**The Actress**

by Katie

**Part 1**

Abby closed the script, tears in her eyes. This was the most powerful script she had ever read and she desperately wanted the role. She wondered if there was any chance she would get it, being a novice actress.  
  
She had just moved to New York from her small town. While her siblings went to college and other jobs, that never had any interest to her. Instead, she yearned to be in movies and on stage. Her parents gave her the money they had saved for college and let her follow her dreams.  
  
Though only in New York for a few weeks, she had already gotten several roles. None were that consequential, she knew her big break was only around the corner. Abby was a very pretty girl but not overwhelmingly so. She had the every day, girl next door looks of a Natalie Portman. That trait had served her very well thus far.  
  
Abby had just finished reading a script for a movie about a girl who was kidnapped and kept as a sex slave. Amazingly, the girl survived the ordeal, escaped and was now living a happy life. Abby thought this girl was a heroine and desperately wanted the role. She grabbed her cell phone and called her agent.  
  
“Hey Ab, yeah, I can get you a read for this,” the man said quickly. “How’s tomorrow?” So it was set. Abby would get to read for the role of her lifetime tomorrow.  
  
The girl could barely sleep as she went over the script in her head. A smart girl, Abby learned lines very quickly. She was given three scenes to memorize and had already committed them to memory. The only thing that worried her in the script was the excessive nudity. The character was kept naked or barely clothed throughout the entire script. She wondered how she would handle this. After all, she was a modest girl. In fact, she barely was able to wear a bikini at the beach with her family. Would she be able to handle being naked in front of all of those people?  
  
Of course, as an actress, she was going to have to get used to it. After all, what actress doesn’t have to show her boobs and butt occasionally. She wondered if it would ever get easier.  
  
The next morning, Abby rose early, as she normally did. She planned to do an hour of cardio, some yoga stretching and then shower before the audition. Heading downstairs, she wore her normal workout garb or lycra pants, sports bra, t-shirt and sneaks, her iPod case already connected to her bicep. As always, she was the only one in the gym of her little apartment complex at 5:30 a.m. Sometimes there was more of a crowd here later in the day but mornings were quiet. She put her ear buds in and began to run.  
  
As she went on the treadmill, she thought about her modesty. She would have to get used to being naked, she knew. Looking around, she had an idea. Maybe I could work out nude? Crazy right. There were windows that looked out on a park but no one was ever out there. And from inside, the only people who could see in would be people entering the gym. She would have time to get dressed if she saw someone coming.   
  
Her eyes darted around quickly as she removed the iPod and then lifted her tee and bra off. Honestly, her breasts weren’t huge. A sports bra was not really necessary but she felt better with it on. Abby felt so exposed when she hit the button and began running again.   
  
She exercised for the hour topless, her heart beating fast from more than just her cardio workout. She was so nervous that someone would walk in but she kept going. Finally she finished her hour run and began cooling down. She noticed that her nipples were rock hard. She wondered if it was because she was turned on or just exposed to the air.  
  
Abby got off the treadmill and got on the floor to stretch. As she did, she heard an exterior door open and shut, the sign that someone was coming. She grabbed her t-shirt and rushed into the women’s bathroom. When she came out, she saw two men stretching where she had been. Then she gasped. Her bra was sitting there next to her water and iPod.   
  
Red faced, she picked up the garment, balled it up, and then grabbed the rest of her stuff and left. She wondered if they had noticed and also wondered if they knew she was braless. The thought stirred something inside of her but still embarrassed her. She rushed out of the gym and ran up the several flights of stairs into her apartment. A warm shower awaited and she couldn’t help but relieve the horniness she now felt.

**Part 2**

Abby sat on the chair in a non-descript office of the production company. She was about to meet the director and casting manager for the film. Several movies were filming here, including one with Robert DeNiro. She wondered if she would get a glimpse of the famous actor.  
  
