**Sally and Megan in the Christmas Pageant**By Ewong  
  
**Part 1**  
Sally, having given up on her dream of being part of the County Fair (See my previous stories, Sally and the Fair and Sally and Megan: Miss Nude County Fair for details!), was at a low. She held down a few jobs, but her heart wasn’t in it. She was too afraid to venture into the public eye again, which meant she now found herself working as a librarian. She was away from crowds of leering eyes and jeering peers. It wasn’t a great job, but she didn’t want to do anything else. Sally pushed a cart of books around the large shelves, placing books back in their rightful places. It was here that her best friend Megan finds her.  
  
“Sally! How’ve you been?” Megan said in a loud whisper.  
  
“I’m fine, but could you keep it down. I don’t want to get fired.” Sally lamented.  
  
“Fired? For what? It’s not like you’re already on thin ice, are you?”  
  
“Well, I dropped a large book on the floor.”  
  
“What, was it old?”  
  
“No.”  
  
“Did it come out of its binding?”  
  
“No.”  
  
“Then, what happened?”  
  
“It was my first day, and it made a very loud thud when it hit the floor. Mrs. Prescott scolded me since she was standing right next to me.”  
  
“SO?”  
  
“Then, I walked too fast with the cart, and the wheels began to squeak.”  
  
“All of these are offenses?”  
  
“To Mrs. Prescott they are.”  
  
“Jeez, Sally. I should’ve come sooner. Just quit and leave this soul sucking hell hole.”  
  
“No, I…I like it here.”  
  
“Sally, I know you’re still a bit troubled by what happened, but that was two months ago! I’ve gotten past it, and so has everyone else. No one even whispers as I walk by anymore.”  
  
“I guess we can thank Ms. Clarke for that.”  
  
“Yeah, ever since she became Miss Nude County Fair, she’s been the one to get all the attention.”  
  
If you remember, Miss Clarke was the one who initially made Sally and Megan strip naked and perform various tasks, but then the girls turned the tables and made the woman the center of attention.  
  
“It was kind of mean for you to send her home in that ridiculous outfit.”  
  
Megan had made Miss Clarke drive her home naked. She and the woman spent the night in the same house, but in the morning, Miss Clarke had to get back to work.  
  
“How was I to know that she would actually fit in my soccer uniform?”  
  
Megan had Miss Clarke try on many items of clothing before settling on her old soccer uniform, which fit after much tugging and stretching. The jersey fit snug around the woman’s breasts and didn’t cover her midriff. The shots were glorified bloomers even when Megan originally wore them. On Miss Clarke, they looked like bikini cut panties! It was in this state that she had to drive back to the Fair and strip off once again.  
  
“Saying it ‘fit’ is a stretch, if you know what I mean.”  
  
“See Sally? You’re already joking around. Let’s get out of here. I have a new job for you.”  
  
“Fine. Just let me go over to Mrs. Prescott.”  
  
Sally strode over to the old woman sitting behind a lone desk in the darkest corner. She cleared her throat to get the woman’s attention. Mrs. Prescott merely shook the magazine in her hands and continued to quietly read.  
  
“Excuse me, Mrs. Prescott?” Sally asked.  
  
“What? Oh, Sally. Done, are you?” The woman asked condescendingly.  
  
“Well no, but I wanted to –”  
  
“Get back to work! You’re not paid to talk.” Mrs. Prescott interrupted.  
  
“I quit!” Sally screamed, echoing through the empty aisles of the large building.  
  
“You what?” Mrs. Prescott asked.  
  
“I…I quit.” Sally repeated.  
  
“Fine. Turn in your nametag and uniform. Then you may leave.” Mrs. Prescott said.  
  
“My…uniform?”  
  
“Yes. Everything off, now.”  
  
Sally wracked her brain, but she couldn’t remember ever being issued a uniform. Right now, she wore her usual beige cardigan over a white blouse and black pleated skirt. It made her look the part, but it was hers.  
  
“I never had a uniform.” Sally answered.  
  
“You LOST your uniform?!” Mrs. Prescott loudly whispered.  
  
“Mrs. Prescott, I swear, I don’t know what you’re –”  
  
“That blouse and skirt! Take them of, now!” Mrs. Prescott demanded.  
  
Megan looked at the two of them incredulously. She wasn’t sure what was going on, but she hoped Sally would just walk out. The woman was clearly senile, or psychotic.  
  
“Yes…Yes, Mrs. Prescott.”  
  
“Sally, what are you doing?” Megan asked.  
  
