**Sally and Megan’s Valentine’s Day**

by Ewong

After Sally’s exposure at the Christmas Pageant, Megan had confessed her love, and the two had been inseparable since. However, the unplanned nudity had some folks in an uproar. Notably, the theater director, conservative audience members, and some outraged people who missed the show.

After the curtain call, Mrs. Hartwell ran up to Sally and covered her in a blanket just as the naked girl began to convulse due to her orgasm. Megan thanked her teacher, who was disgusted by the display, and promptly left the girls alone on stage. There were cheers and jeers as Megan helped Sally stand up, keeping the blanket over her the whole time. She escorted her out of the theater and drove her home.

A few days later, Mrs. Hartwell called them into her office to figure out what happened. The two girls explained the situation as best they could, but it wasn’t exactly what the woman wanted to hear. She had to tell the department head something so they could control the negative effects of Sally’s exposure. In the end, they explained it was a mechanical failure, and Sally acted of her own accord, and as such, she would no longer be able to participate in any theater productions at the school.

Needless to say, Megan and Sally were no longer welcome at the theater department, which left Megan frustrated. However, Sally was there to help her new girlfriend to keep her spirits up. Megan’s only emotional outlet was performing in the theater, so without it, she needed to find a replacement. In the mean time, they had other plans to discuss.

“It’s almost Valentine’s Day, and since we’re a new couple, I was hoping we could do something special.” Megan explained.

“I don’t know, after your last idea had me naked and touching myself in front of an auditorium full of people.” Sally replied.

“Don’t worry, it’ll be simple, romantic, and above all, private. I have everything planned.”

“Aww, thanks. I wish I had thought of something special to do for you. I guess I’m not such a good girlfriend, am I?”

“Don’t be so hard on yourself. You’re new to this whole thing, and it took guts to admit how attention affects you like that. So, with that in mind, I’ll be lavishing attention on you, which I hope means that we’ll both have a very special night.” Megan grinned.

“Oooh, this I’ve got to see.” Sally playfully commented.

“Just wait for the sign, and everything will be fantastic.” Megan said before opening the front door.

“Wait, you’re not going to be with me?” Sally asked, slightly petulant.

“Hey, making a perfectly romantic night isn’t easy. I have a few last minute things to set up, but don’t worry. We’ll be united soon enough.” Megan explained before stepping out and shutting the door.

Sally wondered what grand surprise her new girlfriend had in store for her. Clad in only a nightshirt, she walked around their apartment, thinking of what could be in store for her.

\*DING DONG\*

The doorbell! Sally rushed to the door and opened it, hoping it was Megan’s “sign”. However, she opened the door to find something she wasn’t expecting. Well, make that TWO SOMEONES!

“Hey there, Sally. All alone on Valentine’s Day? Looks like Megan doesn’t know how to treat a lady.” Shelly joked.

Shelly and Judy, Megan’s former friends who had helped strip and embarrass Sally at the Fair. Sally wasn’t sure what the two of them were doing here, but she knew it wasn’t going to be good.

“If you must know, she has something planned for me. Something big. So, if you don’t have anything else to say, please leave.” Sally stood her ground.

“Oh, um, that’s why we’re here, silly!” Shelly blurted.

“You are?” Sally asked, incredulous.

“Sure. She wanted to surprise you with some old, but familiar faces. Right, Judy?” Shelly explained.

“Oh, yeah. She wanted us to spend the day with you, get you ready for your big night, and stuff.” Judy added.

Sally wasn’t sure if she should trust these girls. They had taken her dream job and turned it into the single worst experience of her life. Of course, it helped her find her sexuality and even become closer to Megan. She looked at the two girls in front of her, and realized their visit shouldn’t be just a mere coincidence.

“Alright. I’ll go with you.” Sally said.

“Great!” Shelly cheered as she grabbed both of Sally’s wrists.

“Wait, what are you doing?! I can’t go outside like this!” Sally whined.

It’s true, being February, it was the middle of winter, and the ground was covered in a thin layer of snow. Shelly and Judy were wearing thick coats and insulated pants. Sally was only in a thin nightshirt that came down to her thighs.

“Don’t worry, we’ll be buying you a new outfit anyways. Now stop whining or we’ll be off schedule!” Shelly ordered.