She dangled her right heel up and down as she sat there, nervous. Anyone looking in at her would take a second look. She was stunning today with a crisp white blouse, top three buttons undone to reveal her pretty neck and chest. She wore a black skirt, short but not too short. This showed off her best physical asset, her long, shapely legs. On them she wore white sheer tights which led to three-inch black heels to help her 5 foot 5 inch height to look more eye to eye with any moan she might encounter.  
  
Underneath, though no one could see it, she wore a pair of white lace panties, the best pair she owned, and a matching white lace bra. Though she knew no one would ever see them, she loved the feeling of wearing nice underwear. Made her feel confident and feminine.  
  
“Abigail Irwin,” a voice called. Abby looked up and saw a kind-faced middle-aged man calling her name. He smiled when she said, “yes, that’s me” and reached out his hand when she approached. “Jim Winters, casting agent, glad you could join us.” Abby noticed that he was very handsome and seemed kind. She was grateful for the smile.  
  
“Thank you for the opportunity to read for this role,” she said. “I really love this script and character.”  
  
“Well, your agent was very persuasive on the phone and we liked your work on the toothpaste ad campaign,” he said. “Thought it was worth meeting you.”  
  
Abby blushed at the complement. She was floored that she had been recognized for such a minor work.  
  
Entering the room, she saw that there were five people sitting around a table, three men and two women. All were young, in their late 20s/early 30s, except one man who looked older with grey hair and beard.  
  
“Abigail, welcome,” that man said, getting to his feet and extending his hand. “I am Geoff Landry, the director of this project. We are grateful to you for coming in and reading for us.”  
  
You’re grateful, Abby thought with a laugh.  
  
“This is Jessie Rhinehart, director of photography, Annie Eisen, assistant director in charge of casting, Mike Ryan, cinematographer, and Joe Jones, producer.”  
  
Abby smiled and nodded at each. “Mike is going to read with you and we are going to do the scene in the basement when you are first locked in the workroom.”  
  
Abby nodded again; she knew the scene well. She put her bag down and grabbed the script.  
  
“I’m ready,” she called.  
  
“Aren’t you forgetting something,” Geoff said.   
  
The girl looked down. No, she had her script. What else did she need?  
  
“I don’t think so,” she said nervously.  
  
The group exhaled noticeably. “This is ridiculous, let’s end this now,” one of the women said. “We already have someone in mind. Let’s go with her.”  
  
“Told you this was a waste of time,” one of the men said. “She’s an unknown and won’t do what we’ve asked.”  
  
The chattering continued until Abby called out. “Excuse me but what did I do wrong?”  
  
Geoff looked at her again with kind eyes. “Miss Irwin, we explained everything to your agent,” he said softly. “Because of the nature of this role, we had certain requirements for this audition. You don’t seem eager to fulfill them.”  
  
Abby was panicked. She was losing the role for reasons she was unaware. “Please Sir, my agent never told me anything,” she said. “Please, just tell me and I’ll do it. I’ll do anything.”  
  
The chattering stopped. “Abigail, think about what you’ve said,” Geoff said. “You read the script and know what this role calls for. Are you willing to accept all that it needs?”  
  
The girl swallowed hard and nodded. “Yes Sir, I am.”  
  
“Good,” Geoff said as the rest of the group exhaled and trained their attention back to her. “Well, just take off your clothes and we can get started.”  
  
Abby stopped, her eyes big as saucers. Did she just hear him right?  
  
“Excuse me?”  
  
“Please, take off your clothes and we can start the reading.”  
  
Abby stood unable to move. She heard one of the women clear her throat and knew that she was on thin ice.  
  
“Um, yes, okay,” she said. She had no idea how to begin this. She was tempted to turn around so the group could not see her but wondered if they would interpret this as a sign of great modesty and hold it against her. Instead, she decided to remove her shoes first, using the toes of one to against the back of the other foot’s shoe to remove it. This caused her to feel smaller and that she was less powerful. Was it just five minutes ago when she had felt so confident?  
  
She didn’t want to remove her blouse. Abby had never really liked her breasts. They were smaller than she wanted. She noticed that the two other women in the room both had bigger chests than she did and that bothered her. So she reached down, undid the zipper at her right hip and shimmeyed the garment down her long legs.  
  
