The Contract

by Kibou32Â©

The drama and the characters are purely fictional.

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Part One

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This contract is hereby to exact the truth about the 25 bets that were made to a

Marlene Stocker who won them fair and square from a Camille Brooks. These bets

are to be collected as 20 simple orders and 5 compound orders given one a day

each and every day regardless of time and/or place as they were initially made

to start with by Marlene Stocker. If failed to comply by the person given the

orders to, everything about said bets and the evidence surrounding them will be

made public in a court tv show where the orderee will be told to comply with

said contract renewed completely even if the person in question only had two to

go.

Rules

This contract will be in effect the day after its originally signed.

A simple or compound order can be given at any hour of the day, ONLY once a

day.

Simple orders have to be concise and cannot be more than one order. They can

be detailed but only when the order itself is not clear and precise.

An order to renew the contract cannot be given by the person giving the

orders.

The person giving the orders cannot make public this contract if the other

person has not infringed said contract and its rules.

The ordering person cannot coerce the one receiving the orders to have sex or

any activity that could be considered as sex of any sort. If the true order

leads to sex or any activity resembling sex then it is not infringing the

contract unless rightfully proven by someone else.

An order â€“ simple or compound â€“ can only be carried out one day. The person

given the orders will not have to carry out the same order the next day plus

the new one.

If the ordering person infringes the making public of the contract without

cause, the contract is immediately null and void.

The contract is also void if it takes more than a month for it to run its

course.

We â€“ Marlene Stocker's and Camille Brooks' signature â€“ both agree to everything that this contract entails and will abide to it to the best of our abilities.

:-:

Such was the contract shown and been made to sign to Camille the day before. She

had a copy and she was told to carry it with her at all times. She of course had

been shocked when Marlene â€“ a supposedly newly made friend â€“ after trying to

engage her in another stupid bet â€“ to which she put her foot down because she

already owed 25 'favors' due to her having lost them and Marlene had pouted and

said she will start collecting these 'favors' by the beginning of the next day.

Then she had been presented with said contract that led to believe that Camille

had been conned. She wondered why her other friends had not told her about

treading carefully where Marlene was concerned. But now that she had read the

rulesâ€¦ perhaps this was the reason why they had not told. Maybe they were too

embarrassed that they had been made to do just about anything that Marlene

wanted over the course of maybe a month? She couldn't tell. It still made her

bawl and sobâ€¦ she just knew like she knew it instinctively that Marlene's

'orders' were going to land her exposed in more ways than one to the general

populace.

:-:

On the first day after the Contract was signed as per instructions of said

document, she was told to go with Marlene on her only afternoon off for the

whole month to and I quote: "Remove all bodily hair excluding your eyebrows and

your head hair with laser treatment".

So off they went to this person that Marlene knew that owed her a favor or two.

Said person turned out to be a beautiful blond, green eyed, broad shouldered

tall man with an enchanting smile. She blushed heavily when she was told by said

person to disrobe completely â€“ she wasn't even given the opportunity to go

behind the curtain â€“ in front of him and to hop on to the examination table that

had gynecology stirrups. She shuddered. She hadn't trimmed her red blond bush in

ages and being told to put her feet on the stirrups and then showing him all of

her assetsâ€¦ she was sure she resembled a tomato with all the blood rushing to

her face.

He first started with her legs and then moved up to her thighs. He was straight

to the point which helped a bit to endure the issue of being splayed out

completely naked. Then he spread her as wide as her legs could go and she felt

like she could faint when his gloved hand treaded lightly to her major labia

whilst the other hand used the laser gun to remove all pubic hair from her mound

to her anal opening. He even spread the inner lips open to remove more pubic

hair. She felt completely exposed and maybe â€“ maybe â€“ a little wet in her

vagina.

When it was all over, he moved to her stomach, her armpits, her arms, shoulders

and then began to apply some lotion over her skin. She felt even more upset when

she raised her head to see Marlene taking photos with her digital camera.

"What are you doing?!" â€“ she cried feeling completely embarrassed because she

could feel that her core was thoroughly exposed to the camera.

"Recording the evidence. What a pretty clitoris you have Camille!" â€“ Marlene

smirked as she said this whilst she was indicated to turn around and let the

gorgeous fellow do his work from behind.

:-:

The next day was a beautiful day and she hoped it wouldn't turn out for the

worst as she dreaded it to be when she noticed that her usual outfits were

compromised. Her roommate had left for a trip the day before to a business trip

with her boss. She wouldn't be coming home for another three weeks. But the

sneaky little tramp had ransacked her closet for "demure" skirts and had left

her with the option of wearing her only tiny miniskirt that left her unable to

bend over without showing the world her white cotton panties.

When she was finally seated behind her desk at her private office where she

worked, her phone beeped and she was told through a text message to loose the

panties where she stood and dispose of them to the trash. She sighed and did as

told not knowing that her wearing a tiny skirt would lead to so much trouble

during the day.

Since she often did not use her one hour lunch, but knowing she might not get

another nice fall day before winter commenced and the cold weather came, she

decided to go out for a stroll to the Central Park and maybe eat a hotdog while

she was at it. As it was, she had forgotten that she was no longer wearing

panties and that as was usual with her, a stroll would not suffice and she would

end up using her one and a half hour of lunch to take a run as she loved to work

out.

So she made her way to the elevator, not noticing the looks that came her way

when her skirt fluttered to each side with the sway of her hips. She didn't even

notice when she made to untie her working heel stumps that her whole backside

was being totally exposed to the whole lobby as she decided to change her

working shoes for her sneakers.

