**Tara's Nude Offer**

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**CHAPTER 1**

Tara sat there, nervously tugging at the hem of her skirt, damning herself for wearing a short skirt today of all days. When she stood it came to her knee but when she sat it rode up too far for her tastes. A modest girl, she usually only wore skirts that came below her knee or to her ankle but tonight was wash night and she only had this one available.

Normally the length of her skirt meant nothing as she sat in her cubicle, processing gifts and placing phone calls for her boss, seeing no one for days at a time. But today, of all days, she had been called into the office of her VP. Nan, the VP's secretary, had sounded nervous when she asked if Tara had been the person who had met with Tom Vanderkamp.

Yesterday, Tara's boss, Maryanne, had been running late at an off-campus meeting and asked Tara to spend time with Mr. Vanderkamp until she could get back. So Tara had done the best she could. Feeling unworthy of such an important man (Vanderkamp was rumored to be worth billions), she had stammered and felt awkward but the man seemed charmed by her. He certainly enjoyed looking at her legs in the sundress she had worn and she had let him. She also noticed him trying to look down her dress as she bent over to hand him a cup of coffee. Normally offended and embarrassed by such attention, she felt flattered that such a handsome and wealthy man would be interested in her.

But now she feared she had done something wrong. Perhaps he thought she was a whore and reported her to Jim, her VP. After all, most professional women would not have allowed a man to gawk at her legs and breasts like she had done. Or perhaps he was offended by her lack of education.

Tara thought that the latter must be true. After all, she barely finished high school. It wasn't that she wasn't smart, she was. Before leaving school after her father had died, she had been at the top of her class. But her younger brothers and sisters needed her to bring home the money. Her mother, devastated by the loss of her husband, seemed unable to find and land a job, leaving her to bring home all of the money.

When the local factory laid her off, Tara had no choice but to come to the city and try and find a job. A friend from high school was now going to the University here and told her of this entry level job in the Development Office. Tara had applied, never thinking she would get it but her and Maryanne had hit it off and she was hired. After nine months, she had established herself as a good worker who was always on time and willing to stay late for projects. She found a little apartment in a rundown but respectable neighborhood not far from the campus. Not only that, but she was able to go for her degree free of charge, taking night classes to become a teacher.

All of her money she sent home to Mama and her siblings. She kept what she needed to live but everything else went home. Her mom was getting her act together but still needed the help.

Now all of that could be up in smoke. She tried to control her breathing and keep from crying. Nan, trying not to be conspicuous looking at the girl, saw her breasts heaving inside her blouse and her legs bobbing up and down nervously. The poor dear, Nan thought, sure that Tara was getting fired. Jim didn't call office girls into his office much and usually only to be fired. Frequently he let the department heads handle it but since it dealt with Vanderkamp, the University's largest donor, Jim probably felt the need to get involved.

Nan smiled compassionately at the young girl, who was thankful for the nice gesture. She also feared the worst and wondered how she would pay her rent and get some money to her mom and siblings.

Suddenly the big wooden door opened and Jim Frigal stepped out. "Tara, thank you for coming down and seeing us, please come in," he said, stepping out into the waiting area. "Nan, can you hold all of my calls for me please."

"Yes Mr. Frigal," the secretary said as her boss slid back into his office and closed the door.

The girl stepped into the large, overbearing office and stopped just inside. She gasped when she saw Joe Vanderkamp sitting in an chair in front of the VP's large oak desk.

"Oh, hello Mr. Vanderkamp, it is a pleasure seeing you again so soon," she said, hoping to save her job.

"Yes Tara, it is very good to SEE you too," the man said, leering and smiling.

Tara felt very uncomfortable in front of this man all of a sudden and crossed her arms over her chest.

"Um, come in Tara, have a seat, please," Jim said. Tara moved towards the chair and sat down, feeling the very expensive leather under her bare thighs. She crossed her legs at the knee, cringing at the amount of skin that was still visible. She continued to cover her chest with her arms crossed in front, knowing that her nipples might be poking into the material of her blouse in this chilly office.

Jim sat behind his desk and, for the first time, Tara noticed he was looking very pale and sweating despite the cold. He looked at her uncomfortably.

"Tara, you must know that something big is happening here and that is why we are asking you to come here today," he started, speaking slowly. "You have the chance to make this University very rich and yourself too."

Tara's whole demeanor changed. Instead of slumping uncomfortably, she sat up, her breasts rising along with the rest of her body. Her arms left her chest and went right onto the armrests. She was right, her nipples were hard and poking through her blouse, drawing the attention of the two men in the room but not hers. She was interested to hear how she could make herself rich.

"Well, I can see we have your attention," Vanderkamp said, staring directly at the girl's small but round breasts and the nipples threatening to poke a hole through her blouse.

"Yes Sir," she said, oblivious to the attention her attributes were getting. "What would I have to do?"

Vanderkamp laughed but Jim remained stoic and nervous. "Well, this is very unusual but, as you may know, Mr. Vanderkamp has taken a very intense interest in you, especially after your interaction yesterday," he said. Tara got very red, thinking about her flirting. "And as you also know, Mr. Vanderkamp is extremely wealthy and generous to this University. However, many of his gifts have caveats, strings attached so to speak." The man glanced nervously at the tycoon who nodded and smiled.

"So, his next gift would have strings attached and I am involved," the girl said, causing Jim to exhale. He was glad she was semi-understanding, though he knew that she had no clue what this actually meant.

"Yes, you are very involved," Jim said. "If you come through, the University will be $20 million richer and we will be able to fund that new building and international major that we have been talking about."

Tara smiled. She was happy to help the University that had given her so much. "That is extremely generous Mr. Vanderkamp, I am honored that I can have something to do with your kindness."

The rich man snorted and looked at Jim. "Yes, you can say you are going to have something to do with this gift," Jim said. "And, Mr. Vanderkamp has decided that you will also be given $10 million for your trouble, if you are able to complete his demands completely and entirely. Any violation of the rules laid out will leave you and the University without this gift, which, as you know would leave the University in a bind and you without a job."

She started shaking again and crossed her arms over her chest again. This was starting to sound really bad and she wasn't sure she was willing to go along anymore.

"Here is the deal," Jim said softly. "Go through with it and you will make $10 million and the University will get the money it needs to further its educational future. If you are not willing to go through with this, you will lose your job and the University will not receive this very generous gift from Mr. Vanderkamp. The choice is yours but we know how much your mom and siblings can use this money."

Tara bit her lip, a sign to anyone who knew her that she was thinking intently. Finally she spoke. "What do I have to do?"

Neither man spoke, letting the pressure of the situation settle before Jim spoke. "You must spend the next year naked and in service to Mr. Vanderkamp."

**CHAPTER 2**

"WHAT," the petite girl said loudly, flying out of her seat. "NO WAY! HOW DARE YOU?"

