**Sabine Learns English** Part 1

By Little Joe  
  
Sabine sat in her bedroom and sighed. She'd done it at last. She'd got accepted for a place at an English university; she'd got a room sharing a flat; she'd got moved in. It had been a struggle. To get on in her career in the media she needed good English. Everybody needed good English nowadays, and the way to get it was to spend a year at university in England.  
  
"Sabine!" A voice called out to her from below. It was her flatmate Roisin. She had met Roisin (pronounced Rosheen in the Irish fashion) when flat hunting and they had hit it off together immediately. Roisin was short, verging on plump, with curly brown hair and a little snub nose. She had that look about her that said 'I'm a little devil and I know it'. Somehow Sabine knew that life with Roisin would never be dull.  
  
Sabine's dark good looks contrasted strongly. She came originally from Munich, but had studied in Heidelberg before coming to do a postgrad MSc in Media Studies at the University of Wessex.   
  
"Coming for a drink?" asked Roisin.  
  
"Well I must unpack already..."  
  
"Unpack, funpack..." said Roisin, "come on let your hair down a bit."  
  
They went down to the students bar and ordered beers each.   
  
"We need to get you out and about," said Roisin, "that's the way to learn good English."  
  
"Oh I am surely not certain already."  
  
"Well there's something for a start. We don't end every sentence with 'already' in English. You need to meet some nice guys. A good looking girl like you. The lads will have their tongues hanging out."  
  
"Lads? What are lads? And why are their tongues out so? What must they do with them?"  
  
"That's for me to know and you to find out," laughed Roisin spreading out her arms and knocking Sabine's little bag to the floor. Sabine bent down to pick it up.  
  
"Sabine!"  
  
"What?"  
  
"Have you got any panties on!"  
  
Sabine blushed scarlet. It was a little indulgence of hers not to wear panties round the house. She liked the feeling of freedom. She liked the idea of being a little bit daring, a little bit naughty. But she always put them on to go out. Except today. Today she had forgotten, and she was wearing such a short skirt, and now she had shown her new flatmate! What on earth would she think of her!  
  
"I have forgotten!" She blurted out.  
  
"Oh yes," said Roisin smiling, "I think there's a little side to our Sabine that it's going to be interesting to find out about."  
  
It was Roisin who saw the advertisement pinned up on the Union noticeboard. Sabine would never have answered it if it had been up to her, but Roisin, well she was a different character altogether.  
  
It read:  
  
"Institute of Human Psychology - Volunteers required: PhD student requires female volunteers for study into psychological reactions to nudity. For further details contact Jenifer Sweeting 2394"  
  
"What is it meaning?" asked Sabine.  
  
"Who knows? But it sounds like fun," said Roisin, "perhaps we'll be asked to look at pictures of naked guys and say what our reactions are! That would definitely be fun. It’ll get you out. It’ll get you improving your English."  
  
"Oh, I don't know," said Sabine. She was, if truth be told, secretly intrigued by the project, but she was shy of admitting this. If it had been a guy looking for volunteers she'd never have considered it, but with a girl it was somehow different.  
  
"Go on, it'll be a laugh," said Roisin.  
  
Sabine felt a little tingle. She had no panties on, she was a little excited by the idea, and if truth be told was rather pleased to be pushed into it. She wanted to do it, but she would have been far too reserved to ring the number herself. And it would, she thought, giving herself the excuse to go ahead, be very good for improving her English.  
  
"All right," she said, "so I do it if you do it."  
  
It was of course Roisin who rang up and made the appointment.  
  
"Jenifer's invited us round to her flat for coffee," she said, "She’ll explain the project to us there."  
  
Jenifer had a smart flat in one of the best parts of town, much more expensive than one would have expected for a PhD student. She was a tall, dark young woman with an assured manner and a certain presence about her.  
  
"Well' what do we have to do?" asked Roisin, "look at naked guys and tell you what we think of them!" she grinned widely as she said this.  
  
"No, no," said Jenifer smiling enigmatically, "rather the other way round actually."  
  
"The other way round? You mean the naked guys look at us?"  
  
"Hardly! No you will be naked and we observe the behaviour of the guys, and indeed girls who see you."  
  
"Ho!" Said Roisin, "You mean you put a sensor on their willies and see how they react!"  
  
“What are willies?” asked Sabine naively.  
  
“Sabine! What do you think!”  
  
“Oh!”  
  
"Not at all, “Jenifer intervened, “For a start the girls don't have willies and anyway I don't think we need a sensor to know how willies react to the sight of a naked girl. No, it's a study in behavioural reaction. We are a psychology department and we study behaviour."  
  
"Okay, when do we start?" asked Roisin.  
  
Sabine looked on in amazement. Roisin had agreed to do it. She'd agreed on behalf of both of them. She seemed quite happy to walk round stark naked in front of people.  
  
"Roisin!" she said.  
  
"What?"  
  
"We surely can't agree to posing stark naked."  
  
Sabine was protesting, but that little tingle had come back.  
  
"Why not? It's a scientific experiment. As you say it's no different to posing as a model for a photographer or a painter."  
  