When she made it to the park â€“ her office building was only slightly two blocks

away from it â€“ she began to trot at first and then gained momentum as she began to feel excited from the run as she always did. As she ran faster, the people

she passed looked at her strangely â€“ at least from her point of view, she had

not noticed that she was giving everyone a show of her freshly shaved pussy lips

and her nice round but firm ass.

It was when she decided to do a couple of stretches that she remembered â€“ there

was a man at least a couple of feet in front of her with a digital camera â€“ that

she was wearing nothing underneath her skirt. And that said skirt was much more

shorter than the ones she usually wore. She blushed crimson as she realized that

she had raised her leg up a big rock and that her whole ass was showing as her

completely spread open pussy was as well.

:-:

When she made it back to her office, Camille immediately made her way to the

bathroom and locked the door after her. She shimmied out of the tiny miniskirt

that barely covered her and grabbed a couple of napkins. She washed her pussy

thoroughly knowing that she could get an infection after running at the Central

Park. Then she dried it tenderly and finally put her skirt back on. She washed

her face and settled her breathing until she got it under control. She then went

back into her office and sat down to continue work as if nothing had happened.

When it was time to go home, she decided to take the stairs as the elevators

were usually filled to the brim and she didn't think she could take an accident

that could very well leave her completely exposed to a potential client to the

firm or worse to another lawyer! Her reputation would end in shambles and she

really didn't want that.

When she made it to the subway that would take her home, she was glad to find a

place to sit. Nothing of importance happened in the subway or when she finally

reached her stop. It was when she was climbing the stairs up to her loft that

she was completely exposed to her neighbor when she slipped on a newly washed

stair step and landed with her legs fanned out and her miniskirt raised to her

waist. How did the split happened, she could never guessed. But her much younger

than her handsome male neighbor got an up-close view of her pussy. She was

mortified. Thankfully there weren't anymore people around and she â€“ although her fanny hurt like a bitch! â€“ rushed to her feet and ran all the way up to her

floor in which she promptly opened and closed her door with a steadfastness that

was admirable.

:-.-:

The next day was a Friday and was as chilly as the order that came before she

could completely get on with her morning routine. She had been looking at the

mirror staring at her good looking features, her red blond hair, her eyebrows,

her big melon shaped 36D breasts with the red pink nipples and her trim waist

that led to her naked mound and naked pussy lips in view. She sighed. She had

been reading the night before about the people who did cosmetic surgery with

laser and found the horrible idea that after being shaved completely of all hair

that was not on her head or her eyebrows with the laser gun, that it wasn't

going to grow again in later months. She would be bald forever more and she

wasn't completely sure if she liked or disliked it. Oh wellâ€¦ personal view of

liking it or not didn't mean anything in the light of the situation that she was

in for the next 25 days.

After that she noticed that her cellphone had been buzzing for awhile and she

made her way to it. This time a compound order was given out. She took her

agenda and jotted the information down. She was much in the idea of keeping

track of the days and the bets. Then she began to read. It said: "Wear the white

flimsy wraparound dress that you bought the weekend before with no underwear

underneath. When you get to your office, undress completely and work like that.

If someone is to come into your office or you have to leave it, get dressed.

When your lunch hour comes up, just put your coat on. Go to the same path at

Central Park that you ran through the day before. Leave your coat unbuttoned and

run like that. If you want wear sunglasses so you don't have to meet anyone's

eyes. When you go home, do the same as your lunch hour, except that when you

reach your stop â€“ even if it still were light outside â€“ take off your coat and

walk home completely naked. If someone tells you to show them your pussy, stop

and show them."

She felt completely mortified at the idea of being manipulated like this! But

she hung her head and did as told.

She knew however that the minute she stepped outside of her apartment building

when the wind was so chilly and wild that she better pray that on her way home

from the office that it wouldn't be as cold as she thought it would turn out to

be. It turned worst when in the subway, she was felt up by a stranger's hand and

she could do nothing but withstand his touching as they were too crowded for her

to stop.

:-:

When she made it into her office, she undressed completely as told and sat down

to do her work. It came to a close call a couple of times before lunch hour, but

everyone was so busy with work that they hardly paid attention to the fact that

â€“ even with the blinds open â€“ she was sitting at her desk with her breasts on

display.

As lunch hour came, she put her coat on as instructed and only unbuttoned the

coat's buttons when she reached half into the path and then she left it like

that and began to run. She was somewhat happy that with the chill, the park was

virtually almost empty. She didn't know however that she'd be so worked up about

the run and the threat of being seen completely nude at a local park at the end

of it that she had to sit in a quiet place and masturbate. Inside her head, she

felt horrified at the idea that she had in fact masturbated twice at a rock

where there was the potential of being seen and had reached orgasm that twice.

When she returned to her office building, she did as the day before and washed

herself at the bathroom counter. Then she made her way into her office and undid

her coat. She sat and began to work.

:-:

On her way home in the subway, she felt so tired from being at work and

constantly aroused from being exposed to the probability of being seen by an

abnormal amount of people that she almost forgot to do the last part of her bet.

Seeing as it was completely dark outside, no one noticed her walking home in the

nude. So she got home free without any complications.

It was when she made her way to her room that she noticed something was wrong.

Yet, all she did was go take a shower, dry off and sleep completely as she were.

:-.-:

When she awoke that Saturday, she was so glad she didn't have to go to work that

she yawned and tried to go back to sleep. Tried, being the key word here because

soon after that her cellphone buzzed and she groaned. It wasn't a text message

this time around.