“Look, she might call the cops, so I should just do as she says.”  
  
Sally removed her cardigan, which Megan held on to. Sally undid the buttons on her blouse and quickly removed it as well, revealing her modest white bra that concealed her ample bosom. Next, she grabbed her skirt’s waistband and shoved it down to her ankles before stepping out of it and placing it and her blouse on the desk.  
  
“Thank you. You may leave.” Mrs. Prescott smiled.  
  
Sally pulled her cardigan back on and closed it as best she could, the sweater reaching only halfway down her pantied rear. Just before they walked out the door, Mrs. Prescott called back to them. They turned around to hear her say one last thing:  
  
“If you come back to work here, that will be your uniform, unless you want the video from the surveillance cameras to get out.” The woman grinned.  
  
Sally and Megan scoffed and walked out of the library. Sally led her friend to the side alley before speaking.  
  
“Sally, I can’t believe you let her do that to you!”  
  
“I’m sorry, Megan. I’ve just been so down lately.”  
  
“Well, I hope you don’t just ignore my request, but I think I have the perfect job for you.”  
  
“Seeing that I can’t work at the library anymore, what did you have in mind?”  
  
“Well, I know you’ve been pretty down and I want the old you back. I think the Christmas Pageant will be good for you.”  
  
“The CHRISTMAS PAGEANT?!”  
  
“Yeah. It’ll get you back out there, so you can reclaim your confidence, and not throw your life away in some menial, dead-end job.”  
  
“No way. Not happening. I’d rather be half naked in the library than to be on a stage again.”  
  
“You won’t even be on for very long. I’ll be there, too. Look, the part I want you to do doesn’t even require any lines! It’s completely narrated by the Stage Manager.”  
  
Megan handed the script to Sally, who looked it over.  
  
“So, I’m going to be the angel that tells Mary and Joseph about their son being the Messiah?”  
  
“Yep. You’ll be on a harness to fly you around, but all you have to do is wave your arms and smile!”  
  
“Well, I’ll think about it.” Sally said, walking away.  
  
“Sally, do you need a ride?”  
  
Sally shook her head. She had begun to drive and her parents let her borrow the car now that she had a job to go to every night after school. She drove straight home, hoping no one would see her come in the front door.

**Part 2**  
The next day after school, Sally found Megan in the auditorium, since the Christmas Pageant was always put on by the drama department. She shyly walked up to the stage and waved to get Megan’s attention.  
  
“Hey, Sally! Glad you made it. We were going to begin rehearsals, so if you could go backstage they’ll fit you with the harness.”  
  
“Wait, I didn’t even say f I was going to do it.” Sally meekly muttered.  
  
“Oh Sally, you wouldn’t be here if you didn’t want to do it!”  
  
“Yeah, I guess you’re right.” Sally said, tucking a folded sheet of paper with “why I refuse” on it into her sleeve.  
  
“Well, go on back there and strap on that harness! We gotta see if the strong guys operating the thing can handle your weight.”  
  
Sally blushed when she heard the comment about handling her weight. She hadn’t gained or lost any weight since she was at the Fair, but she had become much more shy, introverted, and prudish. Megan shook her head at the girl and led her back stage, handing her over to the technical director.  
  
“Okay, so this harness will go on your hips. It’s very common, so don’t expect any problems when you’re up in the air. Tat is, if we can get you off the ground. It’s not your fault, sweetie. Don’t get me wrong. It’s that the guys we get to do this stuff, well they aren’t exactly jocks.” Mrs. Hartwell explained, gesturing to the team of six lanky boys.  
  
“Okay, so where do I change?” Sally asked.  
  
“Oh, dear. This isn’t a dress rehearsal. We don’t have any wardrobe for you to practice in. You didn’t bring any suitable clothes with you?”  
  
“I’m sorry. I didn’t know I was supposed to…” Sally trailed off.  
  
“Well, it’s okay. We’re all performers here. We’ve seen each other in our underwear, so if you’d just remove that skirt, we can get you into the harness.”  
  
Sally blushed, and Megan saw her friend creeping back inside her shell. She rushed over and held Sally’s shoulders to lean in close.  
  
“Sally, please don’t withdraw. I know you can fight through it. Just do this for me, okay?”  
  
“Okay…” Sally said.  
  
