**Ruby Redd**

by The Controverser

**Ruby Redd and the Bash at the Beach**

This is another story that I've been toying with for a year or so but I was never really happy with certain aspects and I kept tweaking it until I got it-- well, I'm not going to safe perfect-- so I'll just say good enough. I hope you all enjoy!  
  
  
If you ever venture to my neck of the woods, a neighborhood deep in the heart of Florida called Edgewood, you'll no doubt hear a story of Ruby Redd. You might think that most of the stories that you'll hear are exaggerated but I'm here to tell you that they probably aren't. I got a chance to see the legend of Ruby Redd begin.  
  
First, let me say that Ruby Redd is not her real name. Well, Ruby is but her name is Ruby Simmons but she had the brightest red hair, you'd swear that she dyed it but according to both Ruby and her parents, her red hair was natural. Her other defining feature was her height or lack of it. She had always been very short. When we were sixteen years old, she was 5'0. At eighteen, she reached 5'1 and has been ever since.  
  
She always made a joke that everything on her was small: her height, her tits, and her ass. Sure, she felt short changed when it came to her small breasts, butt, and even her height, she actually had a fairly positive attitude towards it. There are some people that have sour grapes about the cards they are dealt in life and then there are people like Ruby who embrace who they are and work with the cards they are dealt.  
  
If you met her, you'd swear that she was the sweetest, nicest person you'd ever meet. I met her when we were both sixteen and I can happily say that we've been good friends ever since. The incident that I'm going to be telling you about, where the legend of Ruby Redd begins, was the day after we graduated high school  
  
The day after we graduated, everyone who was anyone went to the beach for a bonfire. We had a cookout and grilled hot dogs, hamburgers, we had a few beers and just let off some steam. A couple of the other guys and I got a friendly game of volleyball going.  
  
I remember about half way through, Ruby, who was wearing a fairly skimpy polka-dot bikini, was jumping up and down with every score I or one of her other friends scored. I also remembered two well known bullies, Amber and Tara, while neither of them were considered fat, they were both a bit on the chubby side and were thus more body conscious. While Ruby was wearing her tiny bikini, both of them were wearing one pieces that made sure to keep most of their curvy bodies covered.  
  
Finally, Amber and Tara had enough of what everyone just considered Ruby being Ruby. Ruby never saw them coming and Amber moved forward and with both hands gave Ruby an almighty shove that sent her face first into the sand. Ruby laid there in the sand, disoriented.  
  
Tara moved in and yanked Ruby up to her feet by her hair, making her yelp in pain. When they got her to her feet, Tara let go and slapped Ruby in the face. I was ready to step in but a friend of mine, someone who had known Ruby better than I, stopped me.  
  
“You little whore! Don't you have any shame? You are still just a little girl. You don't have any tits and your ass is non-existent. Look, your bottoms are so small that we can see half of your ass,” Tara shouted.  
  
“You know what we're going to do? We are going to strip you butt naked right in front of everyone. Then, we are going to take turns spanking your tiny little ass,” Amber said with a cackle.  
  
“Oh, that's a good one!” Tara said, giving her friend a pat on the back. “Let's add the fact that she has to stay naked after the spanking and she can't leave until we leave.”  
  
I was getting more angry by the second. Here they were, two bullies that had probably fifty pounds on poor Ruby and they were congratulate each other for coming up with sadistic ways to not only embarrass her but to totally humiliate her.  
  
What happened next was the craziest thing I had ever seen in my entire life. Amber stepped forward, getting really close to Ruby. As soon as she reached out to grab Ruby's bikini top, Ruby knocked her hands away and threw a punch to her jaw that made Amber stagger backwards and fall flat on her butt. The look on her face reminded me of the old Sylvester and Tweety cartoons where Sylvester was stunned with big white stars circling the air above his head.  
  
Ruby enlisted a few of her friends, both male and female, to sit next to Amber and keep her out of the action. She had barely made the request when Tara tackled her to the ground and started slapping the hell out of her. Her big mistake, however, was when she pulled back a little to taunt Ruby.  
  
Ruby gave her a quick jab to the face that surprised Tara enough to allow Ruby to slip out from under her. In a flash, Ruby was behind Tara who still hadn't gotten off her knees. Ruby jumped on Tara's back as if Tara was giving her a piggyback ride and wrapped her arm around her throat in a choke hold. In seconds, Tara was sputtering and begging for mercy.  
  
I should say that at this point, Amber was being physically restrained to keep this fight fair. Ruby noticed this and demanded that Amber keep her mouth shut and watch what was happening to Tara or she swore that she'd break her nose. Amber might have been a bully but she wasn't stupid. She knew that she and her best friend had just gotten their asses handed to them by a girl that was half their size and that she definitely didn't want her nose broken.  
  
Keeping the choke hold firm with her left arm, Ruby used her right hand to start sliding the right strap of Tara's one piece off her shoulder. Realizing what she was doing, Tara started to fight again but Ruby let go of the strap and tightened the choke hold with both hands, taking all of the fight out of Tara.  
  
With the fight drained from Tara, Ruby repeated the process of using her right hand to pull the strap off Tara's shoulder and started pulling it down her arm. With the strap halfway down her arm, her right tit popped out completely and Tara's eyes got wide. The fight, however, had all but died in her. The choke hold was still tight enough to keep her frightened and we all knew it could always get tighter.  
  
Once the strap was completely off her, Ruby seamlessly transitioned the choke hold to her right arm. She continued to apply pressure as she worked the opposite strap off of Tara's left shoulder. About half a minute later, both of Tara's tits were out for everyone to see.  
  
At this point, people were going BANANAS. Guys were wolf whistling and shouting. Girls were laughing and taunting the girl who had made life a living hell for most of them. Then you had me, struck absolutely mute and brainless by the events that were unfolding before me. At the start of the confrontation, I had been worried and afraid for Ruby. My brain could not fully comprehend what was now taking place. Tara was topless!  
  
If everything Ruby had done so far was considered fast, it was nothing compared to what happened as soon as she shoved Tara's one piece down to her belly, she let go of the choke hold, grabbed Tara by the hair and yanked her hair back down towards the sand while shifting her body away. Then, she climbed on top of Tara in almost a 69 position while trapping Tara's arms underneath her knees effectively trapping them.  
  
“Please! Don't!” Tara begged.  
  
“Shut up! I've done nothing to you! Nothing! I never said a cruel word to you. I never gave you one reason to target me,” Ruby spat. “You wanted to humiliate me in front of everyone? How do YOU like it?”  
  
Taking care to keep the weight of her knees down on Tara's arms, she leaned forward and grabbed Tara's swimsuit and started to inch it down even further. If Tara being topless made everyone go bananas, there was no word that could possibly describe the noise that was generated as soon as Tara's completely bald pussy came into view.  
  
Ruby continued to push the swimsuit until she couldn't get it any further without relinquishing the pressure on Tara's arms. Instead, Ruby grabbed the swimsuit with both hands and pulled it towards her. The effect was that Tara's legs were being lifted towards Ruby as well as the swimsuit. This made it much easier to peel the suit completely off her legs. Ruby got off the naked bully and waved the swimsuit in the air, getting another cheer from everyone.  
  
Ruby walked to the fire and waited until she made eye contact with the defeat Tara before tossing her swimsuit into the fire. We all watched, some cheered and some staring with shocked eyes, as we watched Tara's swimsuit burn.  
  
Ruby marched back towards Tara who immediately brought her arms up to defend herself. Ruby didn't strike her, though. Instead, she grabbed Tara's left ankle and pulled it further to the left than it already was. At first, nobody seemed to know what she was doing but it all became clear as Ruby repeated the process by moving her right ankle further than it was to the right.  
  
Tara was now sitting, bare ass naked, in the sand, with her legs obscenely spread open. She started to close her legs but Ruby shook her head and told her to keep them open. Her punishment was to sit on the beach and give everyone a great view of her bald pussy and tits.  
  
Ruby then lifted her head up and looked in Amber's direction. Everyone did the classic “oooooh” look. Ruby started walking directly towards Amber. Amber shook free of the people restraining her. There was no way she could run because Ruby was standing in front of her by the time she got to her feet.  
  
“I'm going to give you a chance to avoid getting your ass kicked. Do you want that?” Ruby asked.  
  
“Yes,” Amber mumbled.  
  
“Good,” Ruby said.  
  