Sabine had opened her mouth, but she shut it again. It had long been a secret fantasy of hers to be a nude model. This wasn’t quite the same.  
  
“I don’t know. I am not so sure,” she wavered.  
  
“Come on,” said Roisin, “it’ll be fun. What better way to improve your English?”  
  
"Okay, when are we starting?" and before she knew it she'd agreed. After all she had come to improve her English.  
  
"Hold it a second," said Jenifer, "You haven't been accepted on the project yet!"  
  
"Oh," Sabine had thought it was all settled. She had been getting quite a little thrill at the thought of it and now maybe she wouldn't be accepted.  
  
"I have to see if you're the right body type."  
  
"What is the right body type?"  
  
"Basically not too fat, not too thin, not to tall, not too short and reasonable well proportioned - we have norms for all these things."  
  
"And we have to be within the norms?"  
  
"Precisely. Come through here," and she led the way into a back office. There was a desk with a laptop computer, a few chairs and over on the wall a set of scales with a height measuring device.  
  
"Height and weight first," said Jenifer.  
  
"Ooh! Do we have to take our clothes off!" announced Roisin winking.  
  
"Go on, indoor clothes are fine for this."  
  
Sabine stepped on the scales and Jenifer noted down her height and weight.  
  
"One seven two centimetres," she said, "Sixty kilos. Now Roisin."  
  
The girls changed places.  
  
"One seventy centimetres and seventy one kilos."  
  
What's that in real money?"  
  
"Eleven stone two," said Jenifer.  
  
Roisin winced. She'd definitely be dieting before prancing around in the nuddy before any lads.  
  
"Okay you guys," said Jenifer entering the figures into her computer, "Sabine, your BMI is twent-two - perfect. Roisin - oh dear thirty. You're outside the norm Roisin, we can't use you."  
  
"What do you mean 'can't use me'?"  
  
"Your BMI, it's an index of body mass, indicates that for your height your body mass lies in the upper quartile."  
  
"Which in plain English means."  
  
"Roisin darling, in plain English, you're overweight."  
  
"Well just a bit!" Roisin looked mortified.  
  
"Just a bit too much I'm afraid. Sabine, get your clothes off we can do the measurements now!"  
  
Sabine went red in the face. She hadn't been expecting this. It was to be an adventure for Roisin and her. A jape - a jape that was the English word - that they could do together, egg each other on, that was what they said in English, have fun chatting about, and now suddenly she was on her own.  
  
"Come on Sabine, get your panties off. That is if you're wearing any!"  
  
"Roisin!" she'd told a complete stranger that she, Sabine, liked to go round without panties.  
  
Sabine went even redder. She hadn't expected to have to take her clothes off. She was wearing panties, but not very respectable ones, not ones she would want a stranger to see.  
  
She was embarrassed about continuing. Why should she be embarrassed about being naked in front of two girls? But she was. She sat down and kicked off her sandals. She wasn't sure now that she wanted to go through with this on her own, but she felt such a fool, as if she'd be letting the others down, and posing naked - well it had been a fantasy. The more she thought about it the more the tingle intensified. She was wearing a tight tee shirt and low slung short skirt showing a good deal of bare midriff and her little navel piercing - her one nod In the direction of a youthful indiscretion. Before she knew it she had taken off her tee shirt, pulled down her short skirt and was standing there in her bra and panties. Little pink sexy naughty panties, what the girl in the shop had called 'F\*\*k Me Pink' panties - and indeed they had the words ‘FCUK PINK’ embroidered across the bottom, though Sabine wasn't quite sure what that meant. They had been an extravagance, but she always felt good in them, they gave her confidence, and she had felt that she needed confidence today.  
  
She unhooked her bra at the back and let her breasts fall out of them. She folded it up neatly and left it at the side, standing uncertainly in the room. She found herself fiddling nervously with her right nipple, it was an old habit that often came back when she was uncertain.  
  
"Come on Sabine, panties down," chortled Roisin.  
  
Goaded into action she hooked her thumbs in her sexy panties and wriggled them over her bottom and down her legs to the floor, stepped out of them and handed them to Roisin.  
  
She was completely nude, and now completely committed. She knew now she was going to have to go through with the whole thing. She realised that she'd never been naked like this before. Girls had seen her naked of course, though never Roisin, but it had been when everyone had been undressed in changing rooms or showers, not like this, not when she'd had to undress for a stranger to examine her naked body. She felt extraordinary vulnerable, standing there with nothing on, as if her confidence had been lost along with her panties.  
  
"Okay," said Jenifer, "we need your height and weight for the camera now."  
  
"What?" Said Sabine puzzled.  
  
"It's a scientific study, Sabby dear," said Jenifer somewhat patronisingly, "everything has to be measured and recorded accurately. Stand on the scales now. We need precise nude height and weight recorded for the study."  
  
Sabine saw now that there was a small video camera attached to the computer, and she watched as Jenifer set it up facing the scales. She went round and tapped a few things on the keyboard.  
  