"Now, now calm down Tara, this is a business deal, don't fly off the handle," Jim said. But it was Vanderkamp's hand on her shoulder, pressing her back into her seat that had the most impact. Meekly she followed his order and sat back down, not noticing that her skirt had ridden up her legs and showed a hint of her white panties underneath.

"Look, I am not going to coddle your Miss Smith, you can take my offer or leave it," Vanderkamp said. "However, a girl like you won't see $10 million in her lifetime so if I were you I would take a long, hard look at this offer."

Her whole body was shaking. This was a no win situation, she thought. Go naked for a year or lose her job and destroy her life. Tears started flowing out of her eyes. "Why, why me," she wailed.

"Well, because I think you are a gorgeous specimen and I want to see more of what you showed me yesterday," Vanderkamp said. "And two, after looking into your history, I knew you had the most to lose."

The girl bit her lip again, her mind racing. "What would I have to do," she asked meekly. Vanderkamp smiled. She was considering which meant he had her.

"Look, you can not be as stupid as all of this cunt," he said, standing in front of her. "You will remove your clothes right here and now and not put anything on or cover yourself in any way between now and one year from today. You will also follow all of my instruction to the letter. Now, do you agree to the terms of this deal or not?"

"Oh God," she said, covering her face with her hands. "But I'll be arrested. People just can't walk around naked."

"Well Tara, we are in luck," Jim said. "Because you are from Rhode Island, you are entitled to proclaim that you are a religious nudist. No police department can arrest you without fear of prosecution of taking away your religious freedom. And of course the University would have to accept your religion and would not be able to fire you."

She bit down harder on her lip, deep in thought. No way, she thought, I could never walk around naked…I would die from the exposure and the embarrassment. But how can I turn down $10 million? Her family would be set. Wouldn't a year of humiliation be worth it to save her family?

"But I would freeze to death," she said, looking at both men with big eyes. "Could I wear a coat outside or something to keep me warm?"

Vanderkamp suppressed a smile and got stern again. "Look cunt, I am tired of this. Frigal, I am going to have to withdraw my offer because Miss Smith seems too good to accept my $10 million."

"WAIT! Please, have some compassion," she said, begging. "I mean, this is a lot to throw on a girl, you know. Can I think about it?"

"No, I am sorry Tara, but the agreement date states it must be signed today by 10 a.m., some 10 minutes from now," Jim said, sliding the agreement towards her. "After that it becomes null and void."

Oh God, Tara thought, tears unabashedly flowing down her cheeks.

"Tara, I don't think I have to tell you what this money could mean, both to you and the University," Jim said. "Isn't one year of your life worth it for all of the good you can do?"

The girl again bit her lips. "How can I be sure you will keep your end of the bargain," she asked.

"Miss, I am a respected man of business and have never renigged on my word," Vanderkamp said. "However, to protect all parties, I have had a contract drawn that specifies the task required and the payoff. I have signed it and so has Jim. Now all it needs is your signature."

Tara stood up and walked over towards the piece of paper. She read in very graphic detail about her nudity with the contract stating that her "tits, pussy and asshole may never be covered without the expressed consent of Mr. Vanderkamp" and that she was "required to serve Mr. Vanderkamp in all ways, including sexually."

Using all of the strength in her 20 year old body, she leaned over and signed her name over the line, effectively condemning herself to year of nudity and servitude.

"Now, you are in violation of the terms of our agreement," Vanderkamp said. "I suggest you take steps to honor your commitment immediately or the contract is null and void."

Tara was shaken. She knew that she would be required to take her clothes off but was surprised that it was so quick.

Knowing that she had no choice she stood and slid her shoes off her feet. Because it was still warm she had chosen not to wear pantyhose and now stood barefoot in her boss' office. Deciding that her blouse should be nest she started unbuttoning her blouse, trying to remain as covered as possible for as long as possible. Her trembling hands struggled to get the buttons off but finally they were undone and she removed her blouse.

Vanderkamp let loose a low whistle, further humiliating the girl. Her breasts were smallish, just 34B, but they were round with full nipples. She saw that her bra did little to hide their features from the leering men. Figuring they could see her breasts pretty well anyway, she reached behind her and unclasped her bra and let it fall down her arms.

She had underestimated how the lack of bra would make her breasts look obscene. Her nipples were hard as rocks and sticking straight at her VP who was trying not to gawk but could not resist looking at his topless office girl. He had barely noticed her over the nine months she had worked for him and now he wondered what he had been thinking. This girl was stunning.

She tried to ignore the leering eyes of the two men and began to unzip her skirt. Without fanfare she let it fall in ball around her feet. In that moment, she tried to remember what kind of panties she had worn, a silly thought when she would soon be totally nude but a thought that all girls have. She looked down to see a plain white cotton briefs and exhaled, thankful that she had chosen her normal sensible panties. She had one sexy pair of red lace, bought by an old boyfriend and sometimes wore them to feel sexy. She was glad that she had made the safe decision today, though even she realized what a crazy thought it was to think about her panties seconds before she would remove them to stand naked for the beginning of a one-year period.

Tara hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and slid them down her long legs and they also piled at her ankles. She stepped out of both the skirt and her panties and unbelievingly stood naked in her boss' office in front of him and this other man, now her Master.

"Okay, put your hands behind your neck, your feet shoulder width apart and thrust your tits out," Vanderkamp said. Meekly Tara followed every direction to perfection, something that the man had noticed and had been certain would happen after meeting her yesterday. He spotted that sliver of subservience in this girl and had been right. She had fallen right into the pose.

"Good cunt, this is the way you will present yourself in my presence unless otherwise directed, got it," he said sharply.

She nodded but was reprimanded to use her mouth. "Yes sir."

"Excellent, now it is questions time."

**CHAPTER 3**

Tara stood there, naked and feeling all alone in this big office with two men fully clothed standing authoritatively nearby. Tears flowed ceaselessly down her cheeks and her chest heaved from her sobs. How could she survive a year like this, she wondered.

Vanderkamp began his questioning of her, as if she were a criminal.

"Okay Taracunt, you will answer my questions truthfully and without fail or face punishment, understood cunt?"

"Yes Sir."

"Good, are you a virgin cunt?"

"No Sir."

"Good, how many partners have you had?"

"Five Sir."

"Wow, you have gotten around." That brought a new shame to the girl, already embarrassed at having to answer these questions. "How old were you when you allowed a boy to fuck your pussy?"

"Um, 15 Sir." She was humiliated. Answering intimate questions was bad enough but to do it while naked and on full display was beyond anything she could have imagined.

"And how many of your holes have you allowed men to fuck?"

She hesitated, unsure of the question and then blushed terribly. "Two Sir. My vagina and my mouth Sir."

"No cunt, that is not a vagina you have done there," he said, pointing at her mound. "That is a pussy or a cunt. And those things are tits, not breasts or chest, tit or titties and love mounds. Anything that I determine they are…but you will refer to them as tits or titties. Got it?"

"Yes sir," she said, disgraced at his words.

"What are these," he said, walking towards her and grabbing her breasts with both hands. She gasped but kept her hands tucked behind her neck.