Ruby reached up and grabbed Amber by the hair and started dragging her towards the fire. At this point, everyone moved out of Ruby's way like a parting of the red sea. No one was stupid enough to get in her way. When they reached the fire, Ruby let go of Amber's hair and stepped a few feet back from her.  
  
“You said you wanted to avoid getting your ass kicked. I believe you. All you have to do is toss your swimsuit into the fire. You have thirty seconds. If you don't, I swear to you that the beating I gave her...” Ruby pointed to the defeated Tara who couldn't even take her eyes off the sand in front of her. “... will be a walk in the park compared to what you get.”  
  
Amber looked torn. She really did. She knew there was no way that she could escape this fate but she looked around at everyone watch and then looked down at her naked best friend. If she did what Ruby wanted, she'd be sitting right next to her friend with her spread open pussy and tits on full display to everyone.  
  
Apparently, she decided that stripping herself was the lesser of two evils because she started to peel her swimsuit off. Again, everyone started to hoot and holler when first her tits were exposed and finally her pussy. The loudest cheer, however, was when the swimsuit was dropped into the fire and it started to burn just like Tara's had.  
  
Amber started to walk back towards her friend but Ruby grabbed her arm and shook her head. Apparently, the show was not over yet.  
  
“Oh no. I promised not to kick your ass. I didn't say anything about not BEATING your ass. What did you say earlier? Didn't you say that you wanted to spank my little ass? Well, that's not going to happen. What is going to happen is that I am going to spank YOUR big ass!” Ruby said before asking if anyone would lend her their flip flop.  
  
One of the girls who had helped restrain Amber earlier offered her thick soled flip flop. Ruby took it and as soon as Amber saw it, she started to beg Ruby to not spank her. While everyone seemed to be enjoying the two bullies getting their just desserts, Ruby didn't seem to be enjoying herself.  
  
“You want me to feel sorry for you but I don't. I'm not enjoying this. I just wanted to come to the beach and enjoy myself just like everyone else! Do not for one second pretend that had I not defended myself and turned the tables that I wouldn't have been stripped buck naked and be sitting there in the sand with a red ass. Why the hell should I go easy on you?” Ruby demanded.  
  
Everyone was silent. The only noise you could hear, besides the crashing waves, was Amber's sobbing as she tried to come up with an intelligent response. Just as she started to reason with Ruby, Ruby cut her off.  
  
“I'll tell you what. There are a lot of guys here. Most guys have this obsession with lesbian fantasies. I will agree not to beat your ass in front of everyone if you will put on a little show with your bestie. Go down on her. Right now,” Ruby said.  
  
Amber's jaw dropped but her jaw wasn't alone. Everyone's jaw was nearly laying on the sand with Ruby's drastic demand. Amber's cheeks were redder than tomatoes as she looked down at her best friend's pussy. I could not believe she was actually thinking about it but then again, I couldn't believe most of that day's events were really happening.  
  
“I can't,” Amber said, shaking her head. “We are like sisters. That would be gross.”  
  
“Aw, I'm sorry guys. It looks like you won't be seeing any girl on girl action tonight but what you will be seeing is the reddest ass this beach has ever seen!” Ruby said. “Tara, unless you want the next dose, I want you to stand up and hold Amber's head when she bends over.”  
  
Both naked girls were shaking as they got into position. As soon as Amber bent over, everyone moved behind her to get a good look at the full moon she was presenting to everyone. Ruby took her place like a batter at home plate and wound the flip flop back with all of her might before following through. The slipper connecting to Amber's bare ass was thunderous.  
  
After about fifty good spanks, both girls were ordered to go and sit next to each other, in the sand, with their legs spread open wide. Of course, one of those girls.  
  
was able to sit more comfortably than the other was. The real story, however, wasn't the humiliation of two bullies who got what they deserved. The real story was that on that day, a legend was born. A legend that grew and grew because this was only the first of Ruby Redd's legendary deeds.  
  
The next deed involved her first day of college with a dominatrix for a roommate but that, alas, is another story.

**Ruby Redd Goes To College (Part 1)**

Okay, so this is a second story about Ruby Redd. If you haven't read the first one, it isn't really necessary except for the description of Ruby Redd herself. (5'1, bright red hair and a personality to match). Enjoy!  
  
Ruby Redd went to a prestigious all girls college about three hours from our neighborhood. Sadly, since all males, except for the faculty was prohibited from being on campus, I cannot confirm or deny the following events but this story was told to me, word for word from Ruby herself. If you haven't read the first story on Ruby Redd, you should probably do so. If you have, then you know it would be better to believe her then to call her a liar.  
  
There is going to be trouble. That was the first thing that went through Ruby's mind when she met her snarky roommate, Hattie Duncan. She had expected a face to face meeting where they could look each other in the eye and shake each others' hand like mature people.  
  
That didn't happen.  
  
Ruby had to make several trips into the door to carry all of her bags. Her roommate (she had not introduced herself yet) had been seated at a small desk and was engrossed in something on her laptop. Not once did she offer to help Ruby with her belongings. Still, Ruby shrugged it off and let it go. Had she arrived first and saw her roommate struggling, she'd have been offering to help before the first bag had even hit the floor.  
  
When the bags finally made it into the room and the door was shut, Ruby found herself waiting for her roommate to acknowledge her presence. Finally, after what felt like an eternity of awkwardness, she took the initiative and cleared her throat.  
  
“Hi! I'm Ruby!” she introduced.  
  
“Whatever,” her roommate mumbled from the desk.  
  
“Nice to meet you... uh...” she looked around the room for any indication of the girl's name.  
  
Her roommate sighed loudly and rolled her computer chair back slightly before pivoting around to face Ruby. Her eyes scanned Ruby's entire body from head to toe appraisingly.  
  
“Wow, you are a short one, aren't you? What are you twelve?” her roommate asked.  
  
“No. I'm eighteen and you clearly aren't. What are you, twenty five?” Ruby fired back.  
  
“That is going to cost you, big mouth. I'm Hattie Duncan. I'm twenty-one and a Senior here. So, apparently you haven't read the handbook that was sent to you through the mail. If you had, you'd know that Freshmen are paired up with Seniors. We are your mentors of sorts. If you have a problem, you come to us. The pleasure is all yours. I hate being saddled with the extra responsibility but I too was a freshman here and I'm just paying it forward,” her roommate explained.  
  
“Okay then. I admit that I didn't fully read the handbook. Thank you for explaining it to me,” Ruby said.  
  
“Shut up. We need to go over some of the rules of this dorm. The first is that you are a Freshman, the very bottom of the Totem Pole and you are to speak only when spoken to. I don't care if your own mother comes to visit. You keep your mouth shut until you are asked a question,” Hattie told her.  
  
Ruby had started to literally bite her tongue. She couldn't afford to make any enemies in college and especially on the first day. This tradition of pairing a Senior with a Freshman, while unorthodox, was getting undeniable results. This school was one of the best in country, after all.  
  
“Rule number two. Do as I say and we'll get along just fine. You are responsible for keeping this dorm room clean. Both of the closets in this room are mine. Both of these beds are mine. I will lend you a bed and a closet once you have earned them. Until then, you will sleep on the floor,” Hattie told her.  
  
Never once did the thought occur to Ruby that Hattie might be joking. There was a coldness and seriousness in Hattie's eyes that told her this was no joke. She really expected Ruby to sleep on the floor. This was disrespectful on so many levels but she still had to give this system a new try.  
  
“Rule number three. Permission. You do not do anything without my permission. You do not leave this dorm room without my permission. You do not go to sleep without my permission. You don't even rub one out without my permission. Are we clear on that?” Hattie asked.  
  
“Yes,” Ruby said, this time through gritted teeth.  
  
“Rule number four, my belongings are off limits. If I see you snooping through my things, there will be hell to pay. That includes my phone and my computer. You may not open my closet door without my permission,” Hattie told her.  
  
That rule had never needed to be spoken to her. She would never invade someone else's privacy without their consent. If a friend offered to let her use their phone or computer, that was one thing. She would never dream of borrowing it without their permission. That was a total invasion of privacy.  
  
“Now, I said that your little outburst earlier was going to cost you. Believe it or not, I was really hoping that you would get settled before I had to punish you. I am going to open my closet door and you are going to begin moving your bags into my closet. I will now have complete control over your wardrobe and your belongings. So, you had better learn to be respectful if you don't want to be going to class in your bra and panties,” Hattie said pointedly.  
  
