you came in?", Rachel asked, wondering if Carrie maybe had arrived nude.

"No, I can always collect them later, I think it looks silly to be naked and carry clothes. You can come naked too, if you want. We can always get some of your clothes \*if\* you should need any."

Not really wanting to abandon safety nets so early, and with an effort to push away creeping thoughts about where this might lead, Rachel followed her out into the corridor, an uneasy feeling in her stomach never quite leaving her.

Carrie led her down the stairs, avoiding the elevator. Carrie's apartment was only two floors below Rachel's. However, when they had reached Carrie's floor, she suddenly spoke up:

"Wouldn't it be great if we started with a little adventure right away?"

Rachel, despite being ill at ease with the fast pace and unknown further development, was bound by the wording of the tasks to agree with Carrie's suggestion.

To make it worse, Carrie announced she carried the key to her apartment, but not to her car, and told Rachel to wait while she fetched it.

Rachel now had to wait several minutes, bare ass naked in the very apartment building she lived in. Going by car meant some distance, so Rachel couldn't help but ponder the moot point whether being further away from people who knew her outweighed the more daring adventure implied by the need to move further away.

It didn't help her nervousness at all.

It was actually a relief for Rachel when she entered the car. In its relative safety, she managed to gather enough courage to ask about their destination.

"To a park", was the short reply.

During the drive, there was an occasional honk from those who were able to see the nudity of the car's two occupants. Carrie seemed to enjoy this, so Rachel pretended to enjoy it as well, even though she felt mostly dread. Obviously, she was not taking well to not knowing the details of a given task.

By the time they reached the park, she had figured this out, and asked Carrie what they were going to do.

"We'll sneak around, staying hidden until we find opportunities to expose our naked selves to good effect", was Carrie's cheerful reply.

They stealthily moved over to a wooded area, and followed a trail, looking for an opportunity to streak someone, or a likely spot to wait for it.

They first near-encounter could be heard from relatively far away, as the persons - male-sounding - in the other group where making a lot of noise, apparently having begun their friday night drinking early. Carrie and Rachel thought it best to hide in the bushes. Luckily, the men didn't notice them. Or much else, really. But to her surprise, Rachel found herself wondering how it would be like to show herself to them. \*if\* she had a means to get away instantly. And someone to force her to do it, of course, since she still didn't dare to do anything out of her own volition.

For a while after that, it was almost like a pleasant stroll, and Rachel began to enjoy the feeling of the fresh air on her exposed skin. The pleasantness actually had a non-scary quality to it, and Rachel was determined to enjoy this unexpected break from her weekend task for as long as it lasted.

Which, as it turned out, was not long. Rather suddenly, or at least with too little warning to consider hiding (the rather long warning period previously "granted" to them by the drunks might have made them incautious), they happened upon a group of teenagers, boys and girls, 8 in total.

Rachel stood facing them, a deer in the headlights. All her practise being naked in front of others was of no help, the surprise freezing her. She looked into the eyes and faces of the teenagers , trying to determine their mood and reaction, while they in turn looked everywhere but at Rachel's face. She felt the increased wetness in her crotch, brought on by this situation.

The males in the group were predictably happy, enjoying the view. The girls showed a more diverse reaction, ranging from contempt to outrage at their boyfriend's drooling to amusement to... Was that envy?

Carrie, who seemed to genuinely enjoy the exhibitionist aspect of it, seemed to be talking to them, but Rachel couldn't make out any words.

Carrie must have said something wrong though, for soon, serious bitching was going on. Carrie and Rachel decided to beat a hasty retreat. Rachel found to her surprise that the bitching, probably by emphasizing the impropriety of her nakedness, had heightened her feeling of nakedness and arousal.

Carrie, however, seemed to have lost her spirit of adventure, and headed straight back to the car, cutting straight through the woods instead of following a path. While Carrie seemed to be able to do this, Rachel was hit by quite a few small branches, sometimes when they bounced back after Carrie pushed them out of her way. Luckily, her skin wasn't cut.

