Strip and Enter.

I parked in the driveway under the full glare of the streetlight, picked up my
handbag from the passenger seat and got out. As I walked to our front door I
plipped the remote which locked the car doors. Beside the front door was a
large cardboard box. I peered inside. Empty. I slid the key into the doorlock
and tried to turn it when I noticed a computer printed message posted on the
door. The key would not turn. I pulled the message off its bluetack and read it
under the streetlight.

REMOVE ALL YOUR CLOTHES AND PUT THEM IN THE BOX.
REMEMBER I AM WATCHING YOU ON THE CCTV.

I screwed up the message and threw it into the box. This was some weird
idea of Roy’s to get me naked in our street. I banged on the front door as
Looked into the security camera. ‘Come on! I am not taking my clothes off out
here, that streetlight is too bright.’
A message slid out through the letterbox slot.

IF YOU DO NOT STRIP I WILL NOT UNLOCK THE DOOR

‘Come on! Take all my clothes off out here. You must be joking!’
Nothing happened. I took off my blouse and put it in the box before banging
on the door again.
Another message came out of the letterbox.

EVERYTHING OFF! STRIP NAKED OR THE DOOR STAYS LOCKED

I kicked off my shoes and put them in the box. Being generous I slid my
hold-up stockings down my legs and put them in there too. ‘Satisfied?’

NO, EVERYTHING OFF. GET NAKED.

I undid the button at the waist of my skirt and unzipped it before sliding it
down to the ground where I stepped out of it and put it in the box. I was getting
shaky standing here on our porch in just my bra and panties. ‘Come on,’ I
pleaded, ‘I have taken my clothes off. Let me in.’

EVERYTHING OFF. REMEMBER I AM WATCHING.

Another note came out of the letterbox. I glanced up the road before
unclipping my front loading bra and casting it into the box. Another check and
off came my panties and they went into the box with all the rest of my clothes.
I was naked - as requested. I trembled at the thought of being seen from the
road which was a scant 5 yards away. Yet another note came out at me as I
stood trying to cover myself. Little good would that do, my hands are not that
big.
‘Please, please, you can see I’m naked. Open the door you bas....’
Another note appeared.

PUT THE BOX IN YOUR CAR.

‘Come on! I’ll be seen!’ But I picked up the box and scurried to my car
plipping it open as I did so. The light was brighter here and I was only too
easily visible from the road. Not only that but the hazard warning lights flashed
as I plipped the lock and the interior lights came on most helpfully. The
neighbours couldn’t have been more alerted to my presence - naked. I shoved
the box inside, plipped the door shut and went back to pleading at the front
door. Another note appeared.

AND YOUR HANDBAG. YOU HAVE SPARE PANTIES IN THERE.

I would get him. I put my handbag in the car but did not plip the lock before
going to plead at the door. If he didn’t let me in this time I would go to my car,
dress and go to the motel. I would teach him a lesson. I would...

PUT YOUR KEYS THROUGH THE LETTERBOX.

Thought he could get me that way did he? I had a spare car key in my
handbag and that was still in my UNLOCKED car. I pushed my keys through
the box into the hall. NOW!
As I turned and ran for my car its hazard lights flashed. The son of a bitch
had plipped it locked with MY keys! I was naked, outside and had no means
of escape. ‘Let me in, PLEASE!’ Another note came through.

KNEEL DOWN AND CRAWL IN.
THIS IS A PUNISHMENT FOR YOUR DECEIT

I knelt down and the door opened. As required I crawled into the hallway.
There was nobody there. Quickly I stood up and clicked the light switch.
‘Now......’, The light did not come on, he had removed the bulb.
There was somebody there, Oh yes there was! Behind the door. An arm
stretched out and grabbed me round my breasts. I felt a cold chilling air on my
moist pussy. I was helpless.
‘Now,’ said a voice, ‘We shall see how you enjoy my hospitality.’
I was scuffled down the hall and .......I shall not detail what happened next,
Dear Reader.
I felt him wrap himself, spoon like, around me as I lay in his arms. ‘What
gave you that idea?’ I asked.
‘It was that story I read. The one where he collars the girl and she is his
slave. I thought you might prefer this as an alternative.’
I would teach him a lesson. ‘Do you know I haven’t been taking the pill,
lately? I could be pregnant.’
‘I checked before you came home, you have been taking your pills.’
The B@\*!@^D

Jenny