Sally figured she had no choice, and she wasn’t sure if Megan would exploit her unique reaction to attention. Right now, with Shelly and Judy escorting her to their car, her nipples were already rock hard, and not from the brisk temperatures. They put her in the backseat and drove to their first destination.

“Why are we at the hair salon?” Sally asked.

“What? We have to make sure your hair and makeup are perfect for when Megan sees you later.” Shelly explained.

The girls pulled Sally out of the car, holding her wrists so she couldn’t pul the hem of her shirt lower. So as she walked, Sally was keenly aware of the cold air tickling at her nether regions. Soon, they were inside, where it was much warmer.

“Kacey, we require your services, stat!” Shelly announced, clapping her hands at the end of her sentence.

A woman of slight build, tan complexion, and dark hair appeared from behind an alcove. She wore a blue floral print blouse, which was unbuttoned, showing the plain white tank top with spaghetti straps she wore underneath. Her outfit was completed by a billowy dark blue skirt that barely skimmed across the floor as the woman walked.

“Hi, I’m Kacey. Who is the one in need of my services?” the woman asked.

“Sally here needs to look extra special for her special night tonight.” Shelly explained.

“Of course. Valentine’s Day is very special for couples. I’ll make sure she’ll dazzle her date.” Kacey explained.

Sally was led to a chair in the corner, in view of the entire salon, but there currently wasn’t anyone else in there beside Sally and the two girls. As Sally sat down, she felt her shirt ride up so only her bare bottom contacted the vinyl seat, causing a bit of a chill. Kacey noticed what happened and why, and spun the chair around so it was facing the rest of the salon.

“So, you came here prepared! Joanna, Kiki, please work on her special hair while I do her fabulous locks.” Kacey ordered.

Two women in their late twenties appeared from the same alcove that Kacey had just moments ago. One was a petite blonde who had a pretty face and big eyes. The other was a red head with smallish breasts that had attractive freckles that coated her cheeks all the way down her neck where they disappeared under her shirt.

“Joanna, this is Sally. She wants to look good for her date tonight. Please help her in any way you can.” Kacey said to the Redhead.

Joanna had Kiki assist her with gathering the materials they’d need. Sally was proud of the tuft of hair she’d grown. It was a symbol of her celibacy since she and Megan became an item. They were both waiting for a special date night to really let loose on each other. Now it seemed like they were going to remove it entirely, having gathered cream, a bowl of water, and a razor.

Kacey began to braid Sally’s hair. It felt very tight, and it kept Sally from seeing what was being done to her crotch. She had a difficult time trying to keep still, with Kacey tugging at her head. She didn’t want to put her nether regions in jeopardy while a sharp razor was being applied to them. Soon enough, Kacey finished her braid, which she then made into a bun that sat high on Sally’s head. Sally looked in the mirror and was surprised to see how elegant and sophisticated she looked. Now with that hair done, she was going to look down, but Kacey brought her attention to something else.

“I should probably apply some makeup to that sweet face of yours. You look a bit too innocent without it, so I’ll make you look more mature.” Kacey explained.

Sally’s face was soon bombarded with different compounds and powders. She had to remain still for the eyeliner and lipstick, but she was soon finished. Sally turned to the mirror once again to see a version of herself she’d never seen before. She looked ready for an extravagant evening out on the town. Then she remembered that the purpose of coming here was to get her ready for Megan, and she began to wonder what kind of night her hair and makeup could be hinting at. Perhaps an opera or a ballet? Sally’s mind swirled with the possibilities, and hoped Megan was preparing something romantic that would sweep her off her feet.

Sally finally had the presence of mind to look down after she saw Kiki and Joanna get up and leave. What she saw surprised her, but also made her very happy! They hadn’t gotten rid of her hair, they had only shaped it, so now her tuft of hair was in the shape of an attractive heart right above her slit. It almost looked like a stylized arrow pointing directly to her special place. She knew Megan would love it, so she did too. Sally thanked Kacey, Kiki, and Joanna for their service, but then came the bombshell.

“Wait, we need to be compensated for our services. Who’s footing the bill?” Kacey asked the trio.

Sally looked to Shelly and Judy, who shrugged at her.

“Well, I clearly have no way to hold any money. I thought you two would be able to pay.” Sally commented, gesturing to her lack of pants.

“Hey, don’t look at us. We weren’t expecting to pay for your night out.” Shelly replied.

Kiki whispered something in Kacey’s ear that made the woman smile, which made Sally a bit nervous.

