**The Diary of Natalie Henry**  
Jan 1, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Wore my floor length white dress to New Years mass this morning and went to parents house for dinner and watching bowl games. I got to complaining about tripping on my dress and Steve told me I should shorten it. I said I would see if mom would and he suggested having her shorten it by an inch every week. I laughed at him and said in your dreams pervert bro. He called me a chicken and I said I’d do a half inch per week and wear it every Sunday all year long. I forgot all about it until 8 or so and he comes back with this contract and said I dare you. I said what do I get if I do it and he says he’ll buy me a new HDTV. I ask mom if she’d be willing to do the hemming and she said yes but be careful she wasn’t going to bail me out of this one. I had him add 60” to the size of the TV so he goes and changes it and I sign. We start Sunday.  
  
  
Jan 4, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Well, this is week one. The dress is unhemmed and grazes the floor even with my 4” heels on. It turns out I’m not allowed to wear anything but pantyhose under it and I have to be in the dress from 10am to 10pm every Sunday. This is going to be a piece of cake. ½” per week is only 26 inches from the floor. What an idiot Steve is. Mom keeps asking if I’m prepared to go through with it. I tell her no matter what, don’t let me back out.  
  
  
Jan 11, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
I’m glad the hem was raised a bit. I have less chance of stepping on it now. Steve paid mom to buy me a dozen pair of pantyhose, sheer to waist with no gussett. I guess the little pervert thinks he’s going to get a show. Glad he’s so bad at math.  
  
  
Jan 18, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Thank god the hem is a little higher now. I haven’t stepped on it once today. Mom keeps saying she won’t be responsible for what happens if this continues. She’s such an idiot.  
  
  
Jan 25, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Kevin and Randy came over for dinner along with Uncle Hank. I guess Steve told them about this stupid little dare he’s going to lose and the cousins asked if they could come over every week. Whooo, they can see my toes now. What a bunch of losers!  
  
  
Feb 1, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Looks like I have a weekly audience from here on out. Mom seems so worried. They asked if they could take pictures. Why not? I said I’d be happy to pose for them. Steve got the contract out and wrote in a clause that I would have to pose as much as they like. I said I’d pose however they like as long as they like if he’d add a year of cable service to the payoff. So it was done. Super Bowl was tonight. Glad football is over.  
  
  
Feb 8, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Still only showing ankles at most. They took a couple photos.  
  
  
Feb 15, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Kind of an uneventful day. The dress does seem a little lighter now but is still fit for a nun.  
  
  
Feb 22, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
My ankles are now exposed most of the time. The skirt part of the dress is so full it’s hard to tell where it really falls. More photos today.  
  
  
Mar 1, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
This has been 8 weeks now. Still only showing a bit of ankle. Just 44 weeks to go! I do hate to schedule my whole Sunday around this and stay in a dress for 12 hours each week.  
  
  
Mar 8, 2009.  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Finally getting a little less wintry. I thought the dress was shortening too quickly but it must be my imagination. When I sit and extend my legs out, you still just make out my ankles. Another 9 months and I can hook up my new TV!  
  
  
Mar 15, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
It’s definitely showing my ankles now. OK, so the year is nearly ¼ done now. Looks like I can do this.  
  
  
Mar 22, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Damn, winter came back for a day. More snow. Mom says that we need to go to 8:00 mass for the rest of the year so that I can put this one on right after mass. OK fine whatever.  
  
  
Mar 29, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Most of my shins are still covered. Still, nearly 1/4 the way thru the year.  
  
  
Apr 5, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Palm Sunday at last! One more week of Lent. I still feel very good about this.  
  
  
Apr 12, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Happy Easter! Went to Vigil Mass last night, got to sleep in this morning. Yay! Got a solid chocolate bunny!  
  
  
Apr 19, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
It’s still a bit below mid calf on me now. Real nice out today.  
  
  
Apr 26, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Can’t believe the year is about 1/3 the way over already. And I’m not even showing half my calves yet!  
  
  
May 3, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
What a lovely day. Wish I could lay in the sun but no I have to wear this dress. Maybe we’ve reached mid-calf height already. Hard to tell.  
  
  
May 10, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Definitely past mid calf now. Now I’m getting a little worried. Something’s wrong. Before I accuse mom of taking too much I marked little ticks on the inside of the back seam at ½ “ intervals.  
  