Megan walked away and Sally quickly unzipped her skirt and stepped out of it. Mrs. Hartwell fastened the harness onto Sally’s waist and thighs, and gave the boys the signal to raise her up. It was a slow ascend, but they were able to lift her as high as they could anyone else. So, they immediately began to rehearse the beginning of the play. With Sally lifted in the air, she glides from stage left to the center, and the Stage Director says their piece before the scenery changes and Sally is lowered into position. A three-walled cottage set is directly beneath her, so she is lowered into the room, where the students playing Mary and Joseph are lying in a bed.  
  
The Stage Director explains the situation and quotes the exchange between both parties as the actors pantomime through it. Soon, Sally is lifted again and flown around the stage, three feet above the ground, which was about eight feet above the floor where the audience would be sitting. She flies over the heads of the standing students rehearsing other scenes, and Sally realizes that they’re getting an unobstructed view of her panties! She yelps and tries to cover herself, but She sees Megan looking at her, and realizes she needs to be brave. She places her hands on her face to try and block out everyone, but when she does, her body pivots forward, making her hang upside down in midair!  
  
“Oh my God, Sally! Someone, get her down!” Megan calls out.  
  
They lower Sally enough so Megan can right her again. Sally thanks her friend, but she’s still blushing from the accident and her exposure.  
  
“I think that’s enough for today. Sally, I’m proud of you.” Megan hugged her friend.  
  
Sally returned the hug and walked backstage to get the harness removed and to get dressed. Once done, she and Megan left together as Mrs. Hartwell had everyone else clean up.  
  
“So, you think I did okay?” Sally asked.  
  
“Up until you decided to point your ass up in the air, you were great!”  
  
“So, when is the next rehearsal?”  
  
“We’re rehearsing all this week and next, but we probably won’t need you until the end of the week. The Pageant is a week from Saturday, so we still have other things to lock down first.” Megan explained.  
  
“Alright. I guess I’ll see you then!”  
  
Sally and Megan then parted ways as they went to their cars to drive home. Sally had to explain to her parents that she no longer wanted to work at the library, and to her surprise, they were thrilled! Like Megan, they wanted her to be the old Sally who was ready to take on the world, but now she was introverted to the point that she hardly went out except for school. Sally figured she might as well tell them about being in the Christmas Pageant, seeing their positive reaction to her quitting her old job. To this, they were even more thrilled. She explained her rehearsing schedule, and went about her business, her parents beaming with joy.

**Part 3**  
The rest of the week was the similar routine of going to school until Friday came, and Megan had told her to come back for rehearsals. She once again found herself in the auditorium where everyone was in groups, going over their respective scenes and trying to get their performances and timing right. This time, Sally had come prepared, dressing in a t-shirt and tight spandex shorts. Mrs. Hartwell greeted the girl.  
  
“Ahh, Sally. Thank you for coming back. I wasn’t sure how you’d feel after your little spill last time.” The woman said.  
  
“Oh, thanks. I wasn’t too sure myself, since I hadn’t done anything that elaborate before. I’m here now, so what do you want me to do?”  
  
“Oh, you won’t be in the harness today, you’ll need to be fitted for your costume. Head over to Rachel and the others in wardrobe. They’ll get you sorted.”  
  
Sally nodded and headed to the wardrobe room. On the way, Megan caught up to her.  
  
“Hey. So I guess they’ll be taking your measurements today?” Megan asked.  
  
“Yep. I’ll try to find you when I’m done.”  
  
“Ok. See you later.”  
  
Sally walked through the curtains leading to the wardrobe “room”, which was a makeshift tent with just four curtained partitions in the corner of the auditorium. It was meant to serve as a satellite meeting place since the actual wardrobe was kept in a large closet offstage. In order for them to conduct meetings about costume design, tailoring, and measurements, they needed an actual space to do it. It was here that Sally walked in to see a group of four girls and one boy. Two girls were sitting at a desk drawing while the boy was pinning fabric to a dummy. The other girl looked to be supervising, which meant that she was Rachel.  
  
“Rachel, right?” Sally asked the lone girl.  
  
“That’s right. You must be Sally. I must apologize, but we are in a bit of a hurry. We took the other actors’ measurements earlier in the week, but we need yours before we can get started on making your costume. We’ve started on the other leads, but we need to have all the costumes done in time for the dress rehearsal a week from now.” Rachel explained.  
  
“Okay, so what do I need to do?” Sally asked.  
  
“Gretchen, Julie, show her what you’ve got.” Rachel ordered.  
  
The two girls by the desk picked up a small stack of papers and stood in front of Sally. After they quickly greeted each other, they handed the papers to Sally.  
  
“These are all of our ideas for your costume. Now, I’m not sure how cute, demure, or sexy you want to be, so we have a few choices for you.” Gretchen explained.  
  