When they reached their car, they were in for a bad surprise: the open area between the trees and their car was now occupied by children playing a ball game. Not wanting to involve them in any streaking activity, they had no alternative but to lie in some bushes and wait.

With nothing else to do, they made bets on the winners of each game, and Rachel ended up owing Carrie 20 bucks.

It being summer, the kids left while it was still very bright outside. Once they were sure the kids were gone, Carrie and Michelle made a dash for the car, quiet glad to be able to move again, and wanting to finally get out before their window of opportunity closed again. Their breasts swung with the rhythm of their run.

Just before they reached their car, they heard a car honk. It was a cabrio, with two peroxide blondes inside. They drove up and stopped their car in such a way that it blocked Carrie's.

"Hey, you girls sure rock", one of them enthused.

"It would "rock" if you could move your car and let us drive out", Rachel replied, surprised how calm she could speak after the car horn had scared her to the bones.

"Umm, maybe, if you'd be willing to do us a favour, as well."

"Oh great", Rachel thought. Out loud, she replied: "And what favour would that be?"

"Oh, we'd just like to watch one of your streaks."

"Too bad, we're finished for today."

"I'm sure you'll be willing to give us an encore."

"Yes, why don't we drive you over to the clubs district", the other piped in.

"Because you have a two-seater", Rachel quipped back.

"Problem solved, we'll take your car. But we'll drive."

Only after Carrie had handed the key over to blonde #1, did #2 move the cabrio out of the blocking position.

The two naked girls climbed into the back, while the two dressed blondes sat in front. The quipping phase over, Rachel's forced assertiveness was replaced by dread of the unknown events ahead. In this state of mind, she was acutely aware of the upholstery against her naked skin from they moment she sat down.

Then they all drove to the clubs & bars area, which would be really populated on a friday night. Rachel could only hope they would somehow slip between the after work and night crowds.

After they drove for half an hour, peroxide duo parked the car and explained their "plan": Rachel and Carrie where to move down the street and back to the car.

"oh, how boring, we've long moved past that."

Rachel had trouble keeping her shock at Carrie's words from showing. What was she doing?

"Why don't we streak that crowded outdoor snack bar over there? You know, not just running past, but actually ordering some food? If the situation allows, even eat it right there? Wouldn't that be fun?"

The peroxide duo voiced their approval.

"I also suggest you go there first, so you get a good view."

"We will, but we'll take the key, and don't think you can get away with not doing it. Oh, and here's 20 for the food, as you girls don't have pockets", blonde #1 said as the duo started walking over to the outdoor snack bar.

When they where over there, Carrie suddenly produced a second car key, moved into the driver's seat, and drove off, leaving the peroxide duo stranded.

"Where did that key come from?"

"Oh, I actually had both keys still together. I know you shouldn't do this, but when they wanted the key, the car was between me and them, and I separated them, keeping one."

Both Rachel and Carrie were glad to have the peroxide duo off their backs; who knows what they might have done or demanded. But on their way back home, a new problem suddenly presented itself: "Damn, The detour has cost us fuel, now we need to make a tank stop", Carrie cursed.

"A tank stop? but how?", Rachel replied, looking down her front and seeing only skin.

"Well, we'll use these 20 bucks here. I guess one of us has to go out, refuel, and pay for it."

"Just pick one with little traffic. Who will get out?"

"We'll decide when we get there."

They were lucky and soon drove by a small, rather run-down petrol station, far enough away from the main thoroughfares to draw little customers at this time of the day.

Once they had stopped, they settled the role of the tank stop streaker with a game of rock, paper, scissors. Rachel lost.

The little shopping area was closed to customers at night, and you had to pay your fuel at a kind of counter built into the wall, with a sign that said it was made from armoured glass.

With no other choice, Rachel stepped out, and began the process of fuelling up the car. She had hoped the counter person would not notice her until she went over to pay, but soon she noticed the youngish man staring at her, at first disbelieving, then with a huge grin. She had no choice but to brave it and smile back.

