**The Fashion Show**

by HOOKED6   (Hooked6@hotmail.com)

**The Fashion Show – Book One Part One**

“So do you think you can help us out?” asked Karen, a coworker of mine.

I had just started at this upscale company in the heart of downtown. It was my first “real” job after getting out of school. Karen and I worked next to each other and we were VERY competitive. We had similar job responsibilities but she had been with the company for years before working her way up to her present job. I always felt she resented the fact that I got the same job right out of school.

I was still learning my way around the company’s informal rules for success. I discovered that the company was big on charity work and encouraged its team members to get involved. Naturally I decided to do a little investigative snooping and found out the boss’s favorite charity and decided to volunteer as soon as I could arrange it. Unfortunately I just hadn’t gotten around to it.

Karen had just handed me a flier about a fashion show that low and behold was to benefit – you guessed it – the boss’s favorite cause. She told me that it was a HUGE to-do held at the OMNI downtown. Three famous fashion designers: one from New York, one from Los Angeles and one from Paris brought in their latest works and local talent modeled the designs. I had heard of this event but had never really paid it much attention.

“Our company is one of several big firms that sponsor this event,” Karen explained. “We are always short of volunteers for some reason. Seems like everybody wants to go, but no one wants to actually do the WORK.”

I figured this was my chance at gaining some much needed visibility among the corporate big wigs. Lady luck was smiling right at me and I’d be stupid to pass this up. “I’d love to help,” I said enthusiastically. “What can I do?”

“Well . . . as you know I am the company coordinator for this event,” she said smugly. It figured, I thought. She was always trying to brag about her accomplishments. “Anyway,” she continued, “I am desperately short a model. I have one position left to fill and the show is on Saturday! I think you would do a fantastic job. What do you say?”

“ME?! A model?!” I exclaimed incredulously. “I don’t have a clue how to be a model. I wouldn’t know the first thing to do.”

“Nonsense, you’d be PERFECT. Look at you. You have a GREAT figure, your face is adorable and your posture is next to perfect,” she said encouragingly.

“But these are famous designers. They’re used to working with professional models. I can’t . . .”

“SURE you can. All the models have to be local people. That’s the whole point. They can’t BE professionals. The charity does better financially when local people are involved. Besides,” she continued, “Just think of all the publicity you’ll get – your picture in the paper, the company newsletter . . . everyone who is anyone will be there – even Mr. Shambrenner the sports team owner.”

“I’LL DO IT!” I replied caught up in her enthusiasm. The thought of mingling with so many influential people was motivation enough. Karen didn’t know it but she had just given me the key to my advancement at the company!

Just then Mr. Darthwaite, the company President walked by. “Mr. Darthwaite,” Karen called out to him.

“Yes,” he said as he turned to join us.

“Tracy has agreed to be one of the models for the fashion show this Saturday.”

“Has she now,” he said looking me over.

“Yes it’s true, Mr. Darthwaite,” I said with my voice trembling. I was actually talking to the company President! I had seen him many times but he never even acknowledged me. Now he was standing here talking to me about his favorite charity event.

“What designer will she model for?” he asked.

“I have her down for down for Renee Dubois, the designer from Paris,” Karen replied.

Paris? I was going to model for the French designer? This was beyond my wildest dreams!!

“Oh?” Mr. Darthwaite remarked with a funny grin on his face. He stared at me intently not saying a word. Just as I was worried that he was thinking I wasn’t right for the job he added, “Well, I think she’ll do a MARVELOUS job representing the company.”

“Thank you, Mr. Darthwaite,” I said with my voice trembling.

“Tracy, wasn’t it?” he asked shaking my hand as he was smiling at me.

“Yes sir, Tracy Adams.” I replied with pride making sure he wouldn’t forget my name. “I’ll be looking forward to seeing you Saturday. Good work, Tracy,” he said as he left us. He actually said my name!! I was so proud.

“Oh Karen,” I said a bit regretfully. “I really don’t know how to model.”

Karen told me how she wanted me to do it. “You walk down the runway placing one foot in front of the other swinging your hips in an exaggerated fashion as you go. When you get to the end, you put your hands on your hips and placing your weight on your right foot turn slightly to the left. Hold that pose a while then repeat the process putting your weight on your left foot and facing right. When it’s time to go, turn around and show off the back of the garment and then return. It’s easy. Try it”

I did my best and after a few practice attempts it actually felt quite natural. Karen was most reassuring which boosted my sagging confidence immensely. Gee, maybe I COULD be a model. Karen said to look for her at the Omni and she’d help me. I took the poster and couldn’t wait for my big day!

Saturday finally arrived and I started to panic – my hair!! I needed to get it fixed. Luckily I was able to get my stylist to work me in. She was only too happy to help when she heard I was going to be in the fashion show modeling Renee Dubois’ designs.

When I arrived at the Omni, Karen greeted me in a panic, “WHERE have you BEEN? I was worried you chickened out!” she grabbed me by the hand and led me into the half-filled auditorium and down the side aisle towards the back.

“But the show starts at 8:00 and it is only 7:00 now,” I protested. “There’s plenty of time!”

We reached the back and there were people milling around everywhere scurrying this way and that. Karen took me to a gentleman of small stature and introduced me.

“Me dame, you are most late,” he said with a THICK French accent. “Tsk, there is no time for the hair. We must do what we can with the make-up, eh? The show she is a starting soon, no?” He led me to stand in front of a lady with all sorts of cosmetics on a cart. “Please for you to take off your clothes. We must hurry.” He instructed firmly.

“What . . . HERE?!” I said with concern. “Where’s the dressing room?”

“What you are so special you need a private dressing room?” he said obviously put out at working with such an amateur. “Of course here, you will have many garments to get into for the show, eh? No time for zee dressing room. You will be changing quickly. Time is of the utmost, no? Now, please to get out of your clothes.”

I looked around and there were two other models already in fancy gowns being attended to by their handlers. I started to unbutton my blouse when I noticed that there were men roaming around backstage too! Not the designers but stage hands – YOUNG stage hands and all sorts of volunteers! It hit me I was about to change in front of them!

Being prompted by the make-up artist I realized I had to comply. After all I was the one who wanted to be the fashion model and impress my boss. I convinced myself that all fashion models did this and it was no big deal so I hurriedly took off everything, including my shoes leaving me in just my white bra and panties. Why didn’t I have the sense to at least wear something fancy under my clothes?

As the lady was applying my make-up in earnest I saw Renee looking through racks of clothing along the side wall.

“Well Tracy, I see you made it?” I heard a voice say.

“Mr. Darthwaite!” I exclaimed in shock. There I was standing in my underwear in front of the company President! I was so embarrassed I wanted to cover myself but the make-up artist told me not to move.

“I’m REALLY looking forward to seeing you model tonight. I’m sure you’ll do the company proud,” he said. I could see him looking me over obviously delighted at catching me half-naked. I had wanted to make a big impression on him, but not THIS way! It was humiliating having to stand there unable to move as he just stood there.

Finally the artist was done and Mr. Darthewaite wished me well and he too left to wander about.

Mr. Dubois returned holding a garment. “Are you not finished the changing yet?!”

“What do you mean? I took off my clothes,” I said quite confused.

“The underwear must go too, no? No panty-lines must show, eh? I will give you everything you are to wear. Now please for the last time to get undressed. The time she is growing short!”

He watched me as I unsnapped my bra and took it off then waited as I removed my panties. “Very nice, no?” he said to the make-up artist as they both checked me out in minute detail. “No time to remove, how you say, the pubic hair. It must stay, I think. Oh well, we’ll do the best we can.”

My eyes widened at the thought that most “real” models must shave. Surely I must have been a disappointment to him and my self-esteem plummeted to a new low! As I stood there naked waiting for him to select my gown, I couldn’t help but notice how many people backstage were checking me out. Of course when they saw I was looking at them they would quickly turn away. It then occurred to me that I was the ONLY one naked. The other two models were already dressed! Have you ever been in a situation where you are naked among a crowd of clothed people? It is nerve-wracking I can tell you.

“My you look nice,” Karen said as she approached. She had a guy from the office with her too! “Tracy, you know Jim Turner, don’t you?”

“Hi, Jim,” I said meekly not quite knowing what to do. If I covered up I would appear embarrassed. If I stayed calm and acted natural he might think it was no big deal.

“Jim is a backstage volunteer. He’s helping me with the show tonight.” Karen explained.

“How nice,” I said nervously realizing he was probably going to be seeing more of me the rest of the night.

“In fact,” she continued, “There are quite a few coworkers here. I’m sure you’ll see them sooner or later. Oh, Kristy, come here a minute,” Karen called out as she spotted another coworker of ours.

Kristy hurried over. “Hi Tracy, nice to see you,” she said smiling seeing that I was naked. “I wish I was as brave as you are.” Just great, I thought. Another employee was seeing me without clothes.

“Kristy, take this to the lighting director right away,” Karen instructed handing her a piece of paper.

“You got it, Karen,” she said with a smile after she read the note.

Just then I heard the Emcee talking over the loudspeakers greeting the audience. The program was about to start! My heart began to pound. Soon I was going to walk out in front of hundreds of people and be modeling the latest fashions.

Just then Renee walked over and handed me my garment.

“You want me to wear THAT?!” I exclaimed.

**The Fashion Show – Book One Part Two**

I couldn’t believe my eyes! My garment was basically a giant lampshade!

He helped me into it and my heart sank. The design started just above my breasts and flared out to a giant ring about five feet wide high above my knees! I must have looked ridiculous.

Renee said I looked wonderful and went back to his racks as Karen escorted me toward the stage entrance.

“But Karen!” I protested. “The other girls had such beautiful dresses and I have to wear this!”

Karen just smiled and said. “Relax. They aren’t ALL like this. Besides, the other designers are more conservative. One does historical gowns like you’ve seen in the movie ‘Gone With the Wind’ and the other does formalwear for weddings and stuff. Renee on the other hand is an avant-garde, cutting-edge designer. Everyone will be paying special attention to YOU because of that. Just think, of all the models, YOU’LL most likely be the one that gets her picture the paper tomorrow!”

“But . . .” I whispered as Karen pushed me out onto the stage. I was shocked! It was so bright as a spotlight shown directly upon me and followed my every move! I remembered what Karen had told me about how to walk so I swallowed hard and started toward the runway as the last model exited the stage. As I squinted my eyes, I could see that everyone in the audience was so formally dressed and that chairs were on the floor below right next to the elevated runway. There were hundreds of them! And the runway was much longer than I thought! I was hoping just to take a few steps, do my turn and get off stage. Instead I had to walk about twenty yards! Though I was truly nervous I tried to appear calm and swung my hips as Karen had told me to trying to act professional

Then it hit me! I was NAKED under this so-called dress. Anyone sitting in the chairs next to the elevated runway could look RIGHT UP THE 5-foot HOOP SKIRT AND SEE EVERYTHNG! My legs almost gave way as I actually saw people doing just that! Both men AND women! How embarrassing!! I just hoped that no one I knew was out there seeing all this! Of course I had no way of knowing either way, and that thought petrified me to no end!

“Just keep walking,” I told myself. “Just keep walking!” Flashes went off from numerous cameras in the audience and I couldn’t help but think they were all newspaper and magazine photographers!

I finally got to the end of the runway and put my weight on my right foot and swung my hips in an exaggerated move to the left as I had practiced with Karen. I then heard some chuckling and realized that in doing that, my hoop swung way up exposing both my pelvis and my breasts to the crowd in the distance. I quickly changed sides unfortunately flashing the right side of the hall as well! I then turned around and proceeded to head back. Looking down I then saw two shadows on the floor, one from the hoop-skirt and the other the clear and unmistakable outline of my body within the skirt! That stupid spot light made my lampshade dress practically see-through! Even I could see my pubes through the material! The audience must have gotten an eyeful!

Once backstage, Karen quickly ushered me back to Renee and my lampshade dress was hurriedly removed leaving me naked once again among the hoards of volunteers and stage workers. I couldn’t help but look around. The sight of them looking at me - some were actually LEARING at me, made me very uncomfortable.

