**The Actress   
by Eighty-eight**

Katy was sitting in her house, watching the phone carefully to see if she could will it into not ringing. She had been working as an actress for about six months now, but had gotten no roles movies so far, and she needed the money. Katy liked to gamble, and she owed two months back rent. Her cards were maxed, too. Her agent had suggested doing a porn film. At first she had outright laughed at the idea, but as her bills piled up, and he kept assuring her that he could get her a bit paycheck for a hardcore film, she eventually rethought. If she didn't do something soon, she was going to be out on the street, and lacking the money to try to make a new start.

The phone rang. Katy picked it up. "Hello?" she asked.

"Katy! It's Martin. How you doing?" her agent's voice sounded over the phone.

"I'm OK, Martin. Did you get me a part?"

"Did I ever. You're auditioning for the starring role in a film from So-Real studios, called 'Exposed'."

"Okay, what does it involve?"

"Pretty light stuff- no anal, 'cause I know you won't do that. You're going to be doing some oral, some straight sex, a little light bondage, but nothing really hard."

"Nothing hard?"

"Well, I mean, it's a hardcore film, you would be having sex during the filming, but there's levels of hardcore and this is the softest of the hardcore. They said it's an experiment, supposed to be fun. Just paper work now- it's your basic agreement, they'll give you a full audition, if they offer you the job at the specified wage, you agree to take it, etc."

Katy thought for a while. Unable to think of a way out, she finally agreed. "Okay, Martin. Fax it over."

"It's on the way. I found you a good outfit to wear for the audition. Well, some good underwear anyway. I'll Fedex it over to you. Katy, I worked my ass of to get you this audition. I know you're not crazy about doing porn,but if you're not really going to try to get this part, say so now and we'llcall it off. I put my repuation behind any actress I send for an audition.

"I know, Martin. I promise, I'll try."

Katy hung up and waited while her fax spat out the paperwork. She wondered what Martin had meant by 'experiment'. She read the paperwork- it specified the same wage she'd gotten for her earlier films, that if she signed it she was agreeing to take the job at that wage if they offered it, that she understood the job involved nudity, sex, oral sex, bondage, and that she agreed to complete the film if offered the job. The shooting schedule was one month. The audition paid a small fee even if they declined to offer her the job.

Katy didn't want to do this, but she had no choice, and she supposed it could have been worse. She signed the contraact and faxed it back. The audition was in two days, at 9:00 AM at a corporate campus belonging to a company call So-Real.

The underwear Martin sent, when it arrived, was not something she felt good about wearing. The bra was actually a half-bra: it supported her breasts from beneath, but didn't cover them at all. The g-string was made of almost invisible thread- the string that ran around her waist and along her butt were fishing line, and the comletely transparent front panel was barely large enough to cover her lips. Katy didn't fancy having her pubic hair poking around the sides of the g-string, so she wound up shaving her pussy completely. She got a calf-length skirt and a conservative white blouse to go with the underwear. Martin may want her to look sexy, but Katy was fine with looking like the least sexual woman on Earth. She'd do what she had to, go on the audition, but if she did her best and they didn't give her the part, that was fine with her.

Two days later, Katy stood in front of the So-Real campus. It was big- over a dozen buildings, surrouned by a pleasant looking shopping district, complete with restaurants and coffee shops. She entered the lobby of the main builindg and approached the receptionist's desk.

"Hi, my name is Katy Smith. I have an audition-"

"With Mr. Russ. He's expecting you. He'll be here in a minute. There's a few forms you can fill out in the meantime. We had asked that you come wearing some sort of lingerie- are you?"

Startled by the question, Katy stammered for a moment. "I... what?"

"Mr. Russ asked your agent to request that you wear some sort of lingerie, although he didn't specify what. Are you wearing lingerie under your clothes?"

"Yes. Martin sent me some."

"Good. Please take off your outerwear, then."

Katy started again, and looked around the lobby. There were a couple of securiy guards, a few people waiting on couches for appointments, and several businesspeople, standing and talking amongst themselves. The large windows gave everyone on the sidewalk outside an unobstructed view. "Here?"

"Ms. Smith, you are aware that you're auditioning for a part in a pornographic film, and what that entails?"

"Yes, I know I'll have to do nudity, but right here?"

"I'm not asking you to strip naked, just down to your underwear."