"Hello?" â€“ she asked tiredly.

"Ah Camille! For today, your order is a rather simple order. I'm only calling

you to let you know not to worry about your clothes. I have them and will give

them back to you when the contract has run its course. Bye bye." â€“ and then she

hung up.

She was instantly awake and she ran to her closet to take a look. It was as she

had saidâ€¦ every one of her demure clothing had been traded for very revealing

clothes. She was so horrified that she screamed.

:-:

When she calmed down, she went over and found an envelope pasted on her mirror

and she forlornly cried again as she read the simple but very detailed order.

Wear a long gray T-shirt and nothing underneath. Go shopping, running, whatever

it is you do on a Saturday wearing only that long gray T-shirt and sneakers.

Have fun!

She groaned in dismay.

:-:

She almost didn't want to leave her apartment, but she knew she had to go to the

market to get some food. So off she went. Treading carefully but knowing that

sooner or later she'd end up exposing her flesh.

:-:

Her exposure came when she was at the dairy part of the supermarket where she

had to squat to get the milk she liked. Since she wore sunglasses even to the

store, she didn't noticed how in doing so she had exposed her pretty pussy lips

to a man next to her. She had to tug the hem of the T-shirt down and this time

she noticed how many men in her vicinity were openly staring back at her. She

blushed heavily and hurried on with her shopping.

When she got home, she decided the hell with it and stripped completely. She put

her groceries away and sat down to organize her stuff. It was when she couldn't

help it anymore that she put the T-shirt on and decided to go for a walk. The

sun was heading down signaling the end of the day and she decided that nothing

else could go wrong and for once nothing did and she got home without exposing

herself to the crowd.

:-.-:

On Sunday it was a different story. She had been told to go in only a bikini

bottom â€“ a very tight and almost see through bikini bottom â€“ to the beach with

only a towel as cover up. She used the subway and took her beach bag containing

sunscreen, sunglasses and maybe a light jacket if it got too cold. It wasn't

summer by any means and there were still more people at the 'regular' beach than

she normally would have thought it possible.

Acting like it was nothing she put the towel on the sand bearing her perky pert

nipples to the crowd, the wind and quickly sat down on it. She put sunscreen on

and began to read. When the sun was at its zenith, she decided that enough was

enough. She braved the crowd and went to the beach to swim. Once she was there

she began to swim, but since said bikini bottoms were tied on each side, she

didn't noticed when the strings began to loosen up on their own. Marlene had

forgotten to tell her that the bikini was designed in a way that when confronted

with salty water, the strings at the side would loosen up and shrink. The more

time in contact with the sea water, the more the material would shrink until in

the end it would disappear completely. That being said, when a particular strong

wave came Camille's way, said bikini got lost in the sea and she was left

completely naked at a regular beach. It was sad to know that since there was a

notice being given to everyone who arrived early at the beach â€“ that particular

beach that Camille was told to go â€“ no one said anything although they did ogled

at the pretty naked woman who didn't notice that she was completely naked. The

reason she didn't notice was due to the fact that the bikini had no inner lining

that when she stepped into the sea, she felt the water as if she had entered it

naked which when she made her way out of it she did.

She went to eat some food and was glad to be told â€“ although she felt a bit

embarrassed about it â€“ that for such luscious breasts being exposed, they

wouldn't charge her for it. She naively didn't realized that she was completely

exposed and that even as she felt aroused at the lustful stares of the men â€“ and

some of the women too â€“ at the beach and she felt her pussy lips open up and her clitoris â€“ sometimes she was ashamed of how when aroused even slightly â€“ peeked out standing out like a small and thin two inch cock. Since the beginning of the trip she had worried over finding someone who knew her from the office but was surprisingly not found by any coworkers.

After lunch, she went and took her towel to another part that looked to be

slightly secluded and here she spread her legs completely and laid down. She

hadn't noticed that the people at the food bar had slipped her a heavy alcoholic

drink that with her weak constitution for them made her mind muddled. So muddled that she didn't notice she didn't have to take her bikini bottom off to

masturbate.

She closed her eyes and began to touch her breasts, kneading them with her open

hands and then twisting her nipples. As she did this, a particularly bold crowd

of men had followed her to the 'not' so secluded area and began to openly watch

as she masturbated in public. Some who carried phone cameras with them, began to either film her every move or take upclose shots of her pussy and her breasts.

When she came she moaned so and squinted her eyes open to find a disturbing

male's face upclose to hers. She shrieked and tried to find her bikini bottoms

or her towel â€“ which were taken away by the some angry man's wife in revenge for her little exhibitionist stunt â€“ but found none. She felt so humiliated that she

began to cry and it was here a savior came forth.

"Shh. Don't cry lady! Tears don't really suit your pretty face." â€“ he said.

"Please don't hurt me." â€“ she cried.

The men looked sufficiently bereft at that and one of them saidâ€¦

"We won't gang-rape you. We're not that sort of people. However, we will try and

find you a towel to wrap around your body so that you can go home in if you let

us â€“ each of us that is and one at a time â€“ to finger fuck you into orgasm." â€“

she felt so tired and so humiliated at that thought that she nodded at last

knowing that that was better than being raped.

And so they didâ€¦ and she never once noticed a particular individual with black

hair that was filming the whole deal. Marlene was sure that she could sell this

off to a porno magazine on the web and make tons of money with it. She really

didn't think of using it against her as blackmail since doing that would be

totally against her code of honor (Ha!).