“Kiki had an interesting idea. I won’t make you work for your bil, but it will be somewhat similar. Sally, please stand up and keep your shirt held to your bellybutton.” Kacey ordered.

Sally didn’t like where this was going, but she complied. Kiki and Joanna knelt at Sally’s ankles and made sure her feet were a foot and a half apart, and held them there. Kacey produced a camera, and Sally began to fidget.

“Don’t worry, kid. I’m not going to be photographing your face.” Kacey said as she crouched down.

Sally saw where she was aiming, and thoughts of Ms. Clarke and the Fair came back. She didn’t want anyone to have dirty pictures of her, so she tried to get away. Shelly and Judy had to step in and hold her upper body still so Kacey could get a picture. After the first click, Sally let loose with a powerful orgasm! The thought of being exposed to new people, the attention to her slit, and the fact it had been a very long time since she’d had one, had made her explode without anyone even touching her. Kacey looked at Sally’s crotch and snapped another photo quickly.

Sally was led back to the chair where she sat down and caught her breath. Kacey was able to upload the pictures to her computer in her office in the back and tinkered around for a few minutes before printing it out to show Sally and the others. Kacey held the 8.5”x11” photo for everyone to see. It was a clear image of Sally’s crotch, showcasing the heart-shaped pubic hair she now sported. Kacey had chosen to use the image after Sally’s orgasm, which showed a dribble of fluid leaking from her slit. The image was accompanied by the tagline: “Ask about our Valentine’s Special that will make that special someone drool!”

Sally was shocked by how explicit it looked, but Shelly and Judy were grinning like crazy. Kacey taped the photo above the mirror in front of Sally, so only those who were near the back of the salon could see it. Sally guessed that this was where the more “adult” hairstyles were done.

As Sally got up, Shelly noticed she’d left a streak of liquid on the seat. Since Sally was in a daze from her orgasm and now from seeing that picture, Shelly had no trouble pulling off her nightshirt and wiping both the seat and Sally’s slit clean before handing the shirt to Kacey. Sally followed Shelly and Judy to the car and wasn’t aware of her complete nudity until they were far away from the salon, and her only item of clothing.

**Part 2**
“Why am I naked?!” Sally screeched.

“Wow, it took you long enough!” Shelly joked.

“You’ve been naked since we left the salon.” Judy explained.

“Oh God, where are we going now?”

“Where else? We have to get you dressed up for the occasion.” Shelly replied.

Shelly pointed out the windshield to the local mall. Sally couldn’t believe they would take her to such a public place.

“I can’t go in there! I’m naked!”

“Don’t worry. Everything’s been planned, right? This is all for Megan.” Shelly explained, grinning from ear to ear.

They pulled up near the back door of an undisclosed store. They were in the alleyway used to deliver merchandise. During normal business hours, it was completely deserted. Shelly and Judy helped Sally out of the car, and held her wrists away from he body, making sure she showed every inch she could. Sally figured there was no harm as long as no one came along to see her. However, before they reached the door, it opened wide, revealing a woman in her forties, wearing a winter coat and pants.

“I didn’t believe it when you told me there’d be a naked girl outside the store, but I looked at my monitor, and boom! There you are.” The woman commented.

“Monitor?” Sally asked no one in particular.

The woman ushered them inside and motioned to her desk, which was next to the door. A computer and monitor sat atop it, and on the monitor, Sally was shocked to see a clear view of the door she’d just been standing outside of!

“We have security cameras placed outside for security reasons. We can know if whoever outside is good or up to no good and can call security before they even think we know they’re there.” The woman explained.

“Thanks for the lesson, but we’re in kind of a hurry.” Shelly said.

“Right, I bet this girl needs to buy some clothes, am I right?” the woman joked.

“Actually, she does. We were going to this store to pick out something special for a date tonight.” Shelly explained.

“Oh, of course, how did I not see it before? Your hair and makeup are amazing, and such a nice haircut down below. A little dirty secret you won’t reveal too early, I hope?” The woman rambled.

The girls thanked the woman for being so nice before heading down the corridor to the store that they were interested in. They entered through a side door and appeared behind the dressing rooms.

“Perfect. Sally, go into one of the stalls. Judy and I will find the perfect dress for you to try on.” Shelly explained.