Then she needed to walk up to him, thereby giving him a great view of her moving body.

"Lost a bet?", he speculated, never stopping to grin, as she handed him the 20 bucks.

Not expecting a conversation, Rachel replied with the first thing on her mind: "No, just needed fuel." Only after she said this did she wonder what he'd make of this comment.

She walked back, feeling his gaze on her butt, which oddly gave her a tingle, then they drove off.

The rest of the drive home was uneventful, aside from a few honks from those who could see inside the naked girls' car.

There was, of course, still the problem of getting back to Carrie's apartment unseen. In the familiar but nevertheless public surroundings Rachel was, if that was possible, even more aware of her inappropriate lack of any covering.

When they reached the apartment door, it was no small relief for Rachel that this last tension of the day was finally over.

Only that it wasn't the final tension, she was soon to learn.

"Hey, why don't you skip up and fetch our clothes from your place?", Carrie requested.

And so Rachel had to brave exposure yet again, until she could get dressed for the walk back down. It was a very real risk of exposure, too: At one point, she had barely enough time to hide behind the bend of the stairs as a group of friday night clubbers left via the elevator.

Finally she reached the door, only then finding time to wonder what means of access Michelle would have left her. Much to her shock, it was none. Instead, she found a letter in an envelope under the door: "Hey Rachel, I thought it'd be just brilliant if you spent the weekend task without clothes of your own. Tell Carrie I forgot to leave you the keys. Luv, Michelle."

And so Rachel had to sneak naked through the building yet again. "Hey, this is becoming a habit", she thought to herself, the attempt at humour unsuccessful in defeating the uneasy feeling in her gut.

Carrie, now dressed in a bathrobe, was not interested in any other activities that evening, and Rachel, still naked as the day she was born and very much aware of the difference in attire, was, for her own reasons, not inclined to disagree.

Carrie's reasons became apparent to Rachel when they were both ready to sleep, Carrie in her bedroom and Rachel on the couch: She could hear sounds of pleasure coming from the bedroom as Carrie relieved her sexual tension.

Rachel's thought went from "Now I know why you wanted to retire so early", to "I hope the neighbours won't hear." Finally, they settled on: "At least now she won't hear me." She had not yet finished the thought when her fingers touched her clitoris, which had emerged from its hood, and her already surprisingly wet folds.

End of the first day of the great weekend task, more to follow.

Rachel and Carrie were both exhausted after friday's adventures, and slept almost until noon. Taking a large late breakfast, foregoing any lunch-type food, both girls were in good spirits as they discussed yesterday's events and the world at large.

Carrie was wearing a dressing gown while Rachel, not having brought any clothes with her into Carrie's flat, was of course naked. But after all her adventures so far, this didn't really bother her any more, not in front of someone who, like Carrie, had already seen it all and was cool about it.

However, this relaxed attitude soon vanished when the topic of the conversation shifted towards plans for the present day. It turned out that Carrie had gotten it into her had to live out one of her favourite fantasies, now that she had the aid of what she believed to be a seasoned and daring streaker and dare-doer.

"It might be tame in comparison to some of the things you must have done, but I'm sure it'll be a blast", she tried to convince Rachel.

Rachel considered it to be far from tame, but thought it more prudent to try and convince Carrie, using "streaker logic", that the fantasy was unsafe and would at the very least need more preparation, her hidden goal being to at least move it out of the timeframe of her final task. She argued that it was too public for too long a time, the risk of arrest far outweighing the fun, suggesting to try and register it as a real protest first."

Carrie replied that they'd never allow it, and before Rachel could question this uncorroborated claim, she hastily added that it also would be more fun as a spontaneous and forbidden thing.

She also very firmly stated that she didn't want her name on any official records, and Rachel had to admit that she had overlooked that point.

Their breakfast done, they turned to the necessary preparations, which consisted of creating and printing a list on the computer. Then they had to get dressed, even if it only was for the way to and fro. Fortunately, Carrie had overalls for them both, which they combined with flip-flops to make easy-to-strip outfits that were far less conspicuous than a closed overcoat worn in summer.