:-:

Camille got home feeling so exhausted that she didn't even bother wrapping the

towel tightly around her naked body. There had been twenty men who gave her more than twenty shattering orgasms. They had literally manhandled her body in a way that even though she had said yes, by the time that they were through with her; she couldn't deny the humiliation of being used as such. She made her way to her room and just collapsed on the bed. Even so, her dreams continued to be erotic

despite the day she had had.

:-.-:

Monday morning was fine and dandy. There was no dress code being made explicit

to her before she left, even so she had to leave the apartment without underwear

as Marlene's Friday excursion into her loft had left her without any type of

underwear. Stillâ€¦ even after the day's before humiliation at being exposed

completely in front of a whole beach and then being finger-fucked as a slut and

brought to orgasm the whole time, she felt drained but confident that it

couldn't get any worse than this.

How wrong she was about that.

:-:

Since she was told to take the afternoon off because she look dead tired by her

boss. She didn't realize when she made her way to her home on the bus instead of

taking the subway. It was as she reached her block â€“ her apartment building was

at least three blocks off the bus stop â€“ and she stepped out of it she received

a text message and she groaned inwardly but decided to get over it knowing it

couldn't get any worst. But thinking that always leads to the worst since

Murphy's Law of 'If you say it can't get any worst, it will' had never been

proven wrong.

She read the fourth message and was surprised to see it was mild compared to the

day before. To her it might've looked mild, but in reality it wasn't that mild.

She was told to remove her shirt and leave her coat open. As that particular

coat she was wearing today covered her nipples pretty well she didn't think it

was that big a deal. So she stopped in the almost empty street and took her

shirt off leaving the coat open. She began to walk home fearing nothing but she

had forgotten that the coat was so old that if gripped harshly and tugged it

could tear and leave her completely topless in the middle of the street in the

middle of the day. This happened when she was crossing this particular nasty

street two blocks away from being home.

A beggar had been paid to try and mug her and what he did was much worst. He

tore her handbag away from her and in doing so made her old coat tear into

pieces. She was left barechested in front of him. The beggar's eyes widened

comically before they narrowed thinking deeply about it. She had been so

startled by what had happened that she made no real defense at being manhandled

that way.

But she did try to scream when he holding a knife cut her skirt off of her

leaving her completely nude in the middle of the day on the street two blocks

away from her sanctuary. She tried to cover herself but couldn't get anything

done as the man just searched her bag and took away her money and the blouse she had taken off beforehand and left her to return home. So many of her neighbors were watching when she managed to walk into the apartment's building to discover that the rat who robbed her had taken her keys.

:-.-:

It was such an ordeal to make it inside the building and then into her apartment

for whilst her neighbors were supposedly trying to help her, they did nothing to

find her a way to hide her nudity so she was exposed to them in every imaginable

way possible. She couldn't for the life of her believe this had happened to her.

And she bowed never to take the bus home ever again.

:-.-:

The next couple of days after that were filled with orders that although

required mild nudity or full out nudity, it didn't really faze her that much

after what she had experienced with the first ones. Of course, this was just the

calm before the storm.

Camille was a red blond with 36C sized breasts that had the shape of small

melons. She had been told by previous lovers that they adored her 'melons' much

more than any others. She had had a true bush that matched her head's but due to

the laser, her pussy looked like a naked peach. Her blue eyes widened at the

thought that having a sculpted body that resembled a goddess added to the

contract had started to show a different side of her interests. She had had no

idea â€“ until the last week â€“ of how much she enjoyed to be exposed to the

public. How she enjoyed being finger fucked in the open. How much she enjoyed

being an exhibitionist. She gasped.

She turned her cell phone on and was surprised to learn it wasn't Marlene who

was calling her, but a girlfriend from her university days. Kathy Adams was her

sorority sister in college and then later on while getting her masters degree at

business school, she was her confidant and a true good friend to boot. The

problem was that Kathy was the daughter of a millionaire. And she was quite the

party girl. So when they had met at their sorority and later on became true

sisters, Kathy learned that Camille â€“ although she had a goddess body shaped â€“ was quite shy and sometimes needed encouragement to get uninhibited.

Kathy didn't like Marlene. They had met before. But there was one thing that

they both had in common. And that was the necessity of making Camille understand that she was an exhibitionist. So Kathy had devised the plan and since Marlene had the experienceâ€¦ she pointed her out so that she'd take advantage of poor shy Camille. This part Camille didn't know and would never find out since Kathy had material good enough to bring Marlene off from her lofty cloud. And Marlene may have been a pushover but she still feared the fact that if she told Camille the truth about her misadventures was the true deed of her friend Kathy, she would probably loose her credibility in the real world if what she did in high school ever got out.

"Hi Kathy!" â€“ Camille gladly said.

"Hey! Lookâ€¦ let me get to the point because I know you're at work and it

wouldn't be such a good idea to interrupt you for too long from doing your job.

So.. the thing is that spring break is coming over and I got tickets to go for

two weeks over to Brazil. I know you've been on the job for no longer than a

year, but I think I can finagled it so that you get paid for two weeks by coming

with me. So what do you say, up for it?" â€“ Kathy's voice sounded excited about

something.

Normally this meant that Camille would fear for her life. But since meeting

Marlene and recently acknowledging her taste for exhibiting her body â€“ even if

most of them were ordered by someone else â€“ she didn't hesitate to let her do

it.