"They are my tits Sir," she whispered, barely able to get the words out.

"Good," he said, taking his right hand her left breasts and sliding it between her legs. "And this wet thing, what is this?"

She moaned at his touch, not believing that she was aroused in the slightest. The whole thing was horrible but she could not deny that her sex was squishy to his touch.

"That is my pussy Sir."

"Excellent. Now, when was your last period?"

Why did he want to know that, she wondered. How humiliating!

"It finished last Thursday Sir."

"How often do you masturbate?"

Oh God, she had to admit it, though she wasn't sure why. "Every day Sir." She was totally thrown by the admission, not sure why she was pouring her heart out. No one would have known if she was lying.

"Well now, you really are quite the slut aren't you? Multiple partners, two input and now we find out that you diddle yourself every day. Ever more than once a day?"

She blushed a deeper red than she thought possible and nodded before remembering she had to speak and said "Yes Sir, sometimes."

Vanderkamp looked at Jim and smiled. This girl was a keeper and they both knew it.

"Okay, start diddling yourself for me. Show me how you do it."

No, she couldn't! Not here, not now, not in front of these men! She knew the price of hesitation and resistance and almost without thinking her right hand came down and slid between her legs, rubbing the length of her puffy lips, her palm grazing over her clit. She moaned despite herself and the situation. With her left hand she started to rub her nipples, already achingly hard. Her right hand started its familiar routine, rubbing the exterior of her lips and then sliding inside, making a squelching noise from the extreme wetness. The noise mortified her but she didn't stop…it was feeling too good and she was already aware of the penalty for inaction.

Tara moved her left hand down to run her clit as her right fucked inside her pussy. She was gyrating her hips, rotating them around, her legs quivering, her body quickly covering with a sheen of sweat despite the cold. She felt the rumblings of an orgasm starting to build inside of her sex and beginning its trek throughout her body. "Oh," she said softly but gutturally.

Her body glowed from the sheen of a woman on the brink of orgasm. Redness, from sexual excitement this time instead of humiliation, spread from her cheeks down to her breasts. There was no doubt to the two men watching that this girl was almost there.

"STOP!"

Tara's eyes flew open in surprise. Her reverie was broken and her hands stopped their machinations.

"But Sir, please, I was so close," she begged.

"Yes, I know what a slut like you wants but you must learn that I control every part of your body for the next year," Vanderkamp said. "Hands behind your neck again."

Reluctantly she did as commanded. Her pussy was noticeably wet and her body was still quivering. Her nipples were a dark red and enflamed. The girl looked even more unnerved than before, just the result the man had hoped for.

"Now it is time for you to declare your 'religion.'"

**CHAPTER 4**

Tara stood there, naked, and watched as her VP pulled the campus phone book out of his desk.

"Tara, you are going to have to call Lynn in Human Resources to declare your religion," Jim said softly. She much preferred his temperament and demeanor to Vanderkamp, who treated her like a piece of meat. Of course, she had just agreed to be just that for the man so she hardly blamed him.

"Come around here and bend over the desk," Vanderkamp said. She did as commanded, feeling the soft carpet beneath her bare feet. The desk came right to her waist and she felt the edge dig into her as she bent over until her nipples and breasts were touching the cold surface.

"Her number is 555-5555," Jim said. "Use speakerphone so we can all hear." Tara pressed the button, not sure what she was going to say. Just then, Jim placed a typed sheet in front of her to read. She mouthed the words "thank you."

"Yes, hi is Lynn there please," she said softly and shyly into the phone. She was put on hold and waited there, nude and vulnerable in that position.

"Hi Lynn, this iIIISS, UHHH, TTT-ARA SSSMITTH," she stammered for as she began speaking she felt a cock slide into her available pussy.

"No, no, nno, nootthing is wronggg, GGGG," she said, trying to suppress her grunts as she was being fucked. She assumed it was Vanderkamp but could not see and did not want to look.

Her stammering was barely controlled as she spoke, explaining to the woman that she was declaring herself a religious nudist and wanted to have full protection under the law. The conversation ceased for a second, the only noise was her soft grunts every time the cock was pushed deep inside of her.

"Excuse me Tara, did you say you want to be a religious nudist?"

"Uh, uh, uh, yes, tthat's what I said."

"OK, of course we will recognize your religion, what does it entail," Lynn asked.

NNNggg---OHHHH! Tara tried to control herself as an orgasm rushed through her whole body. It came from no where and filled her with a feeling unlike anything she had ever experiences. The moment was too much, her body was too close after the diddling, she needed this orgasm.

"Tara? Are you still there?"

The sweating, flushed petite girl tried to get her bearings. "Yyes, still heeree," she said, her body still absorbing a pounding from Vanderkamp.

"Well, what do you mean by your religion?"

"Uh, uh, uh, well, I'm not—OH GOD—going to wear clothes anymore," Tara said, squeezing her eyes shut tight in pleasure and humiliation.

"Well, that is very unusual but if you write me a letter I will put it in your file and make sure that your religious rights are taken care of," Lynn said. "Is there anything else I can do for you?"

The girl, on the crest of another orgasm shook her head but then realized she was talking on the phone and moaned a no before pushing the button and hanging up, just as she came again, this time allowing herself the chance to scream out in release and orgasm.

Finally her orgasm subsided and the girl's brain was functioning at around 50 percent. She had never cum like this, not with any lover and certainly not by herself. What was it about this situation that made her orgasms so intense?

She noticed that the cock inside her pussy was still hard and realized that she did not feel any sperm inside of her.

"Now, you have to write a letter," Vanderkamp said, his cock still lodged inside of her. "Call up blank page on word and write the letter stating your religion."

Tara struggled to move the top part of her body around to grab the keyboard and move it in front of her. Jim helped her turn the monitor so she could see what she was typing.

The girl, a cock still deep inside of her, started typing a letter. As she did, she felt Vanderkamp begin to fuck her again. She struggled to type the University's address at the top and then her own. Her eyes began to glaze as the man filled her totally, the tip of his cock butting up against her cervix.

But Tara continued typing and felt the man's cock leave her pussy, leaving her a bit disappointed despite herself. She was into her request for religious protection when she felt the cock at her asshole. The petite girl, a virgin back there, began shaking her head and was about the beg for mercy when the slick cock slid into her asshole, distending her anus terribly.

"NOOOO!!!!" She screamed, banging her fists against the desk but helpless to prevent the anal fucking. "OWWWWW!!"

"KEEP TYPING CUNT!"

Tara struggled to lift her upper body from the desk but somehow found the strength to finish the letter while getting her ass fucked. She sobbed in pain and humiliation, never thinking that a man would put his cock into that hole. She and her friends had joked that their asses were exit only. Now the only exit that would happen was after he had left a huge load of cum inside of her.

Somehow she finished the letter while getting her ass reamed by the rich man who delighted in the torment he was performing on her. Seeing she was done he commanded her to print it out and sign it. She didn't know how she managed to find the icon for print but she did it and then, trembling, took the paper and a pen provided by Jim and signed the letter. As she did Vanderkamp pushed deeply into her and filled her rectum with his seed, pressing her upper body down hard on the smooth, cold wood.