“We must move quickly, eh? There’s no time to lose,” Renee said jolting me back to reality. Renee wrapped a pink piece of material around my waist and tied it Polynesian style at my right hip. The material was about 8 inches wide on my left hip and cut across my pelvis at a high angle before reaching the knot on the right! It BARELY covered my labia. He then wrapped another pink piece of material around my breasts and tied it in the back. Karen quickly ushered me toward the stage before I even had a chance to be sure how I looked. At the last minute I was handed a flower arrangement and pushed out on stage as the model before me exited.

Once again I was walking down the runway. I wasn’t sure, but from the cool breeze I felt down below, I was certain I was showing more than I had ever dared to in public! Without a bra my breasts jiggled up and down with every step I took. I didn’t know what to do with the flower arrangement I was holding, so I alternated it back and forth between my hands trying to find a comfortable position. As I did so and with all the bouncing of my boobs as I walked I felt the material of my top slipping and in a few short seconds I realized that my right breast was completed uncovered! I started to panic.

As I ambled on, I clumsily used my free hand to try and pull the top back in place, which was no easy task while trying to act poised. No sooner had I gotten it recovered, the material fell away from my left breast! I shifted the flowers out of left hand and used it to try and re-cover myself. And so it went down the runway all the while with my body in the intense spotlight.

I made the required poses at the end and made my turn. As I started walking back the knot came undone and my skirt, such as it was, slipped completely off of me revealing my butt to the audience! I quickly bent down to retrieve it which was a HUGE mistake as the spontaneous applause that erupted told me I had just flashed my most intimate parts to those seated closest to the stage! I blushed immensely, grabbed the material and without even trying to put it on literally ran back stage.

“Listen to them out there!” Karen said joyfully. “They LOVE you!”

They loved my naked ass, I thought quite upset at myself for being so stupid. Karen quickly undid my top and took hold of all the material once again leaving me completely exposed. The next model passed me wearing a gorgeous full-length white gown as she headed toward the stage for her turn in the limelight. Why couldn’t I get to wear something like that I wondered?

Standing behind me, Renee proceeded to drape a large, thick blue piece of cloth around my neck and let the floor length panels hang down in front of me. The color was quite beautiful, I thought. He came around to my front and opened the panels a bit, fluffed the material and nodded toward Karen who started escorting me once again to the stage!

“WAIT A MINUTE!” I whispered to her in a panic. “Where’s the rest of my gown?!”

“That’s it,” she said matter-of-factly. “Don’t worry your boobs are covered.”

“Yeah but the REST of me isn’t!” I cried as she pushed me on stage.

There was nowhere to run. I nervously started walking. As I looked down she was right, my boobs were indeed covered and the material did overlap enough to cover my pubic hair. When I walked, however, the panels separated a bit showing a touch of everything I had. Just enough to tease, I tried to reassure myself – just enough to tease. I thought if I was careful enough and walked slowly I wouldn’t show too much. Of course because the material was basically hanging in a “U”-shape around my neck, my back and ass were completely uncovered! I was positive I heard a few “ooohs and aaahs” from some in the crowd as I reached the end of the runway and turned around revealing my backside to the full audience for the first time!

Walking slowly only prolonged my exposure but I didn’t want to appear unprofessional so I kept my pace slow and even, just as I had when I had first started. Man that was hard to do knowing that hundreds of pairs of eyes were burning another hole in my butt as they were fixed on that part of my anatomy.

I got backstage passing another model who was wearing another full-length gown. Was I the ONLY one wearing such risqué outfits?

Renee yanked the material from around my shoulders and then to my utter and total dismay pressed a yellow, 3-inch daisy to the nipple on my left breast. “It’s wet!” I cried.

“Oh that’s just the temporary glue,” Karen explained. “Don’t worry the flower will come off.” Renee then pressed another yellow daisy on my other nipple. How weird is this. I could hardly wait to see what kind of skirt he was going to give me this time! I didn’t have to wonder long – he stuck another daisy right on my clit! It barely covered my hair as wisps of it stuck out from behind the flower.

“Oh well,” he said noticing my hair protruding from behind the petals, “It will have to do.” He nodded once again to Karen who led me towards the stage.

“What’s next?” I said very sarcastically to Karen. “Is he sending me out NAKED after this?” To my horror, she just smiled without saying a word and my legs almost gave out from under me. “He wouldn’t dare!” I murmured as she pushed me out.

Of course from the side my breasts were entirely exposed to anyone looking. I was sure those damn flowers were going to fall off with all the bouncing my boobs were doing as I walked. Only my nipples were covered. As I looked around at the audience this time all I saw were smiles. Some smiles were playful, others were embarrassed for me and still others seemed to be mocking me. Then I saw the best smile of all – Mr. Darthwaite was smiling his great approval and nodded reassuringly in my direction. At least this was all going to be worth it I thought. And I continued on, finishing my turn.

Once backstage, Karen literally pulled a daisy right off my nipple showing absolutely no mercy whatsoever.

“OOWW!!” I yelled.

“Oh, did that hurt?” she asked teasingly. “Just wait until I rip this one off!”

“DAMN!!” I cursed as she pulled the one off my pubes taking what seemed like a fistful of hair along with it. Of course there were only a few strands actually stuck to the daisy when I looked at it but that didn’t make it hurt any less!

I began to really worry about what I was going to have to wear next when I heard the sounds of bounding applause from out in the auditorium and the Emcee saying, “Thank you ladies and gentlemen. That concludes our fashion show. Now it’s on to the fund raising portion of our show – the silent auction. As you now each designer has donated a gown of his choosing which will be auctioned off to the highest bidder. The models will be coming out soon to walk among you so you can evaluate the designs and decide which ones you want to bid on. Please be generous as I don’t have to tell you that this is all for a good cause. Help yourselves to some refreshments at the back of the auditorium as we await the auction. Thank you all for coming tonight. Let’s make this our most successful year yet!”

I felt a great wave of relief come over me as I realized that at least the show was over. Standing there backstage I was still naked as Renee looked over the huge array of garments on the rack. The other models had already changed into their auction garb leaving me once again the lone nude standout among the crowd.

“Way to go, Tracy!” I heard someone say. “You were GREAT out there!”

I turned around and to my surprise I saw three people I work with, Lisa, Mandy and Kayla and with them were their boyfriends! They obviously weren’t volunteers as they were all dressed to the nines in long formal gowns and tuxedos and they were each holding show programs.

“What are you doing back here?” I asked quite anxiously.

“It’s intermission. People can come backstage now and talk with the designers if they want. It’s quite a thrill getting to meet a real famous designer in person you know!” Kayla said excitedly.

“You must be soooo excited!” Mandy said wickedly grinning from ear to ear as she was looking down at my pussy. I was mortified to think that she thought this was all arousing in some weird sort of way. Truth be told I was indeed quite wet down there but I sure didn’t want anyone else to know that!

“What do you mean?” I asked defensively wishing that Renee would hurry the hell up and give me my auction garment.

“Oh nothing,” Mandy said coyly. “It just that it’s not everyday one gets to work with a world renowned artist you know.”

“Oh,” I replied meekly. “I guess not.” I noticed that everyone was still checking me out which made me VERY uncomfortable. And I worried about what imperfections they were all discovering about my body. How was I EVER go to face them at work again I wondered?

“I always thought you shaved?” Lisa remarked being the Catty person she always was. “Obviously not,” she then added drawing attention to my scraggly pubic hair.

I wasn’t going to let her get the best of me so I said simply, “No, Lisa, Unlike SOME people I prefer the natural look!”

**The Fashion Show – Book One Part Three**

I think I pissed Lisa off with my off-hand reference to her boob-job. I looked over at Renee who was now talking with a bunch of smartly attired patrons and his hands were still empty. He still hadn’t yet selected my auction garment and didn’t look like he was going to any time soon either.

“Yoo-hoo,” I heard Lisa call out. I wasn’t surprised to see her beckoning yet more of my coworkers over for a look. “Come say hello to Tracy,” she instructed.

Two more guys I knew started over towards us, one was Paul Nelson in accounting. I really liked him and hated like all get out that he was about to see me naked! I could have just killed that bitch!

“HI TRACY! I thought that was you out there,” Paul said jovially before Lisa stepped out of the way revealing that I wasn’t wearing anything. “Oh . . . sorry,” he said obviously feeling like he was intruding. It made it worse that he was uncomfortable at seeing me naked. I think it made me realize just how out of place my nudity really was! I was sure I felt myself blush.

“That’s OK,” Lisa said taking him by the arm. “Models aren’t shy about their bodies are they Tracy?” If there weren’t so many witnesses I would have done her in right then and there!

“No, professional models AREN’T shy,” I retorted still trying not let her get the best of me.

“Well, you sure are the BEST looking one out here today,” Paul said politely obviously trying to think of something appropriate to say.

“Thank you,” I replied sincerely. “At least SOMEBODY appreciates my talent,” I added looking directly at Lisa who seemed to fume that her plan to humiliate me didn’t seem to work.

“Well,” Lisa responded taking a slightly different tack, “It’s pretty amazing that Tracy here has the guts to stand here like that showing off all her . . . charms to us. She obviously must be used to walking around NAKED as she doesn’t seem to mind it much.” Her words pierced my heart as I knew she was trying to make me out to be some sort of slut or something in front of Paul. For his part Paul just blushed and I wondered if Lisa had succeeded in her attempt to put me down.

“Gee, it’s probably going to be hard to go back to work after all this, huh?” Mandy asked.

“Yeah, I must admit it will be hard to face everybody knowing you all have seen me naked.” I agreed looking at the floor, trying to subtly salvage what was left of my image.

“No, I meant you’ll probably miss all the glamour and excitement,” Mandy replied now giggling at realizing that I was indeed NAKED in front of her. She probably was so overwhelmed with all the fanfare and hoopla she hadn’t fully realized the implications at the workplace. I actually thought she was feeling badly for me now, which only made things worse for me.

“Well, we’d best be going,” Mandy said to the others. I wasn’t sure if she was leaving on my account or hers. Fortunately everyone started to leave. All except Lisa who was digging around in her purse then to my horror she pulled out a camera and took my picture!

“I just couldn’t bear the thought of leaving without getting a souvenir picture of your modeling debut,” Lisa said with disdain. “I’ll get you to autograph it Monday at work!” she added with an evil grin and then left with the others!

Renee finally finished talking with the others and continued sorting through the rack once again. FINALLY, I thought, I’ll be getting something to wear!

Karen came up to me and put her arm around my shoulders, “Well this is your BIG moment.”

“Huh?” I asked confused.

“This is the best part of the show. It’s all so informal,” she explained. “You’ll get to mingle with all the special people up close and personal in the auditorium. This is your chance to really leave a lasting impression, make those important networking connections.”

She was right. That was the whole reason I had agreed to do this - to advance my career. I tried to focus on that and forget about Lisa and what had just happened. At least Mr. Darthwaite had finally noticed me and seemed pleased with my effort. Certainly THAT couldn’t hurt. Even if Lisa managed to ruin my reputation at the office with her stupid picture, there were always plenty of opportunities waiting for me elsewhere. Tonight I planned on cultivating every one of those too. There was no telling how many influential people I would meet in a few minutes. I was definitely going to capitalize on my fifteen minutes of fame!

Some of the volunteers had begun to clear out the racks of clothing and to clean up a bit in an effort to perhaps get home early as the event seemed to be winding down.

Renee came over to me and had a long purple gown draped over his arms. At last, I thought, something decent to wear!

“Here is my contribution to the auction, eh? I hope you will wear it well. I have enjoyed working with you. You are, how do you say it here in America, you are a good sport!”

“Thank you very much,” I said grateful for such a kind compliment from someone of his stature.

“I must be going now,” Renee said directing the removal of his designs. “I have a plane to catch. Tomorrow I have a show in Spain. Time is so short, no? I hope you get a good price at the auction, Oui? Good bye.”

I waved goodbye and watched as he left with his collection. He was, after all, a very nice man and I actually got to work with him! How many people in this world can say that, huh?

Karen must have sensed my feelings because she too began telling how awesome it was just to be here in the same room with the man! “Imagine,” she said, “the next time you pick up a fashion magazine and see one of his designs you can say to everyone you know that you were one of his models once! How awesome is that?”

”It’s pretty special alright,” I said taking in the moment.

“I think he liked your body too,” she said giggling.

“Oh he did not,” I snapped back calling her bluff.

“No I mean it. I think he really did,” Karen persisted.