Sally looked at the first page. It was a simple white dress: thin shoulder straps, tight skirt that went to her shin. It wasn’t exactly eye-popping, so she flipped to the next one. It was a very cute, Cinderella-style dress. Again, it was white, but with a hoop skirt, a lacy bodice and puffy sleeves meant to be worn off the shoulder. Sally thought it was too ostentatious for her taste, so she flipped to the next one.  
  
“This one’s our favorite.” Julie pointed out.  
  
It was a backless white gown, v-shaped ribbing on the bodice gave it more dimensionality. The skirt was light as it draped, but flared outward and had layers of white lace on top of it to give it a shimmering lightness that made it look like she was floating.  
  
“I like it, too. But I’m not too sure about it being backless.” Sally said.  
  
“It will be fine. We’re designing the bodice so that it has a solid structure. It won’t fall away from you or fall down.” Gretchen explained.  
  
“No possibility for wardrobe malfunctions!” Julie added.  
  
Sally nodded and blushed. She smiled at the two girls and agreed to wear it.  
  
“Great! Now, we’ll need your measurements. Please strip naked.” The boy ordered.  
  
“What?!” Sally asked.  
  
“Oh, don’t worry. That’s Bosco. He’s gay. He takes measurements for all of the actors. At least, all of the girls. He’s creeped out a few of the guys who come back here.”  
  
“What? I only told Michael I thought his ass looked better than Brad Pitt’s! It’s not my fault he couldn’t take a compliment. The other boys…I have no comment. I can be…over confident sometimes.” Boris commented before gesturing for Sally to proceed.  
  
Sally gulped, not exactly prepared to bare all in front of a bunch of her classmates whether they were interested in seeing her bits or not. She took off her shoes and socks before placing them to the side. She then pulled her shirt off and placed it on a coat rack nearby. She looked down and realized her shorts were very tight. She had to wiggle a bit in order to get them off, but she persevered. However, the next big step was to take her bra off.  
  
“Are you sure I have to take this off?” Sally asked.  
  
“Since the bodice is backless, you won’t be wearing a bra anyways. Plus, with the way we’re making the bodice, it needs to fit you almost like a second skin.” Gretchen explained.  
  
Sally sighed and unclasped her bra and let it fall to her wrists before hanging it up as well.   
  
“Panties too?” Sally asked.  
  
“I think we’ll be giving you a thong to wear underneath, so you can wear the harness, tights, and have room for underwear.” Julie answered.  
  
“Yeah, so we can’t have anything messing up out measurements.” Gretchen added.  
  
Sally took a deep breath and pushed her panties to the floor and hung them up with the rest of her clothes.  
  
“Alright then, let’s get started.” Boris commented.  
  
First, he wrapped his tape measure around her wrist, forearm, upper arm, and around her shoulders. She then had Sally lift her arms up so he could measure the distance from her shoulder to her nipples. He then wrapped the tape around her chest and had her relax her arms before measuring her bust and chest size. Her hard nipples were a bit of a hindrance, which made Sally blush as well as swallow to keep herself from moaning.  
  
“Didn’t think they were THAT big! Nice, Sally.” Rachel complimented on her bust size, which made the naked girl blush.  
  
Next, Boris measured the length of her arms and the length from her neck to her bellybutton. Sally gasped as the cold tape brushed against her breasts, but calmed down as he wrapped the tape around her waist, then hips. He measure the length of her legs, then wrapped the tape around each ankle, thigh, and calf. He then measured the length from her hip to her knee, and from her knee to her ankle.  
  
“Sorry if you think I’m being too thorough. Really, we need to take into account how things drape, and if we make one layer too long or too short, it will look completely different.” Boris explained.  
  
Next, her feet were measured for shoes. Boris lifted a foot and measured from the heel to her longest toe before repeating the process on the other foot. Of course, this meant that Sally had to balance on one foot, and the way her leg had to bend meant that her most private place was on show. Sally wanted to cover up, but she needed her arms out for balance. She was thankful that the ordeal was short, and they thanked her for her patience.  
  
Sally quickly got dressed and thanked them for making sure they worked quickly and yet did everything right. She waved to them and left the room to find Megan.

**Part 4**  
Over the weekend, Sally fantasized about what her costume would look like. The drawings they showed her were amazing, but how would they compare to the real thing? A school’s budget can’t possibly afford something completely extravagant, so would it even look similar? Sally couldn’t wait!  
  