They drove over to the park, where they searched a spot with moderate pedestrian traffic. Then, they went into some nearby bushes to strip and hide their clothes. Then they emerged and positioned themselves naked in plain view, wearing nothing but their alibis: a clipboard each, together with a pen and some pieces of paper prepared to collect signatures against unreasonable censoring laws favouring violence and punishing nudity.

Carrie seemed quite happy, but you could clearly see nervousness and worry in Rachel's face. Despite all the tasks, it was still the fact of being forced that made her do this kind of stuff, and the fact that she was about to expose herself to unknown numbers of people while remaining in one spot was enough to test the limits of her self-control, but she had still managed to emerge from the relative safety of the undressing spot.

Carrie, however, assumed another reason behind Rachel's uneasy state:

"You're still afraid of police showing up?"

"Yes." This reply was even true.

"Don't worry. The police doesn't come along here often, and anyone likely to call them will give us a piece of his or her mind first, conveniently warning us"

"I guess so", Rachel replied, not really put at ease by this.

Then they saw the first people approaching. Rachel was consumed by anxiety about their possible reaction, and her heart seemed to beat right up to her neck. Still, she had learned by then to function under such emotional conditions, and with outward calm, she approached them and began her attempt to convince the young couple to sign. Now that she had something to do, she immediately felt, and therefore looked, less nervous.

This went on for some time, with surprisingly positive reactions. Sure, many walked by, apparently part of the never-sign-any-petitions-faction, but there was surprisingly little real opposition, and it was almost always pro-violence, seldom anti-nudity.

With the excitement, the discussion, and everything, adrenaline was pumping through Rachel, bringing her to an emotional high. There were also slight traces of moisture between her legs, but they were only noticeable if one were to outright stare there.

And that was the other amazing thing: hardly anyone did, probably not wanting to be impolite to the brave protesters, at least not with so many other people present to witness it. Those that did stare were quickly reprimanded by others.

But after nearly an hour and more than one page of signatures for each of them, their luck changed, as two policemen on foot came into view and immediately accelerated towards the pair of naked girls once they spotted them.

Rachel and Carrie instinctively turned and ran, but unfortunately the policemen had arrived from the direction the car was parked, so the girls were fleeing away from it. Once properly on the run, they agreed, their words interrupted by panting, to first get rid of the policemen before returning to the car, else they might write down the number. A good decision too, for the given reason and for the forgotten fact that the keys were with the overalls.

Amazingly, the crowd had acted to delay the policemen, but they were soon free, in pursuit, and gaining on the girls, who noticed they were rapidly nearing a park exit.

With the police in pursuit, they had no real choice but to run on, out of the park an onto the sidewalk of a heavily frequented road. A traffic light was green for crossing pedestrians when they came to it, so they moved with the flow of pedestrians and crossed the street. Needless to say, a lot of people got to see them that way, and some even brushed up against them, but they were able to move on, nobody really wanting to stop them, instead watching the chase in amusement.

The lights had turned red by the time the policemen arrived, but they stopped car traffic, losing only a little time that way.

Carrie and Rachel were nearly out of breath by then, and rounded a corner in the hope of shaking them. They were already too far inside to turn around and still escape when they noticed they had run into a dead end.

Literally in the last moment, they spotted a metal door near a dumpster. Running to it and trying to open it, they were lucky to find that they were able to open it; it was an old door and the last sloppy attempt to draw it closed had not succeeded.

Properly closing the door behind themselves with a forceful pull, they found themselves in a corridor that seemed to belong to the backstage area of some small theatre. They walked along the corridor, the only direction available to them.

Just as they were passing a wardrobe door, a girl, still a teenager, went around a corner ahead of them. Before they had a chance to betray that they felt caught, the girl casually addressed them:

"You must be here for the audition, I didn't notice you before, could I have your names again? You seem to already have the script."

The last remark was said while she pointed at the clipboards, which apparently resembled those given out with the script excerpts used for the audition.