“What on Earth makes you think that? I mean he works with all those famous models all the time. I’m nothing compared to them!”

“Oh, it’s just that look in his eyes when he saw you naked for the first time. A girl can tell when a guy is interested, you know. I’ll candidly admit I was so jealous!”

Oh, surely you exaggerate,” I replied. “He was just being polite.”

“Yeah, well maybe HE was being polite on the outside, but that SNAKE in his britches wasn’t,” she said now laughing out loud.

”You mean I caused . . . I made him get an . . . NO!” I exclaimed.

“Yes you did! In fact he told me he wanted to pick a very special dress to donate to the auction because of you. He said he wanted something that would compliment your wonderful body. I think you made him change his mind as to what he was going to give.”

“And THIS is the special dress he picked out just for me?” I said giddy with excitement. “How wonderful! Help me try it on!”

I respectfully felt the soft, velvety–like material and couldn’t help feeling a bit prideful that I merited such a gift. If this wasn’t earmarked for the charity auction I would have kept it for myself.

Karen took the garment from me as I faced the mirror. I closed my eyes as she carefully she placed it over my head and let it gradually fall over my body. I could hardly wait to see what it looked like. I finally summoned up my courage and slowly opened my eyes.

“NOOOOOOOoooooooooo!” I exclaimed upon seeing myself in the mirror for the first time. “I can’t wear this!!!!!”

**The Fashion Show – Book One Part Four**

“Karen, you’ve just gotta help me!” I said as she just stood there laughing. “I mean it! I can’t wear this!”

The back of the dress was indeed velvety purple but the front of the dress was absolutely clear, see-through plastic!! Not even a HINT of opaqueness to shield my private bits. The plastic wrapped around my sides so that only the back of me was covered by the purple material.

“Well,” Karen said still giggling, “You DID want to make an impression out there, didn’t you? Well you certainly will if you go out there in that!”

Just then I heard the Emcee announce that the silent auction was about to begin and asking for the models to enter the auditorium.

“What am I going to do?” I asked in a panic.

“The only thing you CAN do. Go out there and let them bid on the dress. You seemed to do okay when Paul and Lisa were back here and you were naked. Just pretend that this is all part of being a model. Trust me, no one will think badly about it if you act as if it’s perfectly okay!”

“You’re crazy!”

“No I’m not. People are counting on you. This is a CHARITY auction remember? Beside our beloved President is expecting you to give a good accounting of yourself representing the company. He’ll not be pleased if you don’t go out there.” Karen reasoned.

“OH all right!” I said reluctantly. “Can this day GET any worse?”

I stepped out the side door that led to the auditorium and saw the other two models had already entered and were mingling about. Both had on fabulous full length gowns. Karen was right, this was much more informal. It wasn’t dark any more either. The house lights were now up and people were meandering about talking and enjoying glasses of wine. I couldn’t believe all the people! The attire of some of the patrons was exquisite! Any one of the ladies present looked a whole lot better than I did! I swallowed hard and with a gentle nudge from Karen I moved out into the open. “Don’t worry,” Karen said. “I’ll be right here for moral support.” I really appreciated that as I was nervous as hell. If she wasn’t there prodding me on I surely would have fled – charity auction or not!

When I looked down at myself under the regular house lights all the magic glow had disappeared. My body was now its usual color. The familiar skin tone variations and freckles all were quite visible now. Once again through bad luck and circumstance I was the only naked person in the room. Well, I might as well have been naked as the clear plastic didn’t hide much. My nipples were poking out like pencil erasers and the wetness between my legs was driving me crazy with fear that someone would notice! I was filled with embarrassment and aroused all at the same time.

“Well hello there Tracy!” said Mr. Darthwaite. “I was hoping to run into you. My, that’s some outfit you’ve got on!” He then paused to look me over. The last few times he saw me I was in my underwear or at least partially covered during the fashion show. Now he was getting the REAL thing up close and personal. I was feeling faint and a bit sick to my stomach at his incessant gawking until he finally spoke up once again. “You know, you did a GREAT job tonight. I’m sure with your help this will be a rousing success! Keep up the good work. I think I’ll go and make a bid on your garment. I’d like to keep it just for a memento.”

“Thank you Sir,” I mumbled softly. I was pleased he thought I was doing so well but I just couldn’t shake the feeling that he had seen me naked. I wondered if he knew that I was sexually excited by all of this.

Several women came up to me and started conversing. “I think you are VERY brave. It’s marvelous how they use such AVERAGE looking girls at these things. Don’t you think, Evelyn?”

“Why yes. You’d think I’d let my husband attend these things if they used real models?”

All the ladies had a good laugh at my expense. Women can be so cruel when one of their own is at a disadvantage and this group reeked of snobbishness.

After they had left several younger guys came over and started talking. They were polite enough but I could tell they just wanted a good look. Karen and I finally excused ourselves and continued to wander about the room.

“Excuse me, Miss. Patrick Singleton of the Daily Mirror. I wonder if I could ask you a few questions.” My Gawd! A reporter!

“Ah . . . um yeah sure,” I stammered as he appeared surprised at my outfit. I guessed he hadn’t noticed it as he approached from behind.

He wanted to know the usual things such as what it was like working with Renee Dubois and what I thought of his designs. I answered truthfully until he asked, “So for the record, what is your name again?”

“Um, Tracy Adams” I blurted out without thinking. Great! Now everyone would know who I was in real life! Why couldn’t I have just lied and made up a name?

Tracy, do you like nude modeling? Have you done this sort of thing before?” he persisted.

“Ah, no I haven’t ever done anything like this before. This is all quite a surprise for me,” I said and started to leave.

“Well just one picture please,” he asked as he raised his camera.

There was no way I was going t let him take a nude photo of me. I turned my back to him, tossed my head looking over my shoulder and smiled. Mercifully he took that shot and left! I could only imagine what my parents were going to say when they learned I was a nude model at the Omni?

Mr. Darthwaite returned and with him was a rather distinguished looking gentleman. “Tracy, this is Mr. Shambrenner, the sports team owner.” He said.

“Pleased to meet you,” I said as I shook his hand.

“Splendid job out there Casey. Splendid job,” he remarked.

“Ah, that’s Tracy, sir, Tracy Adams.”

“Yes, well, whatever. Listen I’m having a little post auction get together in my suite upstairs after this is all over. Why don’t you two join me? Your boss will be there as will the other models.”

I couldn’t believe my luck! I was actually being invited to a party by a celebrity! What a GREAT opportunity to network. This was just what I had been hoping for! I could get out of this ridiculous outfit and back into my dress clothes and show them what I am really capable of! “Why thank you, sir I would love . . .” I stopped in mid-sentence as I spotted Lisa across the hall. She was waving my bra and panties at me –flaunting my intimates right out in public! In fact I spotted ALL my clothes in her hands!! She was laughing at me as she taunted me with my own belongings. She then mouthed “Good Bye!” and I saw her leave the hall!!!!! That Bitch! She I should have known she wouldn’t settle for me getting the best of her.

“Tracy?” Mr. Shambrenner interrupted, “Are you alright?”

“Um, yes . . . I love to come. I’ll see you there and thank you for asking me!” We stood there listening to the two men talking for a few minutes then Mr. Shambrenner interrupted, “Oh, they’re about to announce the winning bids and he turned to face the podium. I have a bid on that Antebellum gown that model is wearing over there. I just LOVE classic history, don’t you?”

“Ladies and Gentlemen, may I have your attention please.” The Emcee went on. He first announced the winning bid for the formal wedding gown. It went for $5,000.00! I was shocked that someone would pay so much. Then the antebellum dress was announced. “The wining bid,” the Emcee said, “Goes to Mr. Shambrenner at $10,000.00!!” Everyone applauded. The team owner sure seemed pleased.

“And now for the moment we’ve all been waiting for,” the announcer said with much fanfare, “The famed creation of Mr. Renee Dubois of Paris. And the wining bid goes to . . . Mr. Ogelthorpe of Sci-Tech Industries at FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!!!! Let’s give a big hand for the most successful auction in our history!” There was near pandemonium as everyone heard the winning bid. They were applauding and whistling and many people seemed shocked at the announcement.

I could hardly believe my ears. $50,000.00!! Someone actually paid that much for this piece of junk? Who in their right mind would wear this? I then reminded myself that the man wasn’t really buying the dress but rather just making a very generous contribution to the charity.

“Congratulations, Tracy,” Mr. Darthwaite said. “I’m sure you had a lot to do with attracting such a magnificent bid. I’d like to talk with you on Monday. Check with my secretary and set up an appointment. See you at the party.”

“Thank you, sir,” I said humbly. He then left with Mr. Shambrenner as the other guests continued to mingle. WOW! I was actually going to meet one on one with the company President. This could be BIG!!!

Just then a short, balding man wearing large glasses came up to us. “Excuse me,” he said. “I’m Mr. Ogelthorpe. I’m the one who just bought your garment.”

“Oh, pleased to meet you sir. My, what a wonderful contribution you made to charity,” I said politely.

“Yes, may I have it now?”

“Excuse me? I don’t understand.”

“May I have the dress now? I have to be going. I’m quite late already.” He said looking nervously at his watch.

“Um . . . I guess so . . . could you just follow me to back stage and I’d be . . .”

“Listen there’s no time for that. I’m a very busy man and I don’t like to be kept waiting, young lady.” He said raising his voice to make a point. “I just paid $50,000 for that dress and I want it now!”

My heart began to race. He wanted me to strip off right here in the auditorium in front of all these people some of which began staring at me as they had heard what was said! But the worst part was that I didn’t have ANY clothes to wear in the back . . . and I had Mr. Shambrenner’s party to go to!

“Well?” he asked impatiently.

Karen whispered in my ear. “Stop making a scene. Just give him the damn dress. You’re already half-naked as it is. What’s the big deal?”

“You don’t understand,” I whispered back as I started to take of my dress. I politely handed the garment to Mr. Ogelthorpe who seemed pleased that he had gotten his way.

I was now completely naked in the hall as several people watched. Fortunately many of the patrons had already left preferring to skip the auction so it wasn’t as bad as it could have been.

“Follow me,” Karen said. “Your job is done now. We’ll get you back stage and you can change.”

“But you don’t understand?” I said as she dragged me along. I didn’t get to complete my thought as we were at the stage door.

“That’s funny, it’s locked!” she said as she wiggled the handle. People were leaving in droves now and the house lights were brought down a little lower signaling the end of the event. “How are we going to get to your clothes?” she asked a bit concerned.

“THAT’S what I’ve been trying to tell you. I don’t HAVE any clothes back there.”

“What? I was there when you undressed and saw you put them on the dressing table backstage.” Karen said obviously confused.

“True, but Lisa stole them. I saw her leave the hall a few minutes ago with my stuff in her hands as she was taunting me. She’s pissed because I made her look a fool in front of Paul.” I explained. “What am I going to do? We have Mr. Shambrenner’s party to go to. I just CAN’T miss that! I just can’t!”

“Calm Down,” Karen replied. “I’ll think of something.”

**The Fashion Show – Book One Part Five**

Time was growing short. I was trapped without clothes in the auditorium only a few minutes away from my biggest career opportunity in my life! Lisa was on my list for sure!

“I’ve got it,” Karen said enthusiastically. “I’ll make you an outfit from these table napkins.

“What?! Are you out of your mind?”

“No really, I think this will work. Come here and turn around.” She instructed. It was against my better judgment but I followed her advice and stood before her. She then took the belt off her dress and wrapped it around my waist. She then proceeded to take two white linen table napkins and tucked them into the belt – one in the front of me and one in the back. My sides were exposed but at least the essentials were covered. It was like I was wearing a white loin cloth. She then borrowed an idea from Mr. Dubois’ designs and tied two napkins together and draped them around my neck so that my breasts were covered. Well they were almost covered. The bottom portions of my boobs were showing, but my nipples were hidden and that was good enough.

She took me to a mirror and had me look her idea over. I must admit it was pretty cleaver. The belt did make it look like I was actually wearing an outfit rather than some napkins. “I guess I can do this,” I said reluctantly. “It’s better than missing the party.”

“We’d better hurry or we’ll be late.” Karen admonished. We both headed for the elevators and proceeded to the top floor. I was shaking like crazy. I was so afraid I was going to blow my big chance and it was all because of that stupid bitch, Lisa. I never did like her.