"My underwear doesn't cover very much."

"But you ARE wearing underwear, aren't you? We did specify."

"Well, yes, I am."

"Then please? This is Mr. Russ' instruction. If you'd rather not audition, I can ask him if he can release you from your contract, and we'll give your agent a call to-"

"Alright- give me the forms, and I'll get undressed."

The receptionist started getting several forms out of various folders, while Katy unbuttoned her blouse. Next she reached back and unzipped her skirt. The receptionist held a stack of paper just out of reach, and looked pointedly at the opened blouse and loose skirt. Katy slid the skirt off, and heard a gasp from several people behind her. Small wonder, she thought- thanks to the fishline g-string Martin had sent her, she appeared to be wearing nothing at all below the waist. She handed the skirt to the receptionist and reluctantly pulled the blouse off. The receptionist's eyes widened in surprise when she saw Katy's bare breasts.

"Wow," she commented. "That bra really doesn't cover anything, does it? You weren't kidding. Here's your information packet and- OH!" she had stood up while handing the forms to Katy, and only now seen how little Katy's see through, tiny G-string covered. She blushed. "I'm sorry, Ms. Smith. You were supposed to be in your underwear, not essentially naked. This isn't quite what I think Mr. Russ intended. I'll see if I can get in touch with him and let him know the situation. In the meantime, I'll let you get to your paperwork."

The receptionist sat back down and returned to her work, trying not to look at the nearly nude woman in front of her. Katy stood at the desk, signing various forms, including one which indicated that she could be photographed or taped at any time within the So-Real campus, and that if they cast her in "Exposed", they had the right to use any such tapes or pictures in the film and its promotional materials. Katy looked around and hugged her naked body, trying to spot any cameras. When she finished the forms, she handed them back to the receptionist, then stood around watching people stare at her. She covered her breasts with her arms.

The wait seemed to go on forever, with each new person to come through the lobby gaping at her openly.

"Katy Smith?"

"Yes?" she said, turning. A tall man in a suit and a pair hornrimmed glasses was looking at her. He looked her body up and down and smiled. "I like that outfit. Shows you're eager to get started. Let's head upstairs."

He made light conversation while he led to an elevator, where several other people were waiting to board. When it arrived, Katy was forced to stand very close to them, and their open astonishment and staring didn't help. Finally one of them spoke.

"Hi. I'm Mark, and this is Andy." he said.

"Hi. I'm Katy."

"If you don't mind my asking," Mark said, "Why are you naked?"

"She's auditioning for a part in a pornographic film we're making up in the entertainment division. We wanted to see how she would react to being exposed in an unusual situation, so I asked her to strip down to her underwear in the lobby. She decided to show the rest on her own. We're filming on several of the studios around the campus. Come by and watch the filming anytime if you'd like to see her in action."

Katy blushed and covered herself with her hands. Eventually the elevtor let them off on the 4th floor. She followed Mr. Russ down the hallway. "I should explain that my glasses contain a fiber optic link to a portable video camera. Everything I see is recorded for our video archives. Of course, if we cast you, the film will include some footage shot with this camera, but most of it will be filmed with standard camera equipment." he said as they entered a big conference room. A large, low, oval table, able to seat maybe 15 people, sat in the middle surrounded by chairs. About a dozen men, all wearing suits and some style of horn rimmed glasses were seated around the table.

"Everyone, I'd like you to meet Katy Smith. Katy, this is the casting board.."

Katy tried to cover herself- suddenly being confronted by a large group of middle aged men in suits made her even more acutely aware of how naked she was. "Nice to meet you." she said hollowly.

Russ introduced each member of the board by name, and Katy exchanged a brief word or two with each one. Each insisted on shaking her hand, which made it impossible to cover her body with her hands. Eventually she had shaken each hand, and was able to put one hand over her breasts again, and try to hide her crotch with the other.

"Could you take off your bra, please, Katy?" Mr. Russ asked. "We'll need to get a look at you."

"Just strip right here in front of all of you?" she asked uneasily.

"Yes, please. We can't cast you in a porn film without knowing what you look like naked."

Katy decided that it didn't really matter anyway- the bra provided support, not concealment, and her breasts were firm enough not to really need any support despite their size. She unhooked the bra and set it on the table.

"Excellent, very firm. Thank you. Could you lift your arms over your head, please?"

Mortified, Katy complied.