Sally didn’t wait to be told twice. She rushed to the nearest stall and shut the curtain. She waited in the stall, patiently waiting for the girls’ return. However, after twenty minutes (there was a clock on the wall), Sally began to wonder if she’d been duped and was now stranded naked in the mall. She peeked her head out through the curtain to see if she could spot Shelly or Judy. Of course, she’d picked the one stall that didn’t have a view of the store. She looked at the other stalls to see if they were occupied. Seeing none, she was confident that she could sneak out toward the entryway to the store without being seen. IF someone were to come into the dressing room hallway, she could duck into a stall with little problem.

Sally steeled herself as she covered her body with her hands. She then crept out of the stall and tiptoed over to the entryway for the store. She peeked her head out to see if she could spot the girls. It was a large store, and she couldn’t quite see all the customers. Some of their faces were obstructed by the shelves, others were standing behind racks, or were just too far away for her to be sure if it was one of the girls. However, a cart of clothes was sitting just a few feet from her. She could try rummaging through them for something to wear, but she’d be exposed to half the store if she did. Otherwise, she’d have to hide inside racks or crawl under shelves to remain unseen by the customers or employees. She was about to make a decision when Judy came up to her.

“Hey! I thought I saw you. Get back in your stall. Shelly and I are trying to find a few more dresses for you. Just sit tight, ok?” Judy explained.

Sally nodded and went back into the hallway and went into the nearest stall. She waited another ten minutes before the curtain was shoved to one side and the two girls piled in with a stack of dresses.

“Guys, I can’t try all of these on!” Sally whined.

“Don’t worry. It’s mostly ones in different sizes. We’re not sure if you’re still the same size we remember you being. Just try them on, and we’ll see how they fit.” Shelly explained.

The girls made no effort to leave or even close the curtain, so Sally sighed and went for the first one in the pile. It was a strapless black cocktail dress that came down to her knees. It hugged her curves, and flattered her complexion. However, her breasts were in danger of spilling out. Shelly and Judy hoped she’d still buy it so there would be some fun later on. Sally shrugged the dress off and went for another. It was bright pink, frilly and cute. It had a satin bodice, thin shoulder straps, and a flowing lacey skirt that made her look like a ballerina. Sally liked it, but it was a little too cute for the occasion. Lastly, there was a dark blue dress with a plunging neckline. It didn’t look too trashy and the skirt gave it a slinky elegance. All three of them decided this was the dress. The only problem was that it was a little too long. She’d have to alter it or keep hlding it up as she walked.

Sally didn’t care. She wanted the dress, so they took it to the cashier, who rung them up. Once again, they had no way to pay for it. The clerk got the manager, who looked at Sally and had a brilliant idea.

“This dress isn’t very expensive, so I won’t have you work for it. Instead, could I take your picture modeling it? It would be a great advertisement for the store.” The man said.

Sally agreed, having already done that at the salon, and she even showed more there than she was here. She followed the manager to a window display, where he helped her onto a dais and posed her. He got a camera and snapped a few pictures. What Sally had failed to notice is that in the harsh lighting coming through the window, combined with the camera angle and flash, you could tell she wasn’t wearing anything underneath it, and even could see where her nipples and the outline of her new haircut were if you knew where to look. Of course, Sally wouldn’t know until it was much too late. The manager thanked her for her time and let her go. The girls went back into the car, and made Sally take the dress of before getting in.

“We can’t have you ruining the dress by sitting on it. There’s still one last place we need you to go.” Shelly explained.

Sally dejectedly took off her beautiful dress and handed it to Shelly, who locked it in the trunk. They piled into the car again, and headed to their final destination. Sally was feeling the cold once again, being the most exposed than anyone else. Thankfully, the day had gotten warmer so se wasn’t going to freeze to death anytime soon. Sally was once again awestruck when they stopped outside a posh restaurant.

“Okay, there’s no way I can get in there naked! I need my dress.” Sally ordered.

“This isn’t the right time for your dress. Don’t worry, we have a plan. Remember, this is all Megan’s doing.” Shelly replied.

Shelly got out of the car and left Judy and Sally in the car. She strolled up to the front and was escorted inside. The next they saw of Shelly, she was being shown a tale on the patio! Sally then realized what she was expected to do.

“Alright, time to get you to the table.” Judy commented as she got out of the car.

She dragged Sally out of the car before locking it, then proceeded to lead her to the patio which had no fence or wall preventing anyone from walking up. Sally was forced to crouch under the table and hide underneath as Judy and Shelly called a waiter over to take their orders. Sally was nonplused by the fact they didn’t seem to order anything for her.