  
May 17, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Oh my God! I discovered my mom had hemmed up the dress for two of those intervals. I confronted her about it and she said that’s right. I told her it was ½” per week and she said no, read the contract. IT’S ONE INCH PER WEEK! I said that wasn’t right I was tricked and she reminded me that she wasn’t to let me back out, NO MATTER WHAT! Holy crap. What have I gotten into?  
  
  
May 24, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
It’s just a couple inches below my knees now. Holy shit. I’m doomed. Memorial Day weekend already.  
  
  
May 31, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
OK, let’s not panic. It’s still at least an inch below my knees. At least one. Maybe two. OMG there are 7 months to go!  
  
  
June 7, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Yes, I’d say about an inch below the knee now. Perhaps a bit more, perhaps a bit less. Definitely less than two inches now. The boys say that the poses are going to start being much more interesting in a few weeks. No wonder they made me wear the pantyhose that conceal nothing!  
  
  
June 14, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Just at knee level now. I can make it through July, I figure. By the end of August it will be impossible not to show my crotch.  
  
  
June 21, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
We’ve just crossed the knee now. OK, think. How do we get out of this? God I hate Sundays now!  
  
  
June 28, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Now we’re getting within a few inches of as high as I would wear a skirt. This is about where I thought the dare would end. No wonder Steve was smiling as I signed it. Somehow I’ve got to get him to modify the agreement...  
  
  
July 5, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
It still isn’t an immodest dress, by any means. But now I have to move a little more carefully.  
  
  
July 12, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
I begged. I asked the whole family if there was anything I could do to revise the agreement. Mom said no, we’re going to teach you a lesson and it seems I must learn everything the hard way. I said fine, I will make no attempt to be careful anymore.  
  
  
July 19, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
OK, now it’s getting a little trickier. Looks like I now have about four inches of dress that is below the crotch. I measured from the hem to the top of the bodice, I get 22” now. Which means that the dress will not last the year. OMG.  
  
  
July 26, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
I think it is now as short a dress as I have ever worn. Definitely the shortest I have ever gone sans panties. I give up. I’m going to be bottomless by September. Topless in December. I don’t care anymore.  
  
  
Aug 2, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
I didn’t mean it. I do care. Another inch off. It’s almost impossible to sit decently. I can’t believe they’re doing this.  
  
  
Aug 9, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
It’s just barely below the crotch now. This is getting ridiculous. Eyes are on me as I walk around the house. They take pictures of me all the time now.  
  
  
Aug 16, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Mom wasn’t kidding. She isn’t going to let up. Now it’s at crotch level. When I sit, I’d be on my panties, if I had any on. They got me a fresh batch of pantyhose, all of which are sheer to waist with no gusset panel.  
  
  
Aug 23, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
No sense to even try to hide my pussy anymore. It’s on constant display. All I can do is keep my legs together when I sit. 17 inches of material from top of bodice to hem.  
  
  
Aug 30, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
My butt is pretty much continuously exposed. Well, they’ve seen everything but the boobs. Another few months and they’ll be on display as well. I will NOT give in, even if they’d let me.  
  
  
Sept 6, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Labor Day weekend. Yippee. I can’t go outside and join the picnic because my “dress” is nearing waist level now. Well, a few inches below, maybe. Just 15 inches of material remain. This sucks.  
  
  
Sept 13, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
I’m going to start calling the dress my top since it has long since ceased any covering of my lower body. I can’t believe I run around virtually bottomless around my family and they don’t seem to mind. Well, Steve minds. He’s ALWAYS staring now. Little pervert.  
  
  
Sept 20, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Well, another few weeks and my navel will start making its appearance. I spend all week at school thinking of ways to get out of this. Nobody will even consider talking about it.  
  
  
Sept 27, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Just a foot of material left in my top. My pantyhose waistband is now amost in view. Glad the weather is getting cooler since I can’t go outside now anyway.  
  
  
Oct 4, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Hello, belly button. Hello, waistband. Goodbye, modesty.  
  
  
Oct 11, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Just 10 inches left. Believe me, I measure every time. I suppose if someone were to look from below, my breasts would be plainly visible. Damn. That’s about the only mystery left.  
  
  
Oct 18, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Down to my last 9 inches. I tried to make a deal, I would take off the top for a day and forfeit the TV if I could just end it this week. They won’t consider it.  
  