Before Rachel and Carrie could really react, they heard someone banging on the metal door and shouting something about police, and the girl went to open it, pointing the way Rachel and Carrie had to take to the stage even as she went.

The girls went along the indicated way, and ended up just behind the stage, where some other naked girl was just going through the audition, raising arms and legs at or rather against the command of a male actor, bending and twisting, showing lots of intimate places in the process. Being inspected closely by the actor and by the not much further away audience, at that moment consisting of the stage director.

Meanwhile, the young assistant was telling the police that she had not noticed anyone entering the theatre by the back door despite being in the corridor behind it, pointing out the fact the door was firmly closed and could only be opened from the inside. The policemen, who had not seen the girls enter, but had, like the girls before them, tried the door as the only apparent exit after entering the alley, were eventually forced to believe this.

The assistant then went into the wardrobe, and not seeing any clothes Rachel and Carrie could have arrived in, concluded they must be the streakers. She went to the stage, where she found both girls.

"I sent the police away since I think what you do is cool, but as a return favour, how about you try out for the role? The previous applicants were too hung up about nudity, a problem you two shouldn't have. You see, we're playing "The Professor Comes Through" from the Alternative Theatrical Group, and we still need someone to play Betty the robot."

She also handed them a copy of the script each. When Rachel and Carrie were hesitant to reply, she added that she could still call the police back, telling how she found two girls at the nude audition without clothes they arrived in.

"All right then," Rachel conceded, "but you will also get our clothes back from the park"

The assistant readily agreed, and soon it was Rachel turn to audition. She had used the time to read the script, and still running on adrenaline, was feeling good about being nude, so she readily raised arms and legs, bend forwards with the back turned to the audience, thereby offering a clear view at her charms, and even got her nipples pinched like a radio knob at one point.

At the end of the day, Rachel had won the role, with Carrie coming in second. Good thing the part of Betty didn't require any actual acting skills. The assistant had retrieved their overalls and flip-flops by then, so they were able to return to the car an then to Carrie's place. However, the girl didn't hand it over until Rachel and Carrie had signed their names. For some strange reason Rachel experienced an acute wave of shame as she signs with her name and address, almost more than at being naked.

Carrie gave a little curse when she saw a certain car arriving at the parking lot at the same time as they did, muttering something about having all but forgotten about some visit.

It turned out that it was some old high school friend of hers, who had married rich. Carrie was eager to have something to show off of her own, and asked Rachel if she could pleeeaaase make a little show as her cool exhibitionist friend. Rachel was not at all pleased by that idea, but since Carrie kept pleading, she had to agree under the conditions of her final task.

Rachel then had to retreat to Carrie's bedroom after greeting the guests while still on the parking lot, and sit at the dinner table naked with two clothed women and one clothed man, while Carrie told all she knew about Rachel's exploits, and when she was done with that, urged Rachel to tell herself.

It was a strange feeling, especially at first, to sit as the only naked person at a dinner table where everyone else was clothed. She was alternatingly nervous, self-conscious, excited, aroused, and feeling plain strange.

After a lot of telling, she stopped bothering to filter it to avoid embarrassment, seeing as this was impossible, and so it came that she quite casually mentioned the forced masturbation when asked how she got out the predicament her first streak had put her in.

And then one thing led to another, someone dwelled on it, and suddenly, everyone was urging Rachel to masturbate for them.

Suddenly feeling renewed self-consciousness, all casualness that had slipped in during the evening gone again, she at first tried to deny, but when all had joined the claim, she had no excuse before Michelle to not do it, and so, just like that first time, she closed her eyes and moved her hand to her pussy, which proved traitorous by being already wet from the thought of doing a forced, naked masturbation for a curious clothed audience. She came surprisingly hard and fast.

Rachel felt more than a bit awkward sitting with Carrie and two perfect strangers after just masturbating for them, but fortunately for her, they didn't stay much longer.

However, when they were about to leave, they made a suggestion to Rachel: They invited her to some relatively posh party where one of the attractions was women auctioning off their clothing for charity. They explained that they always wanted to see a woman bare everything at such an event, and Rachel was their chance.