"The computer has voice recognition so when I read out the results they are automatically entered in the database and matched to the video for authentication."  
  
She tapped the Enter Key and a little red light started flashing on the camera. Sabine went bright red again. She was being videoed naked!  
  
"Come on. On the scales Sabby dear," Jenifer gave her an encouraging pat on the bare behind and Sabine hopped on the scales. She looked round at Roisin, sitting happily on the desk swinging her legs and grinning from ear to ear.  
  
Jenifer looked at her standing there naked and blushing on the scales staring determinedly at the camera. She really was absolutely perfect for her little project. She was completely stunning naked. Her body was perfectly proportioned: not too skinny, not too plump; her legs were the perfect length and shape; and her bosoms and her bottom - well nature could not have designed bosoms or bottom more perfectly formed to create the response she was looking for from men (or women for that matter!)  
  
"Right! Measurements Sabby dear," she said, taking a tape measure off her desk, "perhaps you could hold the camera up close Roisin so that the figures are clearly visible."   
  
Roisin hopped off the desk and picked up the camera. Jenifer put the tape round Sabine's bust.  
  
"Hand down Sabby dear,' she said and Sabine realised she had been twiddling her nipple again, "bust 91 centimetres, breast size estimate at size B, nipple areola 2.5 centimetres."  
  
Roisin held the camera close to the nipple so that the measurement could be seen.  
  
Jenifer measured Sabine's arms and her waist and then finally, "Legs apart Sabby dear, I need inside leg measurement."  
  
Sabine automatically obeyed, and only realised what this meant when Roisin homed in on the upper end of the tape for the measurement. She was being filmed in close up between her legs. She kept herself neatly trimmed there; everything would be visible in minute detail on the video.  
  
She felt herself go bright red again. She couldn't object, it was all in the name of science; her hand went automatically to her nipple again. It was rock hard.  
  
"Okay," said Jenifer, "thank you so much Sabby dear. That was perfect. We're ready to go now. You can get dressed again."  
  
Jenifer watched as Sabine picked up her 'F\*\*k me pink' panties and pulled them up. The panties were wonderful. She could really make use of those.  
  
When the girls had gone she looked at the video again and smiled. She really was perfect for her little project. Perfect in every way.  
  
To be continued...

**Sabine Learns English Part 2**  
"Honestly Roisin."  
  
"What!"  
  
"You surely didn't have to video quite so close."  
  
"What!"  
  
"Up between my legs like that you have videoed everything.”  
  
The girls were back in the flat the next day, and the conversation still centred on Sabine's naked experience at Jenifer's flat.  
  
"It's for a scientific study Sabine," said Roisin, "it had to be close enough for the numbers to be read. The measurements have to be validated for her PhD thesis."  
  
"WHAT!"  
  
For the first time it occurred to her that this was part of a PhD thesis. A thesis that had to be submitted to the examinations board. An examination board that was now going to see a close up picture of her...  
  
"She surely can't do such a thing. All those people reading the thesis. They'll see my...," she stopped short. She wasn't quite sure of the English word for that part of the anatomy. "My moggy..." she announced - the word having suddenly come to her.  
  
Roisin grinned at Sabine's choice of word.  
  
"Well it's not as if anybody is going to recognise you are they? I don't know about you but people know me by my face not my er... Moggy! Or perhaps your pretty little moggy is well known!"  
  
"Of course not!" Sabine started to tingle again at the thought that Roisin thought she had a pretty moggy.  
  
"Well what are you worried about then!"  
  
Sabine thought for a while.  
  
"Well you have seen mine and I never have seen yours."  
  
"What do you want me to do. Pull my panties down and show you."  
  
"It would be a start," said Sabine jokingly. She didn't mean for Roisin to actually do it, but the next thing she knew Roisin had pulled up her skirt and pulled down her panties. Sabine was totally embarrassed.   
  
"All right, all right," she said averting her gaze, "I was not so serious."  
  
"Now she tells me," said Roisin, pulling her panties back up, " I don't make a habit of flashing my flatmates you know."  
  
It was a week before they heard from Jenifer again. It was Roisin who announced that that she had rung and explained that the first experiment was to take place at Jenifer's flat that night. Sabine's legs started trembling. She had survived the first experience because Roisin had been with her, but now she would be alone, stripping naked, in front of boys!  
  
"I can not do it!" She said.  
  
"What do you mean you can't do it?"  
  
"I can not. I surely can not."  
  
"Oh yes you can. You made me show you my pussikins. You owe me!"  
  
"Oh Roisin, Roisin, will you come with me. I surely need your support."  
  
"Too right I will. Naked girls need a chaperone, and anyway I want to watch as well. Oh - and you're to wear your pink panties."  
  
Sabine's legs were still trembling and her mouth was dry as they arrived at Jenifer's flat, Sabine dutifully wearing her 'F\*\*k me pink' panties.  
  
"Come in Sabine," said Jenifer, and showed the girls through to the office. Six chairs were set up facing into the room. Cameras were situated so that the people in the chairs could be recorded along with the person standing in front of them.  
  