When we entered the suite the party was already I progress. As soon as I entered the room all eyes were upon me and several people stopped talking. I tried not to show any embarrassment and did my best to act as if nothing was wrong.

“Well, what have we here,” Mr. Darthwaite said approaching me. I was so nervous about screwing up that I hadn’t given a thought about how I was going to explain myself. He looked me over without giving away what he was thinking. His face was stone cold showing no emotion whatsoever. That’s probably how he had gotten so far in the business world. Most likely he’s a good poker player too. I was sure he disapproved of my outfit – that I was an embarrassment to him and the good people in the room. I started to sweat a little and my heart started to pound. Lisa had cost me my career! Fortunately fate stepped in and saved me.

“Well, Casey . . . wearing another Dubois’ creation I see,” said Mr. Shambrenner, “splendid imagination that chap.”

“Ah . . . yes it IS one of his designs. He gave me this as a gift before departing this evening so I thought I’d wear it here if that is okay,” I said with my voice cracking. I looked over at Karen who was practically choking as she tried not to laugh.

“Fine, fine,” Mr. Shambrenner said. “Glad you could make it.” He then turned to our President and said, “Fine young lady you’ve got there Peter. Wish I had more like her in my organization. She’s got spunk, a rare quality these days you know.” My boss’s face mellowed and he began to relax a bit.

I too felt a wave of relief and my self-esteem was kicked up several notches at hearing the kind words he said about me.

“Listen Casey,” Mr. Shambrenner said.

“Tracy sir, Tracy Adams,” I corrected.

“Yes, of course, Tracy. Listen I was wondering. I have a little job that I think you’d be perfect for.”

“REALLY?!” I muttered looking cautiously at my boss.

“Absolutely. With Peter’s permission I wonder . . . would you be able to help a friend of mine at the Metropolitan Museum next weekend?”

“Well CERTAINLY!” I said enthusiastically. “What do you need me to do?”

“Here’s the thing. They are having a grand opening of a new exhibit of Classic Greek artifacts. I love the classics you know. Anyway, you seem like a lady of culture and you have certainly demonstrated your commitment to the arts this evening. I’ll call my old friend at the museum and tell him that I’ve got the perfect person for the job. Shall I?”

“Thank you, sir.” I said wanting to ask a million questions. I saw dollar signs flashing before my eyes but that was all shot down in a heartbeat when he added, “Good volunteers are hard to come by these days. He’ll be thrilled to have someone as dedicated as you.”

I saw the pleased look in my President’s eyes and all the disappointment that the job didn’t pay anything disappeared quickly. “I’d be honored to help, Mr. Shambrenner.”

Karen and I spent an awkward hour mingling with the guests. I was never so uncomfortable in all my life! I did get to meet a lot of interesting people however and several luminaries now knew my name. All in all the evening wasn’t a total loss.

The following Monday at work all I could think about was getting back at Lisa. She had caused me so much grief that I had made up my mind to get even. I just didn’t now how. Since we work on different floors I didn’t see her all that morning which was a good thing, as I probably would have ripped all her hair out by the roots if I had.

At lunch I confided in Karen. “You know I have always found that revenge is best when it’s planned.” She said with a grin.

“Oh?” I remarked. “You’ve got an idea don’t you?”

“Let’s just say I know her routine AND her schedule.”

“Go on,” I said.

“Well, I suggest you lay low and do your best to avoid her. I’m sure she’s going to try and humiliate you today so if I were you I’d take the rest of the day off denying her the chance. Wait until Friday.”

“Friday? What’s so special about Friday?” I asked.

“Two things: First, she uses the company fitness center on Fridays. Second, she has a very important meeting with a client at 1:00pm that day. I have a way we can sabotage her day without getting into trouble.”

“I’m in!” I said and took her advice. I left work early and dodged Lisa all week. It took some doing but I managed it.

Friday came and I was very anxious to get my revenge. Around noon Karen came and took me to the fitness center. We snuck in the locker room and looked for Lisa’s bag.

“Are we going to steal her clothes?!” I asked hopefully.

“No, that’s so sophomoric and could get us into deep trouble if we are caught. No, I have a better idea. Just watch.” Karen said as she pulled a pair of scissors from her pocket.

“What on earth are you up to?”

“I’m cutting the zipper completely out of her skirt.”

“Cute, but she’ll just pin it back together,” I said.

“Not the way I’m cutting it, she won’t. The best she’ll be able to do is hold it up with her hand the rest of the day.” Karen then showed me the huge “V” shaped area on the back of the skirt where her zipper used to be. She not only cut the zipper out but a whole lot more – like about a third of the upper skirt was missing! “She won’t have time to run home and get a new skirt as the meeting with her client is just around the corner. She wouldn’t DARE miss this either as it is way too important. Come on let’s get out of here before she gets back!”

“Karen, I’m glad you are on my side.” I said as we quietly left the locker room.

Later I arranged it so that I had to be on Lisa’s floor. Sure enough there she was holding her skirt with her right hand looking frazzled as she prepared for her meeting. She had on a blazer jacket that hid the hole in her skirt but she sure looked funny trying to keep it up while working using only her left hand.

“Hi Lisa,” I said cheerfully. “Is something wrong with your back?”

“Very funny,” she snapped. “You probably had a hand in this I’ll bet.”

“Why whatever do you mean?” I replied innocently as she walked down the hall towards the conference room. She had several folders in her left hand and was using her right hand to keep her skirt in place. “I’ll get for you this!” she said as she made her way down the hall. I just looked on gleefully. Just then her client showed up and met her at the conference room door. He extended his hand to shake hers. Instinctively Lisa pulled her right hand forward before realizing what she had done and, you guessed it, her skirt fell off and dropped to the floor leaving her standing in her jacket and pantyhose. I’m sure the client didn’t get to see much but Lisa sure was blushing! I wish I had been a fly on the wall at her meeting to see how many times that happened or to hear how she explained it all.

Later that day I made sure to check on Lisa several times. I’ll give her credit she stuck it out at work. I was sure that after her meeting she would have bolted.

“Hey, Lisa,” I said snickering, “Can I give you a hand with anything?”

“Shut up. You’ll get yours someday.” She said angrily.

“Yeah, well, just remember – paybacks are hell!” I stood there watching her just grinning from ear to ear for a few minutes before getting back to my own desk.

When I did there was a message from a Mr. Peterson of the Metropolitan Museum. I returned his call and he told me that there was going to be a grand opening gala tomorrow and that Mr. Shambrenner highly recommended me.

“It was most kind of him to speak so highly of me,” I said modestly. “I was eagerly awaiting your call. What can I do to help?”

He told me that he had a most important job for me and that as far as he was concerned the person that did this could make or break the Grand Opening of this most important exhibit. “I don’t normally go all out like this and take such risks but this is the most expensive, most elaborate exhibit the museum has ever had. I wanted to do something extraordinary to attract interest in the museum. Can I count on you? I wouldn’t give this job to just anyone you know.”

“Most certainly, I’m sure your trust in me and in Mr. Shambrenner’s recommendation won’t be misplaced.”

“Great. Please be at the museum at 7:00pm sharp! The exhibit opens at 8:00.” He explained. After the usual pleasantries we hung up.

Saturday night came quickly and I found myself at the museum a little ahead of schedule this time. “Mr. Peterson?” I asked of a smartly dressed gentleman. He looked vaguely familiar but I wasn’t sure why.

“You must be Casey?” he said enthusiastically. “Oh you’re going to be perfect! Just Perfect!”

“It’s Tracy, Tracy Adams and I’m pleased to help.”  He led me into the museum’s grand hall and briefly showed me some of the new artifacts and pieces comprising the exhibit. It was all very impressive. He then looked at his watch and said, “You’ve got just enough time to get out of your clothes and get on that pedestal over there. I’ll show you how I want you to stand.”

“WHAT?!” I exclaimed. “You want me naked?”

“But of course. You’re going to be my living Greek Statue. You can’t wear clothes and be a fine piece of Greek art, now can you?”

“But . . . I . . .”

“Mr. Shambrenner said you’d be perfect for this. Don’t tell me he was mistaken? Just wait until he gets here . . .”

“No, He wasn’t mistaken,” I said swallowing my pride. I realized that if he was going to be here and found out I chickened out, it would mortally humiliate him and any further opportunity of advancing my career would be ruined. “I just need to use the bathroom first.”

“Well, why didn’t you just say so!” Mr. Peterson said with relief.

**The Fashion Show – Book One Part Six**

I couldn’t believe what I had gotten myself into! Ever since Mr. Shambrenner mentioned this job, all I had seen all week were posters, newspaper ads and television commercials announcing this Grand Opening. I so much wanted to play a part in it. I just never realized I was going to be a naked Greek statue at the entrance to the main exhibit hall!

I just had to have a few minutes to mentally prepare myself. As I entered the ladies’ room I noticed I was visibly shaking. The Fashion Show was bad enough but at least I wasn’t completely naked for hours on end. My mind raced between my natural instinct at self-preservation and getting the heck out of there to focusing on what this could do to boost my career! My company was a very large enterprise and this could open many doors for me that would otherwise take years to accomplish. After all, I was but one of several hundred employees at my office alone and we had branches in several major cities. Opportunities were plentiful if I played my cards right. Time was growing short and I would have to make a decision soon.

I had just about worked up enough courage to actually go through with it when I heard the restroom door open. “Well, well look who’s hiding in the ladies’ room!”

“LISA! What are you doing here?!” I exclaimed.

“I wouldn’t miss this Grand Opening for all the money in the world!” she said sarcastically.

“What do you mean?” I asked nervously.

“Well, you remember that little dress stunt you pulled on me, embarrassing me in front of my client yesterday?”

All of a sudden a light clicked on in my head. THAT’S where I recognized Mr. Peterson from!! He was the client that she lost her skirt in front of! My heart began to pound as I feared the worst.

“That’s right Miss Priss. He was the one.” She gave me an evil grin and began chuckling for no apparent reason.

“Now Lisa, you have no proof that it was me,” I said trying to defend myself.

“Well, it doesn’t matter,” she said flippantly. “When he told me how Mr. Shambrenner went on and on about how wonderful this Casey Adams was and how PERFECT she would be to help out, I just put two and two together and figured it was YOU he was bragging about.” She paused a few moments leaving me hanging and then continued, “Of course he originally just wanted a trustworthy, vibrant person to help in managing the press. But after the stunt you pulled and he told me that his model had canceled at the last minute for a living statue, I convinced him that you were better suited for that job.”

“You didn’t!”

“Oh and not only that, but after I showed him your pictures at the Fashion Show – especially the one with you naked, it was easy to convince him to forget the costume he was going to have the model wear and have you do it as a classical nude! What would be better to attract visitors to a Classic Greek exhibit than a live classic nude statue! He bought it hook, line and sinker! Isn’t that just a gas?” she asked now laughing her fool head off.

“Ooooooooooo I ought to . . .” I sighed emotionally venting my anger.

“You’d best behave. After all I’M the Media Representative now so you had better be NICE to me. I mean since you couldn’t do that job, Mr. Peterson naturally asked me to fill in. Imagine little ole’ me hanging out with the television crews. It’s a dirty job but SOMEBODY has to do it!”

“Lisa, you’re going to pay for this I swear!”

“Maybe so but I might as well have fun tonight. YOU obviously won’t be. Oh did I mention that I had plenty of time to invite practically everyone that knows you to the opening this evening? Wait until you see who’s on my guest list!” Lisa said with a downright wicked laugh. “You’d best be getting naked sweetie, It’s almost time for your debut!” With that she left the restroom.

I just wanted to cry and murder her at the same time. Well I’ll show her, I thought. She may THINK she robbed me of my golden opportunity but I’ll prove her wrong or my name isn’t Tracy Adams!

I was so angry I didn’t even waste any time. I stripped off my clothing leaving it right on the bathroom floor. My adrenalin was so high I didn’t even care. I boldly walked out into the lobby and found Mr. Peterson. “I’m ready when you are,” I said cheerfully for Lisa’s benefit.