They extended the invitation to Carrie just to have asked her, but she politely declined. She did encourage Rachel though, something Rachel dreaded as it meant she now had to do it, even if she didn't really know the couple. She briefly wondered whether Michelle would accept if she refused, but had to admit to herself that the answer was probably no.

Ah well, it seemed she had to trust in Carrie's choice of friends. She also had to admit to not having clothes with her, and Carrie didn't want to sacrifice any of her own to an auction, so the couple had to offer a set. Unfortunately, this would involve a naked trip over to their house.

Somehow, the option of wearing something of Carrie's just for the way never came up, so soon enough, Rachel's bare feet were once again walking down the stairs. They didn't worry her as much as the equally naked rest of her body did, though, as she nervously followed the couple down to their car.

Rachel rather meekly climbed into the back of the car, only afterwards wondering if she showed anything, the realization that she should have taken more care bringing a blush to her face.

Rachel was not in a mood to talk, and the husband was busy driving, so Carrie's old school friend took it upon herself to start a conversation, for which she turned around, kneeling on her seat, looking at the naked Rachel around the headrest. It didn't improve Rachel's conversationalist talent much.

After only a short time, they arrived at the house, or perhaps mansion would be a better word. Rachel felt even more out of place now, especially as they entered the expensively furnished building. Rachel had dealt with wealthy people before at their house, but for the most part, not while being naked at their place of residence.

Rachel followed the wife (what was her name again? If Carrie mentioned it, Rachel couldn't remember, and it was much too late to ask) up the stairs to a room with a huge bed and a big walk-in closet. She gestured for Rachel to wait at the bed as she disappeared inside it, and returned with a huge load of clothing.

She handed her clothes, making a selection from the pre-selected heap. Rachel felt like a dress-up doll with no say in what she wore. Whenever she said something, she was overruled. She suggested some plain underwear since it was going to be discarded, the other reason she didn't say being that she didn't want to appear too slutty. But she was told that more classy undies would fetch a higher amount.

The bra and panties were black and lightly laced. Rachel quickly put them on, as she felt it was still better than uselessly standing around naked. The next item were stockings. Rachel always preferred stay-ups, but again was corrected and told a suspender belt would look better, and it would be an additional item.

Next, she received a white blouse, and immediately afterwards a red costume, the skirt about knee length. It was a bit classy to be auctioned off, but maybe these people thought any non-designer clothes to be expendable.

Finally, she got some black dress shoes with a 2-inch heel. She was dressed again after a long time of nakedness. It felt a bit weird on her skin now. And it was also weird, when she thought about it, to get dressed in all this only to take it off again at the charity auction.

The drive was uneventful, and Rachel curiously entered the place where she was to strip again. It was a fairly large ballroom with a kind of stage directly opposite the large double door at the entrance. Most of the tables were already filled.

Not long after, the event commenced, and sooner than Rachel would have liked, the moderator asked for volunteer women whose clothes could be auctioned off. Rachel gulped, but immediately stood up, but not fast enough to avoid an encouraging jab from the wife.

"What is your name?" the moderator asked, offering his microphone to Rachel.

"Rachel," came the still a bit hesitant reply, the "r" sounding a bit like clearing one's throat.

"And how much will you take off for charity?"

"Everything," she said a little too loud, overcompensating for her first, flustered reply.

"She's going to take everything off!" the moderator shouted into the microphone, as if someone might have missed it when Rachel said it.

To make matters worse, there were no other volunteers, and Rachel ended up as the only female standing up on the stage next to the moderator, who asked for volunteers one last time, and then swiftly proceeded to ask for bids for the costume jacket.

The bids started of a little slow, maybe because most wanted to wait and bid for the good stuff, but the moderator intervened and announced that he'll stop after the jacket if he didn't get any serious offers, It was a bit better after that, and near the end, two guest even ended up in a small bid contest. Rachel was so preoccupied watching the bids develop that she had to be reminded to take the jacket off when it was sold.