Finally, after what seemed like forever, the man removed his weight off of her and pulled his cock out of her ass. He grabbed a fistful of her hair and straightened her into a standing position.

"Kneel in front of me cunt," he demanded. She did as she was told, her face level with his shit and cum stained cock. "Clean me off."

She gagged at his words but bent over anyway and took his cock into her mouth. She recognized the familiar taste of sperm and revolted at the taste of her own shit. Oh God, this man was awful. Finally she had cleaned off his penis to best of her ability and she was allowed to stand up again, hands clasped behind her neck.

"OK cunt, you may get back to work," Vanderkamp said. He then threw her a cell phone. "This is your phone but only I may call you here. Have it with you at all times."

With that, he turned and started talking business with Jim. Tara steadied herself to march into the world naked, an occurrence that would happen every day for the next year.

**CHAPTER 5**

Before she pushed the door open, Tara decided to treat her nudity as special and normal. Maybe if she walked straight and didn't draw attention to herself, she could pull this off.

Tara turned the knob and the big door opened. She made small, tentative steps out of the office, hearing Nan on the phone. As she passed by she waved at the woman who waved back before stopping her phone conversation and shouting. "OH MY GOD, TARA, WHAT HAPPENED?"

Brought back to reality, Tara cringed. Her regal posture was gone and she was just the humiliated naked girl she really was.

"Um, I'm a religious nudist now," she said. "I-uh, I just declared it to Jim and Mr. Vanderkamp."

So, that's how you avoided being fired, the secretary thought. Typical slut, using her body to get an advantage. And to think she had felt sorry for the girl just a short while ago. Boy had she misread this one.

Nan picked up the phone, rudely ignoring the naked girl. "Yeah, sorry about that Midge, but this little tramp is walking around naked in the office," she said into the phone. She looked at Tara dismissively and waved her out of the office, showing disgust and disdain on her face. Redfaced and head bowe in shame, Tara left the waiting area and waded into the public hallway of the building.

Here the floors were tile and cold on her bare feet. Tara felt every inch of her nudity out here as the normal bustle of the workplace came to an abrupt halt. Men and women alike stopped and gawked, whispering. She heard some of the louder voices, wondering if she was really naked and if so why? Maybe it's a body suit or a dare or a lost bet. The scenarios flew through the room but she just walked on, arms at her side, mindful of the provision that compelled her to never cover her private (not-so-private?) areas. Their eyes felt like darts and she knew they were focusing on her breasts and pussy and butt. She desperately wanted to get to her cubicle. She desperately wanted to cry her eyes out, but knew she had to stay strong and not let on that this was less than her idea.

Finally she pushed the door of her little department and sat down in her cube, feeling the rough texture of her chair against her bare butt and thighs and back. It was so unusual to sit in furniture while naked. Tears started to flow…it was just too hard to hold back. She tried to compose herself when she heard Maryanne's door open.

"Tara, sweetheart, I had no idea this was coming," the older woman said, throwing her arms around the naked girl. "Jim just called me with the news. I wish you had been comfortable coming to me about this so I could have supported you. But I understand…sometimes it is hard to know who to trust with news."

Tara nodded, glad that this woman was answering her own questions. She was just happy for the hug and warmth. The nude girl felt the soft cotton of the woman's top against her bare breasts. She knew that Maryanne must have noticed how hard her nipples were in the drafty room.

"I guess the tears are from the overwhelming emotion right," Maryanne asked. Again the nude nodded, happy for the cover that Maryanne was offering. "Well, you just take all of the time you need. The work can wait a little while."

Tara broke off the hug and shook her head. "No Maryanne, I will not allow my work to suffer because of my, uh, religion."

The older woman smiled and looked at the nude with a proud smile. "You are so strong Tara, a real hero," she said. "Well, I will let you get back to work then. If you need anything, I will be in my office."

Tara tried to get to work on the pile of papers sitting by her desk but had trouble concentrating. Her nipples were aching, as was her asshole after the reaming it had received a few moments ago. She also felt her pussy full of cum and still tasted the combination of shit and cum that had covered Vanderkamp's cock. She was thirsty, wanting to get the taste out of her mouth. But, the water jug was in the common area where the other girls sat and she desperately wanted to avoid interacting with them. What could she do though, at some point she had to come into contact with them. Just not today, she thought.

So she worked, enjoying the blissful aloneness. Her thirst was still an issue though and after an hour she was desperate for a drink. Grabbing her mug she stood up and rapped on Maryanne's door.

"Yes?"

"Maryanne, I'll be back in a minute, just going to get a drink of water."

"Okay, hey, can you run to the mail room and grab a package waiting there for me?"

Tara froze. Go to the mailroom naked? There were only men there, men who were always gawking at the girls, making rude comments. That trip would be awful but she realized that it was a trip she made often.

"Um, okay, I'll take care of it."

"You're hesitating, what's wrong? You don't have a problem being naked do you? It is your religion right?"

Tara stood straight, responding to the first challenge of her "religion." Of course if she was truly committed to being a religious nudist, why would she care about being nude in the mailroom?

"No, no problem, I guess it's all a little much for a first day," she said, laughing it off. "You know, you think about it in theory but then when it happens, it's different than you imagine."

Maryanne's demeanor seemed to soften. Instead of doubting Tara, she now sympathized again. "Oh God yeah, I hear ya," she said. "Well, this is a good launching point. Have to do it sometime right?"

Tara nodded and closed the office door and then headed out into the hallway. It was much less crowded now but a group of men in business suits, here for a meeting, had congregated right at the door of the outer room where the water was. She had to pass them and felt one man's jacket graze her bare hip. "Oh God," she thought. "That felt so good. Clothes!"

She pushed open the door where the office girls sat. As soon as she did, all heads turned her way. These women were mostly older than her and some had been very friendly. But Tara had little to do with them, what with concentrating on work and school and trying to keep it all together. Of course the women saw it as her being uppity, a fact that was way far from the truth.

"Well, well well, not getting far enough with brains alone Tara sweetheart," said Norma, an older woman who looked and sounded as if she ate cigarettes for breakfast, lunch and dinner. "I always figured you for an exhibitionist, hiding behind those long skirts. Shame you had to slut yourself out to keep you job."

"That's not true," the wounded young nude said back. "It's my religion."

"Yeah, religion, funny how it just came about after being here for almost a year," said Stacey, a young and pretty woman who was the bitchiest person Tara had ever met. Stacey had been hired for a much higher position but hardly anyone could stand her. But when they went to fire her, she claimed sexual harassment and the administration had been too scared to get rid of her. So they paid her high salary while she did data entry all day.

"I heard that they were going to fire your scrawny ass until you decided to pull your religion crap," said Tonya, a pretty African American woman who had been Tara's closest friend of the group but now seemed to turn on her. "I thought more of you Tara. But you turned out to be like so many other girls, using your tits and pussy to get ahead."