Oct 25, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
I guess you could call it a crop top now. What’s left of it. Not sure I’ll be covered on top through Thanksgiving (thank God that’s on a Thursday).  
  
  
Nov 1, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
I have a seven inch top with spaghetti straps. I’m beginning to think the straps hide as much as the rest. If I look in the mirror I can almost make out the bottoms of my breasts.  
  
  
Nov 8, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
I guess I can’t expect a six inch top to hide a lot. My boobs are starting to peek out from below. If I lean forward I might be able to hide them another week.  
  
  
Nov 15, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Breasts are just barely concealed now. Barely. If I sit perfectly straight. Not that they haven’t popped out enough today. Next week they will not be contained.  
  
  
Nov 22, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
A four inch top does not conceal a thing. No matter what, my nipples will appear. The top is just useless now.  
  
  
Nov 29, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
For all intents and purposes, I am now topless and bottomless. The top is more for annoying me now than anything else. I don’t care if it goes completely now.  
  
Dec 6, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
I now wear a two inch strip of cloth attached with spaghetti straps. The cloth drapes uselessly, falling well short of my exposed and erect nipples. I want it gone.  
  
  
Dec 13, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
My last week with any top. Not that it makes any difference.  
  
  
Dec 20, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
The “dress” is now completely destroyed. All I get to wear now is pantyhose and heels. Damned if I’m not getting turned on by this.  
  
  
Dec 25, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Loving little brother was so thoughtful. He bought me fifty pair of pantyhose. You know what kind, too. The ones with no modesty panel. I told him he was wasting his money, he only had one more day of free peeps. He said don’t count on it.  
  
  
Dec 26, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Tomorrow is my last day of being virtually naked in front of the family. Will let you know how it goes.  
  
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Natalie woke up at 9:30 on Sunday, Dec 27, 2009. Her last day under this agreement that her brother Steve had tricked her into signing. She showered and painted her toenails. Maybe Steve and the cousins would spend just a little time looking at her toes and not wander over the rest of her body. She pulled her pantyhose up carefully and slipped ino her heels. 9:59. Time to go downstairs. As she did, her brother starting snapping pictures.  
  
“Got a new chip for my camera. Only 1650 pix or so left” he smiled.  
  
“Creep” she elbowed her way past him and grabbed a bowl of cereal and sat down to the computer. “Can’t you leave me alone for a minute?”  
  
“No can do, sis. We’ve got a lot to talk about today.”  
  
“Like what?”  
  
“Like what you’re going to be wearing around the house when this day is over.”  
  
“I’ll wear whatever I want.”  
  
“I want you to stay in this outfit.”  
  
“You want wrong, you little snot.”  
  
“We’ll see. Oh, and open up a bit. I want some nice closeups.”  
  
Natalie groaned and opened her legs as Steve snapped a few shots of her nylon covered pussy. She snapped them shut as Kevin and Randy announced their arrival. Natalie was surprised that they had waited until 10 past 10 to arrive. Just under 12 hours to go! Steve did not press the issue for now. He was thinking more tactically. Mom walked by.  
  
“Nat, you be careful now. This is your last day and don’t you agree to continuations. Remember I won’t save you from your own stupidity.”  
  
“Don’t worry, mom. He’s already trying to talk me into shit.” She got off the computer and put her bowl in the sink, then took a seat on the couch in the family room.  
  
“You know, you’ve got really great legs, doesn’t she?” Kevin and Randy voiced enthusiatic agreement.  
  
“Well enjoy them while you can.”  
  
“But you know, if you had a dress on, would you mind us looking at your legs?”  
  
“It would be a bit on the creepy side.”  
  
“But not nearly as bad as now?”  
  
“Of course not.”  
  
“And do you mind wearing pantyhose?”  
  
“No, not really. They’re comfortable enough.”  
  
“So we can agree that throughout 2010, you’ll wear nothing but skirts and dresses at home?”  
  
“HA! Nice try.” Natalie was pleased that her mother called her into the kitchen.  
  
“Would you be a dear and get the roasting pan out? I’ll brown the roast since your... skin... would be at risk.”  
  
“Sure, mom. Thanks, the boys were putting the pressure on me.”  
  
“I knew they would. How do you feel about how things went this year?”  
  
“At first, I was really scared about being so exposed. But you know, it really wasn’t that terrible. I’m still afraid one of my friends will come over.”  
  
“But you’ve only been topless for a few weeks now.”  
  