He let out an audible gasp at seeing me naked up close and personal. I got the feeling that maybe, just maybe, he wasn’t sure I was really going to go through with it. He looked me over obviously pleased at what he saw. “Right,” he said clearing his throat. “We’d best get to it then.” He escorted me to the pedestal that was placed at the left of the exhibit hall entrance. A large banner was hung directly over head announcing the “Return of the Classics!”

“If you would be so kind, I’d like you to put this small floral wreath on your head.” He said handing me a small simple wreath of woven flowers and greens. After I had gotten it to sit right around my forehead he helped me climb up the step ladder and up onto the four-foot pedestal. “Now,” he went on to explain. “Since this event lasts 4 hours I wouldn’t expect you to maintain the standard sculptural poses. That would be too tiring for your arms. So, instead I would like you just to put your weight on your right foot, extend your left leg out a bit . . . that’s it, just a little further . . . a little more. Perfect! Now turn your head towards the entrance and loosely place your hands behind your back. Fantastic!” He then asked me to maintain that pose until he believed a break was in order. He thanked me profusely for volunteering and said he would definitely put in a good word with my boss after this was all over. He then left me standing there.

Of course Lisa just HAD to come over and gloat. She just stood there smiling and as minutes flew by her smile grew even wider! “What are you smiling at?” I asked finally perturbed.

“I was just admiring the contrast of your dark pubes against your pale white skin. It sort of draws the eye right to that spot!” she said smiling. “You know . . . standing here looking up at you, I just realized how much of you everyone will get to see.” She said now laughing out loud.

Another light bulb lit up in my head. The pose Mr. Peterson had me hold forced my legs about two feet apart which at ground level would be a perfectly natural pose. BUT, being on a four-foot high pedestal people will be able to look right up and see . . . OH MY GAWD! I had to fight the urge to close my legs. I wasn’t about to give Lisa the satisfaction that I was the least bit humiliated! Of course inside I was mortified!

I was doing good too until Lisa took out that fool digital camera of hers and began taking pictures! I was just about to jump down off the platform and slap the crap out of her, when I saw our company President, Mr. Darthwaite enter the hall.

“TRACY!” he said quite surprised to see me naked. At first he seemed serious as he marched right over to where I was standing but as he grew closer his expression went from one of concern to one of admiration. “So this is the job Mr. Shambrenner wanted you to do. I’ve got to hand it to you. You really put your all into these community events.”

“Thank you, sir,” I said gratefully. He then turned and noticed Lisa and said, “I wish I had more community-minded employees like her.” It was quite obvious that his small dig at Lisa didn’t go unnoticed.

“I’m the media guide, sir and . . .”

“Yes, fine,” he replied curtly, cutting her off almost ignoring what she had to say. It did my heart good to see Lisa bristle at his treatment of her. “Tracy, I’ll be back a little later on. I’m proud of you. Good job!” He then left to enter the exhibit hall.

Lisa stormed off in a huff making me chuckle. Soon the museum doors would be opening and the real test of my resolve would begin. I had to consciously try and keep my body from shaking at I heard Mr. Peterson announce over the intercom, “Places everybody, the museum is now officially open! Good luck and thank you all.”

True to form Lisa wasted no time in leading the media right over to me and bent over backwards announcing my name “This is the local model, TRACY ADAMS – that’s A-d-a-m-s.” She actually spelled out my name making sure no one got it wrong!! “She is assuming a classic Greek pose for your benefit. Please take time to admire her form as the ancient Greek artists would have done.” She then waved her raised hand right past my genitals like some TV game show assistant drawing their attention to my most intimate spots. I tried not to move too much but I did catch a glimpse of several of them directly checking me out. Their smiles left no doubt as to where they were looking. The females in the group were the worst as their smiles were ones of disdain and disapproval. I just knew they were looking for flaws in my anatomy.

Fortunately Lisa had to move on and took her group into the exhibit hall. I took several deep breaths in an attempt to relax. The combination of sheet embarrassment and outright anger made it almost impossible to keep still.

Group after group passed me by on their way into the exhibit hall. Many gave me a just a passing glance – almost as if they were too uncomfortable to look. I figured the men who were with their wives or girlfriends were to afraid to risk the wrath of their companion if they were caught openly gawking at a young naked female! Many of the women just seemed indifferent, which was really okay with me.

Then a small lull in the action happened for which I was grateful until a group of high school kids came in. The boys were so stupid acting and made no secret about pointing out my coochie! “WOW! She’s wide open down there!” one idiot announced loudly to his friends. Naturally they all gathered around and tried their best to see me from every possible angle – from the back, the front the side. It was just my luck that whenever I stand with my legs apart my labia open up – and not just a little either revealing what a former boyfriend called my pink love tunnel! (It’s just the way I’m made so stop laughing).

At first I resented their ogling. But for some strange reason I began to get aroused, perhaps because it was all so surreal. I couldn’t move; I was totally naked high on a platform and these boys thought I was some sort of Greek goddess! What girl wouldn’t have gotten a cheap thrill out of that?

“Is she getting wet?” one boy asked jokingly. I felt myself blushing at the realization that my secret was out! “Shut up, fool,” another said. “You wouldn’t know if a girl was excited or not! She’s probably the first NAKED girl you’ve ever seen in real life!” Mercifully the girls in the group dragged them inside the hall.

A few minutes later, one of those girls returned by herself and leered at me like she was in love. I flushed hot with embarrassment and wished she would go away. I hate to admit it but she WAS kind of cute in her own way. The longer she looked, however, the more aroused I became. The wetness between my legs was quite obvious even to me and I wasn’t the one looking! I began to get worried about how obvious it was to passersby. The girl didn’t help any as she finally took a step back, smiled from ear to ear as if she knew a secret that nobody else did and left giggling. What a dumb prom queen, I thought.

From out of nowhere Lisa came in from outside talking over her shoulder to some people who had not yet entered the auditorium. “You’re just going to LOVE this,” I heard her say.

Great, I thought. From the overly animated tone of her voice I figured that it was probably someone on her special “guest” list she had hand-picked to humiliate me. All sorts of thoughts ran through my mind as to who it could be.

Of all times to bring someone in to humiliate me, just when I was aroused and dripping wet! I’ll never hear the end of this at work!

I then saw my life flash before my eyes as I realized who Lisa was escorting into the museum – my MOM, DAD and TWO BROTHERS!

I could have just died!

**The Fashion Show – Book One Part Seven**

Lisa smiled wide as she saw my reaction to her guests. That bitch knew what she was doing and had obviously thought this out well. Anger welled up inside of me. I was determined to get back at her if it was the last thing I ever did! I was going to make her pay and pay dearly.

My mom and dad had always thought of me as their “perfect little girl.” To them I was a proper, professional lady of whom they were ever so proud. All that was about to be destroyed as I stood before them naked as the day I was born being gawked at by hundreds of people in this so very public place – all the while horny as hell! My life was over. I didn’t have to worry about my career anymore as I was sure my dad was going to kill me.

As my parents were looking around taking in the grandeur of the museum foyer, Lisa led them to right to me. “As you can see this is our classic nude model . . .”

“TRACY!” my dad yelled quite taken aback at seeing me. “YOU GET DOWN OFF OF THERE THIS INSTANT!” he said angrily. I was so humiliated. It was so unnerving they way he would look at me then turn away as the impropriety of looking at his naked daughter overtook him and then looking back at me as if he couldn’t believe his eyes. “No daughter of mine is going to be a porno star!”

“HENRY!” my mom said rebuking him.

“Oh no sir,” Lisa interjected. “Tracy is an accomplished nude model.”

“WHAT?!” my dad said choking on his words.

“It’s quite a respectable profession actually.” Lisa went on. “Why just last Saturday she modeled designs from the famous French designer Renee Dubois at the Charity Fashion Show. She was all the rage. His designs are little to risqué and revealing for me though, but Tracy wore them well I must say. I have some pictures of her if you would like to see them later.” Lisa said adding fuel to the fire.

“I thought you worked downtown at . . .”

“I DO! Daddy,” I stammered quietly trying not to draw more unwanted attention my way. Meanwhile my brothers took advantage of the situation and were checking me out just like those stupid high school boys looking at me from every conceivable position embarrassing me all the more! My own brothers were seeing me naked. They hadn’t done that since I was like 4 years old! What’s worse was the fact that I could tell from their faces they knew I was aroused and figured I must be enjoying all this attention.

“Stop that boys,” my mother instructed when she noticed what they were up to. My mom was ever the peacemaker in our family and thankfully today was no exception. “Now Henry,” she went on, “Classic modeling is quite an art form. The museum isn’t an adult theatre you know. It’s a place of fine culture.” I could see the look of disappointment in his face as my mom talked. I’m sure he heard the words but I knew he wasn’t buying any of it.

Lisa meanwhile was gloating. Her face was beaming with joy. She got me and she knew it! I just knew this was going to end badly and any minute my dad was going to create a scene and drag me off that platform.

“Hey DAD!” said my oldest brother. “Looks who’s coming over. Isn’t that the sports team owner, Mr. . . .”

“MR. SHAMBRENNER!” my dad called out recognizing him immediately. “What an honor to meet you!” My dad was excitedly shaking his hand falling all over himself at his luck at meeting a celebrity. He had always been into sports since I was a little girl. “Have you come to take in the Exhibit on Greek artifacts?” he asked as he attempted to maneuver him away from me and toward the exhibit hall in order to avoid his own embarrassment.

“Why no, I’ve actually come to see that young lady over there.” He said cheerfully. Reluctantly my dad followed him over not really knowing how to stop him and they both walked up to the base of the pedestal and looked at me.

“Marvelous isn’t she?” Mr. Shambrenner asked.

“Hey that’s my daughter you’re talking about,” my dad remarked pointedly.

“Oh well you must be very proud, very proud INDEED,”

“Huh?” my dad asked.

“She’s a very committed professional. Why I’ve never seen someone so committed to the arts, community service and to her own company. Yes sir I wish I had a dozen just like her working for me.”

“You do? You actually KNOW my daughter?!” My dad obviously was having a difficult time accepting the fact that his little girl moved in the rarified atmosphere of such important people.

“Yes, I must say I respect her immensely. You’ve done well raising her Mr. Adams. I am most impressed.” Well that did it. My dad was so thrilled that Mr. Shambrenner actually knew his name without being told what it was and that someone so famous was actually proud of me. His attitude changed immediately and I could see the pride welling up in his face.

“Keep up the good work honey,” my dad said to me as he walked into the exhibit with his new found friend. I could hear my dad now bragging at the club, “George and I, ah you fellows would know him as Mr. Shambrenner, yes George and I took in that New Greek exhibition at the museum the other day. . .”

All I could do was laugh and be grateful for the fact that he didn’t call me CASEY. I found it amusing that he could remember my last name so clearly but not my first! It would have ruined the whole thing. Once again I had somehow dodged the bullet and that unnerved Lisa to no end.

As my family walked off Lisa hesitated and said under her breath, “This was just the first of many surprises I have in store for you tonight. Don’t think for a minute that you’ll be so lucky next time!”

Standing alone after my family left I began to get that odd feeling in the pit of my stomach. I had such mixed feelings of shame; arousal; pride in foiling Lisa’s plan; arousal; humiliation at being seen naked by my brothers and did I mention I was aroused and ever so horny? I don’t think I had ever been so wet in my entire life, not even the time that Eddie Peters . . .  oh never mind about that.

I began to take a perverse pleasure in exposing myself. Every time someone would pass by and look at me I realized that yet another person had an intimate knowledge of me that should have been reserved for a special lover. I began thinking how I would feel if I passed that person later on the street. Would he smile a knowing smile indicating that we shared a special secret? What if he did? My legs grew weaker at that thought and I also grew wetter. Most people who looked my way made me feel as though I was special and oh how I craved that feeling!

The more I watched the steady flow of visitors the more excited I became. I was deathly afraid I was going to spontaneously explode in a violent orgasm - so tense were the tender muscles deep within me.

Then I saw Lisa.

My heart began pounding for a different reason this time and I feared yet another humiliation was about to befall me. She walked right up to me and looked at me for a minute. “Well just LOOK at those inner thighs of yours. They’re practically glistening! You’re really into this aren’t you?” she said making a snide reference to my obvious arousal.

“Kiss my ass,” I whispered bitterly.