The glare on Hattie's face as soon as she opened up her closet door was a challenge. Ruby felt it with every fiber of her being. She was daring Ruby to challenge her. With a sigh, Ruby grabbed her bags, one by one, and loaded them into Hattie's closet.  
  
During one of the trips, Ruby made an interesting discovery. Hanging in the back of the walk in closet was an assortment of leather whips, belts, handcuffs and other stuff that would probably have been featured in the latest Fifty Shades of Gray movie. She couldn't believe it! Her roommate was into KINK!  
  
After the final bag was laid in the closet, Ruby backed out and watched as Hattie closed the closet door. For better or worse, her clothes were essentially locked away. The only clothes she had access to were the ones on her back.  
  
The rest of the day until dinner was served was spent quietly. Hattie spent most of her time chuckling to herself as she used her computer. When dinner was served, Ruby was ordered to follow Hattie to the campus cafeteria. Before they entered, she was advised that the speak only when spoken to rule was firmly in effect for meal times as well.  
  
This actually worked out in Ruby's favor since she loved to observe rather than participate. The cafeteria was not unlike the cafeterias she had in high school and grade school. Sure, the students were much more grown up and there was almost zero chance of a food fight breaking out but the rest was pretty much the same.  
  
For an entire week, Ruby followed Hattie's commands and did as she was told. Between her introductory classes and being Hattie's trained seal, she didn't have much time for anything else. To Hattie's credit, she never once sent Ruby to class underdessed or in anything humiliating.  
  
As for sleeping on the floor, Ruby was actually getting used to it. The first night had been rough but after the third day, her head barely hit the pillow before she was fast asleep.  
  
It was hump day on her second week that everything went completely off the track. Her morning classes were over and Ruby came back to the dorm room to find Hattie not there but a long list of things for Ruby to do was sitting on the spare bed that she had not been allowed to sleep on.  
  
Ruby shrugged her shoulders and grabbed the list. Item number one was to organize Hattie's desk. There were study papers, candy wrappers and soda cans spread out on the desk. This was the first time she had seen the desk that messy and it had no doubt been done on purpose this time.  
  
With a sigh, she went over and collected the trash from the desk and dropping it in the waste paper basket on the side of the desk. As she did so, her wrist accidentally bumped the mouse that was connected to the laptop. The laptop woke up and like a moth to a flame, Ruby's eyes were drawn to the computer screen.  
  
While the mess on the desk was clearly intentional on Hattie's part, leaving her twitter page open was not. The first thing she noticed was that Hattie had over five thousand followers. The second thing-- and the most heartbreaking-- was that there were over a dozen tweets all about her.  
  
Hattie continually insulted and belittled her on twitter. She was being called Hattie's own personal Tinkerbell, a good, submissive slut, and all other manner of vile filth.  
  
She knew that leaving the room without permission was against Hattie's rules but she couldn't let this slide. She fell the perfect fool for going along with all of this garbage, thinking that Hattie and her were bonding in some twisted way. That wasn't the case at all. She was the butt of Hattie's jokes.  
  
Storming down the hall, she made her way to the main building where the Student Advisor's office was located. She was not a rat and she never would be. She knew that nothing good ever came from ratting someone out. Instead, she would do the diplomatic thing and dance around the truth.  
  
The Student Advisor was an older lady with salt and pepper hair which was done up in a classic Librarian's Bun, thick glasses, and a scowl on her face that made it clear she was not happy about having her work interrupted Ruby stood there, wondering if there was a nice person to be found in the entire college.  
  
Without giving any reasons for her decision, Ruby told the woman that she needed a new roommate. The woman grinned and shook her head.  
  
“Aw, did you get a tough roommate? Well, you need to suck it up, buttercup. Freshman being taken in hand by Senior girls is a long standing tradition of this school. You'll just have to figure out a way to make it work between the two of you,” the woman said.  
  
“I really think you should reconsider,” Ruby insisted.  
  
“I really think you should have read the College Handbook. You clearly haven't. All of this has been gone over. There are no exchanging roommates and what happens in your dorm rooms stays in your dorm rooms. Either learn to live with your roommate or leave but your tuition will not be refunded. Are we clear?” the woman asked.  
  
“Crystal,” Ruby said with a smile. “In the future, just remember that I came here and asked for a new roommate.”  
  
With that, Ruby turned and walked out of the Student Advisor's office. As she walked back to the dorm, she didn't carry herself with the anger that she had on the way to the Advisor's office. At first, she had been angry that the Student Advisor, someone that should be there to help people like her, wouldn't help her. But that anger dissipated when she realized that the Student Advisor HAD helped her.  
  
The best advice that she had given her was to learn to live with Hattie. She could do that. As soon as she was back in the dorm room, she did just that. The first thing she did was open up Hattie's closet and move her bags to her own closet. Once that was finished, she walked back into the closet, towards the back, and selected a short whip, one that would be manageable with her height and walked back out into the room before sitting on the bed with the whip in her lap.  
  
If Hattie liked kink, she was going to get more kink than she could handle. While waiting for Hattie to return, another idea struck Ruby. Getting up, she walked to one of the two windows in the dorm room and removed first the curtains and then the blinds. Repeating the process with the other window, she tossed both of them on the floor in between the beds.  
  
Sitting back on the bed, she waited another twenty minutes and Hattie finally returned to the room. As soon as she entered, Hattie's eyes flickered everywhere at once. She was aware of the bare windows, the fact that her closet door was wide open and the fact that Ruby was sitting on her bed with one of her whips in Ruby's lap.  
  
“What in the hell is wrong with you?” Hattie demanded, slamming the door behind her. “How many rules are you going to break today? You are ...ed! You are royally ...ed! Not only did you go into my closet which you were forbidden to do, you took something of mine!”  
  
Ruby stood up and uncoiled the whip. She took two practice whips at the air before directing a third one in Hattie's direction. For this being the first time she'd ever held a whip in her hand, she was fairly accurate with it. A fourth shot landed on the side of Hattie's jeans, making her yelp like a puppy.  
  
“Not bad for your own personal little Tinkerbell, huh?” Ruby demanded.  
  
“How the--” Hattie started but Ruby cut her off.  
  
“You left your twitter page open and when I bumped into your mouse when cleaning your desk off. I thought I was getting your respect for putting up with your rules and not making a fuss. I was nothing but the butt of your social media jokes though, isn't that right?” Ruby demanded.  
  
“It's not like that,” Hattie stammered.  
  
“You are so right. It's not like that at all. Not anymore. Strip,” Ruby told her. “Everything off.”  
  
“Are you insane? You took the curtains off the window! People are walking around out there! They'll see me!” Hattie shouted.  
  
Ruby flicked her wrist again, sending the whip in Hattie's direction. Hattie jumped back and immediately grabbed the hem of her shirt and started lifting it over her head.  
  
Ruby watched quietly as the pile of clothes on the floor grew. Finally, Hattie was down to her bra and panties. As she reached to unclasp her bra, Ruby stopped her and directed her to stand in front of the window, facing the people that she had mentioned a few minutes ago, with her arms at her side.  
  
“Don't...” Hattie whispered.  
  
“Keep your hands at your sides,” Ruby told her.  
  
Having left the whip on the bed, Ruby reached out for the clasp on the back of Hattie's bra. Hattie suddenly turned around and swung her hand but Ruby easily ducked it and gave Hattie a check on the jaw-- no necessarily hard but hard enough to make her think twice about trying it again.  
  
Ruby ordered Hattie back into position in front of the window. On shaky legs, Hattie did as she was told with her hands at her sides. This time, she was like a statue as Ruby reached up and unclasped her bra. Pulling it down Hattie's arms, she glanced out the window.  
  
All of the students below had stopped walking and were staring at the new display! Camera phones were out and Hattie's naked tits were being immortalized for all eternity. She couldn't believe it when she heard it, but her kinky roommate was actually crying.  
  
Before she backed out-- as she was starting to feel bad for Hattie-- she knelt down on one knee and yanked her roommates panties all the way down to her ankles. Without being told to do so, Hattie stepped out of her panties. Now, it was her completely naked body that was being recorded.  
  
“Slowly count down from ten and then go and sit at your computer,” Ruby commanded.  
  
Ruby returned to her spot on the bed and watched as Hattie verbally counted down from ten. That was ten long seconds more that everyone below was capturing her naked body. When the count down ended, Hattie turned away from the computer, giving the outside students a look at her lovely ass while giving Ruby a first look at her furry brown patch of pubic hair and impressive naked tits.  
  