:-:

Marlene was told of the idea and put forth the next fourteen orders in envelopes

leaving the other four compound orders for when she came back. Ohâ€¦ she was so

going to enjoy the pictures that Kathy was going to take. What she didn't know

was that Kathy was also â€“ in exchange for getting Camille off her job for two

weeks with a paid vacation â€“ going to give out the most explicit pictures/videos

of Camille in the nude, naked and nekkid for her boss to see, but not hold

forever. Kathy didn't want to ruin Camille's reputation. She wanted her to

finally realize that she was better off with her.

:-.-:

Camille was dead drunk when she finally made it to the airport with Kathy. One

of Marlene's simple orders was to drink a lot of tequila that day for two hours

straight. Knowing that Camille was a dead weight helped her a lot. Kathy had

told Camille not to worry for clothes as they were going to be taking her

father's private jet to Brazil.

What she didn't tell her while Camille was sober was that Camille's boss's son,

who was the same age as she was going to be at the airport as well. As

uninhibited as she was, Camille didn't hesitate to proudly show off her

astounding brazilian bikini clad body to the whole airport. Kathy took pictures

to last her a lifetime.

:-:

Once in the jet, Kathy began to slowly bring her off the drinking sludge she had

fallen into. It was when she began to notice more of her surroundings that it

came to her the idea of being a bit cool. She didn't notice however the charming

son of her boss who was promptly staring at her heaving breasts since he was

obscured by the darkness that permeated his seat.

Kathy was wearing her usual chic but not more revealing than her pet's clothes.

"So when would we be able to reach Brazil?" â€“ Camille asked still not being able

to notice she was almost nude.

"Wellâ€¦ at least in five hours. We've been in the air for awhile. Camille, are

you hot?" â€“ she asked knowing how her friend reacted to the coming down of being drunk. She was lucky in that sense that whenever she got smashed, she didn't get the usual ailments after it, if she got sobered up slowly. But she did get

horny.

"Ahâ€¦ now that I noticedâ€¦ yeah." â€“ she said.

"Take off your clothes if you want. You know I don't mind your nakedness." â€“

Kathy said in a matter of fact tone of voice.

Camille giggled as she took off what she had just noticed was just a bikini.

"I probably came wearing more than this huh?"

Kathy didn't affirm or deny the sentence.

Camille took her small top off showing off her perked up nipples. Soon she was

completely naked and Kathy knew without a doubt that the man in the dark seat

was getting a hell of a show.

"Kathyâ€¦" â€“ Camille moaned out loud a few minutes later.

"Yea?" â€“ she responded knowing what was coming.

"I'm wet and horny. What do I do?" â€“ she asked up front as always when in the

privacy of being only with her best friend.

She didn't know she was being keenly watched by someone else in the vicinity.

"Wellâ€¦ if you want to masturbateâ€¦" â€“ Kathy began and then fished out in a bag.

She pulled out a fake rubber penis.

"Fuck yourself with this one."

And Camille proceeded to do just that.

She wasn't aware of the fact that in doing soâ€¦ parting her legs as wide as

they'd go, with her pussy so completely bared and her major labia so distended,

the man in the seat not too far away from her, could see her inner core quite

easily.

:-:

Camille kept blushing her face off. She hadn't felt that horny in years. So

horny was she still that she had forgotten to put her tiny top on when they left

the jet and moved into the crowded airport. She was sure that EVERYONE could

tell that she had had more than one orgasm on the plane. What was worst was

thatâ€¦ the authorities had made no attempt to tell her to get dressed or capture

her for indecent exposure. She didn't know that she was likely to return to the

U.S. naked.

:-:

They made their way to the beach the next day. Since beaches in Brazil, clothing

was optional; Camille didn't feel so embarrass to be walking down the beach half

nude with her tits fully exposed. What she did feel embarrassed about was

meeting her boss's son as soon as they stepped into the sandy beach.

He was charming. She'd give him that much. Even though she'd only met him once

beforeâ€¦ it was still embarrassing to be in front of him half-nude when that

other time she had been wearing her regular demure clothes.

Her order came when some random guy walked up over to her and delivered a white envelope. She quickly opened it excusing herself to her companion and read its contents.

Loose the bottom. Spend the day like this. Don't forget to put on sunblock.

Wouldn't want to get burned in those private sensitive parts, would you?

She blushed. She asked him if he cared for a swim. He eagerly said yes and off

they went. She knowing that if she did it as the card inside the envelope said,

he'd think she was a slut. She didn't want that, but in the end the card didn't

limit the way she had to loose her bikini bottoms would it?

So as her lower body was thoroughly covered by the ocean, she faked the need to

lowering her breasts to the cool sea. She used it as a cover up for undoing the

strings of the brazilian bikini bottoms and stepping out of them as they

continued to swim into the sea.

At one point, he ended up with an up close and personal look of her butt whilst

she swam the butterfly style. The side kicks of her legs made her pussy open up

and the young man was delighted to see it as such. It didn't bother Camille to

think that if it were an accident that she lost her bottom, surely he should've

said something whilst in the sea.. right?

And as she was always likely to doâ€¦ she forgot all about loosing her bottoms.

She was so nonchalant about her nudity that no one came up to her to say that it

seemed as if she had lost her bikini bottom in the waves.

Things turned up for the worst however when she realized she did have to put

sunscreen on or she'd sunburn. So she tried to look natural whilst putting on

her sunscreen on her naked breasts, her legs and finally her pubic mound.

"You could burn there too you know." â€“ he said quite cheekily and she decided to

give it a rest and just go on with putting it in there as well.