"Thank you. Gentlemen, if you'd care to make your evaluations?"

The first member of the casting board approached her. He bent to get his face level with her breasts, and examined them in detail.

"Nice nipples- aureola are somewhat large... good pinkish tinge, though. Nice shape overall." He looked directly at Katy's eyes. "Do you have implants?"

Her cheeks burning with shame, Katy responded "No."

"Good. Very nice shape for natural breasts. No sagging." He moved away, and the next member of the casting board repeated the process, evaluating Katy as if she were a photograph. Knowing that each of them was wear those camera glasses, and so getting a close up film and picture of her chest made it worse. Each board member took a turn, until finally Mr. Russ spoke again.

"Okay," he said. "Looks like we've got a positive view on your breasts. I'm sure you understand how important it is to have a lead actress who looks just right. Could you remove your g-string, please?"

Katy knew it was useless to object. She hooked her thumbs into the string that held on her last scrap of covering and slid it down. She put it on the table with her bra. Mr. Russ picked them up and handed them to an assistant..

"Could you give these to the lobby receptionist, please? Ms. Smith will need them when she leaves." The assistant left the room. Katy started to object again, but eventually decided that it didn't matter if she was nude near her clothes or nude far away from them.

"Now then, Katy. If you could be so kind- could you lie down on the table, please, and spread your legs?"

Katy had had enough. "No, I won't. I'm not going to humiliate myself any further. Are you going to cast me, or not?"

Mr. Russ looked genuinely surprised. "Humiliate yourself? Whoa. I didn't realize you felt like that's what we're asking you to do. Um, you do realize that you'll probably be in a similar pose at some point in the film, don't you?"

"Well, yes. But doing it on a set is one thing. Doing in a room full of guys in suits is different."

"Well, I can see that. Um, let's see how we can make this work... we do need the casting board to know what you're going to look like in the film. Would you feel more comfortable if we did this on a set? I'm not sure we have one ready to go right now, but we could get a tech crew going on it." He seemed actually concerned about her feelings, looking for a solution.

Katy sighed. In the end, she'd still be stuck lying on her back spreading her legs for these men. Might as well get it over with. "Forget it. I'll do it here." She climbed onto the table and lay on her back, spreading her legs and inviting them to examine her. They crowded close, staring at her naked pussy and making comments about the color of the skin and how much they liked that she had shaved her blonde public hair away. Katy looked up at the ceiling and waited for them to finish. Suddenly she heard a 'CLICK' and saw a flash of light. Her head jerked up and she looked at the crowd of men to see that several of them were holding cameras, and one had just taken a close-up shot of her pussy.

"HEY!" she yelled.

"Don't tell me you object to photography? You're going to be in a FILM. There WILL be cameras there." Mr. Russ said, sounding exasperated.

"I'm going to be in the film?" she asked with a quaver in her voice.

"Yes, if you'll please cooperate. We've decided to cast you. Shooting starts tomorrow, so we'll have to send you down to legal to do some more paperwork. Please hold still. Could you show us your clitoris, please?"

Moving as if she were in a dream, Katy used two fingers to pull the lips of her pussy even farther apart, letting them see every intimate detail of her body. She lay there while they took several more pictures, realizing with every flash that she was going to be exposing herself like this every day for the next month.

The casting board began filing out of the room. Katy started to close her legs and get up, but Mr. Russ stopped her. "Don't get up just yet-we're going to need a few more pictures to give to the costume and makeup crew."

Katy continued to lie on the table, legs spread wide apart. She had never felt so humiliated in her life. Finally all of the casting board had left, and Mr.Russ was the only one remaining. He stood at the end of the table, where he had the best possible view of her pussy, and chatted with her for a few minutes.

She started when the door opened again, and a man carrying a large camera came in. "Keep holding that pose, Katy. I'll let you know when we're done. Al, go ahead and get whatever shots you need." Mr. Russ said. The photographer started clicking away, getting pictures of Katy's body from all angles. "I'll be back in a moment." Mr. Russ continued, and he left. The photographer took a few more pictures and left as well. Katy lay on the table, having been told that she should stay there, and wished she were anywhere else. The door opened and three unfamiliar men walked in- they stared when they saw Katy lying on the table.

"I'm Louis Calls. I'll be the chief accountant for 'Exposed'." he said. You're Katy Smith?"