Abby felt silly standing there in her tights and reached to remove them too. Though it would have been easier to remove her panties at the same time (which she would have done in the comfort of her own bedroom), she left them on, wanted to be covered as long as possible. She heard a low whistle and knew that the lace panties did little to offer cover. Still, she knew it was better than being naked. Still, it wouldn’t be long before even that scant protection was gone.  
  
With shaking hands, Abby began undoing the buttons on her blouse. There were only four left secured and they came undone easily. She took off the long sleeved garment and folded it neatly. This left her in just her white lace bra and panties, her beautiful body almost entirely on display.  
  
“Please Miss Irwin, if you can hurry along, we can get started,” Geoff said. The rest of the group was talking amongst themselves, looking at the girl as she disrobed but not too awed by it. Obviously this was not the first girl they had seen stripping.  
  
Abby reached behind her and undid the clasps of her bra, pulling it down her arms and off, draping it over the chair where she had laid her blouse. She felt incredibly ridiculous being bare chested in this office space and had to fight the urge to cover up. Hooking her thumbs in the waistband of her panties, she pulled them down, pulling one leg up and then the other until she was completely naked.  
  
“Excellent,” Geoff said. “Mike, are you ready?”  
  
“Yep, whenever you are,” the man said.   
  
“What about the cuffs,” the other woman, Annie, said.  
  
“Cuffs?”  
  
“Yes, since there will be a lot of quote unquote bondage in this film, we thought it better for you to read while cuffed.”  
  
Abby shook her head. “But how will I hold the script?”  
  
“I’ll hold it for you,” the other woman said. She got to her feet as Annie approached with wide leather cuffs that she secured around Abby’s wrists and then were secured together over her head. There they connected to a chain on a beam.  
  
Abby squirmed nervously. She didn’t like this, not at all. But how could she complain? It would cost her a role she really wanted.  
  
“Now, let’s start the scene from when you first attached to the beam in the basement. You can begin Miss Irwin.”  
  
Abby tried to calm herself and get her mind centered but all she could think about was how vulnerable she was. Finally she began:  
  
“Please let me go,” she cried out, both from the script and reality. “Please, I promise I won’t tell a soul. You won’t get in any trouble.”  
  
CRACK! Abby screamed out in pain as she felt a lash rip across her bare back. CRACK!  
  
“Enough,” the man cried out, playing out his role of Abby’s character’s abductor.  
  
“Why are you doing this to me?” Again from the script but mirroring Abby’s real emotions.  
  
CRACK! CRACK! More cries and tears as the whip lashed her back.  
  
“You will only speak when I tell you too. Is that clear?” CRACK! CRACK!  
  
“YES SIR.”  
  
“Good. Now, if you want to survive you will listen carefully,” the script continued. “You exist based on my will. You are simply a toy for me. Repeat those words.”  
  
“I exist based on your will. I am simply a toy for you.”  
  
“Good.”  
  
With that, the whipping stopped and Abby hung her head in shame and pain. Annie undid the cuffs and let her arms down. She undid them as well as Abby slumped to the floor.  
  
“Excellent Miss Irwin, excellent.” It was Geoff speaking. From her position on the floor, Abby looked up and saw his smiling face. “You are perfect for this role. Every ounce of you was apparent there. You were Colette.”  
  
Abby was confused. “What do you mean?”  
  
“I will call you agent today, once we’ve made a final decision but I think you are going to be happy once we make that call. You may get dressed.”  
  
The rest of the group began talking. Mike helped her to her feet. “Hope I wasn’t too rough on you,” he said. “It’s a prop whip, doesn’t break the skin but you will be red for a little while.” Jessie handed her clothes pile to her.  
  
“You did good kid, but it’s not going to be easy on you,” she said quietly. “Hope you’re up for the challenge.”  
  
With that she turned and began conversing with the others. Abby was left off to the side, a quivering nude girl. Quietly and unobtrusively, she dressed and left the building.