"You will be filmed simultaneously with the subjects," explained Jenifer, "their reactions can then be correlated to your actions. They'll be here in ten minutes. Run along and get ready now."  
  
"They?" Sabine wondered who these subjects were.  
  
"Three guys and three girls - we want to see if their reactions differ. Oh - and they have no idea what they're going to see. Run along - Roisin knows what to do!"  
  
Sabine followed Roisin through into a small adjacent room. How did Roisin know what to do? Had she been talking to Jenifer? Anyway what she had to do first was strip down to her panties and hang her clothes up.  
  
"And you're to wear these," said Roisin handing over what Sabine was to wear..  
  
"What! I can't wear these! And how did she know my size?"  
  
"Well she did measure you last time," said Roisin, "and anyway I know your size."  
  
Sabine looked at her blankly, standing there in nothing but her pink panties she was completely at Roisin's command, "I suppose?" she said.  
  
Roisin handed over a silk robe, "you're to go in wearing this, and then..." and to an open mouthed Sabine she explained the rest of what she was to do.  
  
Sabine's legs were shaking even more as she opened the door to go back into the office, her mouth felt dry, the normally smooth skin of her breasts prickled with goose pimples and she shivered slightly with nerves. She felt Roisin give her a slight push in the back and the next thing she knew she was in the room. There facing her were six seated figures. Three boys and three girls. They all looked like students dressed in the regulation jeans and tee shirts except one boy who was smartly dressed in a short sleeved shirt and fawn slacks. He looked nervous. The others looked on in anticipation, as if they had come to watch a really good show.  
  
Sabine took a big breath and remembering her instructions walked over and stood with her back to the 'audience'. 'Why,' she thought to herself, 'if this is a scientific experiment, do I feel as if I'm doing a striptease?'  
  
The answer came back to her - she was doing a striptease that was why. As she had been instructed she let the robe slip slowly off her shoulders and fall tantalizingly to the floor, leaving her standing there, back to the audience. There was an audible gasp from behind her as the audience saw what she was wearing: black patent leather shoes with high stiletto heels, black silk stockings held up by pink ribbon garters - a pink which matched the colour of the only other garment she was wearing - her 'F\*\*k me pink' panties, the material stretched tight across her pert little behind, the writing on them bright and clear for the audience. She hesitated.  
  
"Come on Sabby dear,' said Jenifer; the words 'panties down' were not added but didn't need to be.  
  
Taking a deep breath and trying to control her shaking nerves, she took hold of her panties in both hands and slowly wriggled them down, keeping her legs straight and bending at the waist as instructed until she was bent over touching the floor and the audience were treated to a view of her delightfully bare bottom - the muscles of her bottom, thighs and calves held pleasingly firm and taut as she stretched and balanced in those oh so high heels.  
  
She kicked the panties off and turned round as instructed. Except for heels and stockings she was now completely nude. The clothes she wore accentuated her feeling of nakedness and they made her feel sexy, so so sexy. They made her nipples go erect; they made her tingle uncontrollably. Unconsciously her nervous habit took over; she moistened the tips of her fingers and started to rub her rock hard nipples poking forwards out of her bare breasts.  
  
Jenifer watched her. Roisin had been right. She was good. She was very good. She was the sexiest thing in black stockings she had seen for a long time. She had made the right choice.  
  
She looked from Sabine to her audience. The reaction was spectacular - and the cameras were capturing every second. The girl's eyes were fixed firmly between Sabine's legs where the neatly trimmed lips of her clearly visible sex glistened now under the lights; surprisingly the boy's eyes were fixed on her nipples and the perfect shape of her neat little bosoms.  
  
Jenifer hadn't needed to put willy sensors on them to measure their reaction, the tell tale bulges were sufficient.  
  
"Sabby dear," she said.  
  
Sabine looked at her. Oh yes - she was supposed to walk up and down in front of the audience. She turned and started to walk. Something seemed strange, and then she realised what it was. One heel was slightly shorter than the other so that her hips swung and her bare bottom gyrated as she walked.  
  
Sabine, the quiet German student, was parading nearly naked in front of an audience, bottom gyrating, nipples protruding and down below tingling so much she could barely keep her hands off it. She turned and came back, her breasts swinging with each step. Her sex now so tingly that she felt she would orgasm on the spot if she touched it with a finger.  
  
She wasn't however the only one in that state. The nervous student suddenly gasped and turned bright red. Everybody looked at him as his hands went over his crotch. He shrieked, got up and ran from the room.  
  
Somehow that broke the tension. The audience looked at each other and burst out laughing. Sabine looked at them and turned bright red; then suddenly realising how silly she must look in her black shoes and stockings and nothing else she gave a little yelp and ran from the room.  
  
Unfortunately she ran the wrong way and found herself in Jenifer's living room. She turned and ran back into the study coming to a halt straight in front of the remaining students staring wildly round her, arm over bosoms, hand over sex, toes turned in, knees bent. At the sight of the next to naked girl held paralysed by indecision in that comical pose the audience laughter redoubled and when Roisin at last came to her aid and pulled her into her sanctuary their howls of mirth were ringing in her ears.  
  