Tears flowed out of Tara's eyes as the other women got meaner and meaner. She had to bend over to get the water and the women commented on the nice view of her slit they got. She expected this treatment by the men in the mailroom but was surprised at the venom from the other women.

"Why, why are you treating me like this," she cried out.

"Because sluts like you give women a bad name," Stacey said. "Not every woman will sleep her way to the top but those who will, like you, make us all look bad. Now get on back to your cubicle and be glad we don't do something more than make fun of you."

The nude girl padded out of the room, listening to the hoots and hollers of those awful women. She could hardly believe the awful things they said and could also not believe that she was more comfortable in the public hallway than the closed room with them.

She took a long drink from the mug, not aware of the erotic sight of a naked girl drinking. The men in business suits were still there, not believing their luck, and took in the gorgeous sight of a nude woman drinking. Quite a few were glad for the looseness of suit pants at that moment.

Glad to finally get that horrible taste out of her mouth, Tara hurried on her way, stopping only to drop her mug off at her desk. She figured she might need two hands to carry the package.

The nude girl took a deep breath and left the sanctity of her cubicle and went back into the hallway. She passed few people on the way to the mailroom but each one was mortifying. She saw their eyes open wide at first sight of her and then focus on her breasts, um tits, and pussy. She saw their eyes stay on her as they passed her and knew that they were taking long looks at her bare ass.

She went into the small, cramped mailroom and was assaulted by the eyes of four large and rude men. Wanting desperately to cover her parts, she remembered her place and thrust her chest out and pretended she was clothed.

"Well hello Tara," said Mike, the older of the four and head of the mailroom. "This is a very pleasant surprise and quite a treat for us peons here in the mailroom. Are you treating everyone in the building this well or just us lowly mailmen?"

"Hi Mike," she said, trying to stay calm. "Yes, I am treating everyone to my nudity. I am a religious nudist now."

"Christ, I'm glad it's you instead of that bitch Stacey," laughed Tim, one of the college kids who worked in the mailroom part-time. "She probably would shoot us for looking and her body can't be anywhere near as nice as yours."

The group laughed, even Tara. She was surprised that these guys made her feel more comfortable than the ladies. "Well I appreciate that Tim, thanks for the compliment."

"Let me tell you something Tara, between you and I," Mike said. "You are one of the class broads in this place, always have been. Most of those bitches don't say hello or know any of our names. In our book, you are alright."

Tara started to cry at the kindness being showed by these men. She had totally misjudged them.

"Now, that's not to say we don't enjoy the view, trust me we do," he said laughing. "But I am sure those women are being mean to you so if you need a place to come and hang out and get away from all of them, you come here. We'll take care of you and protect you. Plus, we have water here too."

Without thinking, the girl threw her arms out and hugged the man, pulling him close to her nakedness. She was so happy for his unexpected kindness that she didn't realize what she was doing. Then she felt his penis poking into her bare pubic region and pulled back.

"Oh God Mike, I'm so sorry. I didn't think what that would do to you, I was just so thankful," she said, her hand over her mouth in embarrassment.

"It's alright, though if you want to take care of that for me," he said.

"Don't ruin the moment Mike," she said smiling. "But maybe some other time."

He handed her the package and she left, yelling goodbye to the other three men. They all oglied her and then razzed Mike for his obvious hard on.

**CHAPTER 6**

Tara was smiling as she made her way back to her office…at least until she ran into her first person in the hallway. Her smile left, replaced by the look of fear and despair. How could she make it through a whole year like this?

When she got back to her desk, her new cell phone was ringing. Tara rushed to grab it.

"Hello?"

"Well cunt, what took you so long? I am a very busy man."

"Sorry Sir, I was running an errand for Maryanne to the mailroom," she stammered.

Excellent, he thought, smiling. That must have been a humiliating walk for her.

"OK cunt, but you will have to be punished for not answering the phone promptly, even though you had an excuse," he said.

"No Sir, please don't forfeit the deal," she pleaded.

"Cunt, you are so stupid sometimes," he said. "The only rules that will discontinue our deal is you wearing clothes or covering your body. The other rules that you break will result in discipline."

She breathed a sign of relief. Until she heard his next words.

"For your punishment, you will shave those pubes," he said. "Too much covering anyway."

She shook her head no, mouthing the word but not able to speak it. "And you will keep it smooth every day, do you understand?"

"Yes Sir," she said meekly. She already trimmed her pubic hair but was not willing to shave it all. Now she would have no covering.

"Well cunt, have a great night tonight." CLICK. With that, he hung up, leaving her shaking. It seemed like every conversation with the man ended with her feeling this way.

Tara turned the phone off and placed it in her small purse, the only covering she would have for the next year. Maybe she should buy a bigger one, she thought laughingly, that way more would be covered. But she knew that would never be allowed. She dropped the package off for Maryanne and went back to work.

Interestingly, she was able to forget about her nudity for a while and actually do some work. But it soon became apparent that she had to do something about lunch. She hadn't brought anything with her, planning on eating at the lunch cart near her office. But now she dreaded going out. She couldn't ask the mean girls in the office to bring her something back, that was for sure. And Maryanne might get suspicious if she tried to duck leaving the office again. Skipping lunch was not an option as she hadn't eaten breakfast and her normal bagel break had been skipped as well for her meeting with Jim and Vanderkamp. Her stomach started rattling, a sure sign that she needed some nourishment.

She reached in her wallet and grabbed a five dollar bill. Again she rapped on the door to tell Maryanne that she was leaving for lunch.

"Oh Tara, would you be a dear and run to that bakery down the street for a bagel sandwich for me," she asked. Tara froze…how could she get out of this? Again she was stuck putting herself in an awkward and humiliating position.

"Well, I was just going to run to the food cart out front," she said. "I have so much work to do."

"And take a break, you've earned it," Maryanne said. "Besides, I bet a nudist like you would really enjoy a nice walk in the midday sunshine. Boy, sometimes I envy you, being able to feel the sun and the breeze on your skin, unburdened of the business suit like me. Christ, I'm even wearing stockings today!"

The woman waved a bill in the air, motioning for Tara to take it. "Please, can't I get you something from the food cart? It will be much faster."

"You can get something at the cart but I am dying for a turkey and cheese on an everything bagel with honey mustard," Maryanne said. "And that bakery makes the best sandwiches around."

Tara padded over to her boss and took the money. She then turned and walked out, grabbing only her ID card to get back into the building and the damn cell phone. For the third time today, she braced herself to enter the hallway. Finally she opened the door and went out into the public area. She felt the cold tile against her bare feet and the stares of random people as well. She cringed when she saw Stacey exit her office as well and the two exchanged a look. Tara got scared when Stacey smiled and started following her.

For the first time all day, Tara had to brave the world outside her office. She inhaled and was about to exit when she felt a hand between her legs. "Just getting you ready for your exit cunt," Stacey said, her two fingers lodged inside the naked girl. "Figured you'd want everyone to see what a whore you are."