After the waiter left, Shelly peeked under the table and poked Sally’s naked butt to get her attention. Sally yelped and turned around to see Shelly giggle.

“Sorry, but that was pretty funny. That’s not why I did it though. I know you’re hungry, so I arranged a special treat for you, or should I say Megan arranged it? Either way, your treat is two tables over. There’s two women sitting there having a meeting. If you want something to eat, you’re going to have to find the woman with brown flats and eat her out.”

Sally’s jaw was wide open. She couldn’t believe this was part of Megan’s plan. She wouldn’t force her to give oral sex to a stranger the night of their big date and on Valentine’s Day no less! However, the thought of pleasuring a complete stranger was oddly exciting. She shuffled over two tables and found the woman with the brown flat soled shoes. At least the woman was still youthful, and seemed well groomed. Se wasn’t sure if the woman would be ready for what was about to happen, so she grabbed the woman’s waist underneath her skirt, and felt for panties. Finding none, she pushed her legs open and heard a small yelp from above. She didn’t want the woman to bring attention to her, so she plunged in. The woman didn’t seem to be reacting at first, but within moments, she could hear her breathing heavily. The woman pressed her thighs together, covering Sally’s ears. Of course, she didn’t need to hear how she was affecting the woman, but she might have been interested in their conversation.

“Megan, are you listening? I can get you both back in the program, but you’d have to publically apologize for your…performance during the Christmas Pageant. The last thing we want is for everyone to think we’re promoting sexual deviance. It’s one thing for the bedroom. It’s entirely another to have it in public, and at a religious performance!” Mrs. Hartwell the drama instructor explained.

Megan had scheduled this meeting in secret to be a surprise for Sally. She would tell her that they were both back in the program, and that meant Megan could have an emotional and creative outlet and Sally’s need for attention would be solved. Of course, all of that was in jeopardy now that some prankster was licking her most private place in the middle of it!

Megan couldn’t fight her arousal. She had kept her word and remained celibate for Sally. However, now she had all this energy built up and ready to be released! She tried her hardest to reign in her control.

“S-sorry, Mrs. Har-har-hartwell. I‘m ju-just having a…can I h-have a moment, p-p-please?” Megan said, suppressing her moans.

Mrs. Hartwell left Megan alone to collect herself, and the girl was finally able to release her pent up tension.

“UUUUGGGHHHGHGHNNNNNNGGGGGGGOOOHHHHHH!!!!!!!!”

Megan moaned so loud, many customers turned to see what the commotion was about. Even a waiter came over to see if something was wrong.

“Oh, um, everything’s shiny. A-OK. Just wonderful…”Megan whimpered.

Sally took the opportunity to crawl back to Shelly and Judy’s table, where they were snickering like a couple schoolgirls in the back of the classroom.

“Guys, I’m back. It’s done. Can we go so I can get dressed now?” Sally asked, frustrated.

Shelly and Judy escorted Sally back to the car, but the naked girl didn’t think about where she was going. The only thing on her mind was the fact she’d just cheated on Megan, and that Megan was the one who wanted her to do it.

Shelly and Judy dropped Sally back at her home, along with the dress. They fixed her makeup and even dressed her up before they left. Now, Sally had to wait for the final act.

**Part 3**
As the sun began to set, the doorbell rang, and Sally opened it to find an older man dressed in a formal suit, which she realized was a driver’s uniform, and he led her to the limousine parked in front of the house. She got in the back and the driver made his way to their destination. Sally was still not sure if she’d been duped by Shelly and Judy to debase herself for their amusement, or if Megan really wanted her to do those things. She also wasn’t sure if she truly hated doing those embarrassing things. She was still contemplating this when they stopped and the driver opened her door.

Sally got out and was surprised to see the County Fair tents all lit up as the sun was just on the horizon. At the front, she saw Ray (Sally’s old crush before she fell in love with Megan, and the often-exposed boy toy of Megan and her friends), his hands cuffed behind him to the gate. As she got closer, she giggled as she saw he wasn’t wearing much of anything. All he had duct tape over his mouth and a (rather small) envelope over his crotch. On his chest, was a message with an arrow pointing down. Sally walked closer so she could read it.

“All is about to be revealed. Claim your prize.”