It was a chastened Sabine, who left Jenifer's flat that evening with her friend. Chastened not because she had been seen naked, but because deep down despite all the embarrassment and humiliation she knew she had enjoyed it, really enjoyed it. She had enjoyed the way her naked body had sexually stimulated her audience; it had made her feel good in a way she had never thought possible. Still it was over now - and perhaps it was all for the good.  
  
Back in her study Jenifer was watching the videos. The evening had been a success. A great success. She clicked on her Paypal account. It was looking healthy, and success in this project could only make it more so.  
  
She already had dear Sabby's next exposure planned.  
  
To be continued...

**Sabine Learns English Part 3**  
Sabine thought she would die of shame every time she thought about her naked experience.  
  
Why had she done it? Why had she gone through with it? She had never agreed originally to prance about naked in high heeled shoes and black stockings but she had put up no resistance when asked to do it. Deep down she knew the reason why. Deep down she had wanted to parade naked in that sexy outfit. Deep down she had wanted people to admire her naked body. But was there something else? Was there an extra sexual frisson from the extraordinary embarrassment of being made to do it. She suspected that perhaps there was!  
  
One thing was true - the experience had been unbelievingly embarrassing, and the thought of it even now made her go hot and red and, she had to admit it, rather moist. She went bright red again just thinking about it - had her arousal been obvious to the audience. She had to admit it to herself. It probably had been!  
  
It was therefore with mixed emotions of fear and excitement that she heard from Roisin that she had been summoned once more to Jenifer's flat. At first she determined not to do it, but then she thought that she should at least see what it was about first, but of course once she had set foot upon the journey there was no turning back. Not even when she heard what she had to do. Not even when she was standing naked in front of Roisin in Jenifer's study ready to be dressed for the occasion.  
  
"It's a party," said Roisin, "a fancy dress party."  
  
"Who are you going as?" enquired Sabine.  
  
"Robin Hood."  
  
"You surely can not go as Robin Hood. He was a man is that not true."  
  
"What's that got to do with it?"  
  
"Well, what am I then - Maiden Marion?"  
  
"Don't be silly. You're going as an odalisque."  
  
"A what is that?"  
  
"A harem servant girl. They didn't wear very much."  
  
"Oh," Sabine felt her heart give a little lurch again. 'Not very much' meant she would be in the nude - she knew that much. She would have to be naked of course. That was the point of the study.  
  
"Well Jenifer thought the last time was a bit artificial. A bit staged. She feels she will get a more natural reaction if you just turn up at a party like, you know, naked. As if it were completely natural."  
  
"It's surely not natural to be naked is it. Just turning up naked. I could be anybody with no clothes on."  
  
"That's why you have to be a believable character. These servant girls were always next to nude so it would be entirely appropriate. Though of course we have to give the trappings of an ancient Ottoman serving girl."  
  
"Like what?" Sabine was getting seriously worried. What were they going to do to her!  
  
"Oiled, perfumed, bedizened."  
  
"Bedizened? What is this?"  
  
"With jewellery - appropriate jewellery. We'd better get started naked girl, we need to bedizen you!"  
  
Roisin picked up a bottle of coconut oil.  
  
"What are you doing with this thing?"  
  
"Covering you with oil. The girls were always well oiled. They'd have to be to prance around in the nuddy!"  
  
Roisin giggled at her joke which was totally lost on Sabine.  
  
"Here, let me slap it on," and she poured a handful of oil over Sabine's back and started rubbing it in."  
  
Somehow Sabine presumed that Roisin would do her back then let Sabine rub the oil in her... well in her front herself, but before she knew what was happening a handful of oil had been slapped on her breasts and Roisin was rubbing it in vigorously.  
  
"Roisin!"  
  
"Oh stop complaining, we haven't got all day."  
  
Naked and oily Sabine felt her will to resist evaporate away and allowed the massage of her bare breasts to proceed apace. After that she could hardly complain when with a slightly harder slap than she thought necessary Roisin started oiling her bottom. She had to admit though, it was quite stimulating - having her titties and her bottom gently massaged. It was relaxing - and standing there naked and expectant she needed to relax. The problem came though when Roisin came back to the front.  
  
"Oh dear me," she said.  
  
"What's the matter?"  
  
"Well, hairy girl, in all the paintings of naked harem girls I've ever seen there's never even been a suspicion of hair anywhere but on the head."  
  
"That is surely because the Victorian painters they thought girls didn't."  
  
"Didn't what?"  
  
"Didn't have any. Wasn't it your Mr Ruskin who was not able to consume his marriage when he found his wife was as you say hairy."  
  
"Hairy-fairy," said Rosin, "what they did or did not think isn't relevant. Hairy girl has to become smooth girl."  
  
Sabine was in no position to resist. She had to submit to Roisin's little razor, or she'd never get her clothes back. And how had Roisin known to bring a razor?  
  
Lying on her back with her legs apart, as Roisin got to work with the razor, she wondered where on earth this was going. How was she going to get through a party stark naked - well nearly. The thought terrified her and excited her simultaneously.  
  