Come Monday, Sally was anticipating the first dress rehearsal with great interest. She actually had to fight to keep from bolting out of her last class. Finally, after the bell, Sally walked as fast as she dared to avoid getting reprimanded by the staff. She found herself in the auditorium just five minutes past the hour. Only a few students were there, but she was able to find Megan as well as Boris and Mrs. Hartwell. She strode over to them and asked if her dress was completed yet.  
  
“Oh, it’s mostly done. You can wear it for rehearsals today, just to make sure we have everything done correctly. The fit, the way it moves, and the way it looks on stage all factor into whatever changes we may make before the big day. Boris will show you what he has for you.” Mrs. Hartwell explained.  
  
Boris nodded and gestured Sally to follow him back to the wardrobe room she’d been inside on Friday. Once inside, Boris had Sally wait as he rummaged around to get her dress. In a minute, Boris held her dress by a hanger and held the skirt out as he did a spin before handing it to her.  
  
“Boris, it’s amazing! I know it’s not finished, but it looks better than I thought possible!” sally gushed.  
  
She was right to, since it seemed the dress was made from satin, wit the bodice trimmed in lace to give it some depth without making it too busy or gaudy. The skirt didn’t have the lace on it yet, but it still looked amazing, with the skirt looking light and cute.  
  
“Well, you’ll have to try it on!” Boris piped in.  
  
Sally arose from her reverie and smiled at Boris, who turned around. Sally took off her shirt and jeans, and remembered to remove her bra as well. After she placed these items on a nearby chair, she stood up o find Boris holding out something small and lacy.  
  
“I almost forgot. The thong we talked about. You’ll need to wear it, or else the harness would be too visible.” Boris commented.  
  
Sally clasped a hand to hr chest as he startled her, but she made no attempt to cover herself since Boris wasn’t interested in her body. She thanked Boris and quickly changed out of her underwear. After pulling n the thong, she was amazed that it fit so well. It wasn’t too tight or loose. She barely felt it on her at all.  
  
“I hope I don’t forget I’m wearing them!” Sally said to herself.  
  
The girl finally addressed her dress. Removing it from the hanger, she tried to figure out if she should step into it or drape it over herself. As she turned the gown over and over trying to figure it out, Megan walked in.  
  
“Hey, you ready yet – Oh! Sorry, Sally. I’ll give you a moment!” Megan yelped in surprise.  
  
“Actually, could you help me put this on?” Sally asked.  
  
Megan smiled and stretched her arms out in front of her to take the dress away from Sally. She held it above her head and let Sally slip underneath, holding her arms straight up as the dress brushed past her bare torso. Sally was entranced by the white material as the bodice hit her waist and wouldn’t go any further. Megan let go, and the skirt pooled around her. Sally was adjusting the bodice to make sure her breasts were contained, and was surprised at how snug yet comfortable it was. The skirt was lighter than she’d thought from looking at the material, but when she felt it, she realized it was a cheap material meant to shimmer like silk.  
  
“It’s a polyester blend. I found it makes a thinner sheet that isn’t sheer, even in the intense lighting on stage. It should feel very light, and even after I add the lace, it shouldn’t feel too heavy on your hips.” Boris explained.  
  
“Wait, it looks like it’s been damaged! There’s a hole right near my hip!” Sally cried.  
  
“Oh, Don’t worry! There’s another on the opposite side. They’re for your harness. The cords have to attach somewhere, and if they attach under your skirt, the cords will hold your skirt up. This way, the loops on the harness can poke through, and the cords can be attached without bunching up your skirt and possibly exposing you.” Boris explained.  
  
“Yes, all the actors have these holes if they have to wear a harness. It’s just the norm.” Megan added.  
  
Sally smiled and nodded. Boris then gave her a set of stay-up stockings and her shoes.  
  
“These look lovely too, Boris. You’ve really outdone yourself!” Megan commented.  
  
Sally only smiled. She never had worn anything so pretty, so she was enjoying how they looked, not believing that she was going to wear them. Boris cleared his throat, and Sally was brought back down to Earth. She placed the shoes on the floor and went about pulling the stockings up her legs. They stopped at mid-thigh, and were just as comfortable as her thong. They stayed in place, but they weren’t very constricting. She hopped a few steps to test their stay-up quality before stepping into her shoes. Sally was in awe of how well they fit. Every contour of her foot was nicely encased and she didn’t feel much discomfort at all.  
  
“Boris, can I keep these afterward?” Sally asked, half-seriously.  
  