“Sit at your computer,” Ruby reminded her of the earlier command.  
  
“Why?” Hattie blubbered. “Can't we stop this?”  
  
“Soon,” Ruby said. “It would seem that you've been spreading some awful lies on Twitter. I think it is time for you to start telling the truth. Don't you?”  
  
“What are you talking about?” Hattie asked, sitting her naked ass behind her desk.  
  
“For your first tweet, I want you to tell all of your followers that you have been a bad girl and you are being punished,” Ruby told her.  
  
“I can't tweet that! I'll be the laughing stock of Twitter!” Hattie cried.  
  
“Oh, but it was okay to make me that? Do it,” Ruby ordered.  
  
Ruby stood behind her naked roommate, watching as Hattie typed out the humiliating tweet. She really was starting to feel bad for her but felt it necessary to continue if she was going to get any respect from Hattie at all.

**Ruby Redd Goes To College (Part 2)**

With the first tweet finished, Ruby announced that it was time to send out the second tweet. The second one would be an even bigger shock to Hattie.  
  
“My punishment, which extends for the entire semester, is that I am not permitted to wear any clothes inside my dorm room. I must be naked at all time regardless of who might visit. This extends to trips to the bathroom as well,” Ruby dictated.  
  
“The whole semester!” Hattie moaned. “Come on!”  
  
“Send it out,” Ruby ordered.  
  
Ruby walked back to the bed and laid down on her side, propping her head up with an arm. She couldn't help but notice two things. The first was that after sleeping on the floor for an entire week, laying on the bed was like laying on a cloud.  
  
The second thing she realized was that it was so strange to see her roommate sitting at her desk, completely naked. Sure, she had seen her naked for the few minutes but this was different. From her place on the bed, she could see every curve. She could see Hattie's prominent butt crack, her slender hips and even a tiny bit of side boob.  
  
She knew for sure that she wasn't a lesbian. There were too many hott guys in the world that were catching her eye on a daily basis. However, watching Hattie from the bed, she decided right there that her being bi-sexual wasn't outside the realm of possibility.  
  
Finally, Hattie sighed deeply and announced that the second tweet had been sent. Ruby smiled and told her it was time for the final tweet. This time, Hattie's sobbing got louder but she didn't fight it. She didn't beg her to stop. It was like she was resigned to her fate.  
  
“From this moment on, if I am rude to you, if I come off as a bully or am disrespectful in any way, please come and speak to my FRESHMAN...” Ruby paused and told Hattie to make sure that freshman was capitalized to drawn emphasis. “... roommate, Ruby Redd. If this happens, I will stand in the courtyard outside of my dorm, completely naked and pose for any pictures for sixty minutes.”  
  
“Noooooo!” Hattie howled, now sniveling and begging.  
  
“Yeeeees!” Ruby mocked Hattie. “Post it.”  
  
Ruby watched, mostly her eyes were drawn to Hattie's ass, as Hattie went about her final tweet. When it was sent, Hattie turned around in her chair and looked at Ruby. With the ease of a gymnast, Ruby picked herself up and rolled into a cross legged position and stared at Hattie.  
  
“You know, I would be completely within my rights to force you to sleep on the floor, take away your closet and put the very same restrictions that you did to me,” Ruby told her.  
  
“Please...” Hattie started but stopped when Ruby raised her hand in the air.  
  
“What you are going to find out about me though, Hattie, is that I'm not a mean girl. I'm not a bully but on the opposite side of the coin, if I am pushed far enough, I will be more than happy to take a bully down a peg or two,” Ruby said.  
  
Ruby paused for a moment, letting her words sink in to Hattie.  
  
“So, I'll make a deal with you. I am willing to completely forget the past week. We can start over and be friends,” Ruby offered.  
  
“Really?” Hattie asked, her eyes filling with hope. “So I don't have to stay naked in the dorm room?”  
  
Ruby chuckled.  
  
“Oh no, you totally do. Every time you enter this dorm room, you are to removed every stitch of clothing. Even your shoes. You may only put them on when you are exiting the dorm room. All trips to the bathroom will be made naked. When you go to take your shower, you will not be bringing any clothes. Only a towel and you will not wear the towel or I'll take that away too,” Ruby told her.  
  
“But why?” Hattie asked, looking crestfallen. “I thought you said we could be friends.”  
  
“We can. Absolutely. You having to be naked is a reminder of two things. One, you shouldn't be a bully and push people around. And two, it is to remind you that while we are friends and you are the Senior, it is me-- a Freshman-- that is really in charge,” Ruby said with a smile.  
  
“Fair enough,” Hattie said with a sigh.  
  
“Friends?” Ruby asked.  
  
“Definitely,” Hattie said with a nod. “I've had enough of being on your bad side.”  
  
“And look at that, it only took one week and social media humiliation to turn you around,” Ruby said with a grin.  
  
And that was the second story I have to tell about Ruby Redd and how she managed to turn around her rough first week of college. That, however, was only her first hurdle at college. The second hurdle wasn't so easy-- it involved a professor with a chip on her shoulder and had taken it upon herself to make Ruby's life a living hell. That story is a wild one, I can guarantee that.

**Ruby Redd's Summer Vacation**

**PART I**  
  
Summer break was bitter sweet for Ruby Redd. She wasn't going to miss the challenging school work, the boring lectures, or the late night cramming sessions just to get a decent grade on her exams. That was the sweet part.  
  
When she arrived at college, she had no idea that her bully of a roommate, Hattie, would end up becoming her best friend. The late night Netflix binges, the sharing of books, food, and secrets-- it was almost like they were meant to be friends and what friendship starts out without a hitch?  
  
Even though they swore to remain in touch, the sad fact was that they would no longer be roommates. That was something both girls would miss.  
  
As Ruby looked out the window of the bus that would eventually take her to Edgewood, her text message ringtone sounded off and she immediately grabbed for her phone.  
  
A smile formed at her lips as she saw a picture of Hattie standing outside of a Starbucks. 'Miss You' was written on the cup in what was affectionately called 'rudy red' lipstick. Ruby shook her head and fought the urge to reply. If she did that, Hattie would never get home to Maine.  
  
Setting her phone back on the empty seat next to her, Ruby put her ear buds in her ear and loaded up an Alice Cooper album on her IPOD and closed her eyes, letting the music envelope her.  
  
The funny thing is that the legend of Ruby Redd almost ended. Had she taken Hattie's offer to come to Maine, Ruby probably would have never come back. Had she known the situation that she'd be walking into, she told me she would have accepted Hattie's invite to go to Maine in a heartbeat. Those words are from Ruby's own lips.  
  
I guess Hattie had painted a very beautiful picture of Maine. Ruby said it sounded lovely. I've never been myself-- I prefer the amazing state of Florida with it's vast amount of beaches, warm weather, girls in bikinis-- but that's just me.  
  
Getting back to the story, Ruby woke up with a start. A kind woman, someone she had spoken to when first getting on the bus, shook Ruby awake to announce that they had arrived in Edgewood. This wasn't the woman's stop but she knew that Ruby needed to get off.  
  
So, Ruby collected her bags and made it off the bus. As soon as she saw her stepmother standing by her father's car, she knew that this summer was going to hell real quick. Her father wasn't anywhere to be found. As Ruby carried her bags towards her stepmother, Barbara, she watched as Barbara took a drag off her cigarette and then turned and got back into the car.  
  
She kept Ruby waiting at the trunk for several minutes before finally opening it. That was her way of letting Ruby know who was in control. Ruby walked to the passenger side door and pulled the handle. The door was locked. She knocked on the window and Barbara didn't even look in her direction. Squinting, Ruby couldn't believe her eyes. Barbara was brushing her hair.  
  
That was the primary source of Barbara's vanity. Her lovely blonde hair which reached all the way down to her butt. Ruby joked to me that Barbara loved her hair more than her own daughters. I couldn't argue with her.  
  
Only when Ruby tried the back door was she admitted into the car. Once she was in and the door was closed, she waited for Barbara to put the car into gear but she calmly continued to brush her hair.  
  
“Can we go?” Ruby finally asked.  
  
“Seat belt,” Barbara said.  
  
“Seat belt? Since when do I need a seat belt in the back seat?” Ruby demanded.  
  
“Little girls should always be buckled up,” Barbara told her. “Either that or get out and walk home.”  
  