Lisa’s expression changed sharply. “I wonder what Mr. Peterson would say or Mr. Darthwaite for that matter about your indecent state at the moment. It reflects so poorly on the museum’s public image you know. I think I’ll just go and get them, shall I?”  She then left uttering a wicked laugh.

I was so furious I decided right then and there that when she returned I was going to let her have it but good! I had had enough! Then a little voice in my head said, “You didn’t get this far in life by acting irrational. THINK girl, THINK! Use your brain.”

I calmed down and tried to do just that. Surely I was smarter than she was. Several minutes passed before I saw her returning with Mr. Peterson and Mr. Darthwaite. That bitch was so predictable.

“Tracy has a PROBLEM that I think you should know about.” I heard Lisa say as they approached. “I wouldn’t have interrupted you but it has slowed down for the moment and it seemed important. I thought you would want to know.” The three of them made their way to me with purpose. She was really going to go through with it and point out my wetness -shaming me in front of our President! Man that was low!!!

“What is it Tracy?” Mr. Peterson asked before Lisa could say anything. I KNEW this was my opportunity and I pounced on it.

“It’s nothing really, but I’ve been standing here for over two hours and wondered if I could take a short bathroom break. I’d hate to ask but . . .”

“OH absolutely, please by all means let me help you down,” Mr. Peterson said apologetically. “I never meant for you to stand this long without a break! I just got so involved with everything. I’m terribly sorry.” He then assisted me from the podium as a stunned Lisa just watched. “YOU were TERRIFIC! Just WONDERFUL!” he added.

Mr. Darthwaite readily agreed. “I am so pleased. I’ve had the pleasure of bragging on you to more people this evening. You reflect so positively well on the company. You know I really am proud when my employees do community work – especially for the arts. I really consider such things when I’m deciding on promotions. I prefer a well-rounded employee to a mere workaholic.” He then looked right at Lisa as if he were silently sending her a message.

“But I . . .” Lisa started but I quickly interrupted her.

“That’s right, Mr. Darthewaite, It’s not her fault. Lisa was going to volunteer for this very job but there was only one pedestal. If it wasn’t for that she’d be right up there with me. She just hasn’t had a chance.”

“Is that right, Lisa?” he asked a bit surprised.

“Yes but . . .”

“In fact,” I continued, “if she thought Mr. Peterson here wouldn’t object she’d volunteer to share the job with me and do the last two hours.”

The look on Lisa’s face was priceless. She was trapped! Brains always win out over stupidity.

“Well, Lisa, I’m quite surprised. I never thought you had it in you. Except for seeing you here tonight I always assumed you were one of those nine-to-five types with little company loyalty.” He explained. “I know you are up for that Assistant Account Representative position. I had just about made up my mind to give it to someone else but this puts a new perspective on things. That is if you really were going to volunteer to share with Tracy. You were serious weren’t you?”

“Yes but . . .” Lisa continued to stammer.

Mr. Peterson spoke up giving his wholehearted endorsement. “This is beyond anything I could have hoped for – TWO classic models. Tracy has generated such great enthusiasm for our new exhibit. TWO different models would be absolutely PERFECT! You should have said something sooner my dear,” he said to Lisa. “Of COURSE it’s okay with me.”

Lisa gave me the dirtiest look and then quickly smiled at the two men.

Realizing there was no way out and motivated by a possible reconsideration of a job she all but lost she said meekly, “I’d be honored.”

“You go can go ahead and get undressed. Tracy will give you the head wreath to wear. Just do the same pose as she did. I wonder how many people will notice a different model when they exit?” he said excitedly. “I need to make some sort of announcement. I’d hate for people to accidentally miss this.”

“I’ll check on you later, Lisa,” Mr.Darthwaite said. “For now I must be getting back to my friends. Good show, you two.”

I gave Lisa the same wicked grin that she had given me hours before when I was preparing to strip off. It pissed her off royally.

Slowly, right there in the lobby Lisa began to take off her clothes. I was finally going to see her naked for the first time! This was going to be so sweet!!!

**The Fashion Show – Book One Part Eight**

I enjoyed every second of her agonizing disrobement. When she was down to her bra and panties I couldn’t help but giggle as they were the same style plain Jane white undergarments that I had worn to the Fashion Show. She certainly wasn’t any better than me in the lingerie department.

After she was naked I tried to help her up onto the platform, but stubbornly refused my help. For a brief period of time there were now two naked women in front of the exhibit area and this alone drew the attention of arriving patrons. “Look, they’re changing models,” someone said and several guests stopped to observe.

“Go on spread your left leg wider. That’s it, just a little farther,” I said trying to sound professional. Lisa had no choice but to comply with all the attention she was getting. I was trying to get her into more of a compromising position than I had been in but I thought I had better not push my luck. Finally I said, “Perfect. Just hold that pose!”

Lisa stood there trying to act dignified. I could tell that she was nervous as her breathing was extremely rapid and she kept flicking her fingers as she held them behind her back – a nervous habit of hers from way back. I stood there actually looking her over and I mean carefully studying her body. I have never really paid any attention to naked females before but in my still aroused state I found myself drawn to her femininity.

There she was stark naked – the old bitch finally getting what she deserved. I’ll confess she was pretty, but I wasn’t going to let that get in the way of a little revenge. “Gee, you really should shave more often,” I said tauntingly. “That stubble looks just awful!” Of course it wasn’t really that detectable but I just HAD to rub it in. “I was right about your boob job too I see.” The scars of her augmentation were clearly visible under her breasts, standing on the elevated platform as she was. My comment brought a look of horror to her face and I was sure she now knew that everyone else would also see they were fake!

I left her and took the opportunity to find my clothes. Mercifully they were right where I had left them in the restroom in the office area. I got dressed and rejoined the fun.

Just as I got back I heard several people from work entering the museum, Mandy, Kayla, John and Paul! I was sure Lisa had arranged for them to see me. Were they ever in for a surprise! “I wonder what was so amazing that Lisa insisted on us being here tonight.” I heard Mandy say as they entered the museum.

“LOOK EVERYBODY, IT’S LISA!!!” shouted Kayla.  Much to my delight, the entire group rushed to see their naked coworker.  Lisa just blushed profusely but she was a trooper and kept her position.

“I didn’t know you had a boob job?” Mandy said innocently. I don’t think she was actually trying to be cruel as Mandy was always saying whatever popped into her head. The net effect though was that both Jim and Paul immediately checked her out. I could just see Lisa fuming.

“Well, it doesn’t surprise me,” Paul remarked.

“What, that she had a boob job?” Mandy asked.

“No silly. That Lisa is posing like this. She is so competitive. I’m sure she was jealous of Tracy at the Fashion Show and just HAD to go one better.” Paul explained unaware I was standing just a few feet behind him.

“Hi guys,” I said announcing my presence.

“Hey Tracy,” they all replied.

I wasn’t about to show any mercy so I did unto her as she was about to do unto me. “Lisa sure is brave. From the way she is standing you can see EVERYTHING! My goodness, is she horny?” I asked looking up at her vagina knowing that she probably wasn’t but I just HAD to make everyone else look too! Lisa’s face turned redder by the minute as the entire group was now closely studying her kitty.

“Just wait until I tell everyone at work about this,” Kayla said excitedly. “Oh I wish I had a camera!!!”

I was thinking the same thing. It was too bad I didn’t have time to plan ahead as Lisa did. I would have made sure I had a camera available.

Just then a man came up wearing, you guessed it, several cameras. “Hi, I’m Sergio Mendosa, a photographer from Coccobellas.”

“Coccobellas?” I replied. “Is that some magazine or something?”

“No, Cocobellas is a public nudity website. We specialize in photos of public nudity events. Someone called and asked if we’d be interested in taking photos of a naked Greek model at a museum grand opening, so here I am . . . and I see it was worth the trip!” he said as he noticed Lisa on the pedestal.

So THAT was what Lisa was planning! She called and arranged for them to photograph me!!! How hysterical! Now SHE was the one trapped like a rat!! It was a good thing too because I would have totally lost it if naked pictures of me ever got out over the Internet!!

The man immediately started clicking away before Lisa could even protest. His first shot was right up between her legs followed by several full body shots. He then went to the opposite side of the hall and included shot of the patrons as they admired her form. I was laughing wholeheartedly. Being seen by my family was bad enough but THIS, this was downright horrible!

“Any more naked people” he asked putting his camera away.

“Nope,” I replied giggling. “She’s the only one!”

He thanked Lisa for the photographs and quickly departed saying something about another event he had to cover across town. My coworkers apparently tired of Lisa’s body rather quickly and decided to check out the exhibit as they had paid the regular admission.

After they had gone Lisa looked down at me and said quietly, “You just wait. Your little ass is mine when this is done.”

“Don’t waste your time,” I replied confidently. “You can’t beat me. I’m much smarter than you. The fact that you are up there instead of me and YOUR pictures are about to be spread all over the Internet instead of mine just proves my point!”

“Don’t be so cocksure Miss Priss. I’ll get my revenge. You can take that to the bank.”

I was starting to get angry again but that little voice said, “Use your brain.” So I did.

As much as I wanted to stay and see how things worked out I decided to once again seize the moment. I saw Lisa’s clothes still in a pile behind the pedestal. When the crowd was thin, I picked them up, waved them in front of her like she had done to me at the Fashion Show and proceeded to boldly walk right out of the door.

“Come back here you crazy whore,” she said in a loud whisper. I didn’t bother to stop or even acknowledge her. I just kept going. All I could think about when I got home was how Lisa might have gotten home stark naked. I was sure she would have HAD to have asked one of our coworkers to take her home. How humiliating that must have been for her.

Yes I was very pleased with myself, very pleased.

On Monday I saw Karen cleaning out her desk. I was so upset I immediately jumped to the conclusion that she had been fired or something. “What’s going on, Karen?” I asked with concern.

“I got promoted. I’m moving to a new office.” She answered with pride.

“Promoted?! Are YOU the new Assistant Account Representative? Oh Lisa is going to be so mad.”

“No, that’s quite a bigger promotion than the one I got. They made me an assistant to Mr. Darthwaite.” She explained. “But at least I get my own office instead of this cubicle . . . and of course all the perks.”

“Perks?” I asked as I helped her put the last few things into a box.

“Carry that for me would you please?”

“Sure,” I said picking up the box and following her. She led me up two floors and down a hall. She then entered what I took was to be her new office. As I entered I saw Lisa was already there.

“Hello bitch,” I remarked curtly.

“Hello whore,” she answered right back.

Karen closed the door and proceeded to unpack her things. “Now where was I?” she asked rhetorically. “Oh yes, I was explaining the perks of my new job.” She continued fussing about with her stuff in silence for several agonizing minutes as Lisa and I stood there throwing daggers at each other with our eyes.

“It seems Mr. Darthwaite has narrowed the choice of who’ll get to be Assistant Account Representative down to two people. It’s a mighty BIG promotion for somebody. Pays waaaaay more than I’m getting at my new job and I’ve been with this stinking company way longer than either of the finalists for that position.”

Lisa smiled as she was certain that after last night she was a shoe-in for the job. There was a certain sarcasm in Karen’s voice that screamed jealousy and bitterness and that scared me a bit.

“Anyway, it seems that our beloved President had all but made up his mind to give the job to Tracy here - even though she is such a newcomer to the firm, he felt that she had a dedication and commitment outside the company that spoke well for her character. Then apparently for some reason, he changed his mind and is now considering Lisa for the job too.”

“I knew it!” Lisa said gloating.

“He just can’t seem to make up his mind and well, since he trusts my judgment, he asked me to evaluate the two of you and make a recommendation to him as to which of you would be better suited for the job. He said he mostly likely will go with whomever I choose.” Karen then gave us both a wicked smile. “Some perk, huh?”

“So since I didn’t get the job I rightfully feel should have been mine in the first place, I have decided to take my time and make sure whoever DOES get the job is truly worthy of it.” She explained.

I didn’t like the sound of that. I sat in the cubicle next to Karen and I knew how competitive she can be.

“You two are going to have to decide how badly you want this job and what you’ll do to prove it to me.” Karen said with a grin.

“Lisa, are you willing demonstrate that to me?” she asked.

“Yeah I WANT that job!” she said emphatically.

“And you Tracy?”

You bet. There’s no way I’m going to let HER get what I have worked so hard for.”

“Excellent. We’ll begin our little test tomorrow, shall we?”