Unfortunately she couldn't reach in the back and was sort of relieved when

'Scott' offered.

He was very thorough. So much that when he asked her to part her legs and let

him put sunscreen in there, she let him. It was a miracle that with that many

people and her body being fully on displayâ€¦ that no one asked her to cover up.

It was that indecent.

Scott told her to turn over. She did since she was so relaxed that she forgot

that she had already done that.

It was at that point in time that she knew she had to have some cock inside of

her or she'd go mad. So she asked him quite boldly to do her and he led her to

the sea once again.

Spring break or not. The locals knew that she was a slut when she let herself be

taken in the sea with nothing covering her and the fact that she didn't mind

when he used some surfboard â€“ lent by a helpful someone â€“ to put her fully on

display to all the beach goers around.

**The Contract Ch. 02**

**by [Kibou32](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=934680&page=submissions)©**

*The drama and the characters are purely fictional.*  
  
:-:  
  
**Part Two**  
  
:-:  
  
This contract is hereby to exact the truth about the 25 bets that were made to a Marlene Stocker who won them fair and square from a Camille Brooks. These bets are to be collected as 20 simple orders and 5 compound orders given one a day each and every day regardless of time and/or place as they were initially made to start with by Marlene Stocker. If failed to comply by the person given the orders to, everything about said bets and the evidence surrounding them will be made public in a court tv show where the orderee will be told to comply with said contract renewed completely even if the person in question only had two to go.  
  
Rules

1. This contract will be in effect the day after its originally signed.
2. A simple or compound order can be given at any hour of the day, ONLY once a day.
3. Simple orders have to be concise and cannot be more than one order. They can be detailed but only when the order itself is not clear and precise.
4. An order to renew the contract cannot be given by the person giving the orders.
5. The person giving the orders cannot make public this contract if the other person has not infringed said contract and its rules.
6. The ordering person cannot coerce the one receiving the orders to have sex or any activity that could be considered as sex of any sort. If the true order leads to sex or any activity resembling sex then it is not infringing the contract unless rightfully proven by someone else.
7. An order – simple or compound – can only be carried out one day. The person given the orders will not have to carry out the same order the next day plus the new one.
8. If the ordering person infringes the making public of the contract without cause, the contract is immediately null and void.
9. The contract is also void if it takes more than a month for it to run its course.

We – Marlene Stocker's and Camille Brooks' signature – both agree to everything that this contract entails and will abide to it to the best of our abilities.  
  
:-:  
  
Camille didn't know this paid vacation was going to be the end of her natural easy going life. She was on the road to completely loosing her inhibitions about nudity and so on. So far, the orders that she received were pretty mild – at least to Camille's thoughts. Kathy however, was milking this experience for all it was worth. In her mind, she could tell that Camille was starting to relax. So she took her on their fifth night to a nightclub that had the reputation of having wet t-shirts contests, naked bungee jumping, and some other sex mixed with alcohol games.   
  
:-:  
  
Camille could swear everyone knew she was virtually nude with only paint covering her body. This wasn't actually Kathy's idea but Marlene's. Kathy however liked it so much, she called a professional body painter – Camille wasn't still sure how she managed to do it so fast and on so short a notice – that proceeded to paint her a very alluring dress. He warned her however to not get showered in beer or the paint would dissolve completely. He didn't paint her any panties, though; so if she opened her legs, many people would be offered the view of her naked crotch. It seemed however that when the alcohol got flowing soon she had completely forgotten her plight. Camille didn't even know that Kathy had thought the evening as far as having Camille so openly displayed to everyone in Brazil. And maybe later on... the world.  
  
As Camille always ended up getting horny before coming down her high on beer and whatnot; she told Kathy she needed a minute to work things out. Kathy, instead told her to close her eyes and lean back on the padded chair of their VIP table. She did so. Sometimes – and this was rare – Camille would fall asleep if she drank too much. This was one of those times, Kathy could tell. This was fortunate for what was about to happen. She had called ahead before leaving the hotel's bungalow and now that she was sure Camille was dead asleep, she signaled the patron and together with a couple of bouncers, they took Camille off the chair and bathed her in beer to dissolve the paint leaving her completely naked with her 36C sized breasts and her nipples fully distended. Even her pussy was completely exposed.  
  
The announcer said something about having a nice treat and then presented the crowd, a couple of filming cameras and thousands of people recording this event in their cellphone's cameras. The nice treat turned out to be Camille lying on a vertical bed. Kind of like the bed the Coneheads had? It was difficult to describe the contraption... they put her in a 60 degree angle so that everyone had a clear view of Camille's attributes. Kathy came by and was given a lot of slippery lube. She used this on her hands and began to knead her friend's breasts. While she did this, a tall black guy came by sporting a very thick and very long penis ready for action. They lowered her a bit so that her legs laid suspended in the air while that guy sat on a stool behind the contraption where Camille lay.   
  
Kathy gave the bottle of lube to that big guy and watched interested in how this would play out. He coated himself fully and then began to open Camille's ass cheeks apart. He lubed her on her ass and when he was satisfied, began to push his tool in her asshole. While this went on, some other guy came forth with a lubed dildo and pushed in an already wet pussy hole. Camille was being fucked on both ends, her clitoris was being stimulated as were her nipples. So it wasn't surprising that she came shortly after the first intrusion. And all this was being seen by a million of spectators through out the place... those up close could see the details of how her clitoris grew past its usual two inch erectness and how the dildo being pushed in and out created slushing sounds... she was that wet. Those that weren't that close, could see the action from several big flat screens that projected each of the situations.  
  