Sally giggled as she watched Ray’s eyes dart around as she reached for the envelope. She wanted to draw it out, but she thought better of it and yanked it off, revealing his flaccid penis. Sally smiled at Ray as she turned around to open the envelope. Inside, it was just a key. Sally looked at the gate and figured it was meant to open it.

She strode over to it and began to turn the key. Ray was muffling something, but Sally didn’t know what it was. As the lock popped open, the gate swung open, and they were bathed in light. Ray was trying to get free, but to no avail. Sally went inside and closed the gate behind her, hoping Ray would be spared some indignity, at least for a little while.

Sally walked over to where the lights originated from, and was surprised to find a ride she’d never seen before: The Tunnel of Love. She stepped onto the dais and saw Ms. Clarke, her former boss at the Fair, was the one running the booth.

“Welcome back, Sally. Hope there aren’t any hard feelings.” The woman greeted.

“Well, if you’re willing to do this for Megan and me, I think we’re good.” Sally responded.

The woman led Sally to a boat, where she was the only passenger. Ms. Clarke then started the ride, and Sally’s boat was propelled forward through a swinging door. Inside, it seemed like an ordinary Tunnel of Love, with low lighting and dioramas of romantic imagery. However, after just a few feet, the boat stopped. Sally sat there, wondering if something was wrong, but was surprise when a form emerged from the water and climbed aboard the boat. They took off their wetsuit first to reveal it was a naked girl. Sally didn’t need to wait for them to take off their mask to know it was…

“MEGAN!” Sally cheered, embracing her girlfriend.

“Thought this would be a grand entrance. You look beautiful by the way.” Megan said as the boat continued on until it stopped at a dock a about halfway through the ride.

“This is where we’ll have to go on foot. Don’t worry, this is all part of the plan.” Megan explained.

Sally got out and followed Megan around the dock, which led to a walkway that connected to all of the dioramas. Sally saw the Victorian nobles kissing ladies’ hands, A Tarzan/Jane couple swinging through the jungle, but then they came across an odd sight. It was Ray! He was still gagged by duct tape and naked, but now his hands were tied above hi head, suspending him so that just the tips of his toes touched the floor.

“I know he was your major crush before me. If you still have feelings for him, I’ll be completely fine if you let them out now.” Megan explained.

Sally took a moment to walk around the naked boy. He wasn’t a muscular type, but he kept fit. Sally wasn’t sure if she was going to give up men altogether, but this gave her a chance to at least see a naked boy before she’d give herself completely to Megan. She wrapped her arms around his waist from behind, and began running her hands over his chest and belly, feeling his skin and lean muscle. She then moved her arms back to cup his tight ass. Ray was moaning from the stimulation, and he began to “rise” to the occasion. Sally noticed this and ran her fingernail up and down its length, making Ray squirm. She then cupped his scrotum, and with a smile on her face, she squeezed as hard as she could. Ray screamed into his gag, and Megan snickered as Sally let go.

“That was fun, but that’s as far as I’m going.” Sally said to Megan.

“Too bad, poor Ray is ready for action, but no takers. Wait, Mrs. Prescott? I think you can have him!” Megan announced.

Sally turned around to see the old librarian that she used to work for before she did the Christmas Pageant. The woman smiled at Ray, but the boy wasn’t exactly thrilled. He shook his head violently until the old woman pulled out her teeth, which made him shake even more. However, Mrs. Prescott then tore her face clean off! It had been a mask this whole time! Underneath, Sally was surprised to see Rachel, the wardrobe girl from the drama department!

“What the?” Was all Sally could say.

“My friends are wizards with makeup, and being in the drama department, we can do things like this.” Rachel explained.

“But, you were my boss for a month! How did you accomplish that?” Sally asked.

“I’m in the wardrobe department, but I also am an aspiring actress, which explains my acting ability. However, Megan told me about how you were shutting down, and Mrs. Harwell arranged for me to work in the library and train you. So, Mrs. Hartwell made sure I wasn’t need for any shows, and I just filled my time supervising you, eve though all I did was read magazines.” Rachel explained.

“If you and Megan were in cahoots, why did you make me strip in the library?” Sally asked.

“Well, I’ll take the blame for that one. I wanted to see how withdrawn you were, but also wanted to se how willing you were to expose yourself. It seemed your fear of exposure wasn’t as great as your fear of authority, so that’s why I pushed hard for you to get into the Pageant. I wanted you to feel free again.” Megan explained.