“What test?” I asked nervously.

“I thought it appropriate,” Karen said, “That since you both seem to like fashion so well, I’m changing the dress code for you two.” Karen then reached into a box and tossed me a black dress made of stretchy material. Starting tomorrow, you two will wear only ONE item of clothing and that dress is it. No bra, no panties, no pantyhose. Shoes are acceptable but without stockings.”

“What am I to wear?” Lisa asked impatiently.

“Oh, didn’t I explain this clearly.” Karen said smiling. “There’s only ONE dress. You two have to SHARE it. And you BOTH had better be at work tomorrow. Now if either of you decide not to compete for this job, you only have to say so and I’ll recommend the other person for the position. This little competition will continue until one of you drops out or I decide that there is a clear winner.”

“Are you in?” she asked directly to each of us. Of course we both answered affirmatively. “Good now I’ll explain a few more rules.”

**The Fashion Show – Book One Part Nine**

I couldn’t believe it! I all but had that job sewed up. The position of Assistant Account Representative was mine until I forced Lisa into exposing herself at the museum! Now she too is being considered for that job and it is all MY fault! If it wasn’t for me, Karen wouldn’t be on this power trip either. I’d have my job, Lisa would be sulking and all would be right with the world. Still, it WAS fun seeing Lisa humiliated like that and HER pictures not mine will soon be posted at Coccobella’s website. Yeah, it was worth it, I thought.

“Karen, why are you doing this?” Lisa asked nervously. “We haven’t done anything to you.”

“Oh it’s nothing personal with you two I can assure you. I like you both a lot. This is strictly business. I have a decision to make and it’s not going to be easy. So to be fair to both of you I have devised these tests. Of course nobody said I can’t have a little fun while I’m at it either.” She said with a hearty laugh. “First of all, only TEAM players survive at this company, loners do not. This test will evaluate the ability of each of you to cooperate with each other under periods of extreme stress and the two of you will certainly be under extreme stress.”  Lisa and I looked at each other with dismay. US? Cooperate?

Yeah like THAT’S going to happen I thought.

“Tracy, you will start the day wearing that dress. Lisa, it will be up to you to figure out a way to get into the building tomorrow – naked of course. I’d suggest you come early,” she said with a chuckle. “You two will have to work out among yourselves as to HOW you’ll be sharing the dress. Just to be clear I expect to see each of you wearing it at one time or another throughout the day. Selfishness is a poor quality in a team player. Both of you must accomplish your regular work and keep to your schedule. Neither of you can abandon your job responsibilities during this test.”

“How in the world am I going to do that?! I can’t walk around here naked, can I?” Lisa protested.

“You’ll have to work that out with Tracy.”

I gave Lisa a cruel look letting her know that wasn’t going to be easy.

“Tracy, remember the rule about being selfish,” Karen cautioned me. “Oh and did I mention that since you will start the day wearing the dress, Lisa will finish the day with it. You’ll be the one leaving in the buff.”

Now it was Lisa’s turn to gloat.

“If either of you get into trouble, notice I didn’t say ‘caught’, you are on your own. I have an airtight plan to keep me blameless.” Karen said as she went back to arranging her things on her new desk leaving us standing there. I could tell from the look on Lisa’s face that she was going to seriously compete until the bitter end. I was also sure she’d try and exact some revenge along the way too. But, after what she had put me through there was no way I was going to just HAND her the job. No, I was going to outsmart her and outlast her until the job was mine! Though the very idea of placing myself at the mercy of Karen scared me to death, I tried to act outwardly confident so neither of them would detect any weakness on my part.

“Oh, one more thing,” she said looking up at us. “Either one of you are welcome use my office to do some of your work when you don’t have the dress. As you can see it’s pretty private with the door closed.”

Thank goodness, I thought to myself. At least there is some way to pull this test off without getting fired.

“Of course,” Karen added, “If you choose that option you’ll have to realize that you run the risk of being seen as I still have MY work to do and I can’t control the comings and goings of everyone in the building can I?”

Karen’s expression went from playful to serious as she said, “You each will be evaluated on your ability to be creative under fire, your sense of team play, the ability to accomplish your work goals despite all the distractions and finally on entertainment value.”

“Entertainment value,” I asked?

“Yes, I have to have a little fun too you know.”

“What on Earth do you mean?”

“Don’t you guys have work to do?” Karen said changing the subject. “See you both tomorrow. Now if you will excuse me I have things I need attend to.”

Lisa and I both left the office. I could tell my opponent had already put on her game face. As far as she was concerned the contest had already started.

As I went down to my cubicle I was stopped by several people in the office. “I saw you last night,” Jake said with a huge grin. “You make a great statue.” There was a gleam in his eye and a certain excitement in his voice though he was trying to be cool about it.

“Thank you,” I said demurely and tried to continue walking toward my desk.

“A couple of guys were wondering if you were planning on modeling any time soon. We’d love to see you again.”

I’ll bet you would you little pervert, I thought snidely to myself. I was polite though and replied simply, “No nothing on my schedule as far as I know.”

“Well, you were great. I never knew you looked so good,” he said. “See you later,” I think he was trying to be complimentary but I wasn’t sure if that was a dig or not. One thing was certain, however, that he was purposely letting me know that he KNEW what I looked like underneath my dress. His weird smile hinted that I was probably a date of his in his dreams yesterday. Crap I might have been in a WET dream! I giggled at the thought of him waking up after dreaming about me covered in . . . oh never mind.

I was sure I was going to be the topic of conversation throughout the office but very few people actually mentioned it. Everyone seemed so busy perhaps they just didn’t have time. Or maybe they were talking about me behind my back. I shuddered to think of what they might be saying about me – about my body – or even worse if they saw my state of arousal!! Damn, why did I have to think about that?

Later at lunch I ran into Mandy. “You sure were hot last night,” she said elatedly.

“What do you mean by that?”

“Oh come on, we both know you were horny as hell. I was afraid if you got any more aroused there would be a puddle on the floor at your feet.” Once again Mandy was saying the first thing that popped into her head. I don’t think she was being cruel, she was just being Mandy.

I gave a nervous laugh along with hers and said playfully, “Aw come on, you’re such a kidder. It wasn’t that bad.”

“Did you?” she asked winking her eye at me.

“Did I what?”

“Did you . . . you know get off as you were standing there with everybody looking?”

“Heavens NO, what would make you say a thing like that?” I was actually humiliated at the intimate nature of her question and it sent chills up my spine. If she only knew how close I had come to doing exactly that!!

“I know I would have if that had been me. They would have heard me scream as far away as the airport!” she said laughing at herself. “Probably several times too!” I giggled awkwardly at her last comment. I could DEFINITELY relate.

“Yeah, it was sort of stimulating modeling like that,” I said plainly hoping to satisfy her curiosity and get her to leave me alone.

“You’re amazing,” she said looking at me funny. “All those guys looking at you with desire in their eyes checking out your most private of places and you talk about it like it was no big deal. I couldn’t do that. No way,” she said as she walked on ahead of me. Thank goodness she was gone. I was afraid others were going to overhear our conversation.

The next morning I showered and put on my makeup as usual. I took out the black dress and stared at it. It was going to seem weird wearing only this dress. I always wore pantyhose and conservative underwear at work. There was just something about that building that reeked of professionalism. At least I had a dress. Lisa had nothing. I wondered how she made out getting into the building. I smiled a bit at the thought that she might have gotten caught.

I couldn’t delay any longer. I pulled the slinky, black dress made of stretch-like material over my head and guided it over my breasts and down my body. My first fear was that it was going to be see-through. To my surprise and great relief, it wasn’t. It was actually fairly conservative looking. It came down to mid-thigh, a little shorter than I was comfortable with for work, but not too short to attract attention. I began to feel a little better about wearing this and nothing else. It WAS form-fitting, however, accentuating my every curve! I also realized that it wasn’t going to be an easy task getting into or out of this dress. My hair was going to need attention after taking it off or putting it back on.

I put my shoes on and walked around the room a bit finally turning around to look at the back of the dress in the mirror. That material was so clingy that it stuck right into my butt crack outlining every detail of my ass. I pulled it out and walked around the room again and re-checked my image in the mirror and sure enough the fabric wanted to make my butt cleavage its permanent home – like static cling on steroids!! How embarrassing. If I was wearing panties I was sure that it wouldn’t do that. Great, I thought, now everyone will realize I’m not wearing any!

I went to get my purse and got another shock. When I walked my breasts bounced freely without a bra to contain them and with the dress clinging my body it accentuated their motion. Though I’m only a B-cup, there is plenty there to jiggle and jiggle they did. OK, so no running or quick movements today and I must try to keep my backside away from onlookers. Well, at least I had the opportunity to discover these things in the privacy of my own home. Poor Lisa will just have to be surprised! I could be a team player and tell her . . . nah! What a dumb idea, I said giggling.

When I arrived at work and was walking through the parking garage I heard a voice behind me say, “Whoa, nice dress Tracy.” It was Jim, the guy who was a backstage volunteer at the Fashion Show. “Is that one of that French Designer’s outfits?”

“No, it was a gift actually,” I said turning my backside away from him and trying to discreetly pull the material out of my crack without him noticing.

“Nice,” he said as he pushed the elevator button to my floor. When it stopped and the doors opened he said, “Have a nice day.” What a stupid saying, I thought. It’s such a worn out cliché. Of course I probably wouldn’t have complained if today was any NORMAL day.

I made my way to my cubicle painfully aware of my joggling chest and began to organize my day. I had a meeting at 1:00pm, several reports to get out and a slew of messages to return. I suddenly realized that Lisa and I had not spoken since our meeting in Karen’s office. I wondered what her schedule was like. I had all sorts of wild thoughts about her hiding under a desk or cringing in a bathroom stall. I felt good about that, until I realized that I would probably be in the same boat later that day.

I decided that I had better find her and work out some details about this dress sharing. Better to plan for the exchange than wing it in a panic. I went to her desk but she wasn’t there. I headed towards Karen’s office. Sure enough Lisa was against the back wall, her face full of fright.

“Damn it Tracy,” she said angrily, “Couldn’t you have at least knocked?”

Giggling I apologized suddenly realizing the panic I must have instilled by just barging in. “Sorry,” I said sincerely. Seeing Lisa naked was awkward. Unlike last night when nudity at the museum somehow seemed appropriate, toady was different. Nudity at the office was frightening! I was uncomfortable just looking at her all huddled up with her arms across her chest.

“GIVE ME THAT DRESS!” she demanded. “And shut the damn door!”

**The Fashion Show – Book One Part Ten**

“I didn’t come here to give you the dress,” I said smartly. “I came here work out the details of how we are going to share.”

Karen just sat at her desk taking it all in. She made no move to intervene.

“Well I say it’s time to give it up. YOU try standing here naked for a few minutes and see how YOU like it!”

“I’m sure I’ll have a chance today to find out,” I said calmly. Being ever the organizer I continued with my thoughts. “I think the first thing we need to do is compare schedules. That way we can be sure that each of us has a chance to have the dress when we need it most. So what does your schedule look like?”

“It’s full all day, now give me that damn dress!” she snapped.

“No really, what’s it like? Just get a grip and think a minute.”

She took a few deep breaths and collected herself. “I . . . I don’t know,” she said almost in a panic.

“What do you mean you don’t know? Didn’t you check it yesterday and clear unnecessary stuff knowing what you had to do today?!” I asked incredulously.

“No . . .” she replied. I think she was surprised at herself for not thinking that far ahead. Some Account Rep SHE’D make, I thought.

“Oh good grief!” I muttered taking on a maternal tone. Now it was my turn to get a grip. I don’t know why but I was actually starting to feel sorry for her. “Look, we need to put our petty squabbles aside and try and get through this today. Can we do that?”

“I guess so.”

“It’s obvious to me that the first thing that needs to happen is for you to go and check your schedule.” She began to hyperventilate again. “Calm down I’m going to give you the dress. I’m not that cruel.”

She looked at me with those big puppy dog eyes of hers as if she was almost begging for it right that moment.

“After you check your schedule and get whatever things you need to work on, come back here and we’ll compare notes.”

“Okay,” Lisa agreed.