"Yes" Katy replied, blushing.

"There are a few details we've got to go over here. Is a bi-weekly pay schedule acceptable to you?"

Katy didn't care about the pay schedule, and it felt very strange to be discussing such matters with her legs wide apart while they looked at her. Louis contiued to go over various financial matters with her for about 15 minutes, with Katy growing more embarrassed by the second. Finally Mr. Russ came back in, and told Louis that Katy needed to go down to the legal dept. Louis and his two assistants said goodbye and left. Mr. Russ looked at Katy.

"Was there a problem with the photographer?"

"No. I don't think so. Can I PLEASE get up now?"

"Of course, there was no need for you to lie there once he was done taking pictures. I'm sorry, I thought he'd tell you."

Katy pulled her legs together and scrambled off the table. "No. He didn't." she retorted angrily. She'd just spent 15 minutes needlessly displaying herself to three men who probably thought she was an exhibitionist now.

"I'm sorry, Katy. I hope you're not too upset."

She was, but there was nothing she could do about it now. "I'll get over it.."

"Excellent. Mr. Russ said. "Well, maybe we'll get something from the security camera, or their glasses-cams, to put in the film. Remember, the images recorded anywhere within this building may be used for the film or its promotional materials, so anything recorded by our glasses cameras or the security cameras in the building is fair game. You'll have to go down to the legal department on the 2nd floor to sign all the releases. It's in suite 204B. The elevator is down the hall and on your right." He left as he finished the sentence.

Katy stood stunned for a moment, then realized that she still had no clothes to put on. She went to the door, hoping to catch Mr. Russ and demand at least a robe, but by the time she opened the door, the hallway was empty. Cautiously she edged into the hallway and walked naked to the elevator. She pushed the call button and waited. The bell dinged and the door opened and Katy rushed in, only to come face to face with three complete strangers.

"Whoa! Hey, uh, Hi!"

"Yeah. Second floor, please."

She waiting, blushing, while they stared at her. After an eternity, the elevator opened on the second floor, and Katy got off. She hunted around for suite 204B and finally found a door marked 204. Hoping it was the right one, she opened it and went in. A man sitting behind a desk looked up at her, did a doubletake when he saw that she was nude, and recomposed himself.

"Can I help you?" he asked.

Katy explained what she was looking for, and he directed her through a doorway, telling her to find Mr. Lawrence. Katy found herself in a large croweded office full of people who were all staring at her. Over a dozen complete strangers had stopped what they were doing to gape at Katy's nudity.

"I'm looking for Mr. Lawrence?"

One of the crowd spoke up. "I'm Mr. Lawrence. What can I do for you?"

"I'm Katy Smith."

"Oh, right, the actress. If you could just sit there," he gestured to several chairs arranged around a low coffee table. It was in plain view of the entire office, and the table was too low to provide her with any concealment.

"We've got a fair amount of paperwork to go over- you'll probably be here the rest of the day. Let's get started, shall we?"

Katy spent the rest of the day on display for the entire office. Whenever she looked up, half a dozen men were staring at her. Every time she thought she'd finished, they produced another set of documents, wavers or some other crap that had to be read and signed. Finally, at about 4:30 in the afternoon, she finished, and the lawyer told her she could go home. Gratfully, Katy got up and left the office, got into the elevator, and suddenly stopped.

She was still naked. Her only clothes were with the receptionist in the lobby. She would have to walk, nude, accross the lobby, and ask for her clothes back. She couldn't do it. Too many people had already seen her naked today.. Going back into public like this would just be too much. She stood in the elevator, agonizing over what to do, when it closed the doors and began heading down. Someone must have called it. Katy tried to decide if she should just hide in the elevator instead of getting out, but before she could make a decsion, the door opened into the lobby, and a crowd of people waiting to board the elevator were staring at her. Katy hugged herself, covering her breasts with her crossed arms and putting her hands on her shoulders. She edged out of the elevator. The eyes of the crowd followed her, but nobody said anything. She turned, giving them a perfect shot of her ass, and headed for the receptionist's desk.

"Hi. Can I have my clothes back, please?"

"Of course, Ms. Smith. Here you are." The receptionist handed the stack of clothes back. Katy put them on right where she stood, not wanting to be naked even one second longer than she had to. She left the building and drove home, wondering all the while what she had gotten herself into.