Sally was finally putting the pieces together, which meant she could have been manipulating her this whole time! That meant that she was totally capable of coming up with the things Shelly and Judy put her through.

“Well, now that’s all settled, we’ll leave you two to get better acquainted.” Megan said as she lead Sally away.

Rachel removed the rest of her disguise until she stood naked in front of Ray, who began to sport an impressive package.

“Looks like it’s just you and me, loverboy.” Rachel flirted as she smacked Ray’s ass.

Megan led Sally to another diorama, but this time it was Shelly and Judy. They were in what seemed to be an altered version of a pillory. The were locked in with their back facing each other. Both were naked, their hands and head in the normal stocks, but they were standing upright so the wood was perpendicular to their bodies. Their legs were in modified stocks that held their ankles firmly in place. Both the top and bottom stocks were connected via a large post between the girls. Their feet just barely touching the floor.

“I heard about what these two put you through today. However, I have to confess that they weren’t completely to blame. I arranged for the salon visit and photo, as well as what happened at the dress store. However, I didn’t think they’d take you to that restaurant to debase yourself like that.”

“I’m so sorry, but they made me do it. She meant nothing to me, I swear!” Sally begged.

“Oh, I hope she does. That girl was me!” Megan replied.

Sally was dumbstruck for a moment, but Megan explained what happened at the restaurant: The meeting with Mrs. Hartwell, what they discussed, and how she handled the situation.

“Oh, I’m so glad it was you I pleasured, and not some stranger. I thought I’d cheated on you!” Sally yelled.

“Well, now’s the time for you to take that aggression out on Shelly and Judy, who put you in that position.” Megan said.

“Hmm. Can we have Ms. Clarke come in here?” Sally asked.

“Sure.” Megan answered, and called Ms. Clarke over.

“Ms. Clarke, as a token of our appreciation, please accept these two girls for your entertainment tonight. Do whatever you want with them, as long as you make sure they enjoy it too.” Sally instructed with a wink.

Shelly and Judy fought against their bonds as Ms. Clarke traced her hands over their bodies. However, as she stimulated them, they began to relax.

“Seems like they like you just fine.” Megan commented.

The last diorama was a bit odd. It was just a video camera and mrs. Hartwell was standing beside it.

“Finally, girls. Its time to record your apology to the city.” The woman said.

“Gladly.” Megan said, just before ripping Sally’s dress off her body!

Sally covered herself and wondered what was going on. She was now naked next to Megan, but they were standing in front of a camera that somehow was supposed to be an apology.

“Here is my evidence: Sally is covering her naked body, as one is supposed to be embarrassed about being seen naked. She is acting like any one of you would expect. She’s covering her shame, not flaunting it like I am. The reason for that little performance at the Pageant was because we thought we were alone backstage. Her embarrassment had been stalled when the curtains closed, so she felt safe to bare all before me, her best friend. However, it was when the curtains opened that she was as shocked as all of you to see her be exposed. It wasn’t our fault that our “sexual deviance”, which you accuse us of, was made public. It would have been kept public but for the actions of one person. One woman to be exact. It was on the direction of Mrs. Hartwell that the stage hand opened those curtains, revealing all of Sally, and our supposedly private moment. So, if there is anyone who deserves your retribution, it is not me or Sally. It’s with Mrs. Hartwell!” Megan argued.

Mrs. Hartwell was speechless. She was incensed, and immediately strode over to Megan to give her a piece of her mind. However, she remembered one key bit of information: They were broadcasting live! Mrs. Hartwell’s cell phone rang constantly, voicemails from many upstanding folks in the city, showing how unhappy they were. Of course, it was the one call she answered that ended up being the Drama department head. Mrs. Hartwell was informed that she was fired, and a new instructor would be hired to replace her. Defeated, Mrs. Hartwell slunk off into the night, leaving through an emergency exit.

“Megan, that was amazing! Does this mean we’re back in the program?”

“In the program? Honey, I’ll be surprised if I’m not the one running it!” Megan said.

Sally embraced her girlfriend, both more in love with each other than ever. They disconnected the camera from the live feed, but let it record as it swiveled left and right. From Ray and Rachel to Shelly, Judy, and Ms. Clarke, to finally landing on our two lovebirds, it captured the various scenes of love in all its forms, but none so pure, so beautiful, as what Sally and Megan shared.

THE END