“They are beautiful, but the school policy is that any wardrobe has to stay in the wardrobe closet. However, I’m not sure how many girls would fit them. I’ll see about if you can keep that dress too.” Boris said, to Sally’s surprise.  
  
“Don’t make her too happy, Boris. She might not be able to focus on her performance.” Megan commented, leading Sally out of the room.  
  
Once again, Sally had to go over to the stage technicians and have them strap her into a harness. However, Sally realized that this was very different from the first time. Back then, she was wearing full cut panties, but now she was wearing a very small thong. She was thankful she had shaved herself bare, or some would be peeking out. What made her current position more odd was that she had to hold her skirt up for them to put the harness on, which made her feel a bit exposed in addition to her thong.  
  
When they were done, she lowered her skirt, blushing a deep pink. They fed the loops through the holes in her dress and clipped the cords to it. The cords were pulled taut, and Sally saw what Boris had meant earlier about the cords pulling her skirt up if it weren’t for the holes. With them being exactly where they are, her dress was able to flow freely as she was lifted into the air and flown around the stage and over the audience.  
  
“Sally, you need to look like you’re flying. Lean forward and have your arms spread out.” Mrs. Hartwell commented.  
  
Sally immediately complied. Her body pivoted forward, making it look as if she was Super Girl or something. She spread her arms to mimic fling like a bird. As they had her circle the stage, she felt almost like she was a bird or superhero, flying around.  
  
However, disaster struck when, like the previous rehearsal, Sally suddenly dipped too far forward and she swiveled until she was upside down. Sally’s arms were now dangling limply, pointed at the ground. Unfortunately, Sally began to feel the air on more than her arms and face! She didn’t even need to look far, as right under her chin, her bare breasts had slipped free of her bodice, exposing them to everyone there! Sally screamed as she covered them with her arms, but when she wiggled her legs, she became acutely aware that her skirt was now bunched at her waist, making her thong-ed bottom bared to everyone as well! Sally moaned in frustration as she waited for someone to let her down or help her.  
  
“Sally, you need to learn how to right yourself. It’s easy, just swing your arms up and down, like the reverse of being on a swing. It will change your momentum, and hopefully make you right-side up again.” Mrs. Hartwell ordered.  
  
“But…my boobs!” Sally called out.  
  
“It’s fine. Bare breasts on stage is nothing new. You have nothing that everyone hasn’t already seen from someone else!” the woman replied.  
  
Sally, dejectedly, removed her arms from her chest and began swinging them like she was told. It made for an entertaining display, as her arms swinging caused her bare breasts to sway. Fortunately for her, Sally was able to right herself and stuff her breasts back inside the dress, as well as make sure her skirt was covering her again.  
  
“I originally designed it to be worn with her standing upright. I had no idea she would end up upside down in that dress.” Boris commented.  
  
“I’m not blaming you, Boris. It seems we have to re-think her dress, the harness, or both. Clearly, she’s a little too top heavy.” Mrs. Hartwell commented.  
  
Sally blushed. She’d never had anyone refer to her breasts like that since the Fair. She wasn’t exactly voluptuous, but her breasts were a bit large for her body. They were the main reason boys always found it difficult to look her in the eye, especially in that dress.   
  
“Well, I think we’re done for today. Sally, you can get changed. I’ll discuss the changes with Boris, and hopefully everything will be ready for Friday night. Either I or Megan will tell you the time and if you need to bring anything with you like makeup or clothes.” Mrs. Hartwell explained.  
  
Sally walked back inside the wardrobe room and removed all the clothing, including the thong, stockings and shoes. She draped them on the nearby chair, when she realized that’s where she’d left her clothes before. Sally was about to ask for help when from behind her, she heard…  
  
“Looking for these?”

**Part 5**  
Sally turned around to see Megan holding her clothes! She went to take them, but Megan pulled the pile away. Megan smiled before handing them to Sally.  
  
“Just kidding. I just couldn’t resist seeing your naked body again.” Megan said as Sally began to get dressed.  
  
“You know, you’re the only one I think I can tolerate seeing me naked.” Sally commented.  
  
“Wow, lucky me.” Megan flirted.  
  
“Stop! You’re making me blush.” Sally whined.  
  
“There’s the girl I used to know! You wanna hang out?”  
  
“Sorry. I have a test tomorrow. Rain check?”  
  
“Sure. Hopefully after the pageant, we can do something.”  
  
Sally smiled and they parted ways once again, at least until the night of the pageant. The week flew by, and Sally was starting to feel like herself again. Word spread around that she was going to be in the pageant, and it got many students’ attention. As soon as Friday rolled around, all of Sally’s classmates were curious as to what she would be doing, seeing as she had been reclusive for over a month.  
  