“Yeah but I’ve been essentially bottomless for a lot longer. But how do you and dad feel about it?”  
  
“We felt bad for you, really we did. As parents, sometimes we have to let you kids make your own mistakes. But to be honest, your father has found your attire... stimulating.”  
  
“Ewwwwww, gross! He gets a boner off of me?”  
  
“Not exactly, but I have found him a lot friskier on Sunday nights.”  
  
“TMI! Double Gross!”  
  
“I just thought you should know.”  
  
“Why?”  
  
“Well, before you turn your back entirely on it, I guess there are three of us that did benefit from your little dare.”  
  
“Yeah, everyone but me.”  
  
“I’m sorry, dear. If you don’t mind peeling apples, we can make a pie.”  
  
“Sure, mom. That will keep me away from prying eyes for a while.”  
  
“Yes, but I’m afraid you can’t wear an apron. Be careful not to get juice on yourself.” Mrs. Henry got the apples in front of Natalie and then opened up the liquor cabinet. “Here”, she said as she set out two glasses. “If you’re old enough to prance around undressed you might as well enjoy a drink.” She filled two glasses with orange juice and added a healthy portion of vodka to each. Nat and her mom had a good time talking and drinking as they made the pie. Eventually the horny boys made their way in the kitchen just as Natalie was finishing her second drink.  
  
“Mom! Can’t we get Nat back?”  
  
“I guess so, I’m sure you want to enjoy your last day. Here, take one for the road” she said as she handed Natalie a drink. As Natalie turned to leave, Mrs. Henry gave her son a wink. Natalie went into the living room where her dad and brother and the two cousins were waiting. She plopped down in the couch and rested her feet on an ottoman.  
  
The boys let her watch football with them for a while, not even bothering to ask her to pose. They were gentlemanly enough to refill her drink, which just happened to be a wee bit stronger than the others. Eventually Steve couldn’t wait any more. “So are you ready to sign a new agreement?”  
Nat rolled her eyes. “What did you have in mind?” Hmmm. She was definitely more willing to negotiate now, thought Steve.  
  
“Let’s start with this - you agree to never wear pants or shorts at home anymore, just dresses. And pantyhose and heels.”  
  
“Gee, I don’t know. Give me some time to think.”  
  
Steve motioned for her to open up her legs and she obliged him. “Come on, sis. You know, I think you really want to continue.” Natalie declined to answer him. “I did work all summer to buy you that television, you know. I think I deserve more than just these past few weeks of you like this.”  
  
“Jeezopeets, how much more do you want? You’ve seen EVERYTHING!”  
  
“Just 365 more days.” Steve said with a grin. Natalie turned her back to him and curled up in the fetal position. Steve thought better about pressing his luck. He let her alone until about 3:00, then offered her another drink.  
  
“You know, getting me drunk isn’t going to work.” she said as she took her first swig.  
  
“So what will work?”  
  
“I don’t know.”  
  
“So part of you is thinking about it?” Again, she refused to answer. “Very interesting. Natalie got up and walked to to kitchen, carrying her drink. Her mother followed her.  
  
“Mom, he’s getting to me. Another five minutes and I’d be ready to sign anything.”  
  
“Is that what you want to do?”  
  
“I don’t know. I thought I’d be anxious to get this over but now...”  
  
“You don’t want it to end?”  
  
“No, not really. But I don’t want him to win.”  
  
“I see.” Mrs. Henry pulled a piece of paper from under the refrigerator magnet. She set it out in front of Natalie. It read: “I, Natalie Henry, will wear nothing but pantyhose and heels around the house from now on.”  
  
Mrs. Henry put a pen in her hand. “It’s what you want. Everybody knows it.”  
  
“Mom! But this is so... permanent.”  
  
“And isn’t that what appeals to you?”  
  
“Well, yes.”  
  
“And when you signed that dare in January, are you sure you didn’t see that one inch per week?”  
  
“MOM! Yes, I’m sure. I think... Oh I’m so confused.”  
“Sign it.”  
  
“Mom, God, can’t I have a minute?”  
  
“No, this is what you want. I know it. You know it. Sign.” Natalie slowly and carefully signed her name and handed it to her mother.  
  
“I guess there’s no turning back now.”  
  
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Dec 28, 2009  
  
Dear Diary:  
  
Yesterday went just like I planned. They all thought it was their idea and I had to be talked into it. Ha!