"Oooh," wiping away the last flecks of shaving foam Roisin had tickled her in a very sensitive place.   
  
"Roisin!" she made to jump up.  
  
"Just you stay there naked girl," said Roisin, "I'm not finished yet."  
  
"What," said Sabine apprehensively.  
  
"Aftershave," Roisin looked appreciatively at the view between Sabine's open legs. With its lips slightly parted her sex made an inviting target.  
  
"What! That will surely sting!"  
  
"It surely will," and before Sabine could protectively close her legs she had squirted the astringent material all over Sabine's delicate area.  
  
"Owowowowowow!" Sabine shrieked as the spray hit her square between the legs.  
  
"Sorry," said Roisin, "but pretty as you are down there we couldn't have it looking all pink."  
  
Sabine stood up. Some of the aftershave had got up between her lips and onto her clitoris. It was stinging like anything, but really rather stimulating.  
  
"Roisin!" Sabine expostulated again, rubbing her sex to ease the stinging, which only had the effect of stimulating it even more. Somehow having her sex totally bare made her feel even more naked and embarrassed.  
  
"Now for the finishing touches." Roisin opened a cupboard and took out Sabine's costume for the evening: a pair of gold coloured sandals, a gold anklet for her left ankle, a gold bracelet for her right wrist, a gold choker necklace and last of all a belt of gold links for her waist from which was suspended a green emerald like stone just above her bare pubic area, and rather drawing the eye down there.  
  
Finally Roisin applied the make-up darkening Sabine's eye's and lashes and applying rouge to her face and breasts so that the display of her nipples immediately caught the eye of anyone who saw her. She was ready.  
  
Preoccupied with all this preparation Sabine had not noticed the increasing hubbub coming from Jenifer's sitting room.  
  
"Come on," said Roisin, "time to join the party."  
  
"But you are needing to dress as Robin Hood."  
  
Roisin looked at her and smiled, "Naked girl," she said, "You are funny sometimes. What made you think I would dress as Robin Hood," and she took hold of her hand and pulled her through into the party.  
  
It must be said that the appearance of a stunning beauty dressed in nothing but a pair of sandals and four pieces of jewellery was a bit of a conversation stopper.  
  
The guests were used to Jenifer's parties. Something wildly out of the ordinary often happened, but a nude dancer!  
  
Jenifer looked at the audience reaction in delight. She wanted to know where the eyes went first: tittie, tottie or bottie?  
  
Well they seemed to be a mixture - she could analyse the video later. And as for her naked star. Her reaction was especially good.  
  
Sabine stared round in horror. She had been told that this was fancy dress, but everyone was standing round dressed perfectly normally.  
  
Not surprisingly she was the centre of attention. A hush had fallen on the room and the eyes of thirty or so people were on her."  
  
Her legs trembled, waves of embarrassment swept over her and she wanted to run, but Roisin had her by the wrist. She didn't have the strength to struggle. She would have to submit to her fate.  
  
Jenifer put on some music. Rhythmical music - Scheherazade perhaps.  
  
"Come on Sabby dear, we want to see you dance," said Jenifer.  
  
Roisin left go of her wrist, "Ladies and Gentlemen," she announced, "I give you Sabine, naked harem dancer."  
  
Jenifer didn't know if Sabine could dance. In some ways it would be better if she couldn't. A naked dancer was entertainment - a naked girl who couldn't dance, well that would be funny.  
  
But of course Sabine could dance. She had already completed a course in contemporary dance and music, and she suddenly felt proud to be the centre of attention: she was Mata Hari, she was Isadora Duncan, she was every exotic dancer who had ever flaunted her naked body in front of an adoring public.  
  
Her hips gyrated, her arms performed graceful movements, her head flung back and her bare bosoms swayed to the beat of the music.  
  
Jenifer looked on deeply gratified. Roisin had been right. She looked at the audience and noted, without surprise, that most people's eyes were fixed firmly between Sabine's legs, where no attempt was being made to hide anything. And why indeed should it be.  
  
So carried away by the experience had Sabine been that what she had done didn't really strike home until she had left Jenifer's flat.  
  
She turned to Roisin "I surely did not dance naked in front of all those people."  
  
"Ah..." said Roisin, ' I would rather say that you did.  
  
"Oh," said Sabine and she felt her face go hot and her legs start to tremble again. What had she done! What had she done! What if she met those people again!  
  
Meanwhile back in the flat Jenifer was enjoying a rerun on her computer screen. She couldn't suppress a smile at the sight of Sabine's face when she realised what she was going to have to do. She could also see that the party guests had really enjoyed the experience, and that of course had been the whole point.  
  
Sabine certainly was the right girl to bring her project to a close. She seemed to have enjoyed the experience as well. That would be good. It would be easy to manipulate her into the next scenario she had planned.  
  
To be continued...

**Sabine Learns English Part 4**

Sabine was so embarrassed by her exploits at the party that she made up her mind that she would never ever volunteer again.  
  