When the dark and big handsome black man came, they were surprised in how she also came... it was such a big orgasm that the flood of her vagina walls pushed the dildo out of her. The crowd cheered as the vaginal fluids just kept on coming... Kathy thought that she had never seen Camille squirt out like that.  
  
:-:-:  
  
Thus was that night that her whole reputation fell into shambles. Many of those orders were ranging in doing the stupidest things anyone had asked her to do. Like the one after the night where she wore a painted dress on her skin and nothing else, that morning after she had to ride a horse with only a tiny bikini on. She made such an spectacle herself due to the fact that once she attempted to get on top that big stallion Kathy had chosen her to ride on had left her topless since the strain provided by her big tits was too much for the tiny top that held her away from nudity. Since she was told by Kathy that it didn't matter that much as they were on a private beach – she didn't know that was a lie – she sat on the leather chair on top of the horse's back. She had thought that would be the least of her worries, riding topless that is. But the front hold of the horse's mount rubbed indirectly with her clitoris and she spent all the ride feeling exceedingly wet and slippery. But the kicker was when she was about to be helped down by some helper. For some reason, her bikini bottom was stuck – like glued more likely – to the chair so that when she decided to come down, a couple of tourists were given the sight of a lifetime. Her pussy wide open for anyone to see. If that wasn't bad enough, it was shiny and if anyone worth their salt knew what that meant, they would have arrived to the conclusion that she was extremely wet.  
  
About a day before she had to leave with Kathy to the States, she discovered that all her clothes were damaged one way or the other and all she had to wear was a tiny string bikini that only covered the barest of essentials.  
  
It was a surprise however to be told by Kathy that since her father needed the jet, they'd be going on a commercial airplane in first class. She woke up late due to sexual frustration and when they finally reached the plane at the airport, she lost her only decent – or halfway indecent – covering when some angry child demanding attention took a hold of her string bikini in one hand and pulled.  
  
She had no choice but to act like she wasn't standing naked in a crowded airport in Brazil and was left feeling humiliated at the thought that everyone could see her goodies perfectly well. She was horrified however when Kathy told her that since it was her fault they had arrived late by the airport, she would not let her by a wrap-around at the airport's giftshop before getting on the plane.  
  
:-:  
  
The arrival to the U.S held too many bad feelings towards Camille. She was demoralized completely. Every time she had to go to the bathroom, there were people!! Men and women alike who saw her completely naked and saw fit to comment on her attributes. Luckily, a steward gave her something to cover up.   
  
By the time she reached her home she was crying so badly that snot kept coming through her nasal holes.   
  
:-:-:  
  
When she returned to work, she wondered why she felt that most of the office was looking intently at her. She had so far not received the other compound order from Marlene and she was dreading that one for many reasons.  
  
And then a call to the one of the meeting rooms from one of the associates made her feel butterflies in her stomach. What was the meaning of the summon? Did something good would happen to her?  
  
:-:  
  
This was apparently not to be when she found many of those old cronies looking at what at first seemed to be an overly extended porn video. Which in turn, when Schmidst Susan beckoned her closer, she found it was the worst thing that could happen to her. The footage was of her and every single one of her naked escapades including scenes she hadn't been privy of. She felt awful. There were at least 20 people in there, 19 men in there and one woman. Ten of those were partners, nine of which could terminate her job instantly if she said something out of line now. She was doomed.   
  
When the tape stopped playing, the lights were turned on and as a unit those looked over at her. Many of those men were at least two or three decades older than her and it made her feel nauseous to know that they had seen her nude, naked and nekkid in public or otherwise. She was a slut. There was no doubt about it.  
  
"I'm disappointed in you Camille." – said the one and only woman beside herself present there at the meeting room.  
  
She found she had lost her voice in fear of what could she possibly say.  
  
"Brooks Camille. We as the partners of this firm have decided to not liquidate you if you follow exactly what we say to you. If you're willing please sign this." – said one of the oldest lawyer in the firm.  
  
Camille took the chance and just browsed for where she should sign her name and did it so without so much as glancing at the contract she had now owned ten years of her life from now on.  
  
:-:-:  
  
Susan Schmidst was literally one hot mama. She 40D sized breasts, was at least 6 feet tall, still had an hourglass figure and her stormy gray eyes captivated anyone that she set her eyes on. Unfortunately, due to her domineering personality, she had had three divorces so far. She hadn't been looking for a fourth and had spared her children the idea of a fourth 'papa'. However, do to her bisexual tendencies; she had thought that Camille Brooks was a very hot piece of ass when she interviewed her and decided to take her in.  
  
If only to see how far would Camille go on her own.  
  
But when word came to her that she had succumbed to the easiest trick in the book, she decided to get her to be her little slave. And with the help of those perverted asses at work, she had her work cut out for her. Of course she would have to punish for the stunt in Brazil. But... what Camille didn't know, couldn't hurt her.. much.  
  
:-:  
  
Camille arrived at work like she always did, but feared what could be the compound bet that she'd have to fulfill on top of the other one giving by Marlene yesterday. She was kind of tired actually due to the nervous snit she had done herself in when thinking she was about to loose her job. Thus she didn't check her messages until after the day was over. And now... now she was supposed to hook up her pc camera below her desk pointing directly at her pussy and film herself in that part whilst wearing no panties. Something she could have done at home and was now forced to do at work. She feared what would be the next compound bet to come.  
  