So, the gloves were off right from the beginning. There wouldn't be any relaxing vacation. There wouldn't be any false pretenses. Barbara was putting her in her place right from the get-go.  
  
“I'll take my chances walking,” Ruby said, opening the door.  
  
“You are entitled to do that. Before you do, however, take a look at the packet next to you on the seat,” Barbara told her.  
  
Ruby's curiosity got the best of her. Closing the door, she turned and picked up the small rectangular packet. Flipping it open, she found several photographs. All of them featured her father. At first, they didn't seem too bad. Her father was getting out of his car in front of a hotel.  
  
They became increasingly incriminating when the well stacked redhead entered the pictures. Like Ruby, her hair was bright red and long. She looked exactly how Ruby imagined herself when she was middle aged. She didn't have too long to dwell on who the woman might be as Barbara snapped her attention back to the here and now-- inside the car.  
  
“Your father has been screwing this whore on the side. He doesn't know that I know it. It made me so ...ing mad. I wanted to cut his balls off and shove them down his throat. I didn't though. I decided that I was going to hurt him in the worst possible way. Through you,” Barbara said. “If you do not cooperate, I will divorce his cheating ass and I will make sure he ends up penniless”  
  
Ruby groaned. What in the hell had her father done? Ruby was going to have to pay the price for her father's mistakes. And make no mistake, she would pay. She would do anything for her father. She hoped the booty call with the red haired woman was worth it.  
  
“So how does this work?” Ruby asked through gritted teeth as she buckled herself in.  
  
“Now, I drive you home. Once we get home, you will surrender all of your belongings over to me for the next week. Make no mistake, I am going to humiliate you. I'm going to make you wish you were never born. You are going to do nothing but accept it and if you do, if you make it through the entire week, I will destroy the photos and I will give your father a second chance. If you don't...” Barbara trailed off.  
  
Ruby nodded her head. This wasn't the end of the world. She'd been tested for a week before. She'd slept on the floor of her dorm room and let Hattie put her through the paces-- so to speak. The problem was, Barbara was one of the most vindictive people to ever walk the face of the earth. When she said that Ruby was going to wish she had never been born, Ruby knew that was far from an exaggeration.  
  
The ride home was spent in silence. Ruby tried to let every possible scenario run through her mind so there'd be no surprises. Of every scenario that went through her mind, none prepared her for what was to come as soon as the ignition cut off in the driveway of their home.  
  
Barbara had protested when Ruby's father, Andrew, insisted on taking Ruby with them when they were house hunting after the wedding. The first thing Ruby had noticed, besides the enormous size of the house, was that the neighborhood seemed very busy. Ruby loved people. She loved to meet new people, chat with people she knew-- she was definitely a people person.  
  
Both of them got out of the car, which was a little disheartening to Ruby. She had rather hoped that she'd at least get to collect her things. Hope returned as her stepmother opened the trunk with her key. As the trunk opened, Ruby reached in for her bags but her hands were slapped away.  
  
“You have a pair of options. The first option is for you to take these bags. If you do that, you will destroy your father's chance at happiness. The second option is that you add your clothes to the bag and shut the trunk,” Barbara told her.  
  
Ruby's eyes widened and she looked like she had just seen a ghost. Looking around, she silently prayed that no one was around. The look in Barbara's eyes told her that pleading with her would be useless. She was going to have to strip herself completely naked outside in her own neighborhood.  
  
Groaning, Ruby pulled her shirt off, cursing her father the entire time in her mind. Dropping it into the trunk, she reached for her pants but her stepmother stopped her. Appraising Ruby, Barbara clucked her tongue several times.  
  
“Why are you wearing a bra? Little girls have no need for bras,” Barbara told her.  
  
“I'm not a little girl,” Ruby protested.  
  
“Are you willing to bet on that?” Barbara asked.  
  
“Bet what?” Ruby asked.  
  
“When we go in the house, I'll give you the pencil test. If you fail it, I'll go out and get your bras and you are free to wear them whenever you like. If you pass, you forget about this bra nonsense. Not just now or this week-- permanently,” Barbara told her.  
  
Ruby gave her a confused look.  
  
“What is the pencil test?” Ruby asked.  
  
“You'll see,” Barbara said. “For now, get that bra off!”  
  
Ruby had never been so ashamed as she was the moment she removed her bra and her tiny breasts were exposed to the evening sky. She worked her shoes and socks off, tossing them into the trunk with her shirt and bra. Next came the jeans, revealing a tiny g-string underneath.  
  
“That is disgusting. How can you possibly wear such trash? I had stocked up on panties that suited you much better but after seeing how much of a spectacle you like to make of yourself, I think you'll go without. I'm going to make sure that by the end of the week, not a single person in town will have not seen your little beaver,” Barbara said with a wicked laugh.  
  
Ruby didn't have a chance to remove her g-string. Barbara reached out and grabbed the string at her hip and pulled viciously, snapping it. She pulled on the other side and there Ruby was, standing outside, in her own neighborhood, completely naked.  
  
Ruby immediately brought her right hand down to cover the small patch of pubic hair. Barbara immediately spun her around and delivered several sharp smacks to her ass making her yelp. That was the first time Barbara had ever taken a direct approach to punishing.  
  
“You are not to cover up. You don't have anything to cover up! In fact, even before I administer the pencil test, you are to go upstairs and remove your pubic hair. Little girls do not have pubic hair. They are bald,” Barbara told her.  
  
“Not just little girls...” Ruby said.  
  
“That's right. Trashy young women, whores, and bimbos do. So, what will that make you, Ruby? How do you want to be known since you will also be bald. Trashy young woman? Whore? Bimbo? Or, for daddy's sake... are you going to make the right choice?” Barbara asked.  
  
“Little girl,” Ruby muttered.  
  
“I can't hear you. I want you to say, in a loud voice, that you are nothing but a naked little girl,” Barbara demanded.  
  
“Fine. I'M A NAKED LITTLE GIRL,” Ruby said, loudly.  
  
“There may be some hope for you yet. Get your naked ass in the house and go take a shower. Remember to shave that out of place pubic patch. I've left your first outfit on the door. If you bitch about it, I'll take it away and I will keep you naked. I'll even make sure that you are the first thing your father sees when he comes home,” Barbara instructed.  
  
“You are a sick woman,” Ruby said, spitting on the ground. “I only hope that one day, when it is time for you to get your just desserts, that I'm the one who gets to dish it out.”  
  
“Ha!” Barbara said, laughing loudly. “I'll tell you what. If that time ever comes, I'll follow any three commands from you.”  
  
“Deal,” Ruby said with a grin.  
  
“Why are you still standing here? Go!” Barbara shouted.  
  
Ruby didn't particularly like following Barbara's orders but this one made good sense. She was standing on the front lawn, bare naked and she wasn't even allowed to cover up. Rushing to the front door, she ran directly passed her smirking step siblings and up the stairs to the bathroom.  
  
Carol and Clarissa's smirking faces were burned into her mind as if a scolding hot poker had been jammed into the center of her forehead. It was clear that they were in on this nasty plot. She wanted to get them all. Worst of all, the one person who swore he would never put her in a bad situation had done just that. She wanted to get him back too. Just nothing that would ruin his reputation or leave him broke.  
  
As soon as she closed the bathroom door behind her, her heart sank even lower if that was even possible. There was, indeed, an outfit hanging up on the door for her. It was an outfit designed for a fourteen or a fifteen year old. The top consisted of a pink t-shirt with the word “princess” in sparkling letters. The bottom was a matching pair of shorts.  
  
It was a good thing that Barbara had told her the consequences of refusing to wear the outfit because if she hadn't, she would have stormed out there, balled the outfit up and thrown it in Barbara's face. She almost preferred going naked to dressing like someone five years younger.  
  
Reluctantly, she did as instructed, bringing a razor and shaving cream into the shower with her. This wasn't exactly new to her, she'd experimented with shaving her pubic hair before but there was something demeaning about it now. Probably the fact that she was ordered to shave.  
  
The shower itself was one of the best showers she had ever taken-- mostly because she dreamed up different ways to get back at her stepmother. She wasn't sure when she'd get the chance to actually act on it but several different options were running through her mind, each one more delicious than the next.  
  
Finally, she shut the water off. She was now clean and clean shaven. Stepping out of the shower, she grabbed a large fluffy towel from the nearby towel rack and dried herself off. Placing the towel back on the rack, she grabbed the childish outfit from the hanger and slipped the shirt on and then the shorts.  
  