But of course although that was what she decided when she thought about it rationally, she still felt her heart miss a beat whenever the phone rang, and she still found herself waiting for the. announcement from Roisin that she was to present herself at Jenifer's again.  
  
'It would be a little bit exciting to be asked again,' she said to herself, 'but I'm definitely not going to agree to it!'  
  
But of course things were different when the summons came.  
  
Again it was Roisin who had taken the phone call and announced that the next part of the study was ready.  
  
"What must I be doing this time,' Sabine was excited and nervous in equal proportions.  
  
"That's for us to know and you to find out!"  
  
Sabine was puzzled. What did that mean. Why were Jenifer and Roisin 'Us' all of a sudden.  
  
She didn't have long to ponder though as Roisin had her in a taxi and over to Jenifer's in no time.  
  
"Sabine, can you put this on," said Jenifer handing over a long track suit top.  
  
Sabine took it and started to put her arm in.  
  
"I don't think you quite understand."  
  
"Oh"  
  
"Put this on and nothing else."  
  
"Oh!"  
  
"Come on take your clothes off."  
  
"Yes Jenifer," and nervously, glancing first at one and then at the other, Sabine stripped naked for the other two girls. What did Jenifer have planned this time?  
  
"Good girl Sabby, now put on the top, these nice outdoor shoes and this little hat. Pick up your purse, we're going out."  
  
"Out!"  
  
"Of course Sabby dear, we need the reaction of the public."  
  
Sabine found herself taken out into the street. Nobody paid any attention to the girl in the track suit top as they walked the half mile to the High Street. It was a typical old fashioned High Street in a typical old fashioned English town. It had all the usual shops. They stopped in front of a bookshop.  
  
"Now Sabby dear," said Jenifer, “what we need you to do is to go into the bookshop, buy a copy of Pride and Prejudice by Jane Austen and come out.”   
  
“Oh, that is surely quite easy,” said Sabine.   
  
“Of course it is Sabby dear, now just give me the track suit top and off you go.”   
  
“What!” the horrible truth suddenly dawned on Sabine, she was to go into the shop with nothing but shoes, pert little hat, purse and an embarrassed smile on her face.    
  
She couldn't do it!  She couldn't go into a shop in the High Street nude except for hat  and shoes.  Nude in public except for hat and shoes.  It was just too embarrassing  
  
"I can't. I'll get arrested!"  
  
"Don't be silly Sabby dear. I do hope you're not going to let me down."  
  
"No Jenifer."  
  
Why did she say 'no'. Surely she could never do it! But Jenifer was so persuasive when she looked her with that look. And she really felt she couldn't let her down.  
  
"Unzip your top Sabby dear."  
  
"Yes Jenifer."  
  
Why did she feel compelled to obey. She unzipped the top. Jenifer held out her hand and the next thing Sabine knew she had handed it over, and there she was. Naked. In the High Street. In public. Except of course for her shoes, her little hat, and her little purse which she clutched in the hot little palm of her hand.  
  
She felt the cold wind blow over her bare nipples causing them to go ever so hard; she felt it blow over her bare bottom and between her bare legs and over that area recently shaved so very very bare indeed.  
  
She was nude and she was going to have to go into the shop. She knew it now. She tried to make her trembling legs work. She'd been made to go nude in public. It was terrifying, it was humiliating, but above all it was excruciatingly embarrassing. She could feel a hundred eyes fixing on her, but she didn't dare look. Her shaking legs started to move and she went into the shop.   
  
She could feel a hush fall on the place as she went in. She expected some great outcry. People to come rushing towards her. People calling for the manager. For the police. For help. But no. Just a hush. This was middle England, a part of the world where drawing attention to the presence of a naked girl would be just too too embarrassing.  
  
Sabine went over to the shelves. She just had to find Pride and Prejudice, buy it, and escape. But where on earth was it! The books just didn't seem to be in any special order.  
  
She looked round. Oh no! There was a man coming towards her. Slim, good looking, with a shock of tousled blonde hair; he looked nervous. His eyes kept flicking down to Sabine's bare behind. What was she to do! She decided that the best course of action was to keep her red face facing the books and pretend not to notice. Perhaps he'd go away. But he didn't.  
  
"Excuse me Miss..."  
  
For Joe it had promised to be a good day. His first day left in charge of the shop. It was the last independent bookshop in town and he was proud of the fact that Mr Wotherspoon had left him in charge. Had thought him capable of coping with any emergency. He had thought so himself until the drop dead gorgeous girl, with the shoulder length brown hair, shoes, hat and little clutch purse had come into the shop. If only she had been wearing something else as well.  
  
If she had been wearing something else he wouldn't have got an twitch in his willy, the regular customers wouldn't have been looking at him expecting him to do something, he would have known what to do.  
  
He felt he had to do something. It was expected of him. But what? Call the police? He couldn't do that. They would probably laugh at him. He had a vague recollection that some change in the law meant that it wasn't technically illegal to be naked if you weren't upsetting anyone. He looked at the other customers. They didn't look upset. Anyway old Wotherspoon would be horrified at the idea of police in his shop. Old Wotherspoon would also be horrified at the idea of a naked girl in his shop though. So he had to do something.  
  