The pageant was Friday night, and Sally had to go home and make sure she was showered and her face was clean and her hair was ready to be styled. However, she spent so long, she didn’t notice it was time to go until it was thirty minutes to curtain! Sally was wearing only her bra and panties, and now had to leave without being late. She grabbed a coat, knowing she’d have to change once she got there anyways, and she hopped in her car, speeding to the school.  
  
Megan was wondering what was keeping Sally. They were already in the middle of sound check, and they had to test the rigging system for her flying. Fifteen minutes to curtain, a stage technician donned the harness and allowed himself to be hoisted up by the others. They swung him around to make sure it would hold, but then disaster struck! A clip on one side of the harness broke, leading to the poor boy dangling by his right hip. They let him down, but Mrs. Hartwell had to make a decision.  
  
“We don’t have any more harnesses?” she asked.  
  
“Sorry, Ma’am. The school can’t afford more than one. It was a matter of time before it had to be replaced.” A stage tech answered.  
  
“Then, we’ll have to improvise.” Mrs. Hartwell concluded.  
  
A weightlifting belt was fitted with a carabiner, which hooked onto both cords. It wasn’t ideal, and it had a habit of making the person flying twirl accidentally, but it was all they could do.  
  
“It’ll have to do.” Mrs. Hartwell said.  
  
Meanwhile, Sally arrived and ran straight to the hair and makeup stall, where Megan found her.  
  
“It’s about time. I hope you can get into costume quick enough.” Megan said.  
  
Sally waved her friend off as the makeup person finished applying pink lip gloss. Sally stood up, her hair straightened to give herself an innocent natural beauty. She went to the wardrobe booth and removed her coat. Seeing Boris there, she removed the rest of her clothes and waited for Boris to hand her the thong. While she waited, she pulled on the stockings and heels. The boy slid across the floor towards Sally with a strained look on his face.  
  
“Oh, I’m so sorry, babe. Ever since we moved everything from that stall out there to in here, I’ve been misplacing things. It seems your thong was one of them.” Boris explained.  
  
“Couldn’t I wear my panties, then?” Sally asked.  
  
“I’m afraid not. There’s been a change with the flying harness, so I don’t know if it will work. Could you on without? The room is dark enough that even if you hover over someone, they won’t be ale to see anything but a shadow.” Boris explained.  
  
Sally crossed her arms around her chest as she tried to decide.  
  
“We don’t have time for this! Just give her the dress!” Mrs. Hartwell droned behind Sally.  
  
The naked Sally gasped as she realized the woman was seeing her naked backside, but didn’t dare turn around and expose even more to the woman. Boris quickly removed the dress off the hanger and handed it to Sally, who pulled it over her head. Once it was situated properly, she was ushered to the side of the stage where they were going to attach the cord to the carabiner. On the way, Mrs. Hartwell noticed something wrong with Sally’s dress.  
  
“Oh, dear. It seems Boris forgot the late changes that had to be made. Not matter. I’ll go get the belt. Just one thing has to be done.” Mrs. Hartwell said, taking out a small, sharp knife.  
  
She estimated where the carabiner would stick out, which would be in the middle of her lower back, just below her waist. It was here that she made a vertical cut an inch long. Seeing the hole wasn’t frayed or about to tear, Mrs. Hartwell nodded and left. Sally thought she felt something shift underneath her dress, but it was too dark to see. As she waited, two stage techs came out of the shadows and informed her that it was time to get ready.  
  
“Oh, but Mrs. Harwell…” Sally began, but was cut off.  
  
“There’s no time to wait. We have to get you out there!” Said one.  
  
“I can’t find the carabiner!” Said the other.  
  
“They might have sewed it into the costume. Just find a hole that will support it!” the first one called back.  
  
Sally heard something click behind her, and the two stage techs left. The pageant had begun!

**Part 6**  
Sally heard Megan’s voice echo through the auditorium, followed by the loudest applause she’d ever heard! The entire place must’ve been packed! She steeled her nerves and braced for the moment she was to make her entrance. Soon, she felt her feet leave the ground, and she found herself being whisked onto the stage, into the bright spotlight! A small gasp echoed through the room as everyone gazed upon Sally’s outfit. In her haste, Mrs. Hartwell had inadvertently cut the waistband to the polyester-blend skirt. With the way it was designed, the skirt loosened, and couldn’t stay attached to the bodice! It was lying in a pool backstage! The only thing covering her from the waist down besides her stockings and heels was a thin layer of glittering lace! Fortunately for Sally, she didn’t notice that the audience was able to plainly see her exposed mound.  
  