With that, Stacey pushed the door open and walked out of the building, still fucking the nude girl with her fingers. To all of the world it looked like two friends walking next to each other, though one was nude. But in reality, Stacey was finger fucking Tara, causing the girl to soak up and her body to betray her. They got to the end of the walkway, where the street was when Stacey finally removed her fingers, wiping them on the girl's bare butt.

"Have a nice lunch cunt," she said sweetly, going to the right.

Tara's chest was heaving in lust after her brief encounter…nothing about it was sexy or a turnon yet Tara could not deny the feelings it had raised in her. She leaned against a pole, trying to get her bearings. Please God, let me get through this.

She stood up, tried to remember her mental exercise to act like this was natural, that nothing bothered her. She knew it was all false, that she felt every stare right to her soul, but she tried to pretend she was okay with her nudity in this public area and pushed her chest out and walked upright, not giving the smallest impression that she was humiliated.

She heard the gasps and the whistles right away. There were car horns honking and comments hurled at her, calling her a whore, slut, cunt, extolling the many wonderful things about her tits and pussy and ass. The hard concrete hurt her soft, bare feet and the sun, hot in the afternoon sky, beat down on her bare body. People were pointing and she saw women whispering, obviously noticing her wet, sexed pussy. Oh God, she wanted to curl up into a ball and die, or at least be swallowed up by the ground and allowed to live in an underground world.

Finally she got to the bakery and opened the door. The kind woman who ran the store turned cold.

"No, no way, I won't have this in my store, get out of here girl, I won't play around with sex players," the woman said.

"Please you don't understand, I'm not a whore, I'm a religious nudist from the college," Tara said, tears welling in her eyes. "Please, I just want to buy lunch, not cause trouble."

The woman's stance changed immediately. Maybe this wasn't some prank after all, but laws are laws. "Fine, but you see that sign, no shoes, no shirt, no service. No bare feet either. Tell me what you want and wait for it out on the sidewalk. I can't lose my license over this."

"Oh thank you for being kind, but may I wait somewhere else," she said. "There are so many people out there."

"It shouldn't matter to a nudist, should it? I would think that your religion means you would stand naked in Shea Stadium right?"

Tara nodded and gave the woman her order. She handed her the money and went out to wait on the sidewalk. Her nude walk had drawn quite an audience and now several men were getting closer physically. Tara's whole body shook in fear as a man in tattered clothes approached her and looked ready to grope her. She heard the bakery door open and someone pull her inside. "Scatter boys, before I call the cops," the woman said.

The nude girl sat on the floor and began to sob. "Oh God, this is terrible, I can't do it," she wailed. The friendly server knelt next to her and put her arm around her.

"Now, now, if you truly believe this is God's calling, there will be hardships," the woman said. "Be strong girl and God will provide. Now, wait in here while I rustle up your lunch. Try not to be obvious. I really could get in trouble for letting you in here."

The naked girl moved into the corner of the store, behind a display, and sat there, happy to be away from prying eyes. After all, she was ordered to hide there, could hardly be punished for that. Finally the woman returned to her with a bag.

"Here you go sweetheart, come back again soon," she said. "By the way, what is your name?"

"I'm Tara, Tara Smith," the nude girl said, happy for some compassion and friendship.

"Good to meet you Tara, Steph Stevens. Come by any time, really. I'll take care of you."

The two bid each other farewell and Tara left to head into the onslaught. This time she was unlucky enough to come across a police officer.

"Maam, may I ask you what the hell is going on here," the man asked, his eyes poring into her bare tits. "We got a call that you were causing a disturbance. What are you doing out here like that?"

"Officer, please, I am a religious nudist from the University," she said frantic. "Please believe me. I am not causing any trouble, I just believe in the freedom to be nude." LIE, LIE, LIE, she thought.

"Well, maybe I'll give that college a call," he said. "But for the meantime, you have to be subdued." With that, he took his handcuffs from his belt, turned the naked girl around and had her hands bound behind her in seconds. The lunch bag fell to the ground.

"Just stand here and wait while I call the University. What is your name?"

Through her sobs of fear and humiliation, she stammered out her name and Maryanne's phone number. The cop went into his car to make the call, leaving her naked and exposed on the sidewalk. Within a few seconds he had verified her story, but he was enjoying the few of her naked butt in his window and wanted to make her sweat for a while.

She stood there for 15 minutes while he went through his process in the car. Hundreds of pairs of eyes soaked her in while they walked, though no one touched her with a police officer nearby. She heard cars honking but couldn't turn around to see, unwilling to face the gawkers.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the cop approached her. "Well Miss, I guess you check out, though I still think this is a piece of shit way to get your jollies. I suppose the law is the law. Try to stay out of trouble." With that he removed the cuffs and she groaned as she worked feeling back into her wrists. He handed her the bag of the sandwiches and tipped his cap, "have a nice day."

Tara moved, almost running. Her breasts bobbed up and down, her body a naked blur as she ran to get inside. Finally she made it to the relative safety of the building. Maryanne, her friend and boss, was waiting worriedly by the front door. "Oh poor Tara, I was so worried about you," she said. "I guess that officer saved the day."

Not knowing what had happened, she said nothing, gratefully accepting her boss' hug as the two walked back to their office. The nude girl was aware of the stares from all around but just wanted to eat.

"Tara, be a dear and grab us both some water from the cooler," Maryanne said. "I'll set lunch up in my office."

**CHAPTER 7**

Tara took the mugs offered by her boss and went back into the lion's den. She was happy to see only Tonya there, the rest of the women away at lunch. The girl looked from her work and gave the nude girl a disgusted look but said nothing. Tara went right to her task, bending over to fill two mugs of water. But she could not help the tears that came as her former friend ignored her.

She started walking to the door but stopped, feeling even more naked than before. "You know Tonya, I expected to get shit about my decision from a bitch like Stacey or a hard ass like Norma, but I thought I could depend on you," she said, not hiding her tears. "I guess I was wrong about our friendship."

With that she pushed the door open and walked out. Tara desperately wanted to get control of herself before interacting with Maryanne. She wasn't sure why but it looked like Maryanne was going to be watching her for any sign of her nudity being a lie. She stopped crying as she pushed the door open to her office and wiped away her tears before continuing into Maryanne's office for lunch.

She was right about having to be on guard. The whole lunch she felt her boss' eyes on her, sizing her up, from her toes to her hair and back. Tara even felt odd doing something normal like crossing her legs and did not do so, keeping her feet spread as she sat, her slit on full display. Occasionally, as they ate, the older woman would ask question about her religion and the nude girl would have to come up with something on the fly.

The 30 minutes was very uncomfortable, even though they ate lunch together three or four times a week. Usually they laughed and chatted about life but not today. Maryanne was serious, taking on an authoritative role over the young girl.

Finally the older woman finished her sandwich. As was typical, Tara had barely eaten half and she wrapped it up to bring home for dinner.