:-:  
  
Once she came into her office she decided to get the PC camera thing done over before anything else went wrong. Just as she finished setting that up, Susan came by her door and closed the door to her office.  
  
"Hello Camille. Since you didn't bother to read the new contract from yesterday, well... now I'm about to inform you your duties for today."  
  
Camille nodded red-faced not knowing what to say or do in response.  
  
"From the footage in the video, we ascertained that you rather liked to be naked in the office. So every Tuesday from today forward, you will come in to work naked save for a coat and these leather boots to ward off the cold." – here Susan paused to watch as Camille finally understood the gravity of the situation.  
  
"I'm expecting you to continue working even if by some reason someone decides to come over to your office. You are not to cover yourself at all. At lunch, you will come into my office for further instructions. Oh... I almost forgot. This is Lawrence's order... you are to impale your pussy with this."  
  
Camille gasped as she saw the monster dildo that was in Susan's hand.   
  
"A-all day?" – she asked fearfully.  
  
"Yes all day. If you get wet with your own fluids you are not to dry them off. For the next three months Lawrence is going to be ordering you around to do things for him besides the general order for the day. Don't think you'll be free on the weekends though. And your living situation will have to be changed... but that we can discuss after hours."  
  
And then she offered the monstrous dildo to Camille and awaited for her to get down to business.  
  
Camille then took her clothes off, she noticed fearfully that the blinds in her office were fully removed, so anyone who walked by could see what she was doing regardless. She sighed tremulously and then set the dildo up. Before she could start the process of trying to fit that monster inside of her, Susan held up her hand in a 'wait a second' universal sign. She sighed again and nodded.  
  
"Michael... did you bring me the copies for the Larraby case? Good. Set them on top of my desk. Come on over to Brooks Camille's office please."  
  
Knowing that meant she was going to get her first taste of humiliation, Camille resigned herself to her fate. What she didn't expect though was for Michael – Susan's secretary – to leave the door open.  
  
"Since you've been such a good boy Michael, I've decided to reward you. Camille sit down on the desk. That's a good girl. Now open your legs wide open for Michael to see you. Good. Michael, will you please make sure Camille is nice and wet? Thank you."  
  
The first thing Michael did once the shock was over seeing the red blond naked and vulnerable to his eyes – and the rest of the office as well, he decided to open her labia. Due to her humiliation – he guessed that that was also a type of excitement – her major labia and the minor as well were beginning to open up on their own. He heard his boss tell Camille to lean back a little and she did so albeit shakily. He was fascinated to see that this opened Camille's pussy up a bit more. With her legs dangling in the air and her big bosom quivering with tension, he decided this was like a dream come true.  
  
He started by playing with her clitoris slowly at first and then gaining momentum. After awhile he could see she was also enjoying his attentions although she was trying very hard not to be vocal.  
  
And then he noticed the most particular thing, her clitoris was standing up at attention like a little skinny cock. He began to pull on it and was granted with more wetness coming out of her luscious hole. He wanted to penetrate her with his finger, but he didn't dare push his luck that much. As it were, he was enjoying this far too well. And just when he was managing to get her ready for the big 'o', Susan said...  
  
"That'll be enough Michael. Dismissed." – and then she handed him a wet tissue paper so that he could wipe the girl-cum off his hands.  
  
He was gone before Camille ever attempted to sit down on top of the monstrous plastic cock.  
  
:-:  
  
The day could not end fast enough for Camille. Of the whole office, a scant two or three persons did not know that she was working in the nude now. Even worse, the monstrous fake-penis toy had a tiny part that stimulated Camille's love button when she least expected. So – it was obvious that her chair was either getting upholstered or changed soon – she would sometimes orgasm. All in all it was a stressful morning for her. But she had managed to do her quota of work, whilst still getting at least a couple of orgasms every twenty minutes or so.  
  
When it was time for lunch, she was told by Michael – again of all people – to leave the toy inside her pussy whilst she walked over to Susan's office.  
  
Needless to say it was a little funny for her to walk normally with that thing lodged up well into her vagina. Once she entered Susan's office, she was about to go into another heart-shattering orgasm for the nth time that day.  
  
Susan was amused. Lawrence controlled that toy by remote control and whenever he felt like it, he would hit the 'oscilating' button or the 'vibrator' on and have Camille orgasm. She was positively drenched in sweat, but since it was a cool day outside the office and the air inside the building was set for regular spring day; Susan wasn't worried she'd be getting a cold anytime soon.  
  
"Lawrence told me to tell you that you can take it off for the two hour lunch we're having today." – she watched even more entertained as Camille took it out slowly and forced herself to keep on standing.  
  
"How was your day?" – she asked while taking note of how much pussy juice came out of Camille when the thing was out of her vagina.  
  
"Uh... I guess it was okay."  
  
"That's good. Now I want you to do something for me. Touch your breasts."  
  
Camille blushed but did as she was asked and touched her breasts. Standing up as still as she could be, she continued to massage her breasts; not daring to touch her nipples for fear of cumming once again.  
  
"See this table..." – Susan said whilst signaling to it.  
  
Camille nodded with a blush staining her cheeks.  
  
"I want you to sit on it with your legs spread eagle-wide. Just like you did in your desk this morning. Leave your butt in the open air. Good good." - Camille was shocked when her hands and legs were strapped to the short table's legs and then trembled when she saw something else.  
  
A television camera.  
  
Pointed directly towards her pussy. What on earth was going to happen, she didn't know; but if there was one thing she didn't want to know was that.