The shirt was a bit tight so it came up a little above her belly button, which made her frown. She hated seeing women showing off their midriff. To her, it always looked kind of trashy-- like they were advertising that they'd soon be on their knees.  
  
Now fully covered, she opened the bathroom door and immediately heard her stepmother calling to her from her room which was just down the hall. With a sigh, she walked towards the bedroom. Barbara was seated on her bed, holding a yellow, unsharpened pencil in her hand.  
  
“Take your shirt off,” Barbara instructed.  
  
“Why?” Ruby demanded.  
  
“Enough back talking. From now on, you will not question everything I say. In fact, you will question nothing. I want either a “yes ma'am” or a “no ma'am” and the next time I hear you curse or say the word “why”, I will wash your mouth out with soap,” Barbara instructed. “Now, take your shirt off.”  
  
“Yes, ma'am,” Ruby said through gritted teeth.  
  
Walking towards the bed, Ruby pulled the t-shirt off and tossed it on the bed. Barbara beckoned her to come over and when Ruby reached her, Barbara reached forward and lifted Ruby's right tit up with her free hand and then brought the pencil up under her raised tit. First she let go of Ruby's tit and then the pencil.  
  
Without delay, the pencil dropped to the floor at Ruby's feet. Her stepmother gave a nod of the head and a wicked grin formed at her lips.  
  
“Had the pencil stayed put, it would have proven that you need to wear a bra. It fell to the floor so we'll have no more of this bra nonsense. You simply do not need one,” Barbara explained.  
  
“Yes, ma'am,” Ruby said, rolling her eyes.  
  
Barbara grabbed the t-shirt and tossed it to Ruby, telling her to get dressed. Ruby pulled the shirt on and Barbara led her down to the living room where Carol and Clarissa were waiting with grins on their faces.  
  
Like their mother, both Carol and Clarissa had long blonde hair, blue eyes, and much more womanly figures than Ruby could ever dream of having and the worst part about it was that they were only seventeen. Even though they were her younger sisters, Ruby would always be the little sister.  
  
“She looks adorable!” Carol said, grinning.  
  
“Can we do her hair?” Clarissa asked.  
  
“Not just a no. That's a hell no!” Ruby said, shaking her head. “I'm willing to put up with a lot of shit from you guys for my father's sake. The first one of you to touch my hair is going to get your ass kicked.”

“Actually, I never intended to let them touch your hair. However, for threatening me, I'm going to do you one better. I'm working tomorrow but on Wednesday, I am going to take you to my hair salon. We're going to get your hair cut and dye your hair a normal color. No more of that stupid bright red nonsense,” Barbara said.  
  
“No, you can't,” Ruby said, entering a full panic.  
  
“I can and I will,” Barbara said.  
  
Ruby turned and ran back upstairs, heading to the room on the far end which had always been hers. Just like she left it, her room was covered with UFC posters. One of her favorites, the poster right above her headboard was of Ronda Rousey.

**PART II**  
  
I was sitting on the couch of my modest little apartment, my feet were propped up on a little wooden ottoman. My eyes were on my 32inch flat screen HD tv-- the movie of the night, not that I had very many options, was T-2 Judgment Day. I am a sucker for any Terminator movie. Maybe not the last one because, really, you are going to make John Connor a bad guy? Why don't you do a reboot of Star Wars and make Darth Sidious turn into a Jedi at the end? Bullshit.  
  
Anyway, I had just reached the part where John Connor and the Terminator reach the mental hospital where Sarah Connor is being held when my phone rang. I paused the movie and grabbed for the phone. I couldn't help but smile as Ruby's phone number came across the CALLER ID.  
  
“Hey, Ruby,” I said. “You finally get into town?”  
  
“Hey,” Ruby said, her voice sounded strained.  
  
“You okay? You sound upset,” I said. “Something wrong?”  
  
“I'll be all right. Listen, step bitch is going to be working tomorrow, I could really use a friend. Come over and hang out?” Ruby asked.  
  
“Of course,” I said.  
  
“Thanks,” she answered. “I need you.”  
  
When we hung up, I couldn't get back into the movie. I was worried that something terrible had happened. I know Ruby. I know her very well and the tone of voice, the few spoken words-- something was going on.  
  
I found out what was going on the next day when I got the shock of my life. With her stepmother gone to work, Ruby Redd opened the door and she stood before me, completely naked from head to toe.  
  
I tried as hard as I could to look her in the eyes but I couldn't. Ruby might not have had the figure that most women have but she was absolutely drop dead gorgeous.  
  
She and I have had countless private arguments about this. She insists that when she stood there, completely naked with her pussy shaved and her tiny tits, that she looked like a little girl. I argued that she did not. She looked every bit her age. To this day, I have not won that argument-- neither has she. It's a stalemate.  
  
I still couldn't believe I was seeing Ruby Redd naked. As I followed her into the house, my eyes roamed to her small ass which might not have been as full as other women but it fit her perfectly. It bounced ever so slightly, barely noticeable, as she walked.  
With a sigh, I found both Carol and Clarissa sitting in the living room with big grins on their faces. That was the first inclination that I got that Ruby hadn't answered the door naked on her own free will. This was somehow being forced.  
  
“Don't you just love Ruby's birthday suit?” Carol asked. “When Ruby told mom that she invited you over without permission, this was her punishment. She has to stay naked the entire day.”  
  
My mouth dropped open and I looked to Ruby, hoping for her to break out into a big smile and point out the cleverly hidden camera before announcing that I was being pranked. Instead, Ruby just sighed and sat down on the sofa. She had barely sat down when Clarissa clucked her tongue.  
  
“You know the rules. Spread them,” Clarissa said.  
  
I watched as Ruby's blush deepened and she slowly spread her legs apart. She continued to spread them until they were obscenely wide and her lips parted just enough to reveal her once hidden charms.  
  
Now, I was torn. I was torn between feeling lust, for the beautiful WOMAN before me and feelings of intense rage at the way my friend was being treated. Ruby must have noticed the look of contempt on my face because she shook her head softly, telling me not to act on it.  
  
Eventually, Carol and Clarissa got bored of watching this clothed male naked female situation that they had put Ruby and myself in and decided to go out to the local burger shop where their friends frequented.  
  
As soon as they left, I remember turning to Ruby and blurting out “What the ..., Ruby?” and I instantly regretted it. Not because she got mad because she didn't. A few tears trickled down her face and she told me the entire story From the moment she got off the bus until just this moment.  
  
I was beyond mad. I was disgusted. Barbara liked to think of herself as a tough bitch yet she didn't even have the guts to confront Ruby's father about the photos. Instead, she was blackmailing an innocent college student who felt like she was being backed into a corner. Really, she was.  
  
I had made up my mind right away on what I was going to do. I didn't tell Ruby because I knew she wouldn't let me. She would never let anyone else fight her battles for her. That was the type of person she was. Even if there was no way out.  
  
So, for the rest of the day, until Barbara, Carol, and Clarissa returned, I did my very best to cheer Ruby up. We watched Youtube videos, played Monopoly, whatever she wanted to do. It took some doing but I finally got her smiling and laughing. It was like she slowly turned back into the old Ruby.  
  
When I got home, the first thing I did was picked up the phone and called Andrew. I hated to consider myself a rat or a snitch but I would dishonor myself a million times before I sat back and let someone take advantage of Ruby.  
  
Andrew is a really decent guy, a hard worker and a straight shooter. He never raised his hands to hit Ruby-- as far as I know-- and he definitely didn't have a sailor's mentality. So when he started cursing about half way through the story that I was telling him, I knew that we were on the same page.  
  
At one point, he wanted to come straight home and settle things. I told him that in my opinion, Ruby had to be the one to settle this score. But in order to do that, we needed to talk about the Elephant in the room. I brought up the photographs and he got quiet.  
  
The silence made me think that he was guilty of cheating on Barbara. It turns out that there was a very logical explanation for the entire thing. Not only was the red haired beauty in the photos a friend of both Andrew and his late wife but she was also the head of a small company that Andrew's company was in the process of purchasing. Since they were old friends, Andrew had been tasked with handling the purchase.  
  
The one thing Andrew didn't tell me, but Ruby later did, was that the woman in the photos, Annabelle, was technically Ruby's mother. Annabelle had grown up with Ruby's mother and when Ruby's mother found out she couldn't have children, Annabelle offered to carry Andrew's child for her. Ruby told me she thought Annabelle was the most unselfish woman she had ever met.  
  