"By the way Tara, Jim called to tell me you will be moving out of your office," she said offhand.

"What," she asked, her stomach doing cartwheels.

"Yeah, something about restructuring. You are moving in with the other office girls but still working for me. I hope that's okay."

Tara's knees started shaking but she nodded. "Sure, whatever, that's fine."

"That will be nice for you, to be with the other girls and socialize more," Maryanne continued. "Sometimes I worry about you all cooped up here. And now your religion will be more on display."

The young nude nodded and went back her desk. She looked down and saw her breasts bouncing up and down on her frame, her breath out of control from the thought of dealing with the crazy bitches in the office. Oh God, how am I going to make it like this for a year, she thought for the 100 th time.

The rest of the day dragged by. Of course she was visited by nearly every maintenance man and tech person in the building, all seeming to need to check something near her desk, in her office or under her desk. She knew her slit had been seen by dozens of people already and knew this was just the beginning. Her nipples were threatening to burst out of her chest they were so hard and aching. Could this keep up for a year, she wondered.

Finally she saw it was 5 o'clock and gathered her stuff, what little there was of it. Just her small purse (which would cover next to nothing) and her lunch bag. Tara padded over in her bare feet over to Maryanne's door, knocked and entered to say goodbye.

"Oh good Tara, I am glad you are here," the woman said. "I just talked to Jim and he said I have to make you do some things every day. I am so glad I caught you before you left because I would have had to call you back."

The nude girl flinched, knowing this wasn't going to be good for her. "Whatever you need Maryanne, you know that," she said.

"Excellent. Put your stuff down on the floor and masturbate to orgasm for me," the woman said nonchalantly.

Tara's eyes flew open as did her mouth. She could not believe that her boss and friend was asking her to do such a thing.

"Please Maryanne, you can't be asking me to do this."

"Why, your religion believes in no modesty, or so Jim says," Maryanne said. "So, masturbating here for me should be no problem. Or is this religion of yours just a ruse to keep Jim from firing you like everyone says it is?"

Tara moved quickly. She dropped her purse and lunch onto the chair and began to move her right hand down to her slit. Despite her humiliation, she got wet quickly as she fingered herself in front of someone for the second time that day. As she slid two fingers of her right hand inside of her sex, her left hand played with her clit which had gotten bigger and popped out of its sheath. She was close to cumming and her breathing got heavier and more shallow. Just then, the office door opened and Stacey, the girl who had harassed her earlier, walked in.

"Good, I didn't miss it," she said evilly. Tara's orgasm lost its momentum with the interruption and she had to start nearly from the beginning, this time with her rival inches away, drinking in the whole scene.

The nude girl was again humiliated deeper than she believed possible. But her body betrayed her again, beginning its ascent towards orgasm. Her legs began to quiver, her sex was sloppy and wet and the sound of her fingers squelching in and out filled the room.

A low, guttoral moan escaped her as the orgasm hit her hard. Her whole body bucked and her eyes flew open as it hit her, forcing her to make eye contact with the evil Stacey, who grinned at her, knowing she had forced her to a new low. Despite it, Tara's whole body felt this orgasm, more deeply than any before, her humiliation only adding to the intensity. Finally the orgasm crested and subsided and tears flowed out of her eyes, startling the two women who quickly recovered.

"Excellent, you will need to begin the day and end the day by doing that," Maryanne said. "If I am not available, Stacey here will be. You must do it in front of an audience, is that understood?"

Tara nodded. "And don't forget, tomorrow, report for work in the area of the other office girls," Maryanne said.

"Yes, we are really looking forward to it," Stacey said. "Oh, and by the way, you can take your fingers out of your pussy slut."

The nude girl quickly removed her fingers, temporarily forgetting they were there. She gathered her stuff and walked out, followed by the laughter of her boss and co-worker.

Her masturbation show had served one purpose as the halls were more empty than at 5. Still, many people were leaving the building and all of them pasted their eyes on the nude girl, most noticing the telltail signs of arousal still present. Her nipples were hard and puffy, her pussy lips were red and wet and there was some moisture stuck to her thighs. Anyone nearby could smell her sex as well.

Finally she got to her car and drove away from the awful campus, the terrible people who seemed happy to humiliate her. She could not wait to get home and climb under her comforter and be covered and sleep this day away. She knew she would be naked tomorrow again but that was then. She had to forget about today and a cup of tea and an early bedtime would accomplish that.

She barely noticed the people staring as she drove through the small town, except for the few people in SUVs and trucks who had a total view of her nudity. How weird it felt to be driving naked, feeling the smooth fabric under her bare butt and legs and against her bare back and her bare feet on the pedals. It took some getting used to but she put Norah Jones on the CD player and tried to relax.

She pulled into the parking lot of her apartment complex and the butterflies in her stomach turned into buffalos. Tara lived in a highrise apartment building, with 20 floors and people coming and going at all times. This was going to be a daily exercise in humiliation and she feared that someone might see her and take advantage of her. Please God, get me through this.

The nude girl turned the car off, grabbed her stuff, and slid out. She felt the warm blacktop under her feet, a welcome change from the cool tile in her office. So far no one was out in the parking lot, but her luck changed as another car came in just as she crossed the entrance to go into the lobby. There the front desk attendant looked up from his paper and nearly spit out his drink.

"Miss, what are you doing?"

Tara blushed. "Joe, it's me, Tara, from 14C."

"Tara, Jesus, what the hell are you doing without clothes on? You could get arrested and in a lot of trouble."

The nude girl gulped but stood her ground. "Joe, I have declared myself a religious nudist. I am not going to wear clothes again."

The young man sat there, shocked to hear that the hottest woman in the building was going to be walking around naked for the foreseeable future. In his mind, this job just raised itself several notches.

"Well, I guess that explains the men that were here earlier," he said.

The nude girl turned back from where she was waiting for the elevator. She had been satisfied that only her butt was on display that way but her surprise got the better of her.

"Men? What men?"

"Oh, someone named Tom Vanderkamp came by with some workmen to make some alterations on your apartment," he said. "They had all of the necessary papers and your signature."

Oh God, what had they done? "Oh, okay, I didn't realize they would be here so soon," she lied.

Just then the elevator doors opened and thankfully it was empty. But her bad luck continued as someone entered the lobby just then, a dog on a leash leading the way.

"HOLD THE ELEVATOR!" Unconsciously the naked girl put her arm in between the door and a dog followed by a 30-something man entered the elevator.

"Holy shit, what the hell…"

"I'm sorry, don't be offended, but I am a religious nudist," she said quickly. She was so intent on the man that she didn't see the dog coming closer under she felt the wet nose pressing against her bare sex. "AHEEEEEEE!" The naked girl jumped, pushing the dog away from her.

"Bad dog, bad dog," the owner said, pulling on the leash. Tara was now pressed up against the back corner of the elevator, praying that she would soon be alone. But the man pressed 17, meaning he and the pervert dog would be on the elevator when she got off.