“Oh, no! Everyone can see her…everything! What happened?” Mrs. Hartwell asked.  
  
The stage techs held up her ruined skirt and explained what must’ve happened.  
  
“Wait, so you hooked the cord to her bodice?”  
  
“It was made of metal, so I assumed it was a carabiner.” One of them said.  
  
“So now, all of her weight is being held up by that bodice?” Mrs. Hartwell asked, just to clarify.  
  
“That’s correct, miss. At least she’s still completely ignorant to her exposure.” The other tech said.  
  
Soon, it was time for Sally to swing out around the audience. As she whipped around, Sally felt the wind on her legs , but didn’t look down when she heard gasps and seeing a few camera flashes. She assumed that they were marveling at her amazing dress or the technological feat of having her soar around the room. However, many were treated to near gynecological views as she passed them over head.  
  
It came to the part where she was to speak to Mary and Joseph, explaining the gift that their son would be. As she was slowly moved into position, Sally began to rotate around, so she was facing away from the two “parents”. She had to be lowered as Megan was delivering the dialogue for dramatic effect, but the audience thought it funny that Sally the angel was speaking to Mary and Joseph while showing her bare bottom.  
  
Sally wasn’t sure why she heard giggles, but she tried to keep her face toward the audience, to make sure they knew she was still invested In the role. Her trip was to end hovering over Baby Jesus’s bed, to give her blessing and welcome the newborn into the world. However, Sally’s weight shifted, and slipped out from under her bodice! Her arms were pushed up, and she fell five feet into the crib, naked!  
  
A collective gasp went up throughout the room, not sure what they were seeing. However, the actors on stage took it to mean that the spirit of the angel had been born inside Jesus. So, they grasped the crib as they would have originally, but instead hugged Sally as they would have the Baby Jesus doll she’d landed on.  
  
“And so, with the angel’s blessing, our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, was welcomed into the world. Merry Christmas, and God Bless us, everyone!” Megan proclaimed, ending the pageant.  
  
Sally was beside herself. She had landed on the plastic Baby Jesus, but now she found herself with her legs spread, being shown to everyone in the auditorium. Students, teachers, parents, and various relatives were seeing her naked body! If anything, this was worse than anything she’d went through at the Fair. All of these people, she had to see every day or interact with around town. She couldn’t possibly face any of them now!  
  
Sally’s breathing began to quicken, as she saw the audience being to cheer and she saw the lecherous smiles on everyone’s faces, recording every detail of her naked flesh with their eyes. She was relieved when the curtain went down, but she was startled when Megan was at her side, shaking her.  
  
“Sally! Sally, are you okay? Are you hurt? Are you embarrassed? Do you know you’re naked?” Megan asked, words coming out like a machine gun.  
  
Sally only stared blankly ahead, not quite knowing how to deal with what had happened.  
  
“Sally, I know you’re scared, but you weren’t so shy at the Fair. Did everything that happened there really change you? I just can’t believe my best friend would become so reserved. You used to have a thirst for life. Now you’re just stuck on autopilot, being pushed around. Please, I want my friend back!” Megan said, tears welling up in her eyes.  
  
“Megan…” Sally said finally.  
  
“Sally, I…I love you.”  
  
Megan hugged her friend, but was surprised to hear a small whimper from Sally.  
  
“What did you say?” Megan asked.  
  
“It…It’s not, I mean…I’m not scared, or embarrassed. That’s not why I’ve kept to myself.” Sally said.  
  
“Then, why?” Megan asked.  
  
“It’s because the attention makes me hot!” Sally moaned.  
  
Megan looked down to see Sally furiously rubbing her crotch with one hand while thrusting the fingers of her other hand inside her. She was awestruck at this turn of events, and thought of the only thing to do: She began to kiss Sally.  
  
Both were so engrossed in the moment, that they’d forgotten the customary curtain call. Everyone had gone out to take a bow, but since Sally and Megan were backstage, the stage techs decided to raise the curtain, revealing the two girls in the throes of passion. One bare naked pleasuring herself, while the other remained clothed but was making out with her furiously.  
  
“Ladies and gentlemen, the stars of tonight’s performance: Megan Malone and Sally Shaeffer!” Mrs. Hartwell announced.  
  
Neither girl looked up to acknowledge their audience, but instead made sure they all knew the nature of their recently-evolved relationship!  
  
THE END