By the end of the phone conversation, Andrew agreed to call Ruby and explain about the photographs and to hint around that Ruby should handle the situation between her and Barbara before he got back.  
  
I can't tell you what they said, word for word, but I can tell you that I eventually got a phone call from Ruby. This wasn't the Ruby who had called me the night before and asked me to come and visit. This was MY Ruby.  
  
“I love you,” an almost giddy Ruby said as soon as I picked up the phone.  
  
“What brought that on?” I asked with a chuckle.  
  
“You know damn well,” Ruby said before laughing. “I'm going to kiss you right on the lips the next time I see you.”  
  
“And when will that be?” I asked, playing it cool.  
  
“Tomorrow morning at the crack of dawn. Bring Matilda with you,” Ruby said.  
  
I wasn't sure which one should surprise me more. The last time I was up at the crack of dawn, I went on a camping trip with my friends. I wasn't thrilled with it back then but what was I going to say? No? The fact that she asked me to bring Matilda sent a shiver up and down my spine.  
  
Matilda was my pet snake. A simple corn snake. Very friendly. Yet, she can be very terrifying to someone who is afraid of snakes...  
  
...like Barbara.  
  
Hoo Boy.

**Part III**  
  
Barbara yelped in pain as she tried to sit up. Ruby had brought a kitchen chair into her room and was sitting on it, watching the sun begin to rise when she heard the cry of pain. A smile formed at her lips.  
  
“Who is there? Why can't I move my head? What is going on?” Barbara demanded.  
  
“Hello, mommy dearest,” Ruby said with a grin.  
  
“Ruby, what is going on? Why can't I move my head much?” Barbara asked, panic filling in her voice.  
  
“I wouldn't try to get free. Gorilla glue is very powerful. You don't want to injure yourself,” Ruby told her.  
  
“Gorilla glue! What did you do?!” Barbara shrieked.  
  
“It's a good thing your hair is so long. I was able to wrap it through the slats of your headboard several times before tying it tightly in several knots. Of course, I coated the back of your headboard with Gorilla glue. You aren't going anywhere unless you really want to,” Ruby said with a grin.  
  
Barbara tried desperately to look over at Ruby but she couldn't turn her head enough. I could see tears welling up in her eyes but there was no mercy to be found as far as Ruby Redd was concerned.  
  
“You bitch,” Barbara moaned. “You are ...ed. You and your dad!”  
  
“Is that so? Well, let me explain the situation to you. I know you can't get up, so I'll tell you what is what. First of all, you no longer own a stitch of clothing. None. The only thing you had to your name was the pajamas you were wearing and I cut them off of you twenty minutes ago,” Ruby explained.  
  
“Nooo!” Barbara cried out.  
  
Barbara's hands immediately flew under the blanket where she felt that Ruby was telling the truth. Her satin pajamas were gone and all she felt was bare skin. Her hand moved once again and Barbara gasped even louder.  
  
“Feeling a little bald? I figured hey, I did such a good job with my own pubic hair that I might do yours for you. Good thing for me that you are such a heavy sleeper. Of course...” Ruby paused and held up Barbara's bottle of Ambien. “...this could be why. This stuff is dangerous. You shouldn't be taking it.”  
  
I couldn't help but smile. Barbara clearly didn't like being lectured by her stepdaughter. Ruby was so dangerous when she was in control. When she wasn't in control, she only dreamed of ways to become more dangerous when she regained control. She'd have made a great Navy SEAL.  
  
“I only take them when I can't sleep,” Barbara said, her voice getting snippy.  
  
“Well, you will sleep good tonight, I promise you,” Ruby said. “Now, as I stated, you have no clothes. I didn't do this all on my own. It seems your daughters have no sense of loyalty what-so-ever. All I did was gave them a choice of helping me or joining you and they quickly agreed to help me. They've been cutting your clothes into tiny little pieces for the last half hour or so.”  
  
“Please leave me something!” Barbara begged.  
  
“I'm afraid not. Don't worry though, we have a fun day planned. It starts with you getting your lazy ass out of bed and making us some breakfast. I invited my friend over for the day. Yes, the same friend you made me get naked in front of it. Well, he'll be seeing a lot more today. Oh, and he brought his pet snake with him,” Ruby said gleefully.  
  
“Snake! SNAKE! Get it away from me!” Barbara shrieked.  
  
“Relax! It's downstairs. However, if your naked ass isn't in the kitchen in ten minutes starting breakfast, you'll find that snake in bed with you,” Ruby said.  
  
“I can't move my head! How can I get up?” Barbara demanded.  
  
“I told you,” Ruby said, walking towards her stepmother so that Barbara could see the pair of pink handled scissors in Ruby's hand. “You can get up when you really want to. So, you'll have to choose between giving yourself a haircut or having a little snuggle time with a snake. If you do choose the haircut, I can tell you that if my calculations are correct, you should have about two inches of hair left. Of course, we'll probably have to fix it after you butcher it so let's call it an inch.”  
  
Ruby carefully set the scissors on top of Barbara's blanket and skipped out of the room. I followed silently but my mind was screaming that this whole thing was INSANITY pure and simple. In truth, I had no idea what Ruby's plan of vengeance was and I'm glad. If I had known beforehand, I'd have tried to talk her out of it.  
  
It isn't that I have any love for Barbara but forcing Barbara to cut her own hair was extremely drastic. I could think of several different ways for Ruby to get back at Barbara but that is why I am me and Ruby is... well... Ruby Redd.  
  
As we reached the living room, both Carol and Clarissa were finishing up with Barbara's clothes. The enormous piles of shredded fabric reminded me of the big piles of leaves that I would rake up for some extra cash when I was younger than they were.  
  
Ruby instructed me to help her open the curtains and raise the blinds. By now, I was just going with it. Ruby was like a shark catching the scent of blood and was closing in for the kill. I was not going to be the one getting bitten. That was for sure.  
  
Once we got it finished and the girls finished with their clothing project, we all entered the kitchen and sat down at the table. Ruby's eyes continuously flickered up to the clock on the wall. Barbara was clearly running out of time.  
  
Suddenly, Barbara's completely naked form, absent of her long blonde hair was standing in the doorway. Her eyes were puffy and red. Apparently, having to cut her hair off was devastating to her. Ruby wasn't far off, Barbara was left with a very short mess on the top of her head. It definitely needed some trimming and she'd be left with a very short crop of hair.  
  
“Can you please close the curtains?” Barbara asked.  
  
“Not a chance. Don't worry, you'll be sending out e-mails to inform all of the neighbors of your new lifestyle choice,” Ruby said with a grin.  
  
“What lifestyle choice?” Barbara asked, her eyes widening.  
  
“The choice of you becoming a nudist, of course,” Ruby said with a laugh.  
  
“Ruby, this is insane! I can't go around naked in front of any more people!” Barbara shouted.  
  
Ruby smiled and stood up before walking towards Barbara. As soon as Ruby reached out for her, Barbara tried to end it with a backhand, which Ruby easily ducked before elbowing Barbara in the stomach-- I could literally hear the breath being knocked out of her.  
  
Clarissa, Carol, and I rushed to the living room and peered out the front windows just in time to see Ruby lead out the front door and down the path leading to the sidewalk. I didn't hear the command but I watched as Barbara went from the classic ENF pose of covering her tits and pussy to lowering her arms to her side.  
  
Ruby positioned Barbara facing the road and took a few steps back. Barbara remained on full display. When she did move or cover up when a car passed by, I knew that like all of the bullies before her, Ruby had her completely. One of her neighbors had just seen her in all of her glory-- full frontal nudity-- and she let them see.  
  
The walk back to the house was a sight to see. Barbara's tits were jiggling with every step she took. Ruby was walking by her side, dressed in one of her favorite outfits that she had retrieved from the trunk of Barbara's car.  
  
When they got back into the house, I could tell that Carol and Clarissa were a little edgy. They had just witnessed Ruby taking down their mother, who was like a Goddess to them. There was no one or nothing that would stop Ruby from doing the same to them if she pleased.  
  
Ruby, however, kept her focus on Barbara. She later told me that she blamed Barbara for everything, including Carol and Clarissa's part in everything. Barbara raised her girls wrong-- that isn't their fault. It's Barbara's. I tend to agree with her. Kind of like the original Karate Kid movie. No bad student-- only bad teacher.  
  