"Religious nudist huh, fascinating," the man said, his eyes never leaving her body, alternating between her bare breasts and pussy. "So you are going to be naked forever?"

The girl nodded her head but added, "but you never know, my religious feelings could change sometime in the future."

"Naked all the time. In the winter, in the snow, in the rain in the ice? Wow…that is devotion."

Finally, mercifully, they had arrived at her floor. She slid past the dog and the gawking owner, uttering a quiet goodbye, and headed down the hall to her little apartment. She got to her door, took her key and pushed in, praying for some sanctuary. But one look around the room caused her to cry out, "no, not here too."

**CHAPTER 8**

Tara stood nude just inside her door, tears flowing anew. Today she had found that she had endless amounts of tears and humiliation. Her cute, little apartment had been transformed. The comfy couches with the pretty pillows and cushions had been replaced with hard wooden benches. Her curtains over the window and the sliding glass door to the balcony were removed, allowing anyone who wished to look in.

"Oh God, what else have they done," she said, walking through her kitchen into the living room and onto the bedroom. She gasped again. Her curtains were gone as were all of her pillows, sheets and bedspreads and blankets.

"No, no, please no." She opened her closet and found it empty, no clothes, no shoes, nothing to cover herself. The drawers were equally empty as was her linen closet. The towels in her bathroom were limited to little washcloths and her hamper was even empty. Basically they had taken anything that could possibly be used to shield herself. Even the shower curtain, which had been a pretty flowery pink with a pink liner was just a clear plastic.

She stumbled back into the kitchen and found an envelope on the table with her name on it.

"Tara, hope you do not mind the alterations but it was the only way I could monitor your nudity, to be sure that you were keeping your end of the bargain away from the office. We have also installed surveillance equipment throughout the apartment, all legal and part of the agreement you signed. Also, the lighting is not adjustable by you…after all you can cover yourself in a dark room. We have set the lighting controls so you cannot hide your nudity, again as stated in the contract. Enjoy your new place. I think you will find that the lack of temptations will make life much easier for you.

Tom Vanderkamp

P.S.—Please take care of that pubic patch you have there, it is unsightly. I expect it totally bare every day and trust me there will be ample opportunity to check. After all, what religious nudist would keep her pussy covered from view by all of that hair?"

The nude girl fell to her knees and her whole body heaved in sobs. She laid in the fetal position, unbelieving that her life had changed in such a short time. How could it have happened to her, a modest girl who rarely showed any part of body to anyone? To now be naked and always on display was more than she could bear.

Finally, after almost an hour of sobbing, Tara gathered herself together and got to her feet. A cup of tea was what she needed and put the water on. She grabbed her tea and took it into her room. Laying on the rough fabric of the bare mattress opened up the feeling of aloneness and exposure. She desperately wanted to cover her nakedness but remembered the cameras (where they were, she had no idea and didn't want to think about what they would do with the footage), and just laid there, sipping her tea.

In a few minutes, she fell into a deep, disturbed sleep, dreaming dreams of being in more and more public situations, totally nude and on display. The girl who had always loved sleeping woke unrested and scattered.

The clock read 6:15 a.m., a full hour before she normally woke up. Sometimes, if she got up early, she would go for a run but supposed that was something from her past now, at least for the next year. Instead she decided to go shower and get ready for work. Maybe leaving early would shield her from more eyes, both in the building and at work.

Heading into the shower, she unconsciously started planning her outfit before remembering that there would be no outfit, only what she would be wearing in the shower. Then she remembered his order to remove her pubic hair. It hadn't been much but she felt at least a little covering with it there. Now everything will be on display, looking like she was thrusting everything in people's faces.

She got in, enjoying the warm water and decided that this was her covering, this water and this shower. Little did she know that she was on display here too, with a little camera installed in each corner, not visible to the naïve girl. She washed her hair twice, enjoying the feel of the soap and warm water. She followed that with conditioner and then picked up her razor and shaving cream. Knowing her whole body was going to be on display, she took extra time with her legs and armpits, dreading the extra humiliation of not being bare in those spots. Then came the tough part, shaving her pubes.

Like most girls, she had trimmed her hair there for years, to make sure it fit into a bathing suit and stuff. But she had never been bald there since she first sprouted hair as a 12 year old and felt better with it there. She followed her orders though and began the process.

First she sprayed the cream into her hand and rubbed her pubic mound. Then, taking the razor with one hand, she used the other to spread out the skin. Scrapping carefully, she took most of the hair off of the area. She paid close attention to the area along side her lips and then between her vagina and anus. Finally, after several minutes, she was completely devoid of hair from the eyebrows down and even they were recently thinned. She got out of the shower and dried herself the best she could with the little towels. Grabbing her hair dryer, she spent some time on her body to dry off what the little washcloth could not, and then did her hair. She wanted to leave it down, to protect some things from view, but figured she would get in trouble for that and pulled it up in a ponytail instead.

She applied some makeup, more for her whole mental well being than for anyone else today, and left the bathroom. Naturally, she headed into her bedroom to choose an outfit and get dressed but fought that urge and went into the kitchen, fixing a breakfast of toast, cereal and a banana. Then it hit her, how was she going to go food shopping. Maybe she could shop online and have the food delivered but that cost a fortune, something she did not have yet. No, she reasoned she would soon be traipsing down the aisle of the supermarket nude as the day she was born.

Her normal breakfast didn't feel the same, nor did anything. Not even her apartment felt like hers anymore, not after Mr. Vanderkamp and his men had deleted all of her girly touches and furniture. Not that it was much but that beat-up second hand couch and easy chair were hers, bought by her money.

Her mind started wandering. What would she tell her mother? Her brothers and sisters? When? How she wished she could tell them the truth, that she was doing it to better them all, but she was afraid of Vanderkamp's threat. To have gone through all of this and not get the $10 million would be horrible. No, she would have to bear this alone, a sacrifice worth $10 million.

She had never had many friends, had been too busy working. Her one friend in the area was Theresa, a student at the University who told her about the job, but now they lived two different worlds. Terri was a college student in all senses of the word, partying, studying and fucking every hot guy that moved, not necessarily in that order. They still talked once in a while and Terri brought Tara to a few parties but Tara always had to leave early, get up for work or go to night class. They had drifted but Tara thought she would have to tell Terri at some point soon. After all, the word of the naked girl walking around campus would get around and Terri might be hurt to find out from someone other than her.

Other than that, Tara was alone in the world. No boyfriend to speak of, though she had a feeling she would get a lot of offers very, very soon. But any guy that wanted her now just because she was nude all the time wasn't the kind of guy she wanted. She thought about Mike and his sweetness yesterday. Now that kind of attention might be wanted!

She cleaned her bowl and got ready to leave. Normally that would entail grabbing a sweater and possibly checking her clothes in the mirror. But not today and not for the next 364 days. No, her clothing was only what God provided at her birth.

Tara ignored the mirror, grabbed her little purse and keys, took a deep breath and pushed out into her second nude day.