Rachel expected him to put the shoes on next, but he announced the skirt. Maybe he liked heels, or the way the made the legs look, or maybe it was just sales experience - Rachel didn't know and had no chance to ask him, given the way he announced the bids and tried to egg them on to bid more.

The skirt went for about the same amount the jacket did, and the blouse was offered - no surprise there. Since its removal was the first uncovering deserving the name, it fetched quite a bit more.

Rachel expected him to offer her garter belt next, but he went for the bra. Rachel was puzzled at this before realizing the garter belt could not go before the stockings, else they'd went down. They made higher bids in faster succession now, so despite relatively large sums being achieved now, the bra, shoes, stockings and garter belt went really fast, and before she knew it, Rachel was removing her panties, not without a slight blush, which had went for a price that really astonished her, even if she suspected it was no real money to most of those present.

Standing naked on the stage, she felt as if the looks of everyone were on her, even if she couldn't catch anyone staring. It was making her nervous again, but also, she felt to her horror, started to get her wet. She hoped they wouldn't notice, and wanted to get down there as fast as possible, but the moderator had yet another surprise in store for her.

Invoking an old tradition that had been dormant due to lack of courageous (sic) females, he began auctioning a dance with naked Rachel. It went to the same rather old gentleman who had already won out for Rachel's panties, who now proceeded to the stage to collect her for the opening dance. He didn't dance very well, maybe due to his age, and they moved rather stiffly as he led her all over the then still empty dance floor.

He didn't leer or try to feel her up more than necessary for a dance, but it sure felt as if he was trying to properly show her off to all who were present.

Finally, after this seemingly never-ending dance, she was allowed back to her seat. The rest of the evening remained a bit hazy in her memory as she had quite a few drinks. It might have been due to a desire to acquire some courage from the drink, but then, maybe it was just because comparatively heavy drinking seemed to be the norm for the evening. She did remember another naked dance on a then full dance floor, that time with the husband.

The next morning, Rachel awoke with a slight headache in a large bed in what she correctly suspected to be a guest room in the couple's mansion. She took a shower in the adjacent bathroom, towelled dry, then, carelessly throwing the wet towel into a hamper, went down to the kitchen naked to get some breakfast.

Arriving downstairs, she was in for a surprise as instead of a quiet breakfast in a kitchen, she was greeted by an actual maid and placed in a dining room with the couple. When wishing he a good morning, they commented that she must really like being naked to forgo her bathrobe in the presence of them and the maid.

"Hold on, a bathrobe?" Rachel thought, and after some thinking, she was sure to have seen a bathrobe hanging where she showered, why hadn't she used it, or at least the towel?

Despite these worries, she ate with an appetite that surprised her. After breakfast, there really was no point in staying. The couple offered to drive her back home, but urged her to accept loan of a coat. Rachel almost denied this as unnecessary, but stopped herself just in time.

When the maid brought the coat, the almost took the opportunity to ask the couple's name, but at the last moment cancelled this as too odd, given how she had walked naked around the house.

They dropped her off at the entrance of where she lived, and she walked up the stairs, barefoot and in an overcoat. She was covered, but everyone who might have happened to see her would at least have wondered.

Not having her keys and Michelle still away, she returned to Carrie's place, who couldn't wait to be told everything in detail. Rachel also managed to finally learn the couple's names, claiming alcohol as the - believable - reason for not remembering from the day before.

When they were done telling and re-living everything, Michelle was already there and came to collect Rachel.

Upon entering their shared apartment, Rachel dropped the coat, took a pose on the couch, holding her pussy lips open, and asked Michelle to take photos, not forgetting to include the face.

Michelle smiled: "Ok, here's the new deal: You will always be naked in here, no matter what, you will always be the one to open the door, yes, still naked. You will only wear what I tell you, when I tell you. You can still opt out after six tasks, but whatever you do will only count as a task if you first ask me to give you a task. Agreed?"

Rachel nodded, beaming, and Michelle took the new blackmail photos.

The end?