But what? Why was she naked. It must be one of those TV programmes where they try and embarrass members of the public. They'd be secretly filming him, hoping he'd make a fool of himself. He had to be nonchalant, insouciant, cool. He, however, felt none of these things.  
  
He would have to speak to her. If only the sight of her bare behind wasn't causing so much excitement in his nether regions. It was starting to become noticeable.   
  
He walked over towards her. She glanced nervously towards him, and he could see her face, as red as a beetroot, take in his approach before turning back and start looking determinedly at the books again.  
  
"Excuse me Miss. Can I help you?"  
  
It seemed the safest thing to say. The response was not quite what he expected.  
  
"Please can you tell me. Where are the books of Miss Jane Austen?"  
  
"We'll I don't think you'll find them amongst Gay and Lesbian fiction. They're over there."  
  
He thought that a rather witty answer as he pointed to the far end of the shop. Sabine's heart sank. She was going to have to walk past everyone, giving them all the full frontal view. She couldn't hide her naughties with her hand, or her hat, or her bag. That would be admitting that she was otherwise completely nude and her chances of escaping quickly, not to mention the success of Jenifer's experiment, depended on her acting absolutely normally.  
  
She turned and Joe's willy responded in an instant. He just hoped it didn't show under his long floppy jumper.  
  
"This way," he said, permitting Sabine to go first. Perhaps not a good idea as he had to follow that perfect little wiggling bare behind all the way to the section for classic novelists.  
  
"Oh. I think that it is on the top shelf."  
  
Joe realised she had a slight foreign accent. It was so sexy. A gorgeous naked girl with a sexy foreign accent. His poor willy wasn't going to be able to stand it much longer.  
  
He reached up and got the book to hand to her. But his hand was shaking so much and her hand was shaking so much that the book fell to the ground. Automatically Sabine bent down to pick it up, legs straight, bending from the waist, tightening those thigh and bottom muscles - those beautifully sculptured thigh and bare bottom muscles.  
  
The sight was too much for Joe. His willy was about to explode. Nonchalance, insouciance, cool: they all disappeared out the window. He ran - as fast as he could into the little back room.  
  
Sabine grabbed the book and ran in the opposite direction, out the shop and into the High Street. It was over. She could get her clothes back. She looked round for Jenifer and Roisin. She didn't see them immediately. She looked round again nervously, then again becoming more and more panic stricken. Where on earth were they? Where were her clothes? What on earth was she to do - next to nude in a shopping centre with only a hat, a purse and a copy of Pride and Prejudice to cover her embarrassment.  
  
She looked round again. Oh no! A rather officious looking girl in an official looking blue uniform was coming her way. What should she do! Run or try to brazen it out?  
  
She couldn't run. Her legs wouldn't work any more.  
  
She stood red faced and trembling, her mouth dry and her bare skin covered in goose bumps as the uniformed figure approached.  
  
"Can I help you Madame," said the girl. Why did English people always offer to help? Her uniform identified her as a Community Support Officer. Sabine had not the slightest idea what a Community Support Officer was.  
  
"Are you going to arrest me?" she mumbled.  
  
Lorraine looked the naked girl up and down. She would dearly have loved to arrest her. Like they did on the tell. Spin her round, force her head down as she manacled her hands behind her back, lead her off through the cheering crowds shamefaced and naked to the police van and take her down the nick for a grilling.  
  
But she couldn't. For the umpteenth time since she had started the job, and more than ever, she regretted the fact that she wasn't a real policeperson, that Community Support Officers were there to assist the public in case of trouble, not arrest them, handcuff them, march them down the nick and throw them in the cells.  
  
"Certainly not Madame," she muttered in her best officiouspolicepersonese between gritted teeth, "but may I ask you if you would be so good as to put some clothes on. I fear a disturbance of the peace otherwise."  
  
Disturbance of the peace. She rather liked that phrase. It was a pity though. The girl was really rather fetching with nothing on. It was going to be a shame to cover her up.  
  
"I haven't got any clothes," blurted Sabine, desperately looking round for Jenifer and Roisin. Where on earth were they?  
  
"Have you any money?"  
  
"Yes - in my purse."  
  
"Well there's a Marks and Spencers there. I suggest we go and buy you some."  
  
"Oh... Er... Yes," Sabine was still desperately looking round.  
  
"And perhaps you could cover your er..." Lorraine pointed down at Sabine's newly shaved naughties, "possibly with your hat."  
  
Sabine snatched off her hat and held it over her sex.  
  
"And also your er.." She pointed at Sabine's nipples, pointing back at her rock hard, "perhaps with your arm.  
  
Sabine flung her arm across her chest, and with Lorraine holding her peaked cap over Sabine's bottom they marched into Marks and Spencers.  
  
Through the window of the omnipresent Starbuck's across the way Roisin and Jenifer watched the pantomime with interest. They had managed to film the whole thing and it would be up on the website that evening.  
  
Jenifer took hold of Roisin's hand and gave it a little squeeze. Their Paypal account would be getting a very healthy boost indeed.