“I seem to remember you saying something the other day. If the tables were turned, you'd follow three commands from me. Right?” Ruby asked Barbara.  
  
“I didn't... I mean...” Barbara started to stammer.  
  
“Let me guess. You didn't think it would ever happen, right?” Ruby asked.  
  
“I'm sorry, Ruby. I was so mad that your father was cheating on me...” Barbara cried.  
  
“Except he wasn't,” Ruby told her.  
  
I couldn't believe this was the first time Ruby was telling this to Barbara. Then again, looking back on it now, being forced to cut your own hair, which really was her favorite feature, having every stitch of clothing you own cut into tiny pieces and then getting dragged outside completely naked probably removes any existence of a fight out of your body.  
  
“What do you mean he wasn't?” Barbara asked. “I have pictures!”  
  
“You have pictures, true. However, and I feel so stupid for not realizing this the first time... your pictures show nothing. The fact was, the woman, whom I spoke to last night on the phone and she confirmed them, is the head of a company that my father's company is buying. The rose was just a nice gesture,” Ruby told her.  
  
“Oh my God! What did I do?” Barbara asked.  
  
“That's right. If I hadn't come across the truth, you would have dragged me to your salon and not only cut my hair but dyed it too. FOR NO REASON. So, after everything you put me through, I think those three commands are the least you could do. Would you agree?” Ruby asked.  
  
Barbara didn't answer. She seemed too upset by the fact that she had been wrong in her accusations against Andrew. She really did look regretful about the entire thing.  
  
“Ruby, look at her,” I said. “She is sorry.”  
  
“The thief is sorry that he is going to be hanged. Not that he was a thief,” Ruby said, looking me in the eyes.  
  
She obviously wasn't buying Barbara's remorse the way I was. I think she was wrong on this but it wasn't my place. Barbara had done nothing to me personally and she HAD done plenty to Ruby. Finally, Barbara nodded her head.  
  
“Okay. Very simple. First command. Do whatever you have to do to make this up to my father. I don't care what it is. I don't care if you have to get down on your hands and knees and kiss his feet. I don't care if that means you have to be on call to put out 24/7. I don't care and to be honest, I don't want to know. Just get it done,” Ruby said.  
  
Barbara nodded her head.  
  
“Number two. You are going to let your daughters fix your hair and then we are going to take some photos of you. Your naughty bits have to be covered in your Facebook pictures and posts but your private e-mails-- the ones to your family, friends, and neighbors-- you can show it all. Full body. Tell everyone that you have converted to a nudist and you are committed to your decision. By the end of the day, through Facebook and e-mails, everyone you know should both know about your new lifestyle and have seen your naked body. Tits, pussy, and face,” Ruby said with a grin.  
  
Once again, Barbara's jaw dropped and she shook her head, silently pleading with Ruby to not do that to her. At this point, Ruby just grinned at Barbara before turning to me and giving me a wink. I had no idea what that wink meant.  
  
“Finally, and I want you to look into my eyes and see how serious I am,” Ruby said, stepping forward so that she was just a foot or two away from Barbara. “No more being a bitch to anyone. Not my father, not your daughters, not me, no one. If I find out you were, I will come back here, kick your ass and finish the job with your head. You think it's bad that you're going to have an inch or so of hair, imagine what it'll feel like when I take that too. I'm talking smooth as a baby's butt-- completely bald.”  
  
Everyone could see that the idea of getting the Britney Spears special horrified Barbara. I couldn't imagine what kind of horror it was having Ruby's anger directed on me and I wouldn't want to. Not for any amount of money.  
  
“So watch it. One step out of line and you're hair is completely gone. And just to be clear, you won't be wearing any hats or wigs or anything else to cover up your head,” Ruby said.  
  
Again, she winked at me. Again, I had no idea what that meant. Finally, Ruby told the girls to help fix their mom's hair and that she'd be back in to take the photos in a few minutes. Both Carol and Clarissa were quick on their feet. Ruby walked to the door and opened it before returning to help me carry my snake's terrarium. Walking out to my car at the curb, we set the terrarium on the hood while I opened the back door and we got it in the back seat.  
  
Finally, I closed the door and I turned to Ruby. We both looked at each other and then she started to laugh. When I didn't join her in laughter, she stopped and apologized.  
  
“What is so funny?” I asked. “What was with the winking?”  
  
“My father told me I had to end this all before he got home,” Ruby said, laughing again. “I can't make her be a nudist even if I really wanted to. She'll be able to get more clothes when he gets home. It'll do her good to sweat until then. She totally has it coming.”  
  
“Ruby Redd, you are one scary chick,” I said with a laugh. “Just promise me that you'll give me a fair enough warning if I ever piss you off. I'd rather perform Hari cari.”  
  
Ruby was about to answer me when I heard a cell phone ringing. Ruby reached into her pocket and grabbed her cell phone, commenting that it was probably Hattie calling. A confused look appeared on her face.  
  
“Who is it?” I asked.  
  
“It's my cousin Veronica,” Ruby answered. “I haven't heard from her in a while.”  
  
Ruby answered the call, put it on speaker phone and held the phone out so that we could both hear.  
  
“Hey, cuz,” Ruby said. “What's up?”  
  
“Ruby, I need a favor. You remember my friend Melody?” Veronica asked.  
  
“Of course. Isn't like the entire family named after something musical? Her sister's name is Harmonica or something?” Ruby asked.  
  
“Just Harmony. Well, something happened a few months back. I wanted to wait until summer vacation started before I called you. Melody's mom completely humiliated her in front of me and her other friends. Not only that but Harmony and her friends were there too. They recorded the entire thing. Everyone at school saw it. They saw everything. It really destroyed her. She has changed so much since then. She barely leaves the house. We need to fix this. We need to help her. We need you!” Veronica said.  
  
“I've heard of Deja Vu before but this is insane. It's like the same situation we just went through,” I told Ruby.  
  
“Who is that?” Veronica asked.  
  
“My best friend. Don't worry. I'd trust my life to him,” Ruby said. “He's right though. I just took Barbara down a few pegs. You'll be reading and seeing about it within the next few hours. So, I'll tell you what. I'll help you guys out. I need you to do something first though, while I think about how to do this.”  
  
“Anything!” Veronica said.  
  
“I want all of Melody's friends-- you included-- to write down something you want to see done to Melody's mom,” Ruby said before turning to me. “Do you have any ideas?”  
  
“One or two... I think that her mom's friends should witness her humiliation. Tit for Tat as they say,” I said with a shrug.  
  
“That should be possible. My mom is her friend and they all meet up at the local country club on the last Friday of every month,” Veronica said.  
  
“Perfect. We'll see you soon enough,” Ruby said before hanging up the cell phone.  
  
“We?” I asked.

“You're coming with me. I just need to call a friend. I think I'll ask mommy dearest in there to pay for her plane ticket. It's the least she can do,” Ruby said.  
  
“What friend?” I asked.  
  
“Her name is Hattie. When she gets here, I want to go over an idea I've been toying around with,” Ruby said.  
  
Hattie? Her roommate from college?  
  
“Wait... you want to fly the girl who you forced to be naked in your dorm room the whole year here?” I asked.  
  
“She is the female version of you-- that is to say you are my best male friend and she is my best female friend. Trust me, you'll hit it off. I could make her get naked for you, if you'd like,” Ruby again winked at me, letting me know it was a joke.  
  
“Well, okay then. I guess I'm going to take Matilda here back home. I guess I'll have another story to add to my Ruby Redd collection. Yet another one I will personally witness,” I said with a smile.  
  
“Yup! I should warn you though. This one might get out of hand. I'm going to be taking my cues from Veronica and her friends,” Ruby warned.  
  
“Out of hand? You? HA!” I said, laughing. “Do I need to remind you what you've been up to? Should I start with Amber and Tara? Both of them having to go home completely naked because you burned their swimsuits?”  
  
“Hey! I only burned one of them!” Ruby defended.  
  
“Okay, you win. I'll catch up with you later,” I said, before sliding behind the wheel of my car and lowering the passenger side window. “I do have to say, having seen both you and your step mother naked-- you win-- hands down!”  
  
The look Ruby gave me, her eyes wide and her mouth forming a perfect “O” with only a hint of a smile, is a memory that I will cherish for the rest of my life. It is the one and only time that I ever managed to shock Ruby Redd.