I wasn’t happy about it but I knew that it was now time for ME to get naked. I was already a nervous wreck just walking in the building without a bra and panties. I literally peeled the dress off over my head and gave it to Lisa who devoured it like a starving animal. In less time than it takes to read this sentence she actually had it on! Meanwhile the cool air in Karen’s office made me painfully aware of how inappropriate it was for me to be uncovered.

Lisa gave me a HUGE smile and simply said, “See ya!” and walked out of the office. Fear overtook me. Did she just pull one over on me? Was I THAT gullible that I fell for my own trick? I began to wonder if she was EVER coming back. I tried to silently dismiss such thoughts. Surely she wasn’t that low.

I mentally pictured how far away Lisa’s cubicle was. Being a floor below this one and allowing time for her to chit-chat her coworkers saying good morning for the first time and then checking her schedule, I figured she’d be back in ten maybe fifteen minutes tops. I looked at the clock on Karen’s wall and noted the time.

“Pull up a chair,” Karen invited. “You can use that corner of my desk. I’m sure you have stuff you need to work on. Working is good. It will calm your nerves.”

“I’m not nervous,” I said lying through my teeth. I was bound and determined NOT to show weakness in front of the decision maker. I figured that so far I had the edge. In my own mind I had demonstrated team play, that I was organized and that I kept my cool under fire. Of course I also demonstrated how stupid I was if Lisa actually tricked me! Damn it all! How could I have been so stupid!

I took Karen’s advice and spread out my folders and began working on some things I had to do. My naked butt on the cool chair made me ever so conscious of my nudity. Every time I heard footsteps outside Karen’s door I panicked. I was sure whoever it was would barge in any minute like I did to Lisa and see me naked! How in the world was I going to explain myself if I was caught? I really had no idea.

I looked at the clock. Ten minutes had past. It shouldn’t be long now, I thought. I just knew that I would feel better if there was a plan that the two of us agreed to follow. It was the unknown and unplanned that I feared.

Karen would occasionally look up from her work and look at me. Her smile was very patronizing as if I was some sort of pet or something. I tried not to let it get to me but I couldn’t help feeling that was what I really was – her pet. All I needed was a collar and leash.

Another ten minutes had past. I was getting worried now. I tried to think of all sorts of possible reasons for the delay. I was still thinking of those reasons after another 45 minutes went by and still no sign of her. An hour and five minutes! Surely even Lisa could have the decency to pick up the phone and call if she was being detained.

THE PHONE! What a great idea, I thought.

“Karen I need to use your phone a minute,” I said looking up from my work. I didn’t tell her why I needed it or who I was calling.

“Sure, help yourself.”

I dialed her extension and it rang and rang. I was about to hang up when she finally answered. “Lisa Brown,” she said professionally.

Not wanting Karen to think I was panicking I chose my words very carefully. “Is everything on SCHEDULE?” I said slightly emphasizing the word schedule hoping she’d get my drift. I figured if there was a delay she could tell me about it and I’d feel better.

“Can’t talk now, bye.”  No further explanation, no hint of reassurance just, “Can’t talk now, bye!

I was pissed. I just knew she had no intention of returning my dress. She tricked me!

Just then I heard two guys talking and it sounded like they were headed towards this office. “I’ll be right with you, Jason,” I heard him say.” I just have to give this to Karen.”

KAREN!! He WAS coming in. He would see me for sure and I’d be dead. I quickly did the only thing I knew to do – I ran up against the wall so as to hide behind the door when it opened. I had just gotten into place when sure enough he walked right in without so much as a knock!

The door opened right up against me. Fortunately he didn’t come in and try to close the door. I would have been busted for sure. My heart raced as he stood there talking to Karen. “Here are my expense vouchers for last week. Could you get Mr. Darthwaite to approve them and forward them to Accounts Payable?” he said.

The only thing separating me from total exposure was this door. I could tell he had his hand on the doorknob and he would occasionally wiggle the door slightly as he talked. Each time that happened ten years fell off my life!

Karen, knowing I was vulnerable hiding behind the door proceeded to engage him in idle chatter! She was deliberately prolonging my agony! I could see her from where I was hiding and she was all smiles. While talking she would occasionally glance my way and smile all the more. I was deathly afraid that this guy would pick up on the fact that something was amiss and look behind the door! So THIS is what Karen meant by entertainment, I thought. She was obviously enjoying this.

Then it got weird! “Say,” she said, “Did you happen to attend the grand opening of the museum Saturday?” “Yes it was marvelous. I was so surprised.” He said.

“So what did you think of Tracy?”

I couldn’t believe she was torturing me like this!! She KNEW I could hear every word and that it would be embarrassing for me.

He chuckled at her question, “Honestly, THAT was the best part.”

“Yeah?” Karen asked leading him on.

“Sure. What guy hasn’t imagined what Tracy looked like naked? Come on, she’s young and attractive. All guys mentally undress you women every time we see you.”

“You do, do you?”

“Sure. It’s a guy thing. But SATURDAY was different. I got to see the real thing!”

“So were you disappointed in what you saw?”

“Heck no. She’s better than I had imagined. In fact she’s a Hottie,” He said.

I began to start feeling pretty good about myself and was glad that I was hearing all of this. I had dreaded what people might have been saying about me. At least this guy seemed pleased. I realized that eavesdropping on this conversation was making me a little aroused.

“So would you ever like to see her again . . . naked, I mean?”

OH GAWD! She was going to tell him about me. She was actually going to force me to get caught! My heart was about to run out the door while I was still trapped in the office.

“YEAH! Is she modeling anywhere soon?”

“If I find out I’ll be sure and let you know.” Karen said chuckling. The man excused himself and left.

“KAREN YOU’RE WICKED!” I said as I carefully closed the door.

“Naw, that was fun!” she said just grinning from ear to ear. “Don’t tell me you didn’t enjoy hearing all that?”

“Well . . . sort of,” I confessed.

“Looks like you’ve been stood up,” she finally said noting the time. “It’s now eleven o’clock. Surely she’s had time to check her schedule and get back here don’t you think?”

“Yeah,” I said disappointedly.

“What time is your next appointment?”

“One o’clock. Oh Karen, what am I going to do?”

**The Fashion Show – Book One Part Eleven**

“Well, I don’t know what you’re going to do but I have a meeting in a couple of minutes,” Karen said as she gathered up her work papers and organized them in a file folder.

My eyes bugged out of their sockets. The only way out of her office was through that door and there were literally a dozen cubicles before reaching the elevator. “WHAT, you have a meeting?!!”

“Of course, silly, I have them pretty regularly in this job,” she said looking at me slyly. “They’re not always in this office though.” She then burst out laughing as I let out a sigh of relief. “Relax and calm yourself. You’re doing great. I’ll only be gone an hour. Want me to bring you back some lunch . . . or do you prefer to go out?”

“Ha, ha very funny,”

“You can sit at my desk if you’d like. You’d probably be more comfortable than sitting at the corner,” she said thoughtfully. She then made a move for the door causing me to literally jump for the side wall lest I’d be seen as she opened it. Of course she wasn’t through torturing me yet as she purposely left the door half open as she left forcing me to sneak over and try to close it. I was afraid someone would notice than the door closed by itself and would wonder who was in Karen’s office and come to check it out, but they apparently didn’t.

I could hardly accomplish any work related tasks as my mind was constantly on two things: my nudity and how I was going to dismember Lisa and not get caught. A mental picture of a chainsaw came to mind several times!

As I sat there another fear took hold and grew more pronounced with each passing minute – I had to pee. That’s not funny you know. There I was trapped naked in Karen’s office and the nearest bathroom is way down the hall.

I tried thinking of other things to keep my mind off my ever expanding bladder. I even tried actually working which helped for a little while but that pressure kept building in my pelvis. Maybe I can hold out until Karen returns, I thought. Surely she’d suspend the rules for an emergency such as this.

No such luck on holding out. She’d only been gone 15 minutes. There was no way I was going to last another 45 minutes to an hour.

A cup! That’s what I need a cup – preferably a BIG cup. As embarrassing at it may seem trying to pee into a cup, it was infinitely preferable to peeing on the carpet and there was no way I was waking out naked just find a bathroom. I thought about what an unfair advantage men had over women in that department. Heck, guys I know can even write their names in the snow that’s how accurate males can be. Women on the other hand – we’re lucky to even get it in the ballpark!

Just my luck – no cups. Karen had only moved in this office yesterday so I figured she probably hadn’t had time to stock up on such things.

As I looked around I was aware that I was starting to do a little dance. How juvenile, I thought. Then I spotted the plant in the corner. It was a large potted plant. It would have to do.

I decided just to do it quickly before I chickened out or had an accident. I went over and squatted down over the foliage. “Sorry little guy. I really hate to do this to you,” I said actually talking to the plant. I started my stream and man did it feel good getting rid of that pressure. I guess I was about half way through when there was a knock on the door!

I panicked. Whoever it was would surely walk in any minute. I tried to stop in mid-stream – which is all but impossible for me. I didn’t really have much time. I just dove under the desk and pulled my legs up as high as I could to keep from being seen.

I heard the door open and footsteps walking around. I didn’t hear any other sound. Whoever it was didn’t say a word and left as quickly as they had come. I stayed silently huddled under the desk. The sounds of office workers working away in the distance was much louder than I remembered it so I assumed that the door was still open.

I wasn’t sure how far it was open as I couldn’t see from my position scrunched up under the desk. I was afraid of being spotted by some passerby so I stayed hidden. I still had to pee but at least it wasn’t as bad an urge as before.

I couldn’t help but laugh at the spots on the carpet where I had dribbled making my way out of sight. Well, it could have been worse.

Time passed slowly and I was getting pretty cramped hiding under the desk. Then I heard footsteps, high heels clicking away on the floor. A woman I thought.

“Hmmm, that’s funny. I wonder what happened to her.” I heard Karen Say. Thank goodness she was back. Then I heard the door slam and silence. She LEFT me! She actually walked out and left me trapped.

I crawled out from under the desk mumbling obscenities. “GOTCHA!” Karen said laughing.

“Oh my goodness, you scared me to death! I thought you had left me.”

“I brought you some lunch.”

“Thanks but I’m not really hungry right now. My stomach is tied up in knots.”

“Have fun while I was out?” she asked with a smile. She then noticed the wet spots on her carpet. “What happened here?”

“Don’t ask. Let’s just say I had a little accident.”

“Someone scared the piss out of you?” she inquired giggling.

“No but I wouldn’t be surprised if your plant doesn’t fare well in the near future.”

“Oh you DIDN’T . . . you DID!! Damn it Tracy if that plant dies you’re buying me a new one.” She demanded. Of course I agreed.

“I’ve got less than twenty minutes until my meeting and I STILL don’t have the dress. Did you see Lisa while you were out?”

“Nope.”

“Could you go look for her and tell her that I need the dress very badly?”

“Nope. Not my problem. I told you both yesterday that you had to work it out among yourselves how you were going to share the dress. So far I’m not impressed with your game plan.” Karen said as she started eating her lunch.

“Well, can we change the rules? I mean this is important and I really am in a bind here.” I pleaded.

“What’s in it for me?”

I was both pleased and confused. I was glad that she was at least open to the possibility of helping me out but I didn’t like the sound of the reason why.”

“What do you want?” I asked nervously. “I don’t have much cash right now.”

“Not interested in cash.” She said munching away.

“What then?”

“I don’t know. Use your imagination. You’ve got to stick with the rules and as I said before you’ll be judged on several things – your creativity, ability to get along, that included me in case you were wondering . . .  and entertainment value.” Karen explained. “Are you sure you don’t want a sandwich? They’re very good.”

“Um, no thank you,” I said puzzled by her answer. Whatever she wanted it was pretty clear it had to be according to the rules. I was still being graded. Yet the tone of her voice as she explained things to me seemed mischievous. It was almost as if I was supposed to please her in some way. I mean she did ask “what’s in it for me?”

Then a horrible thought exploded in my mind. Surely she wasn’t hinting that she wanted me to sleep with her?! I shivered at the thought. I wasn’t that kind of girl . . . Nah, she didn’t mean that. THINK, I challenged myself.

“How about I do some work for you? I can lighten your load as you transition to you new job.” I asked hopefully.

“I’m pretty set with everything at the office right now,” she said after mulling it over for a minute or two.

“Well, how about I do some work for you not at the office. Surely you could use a hand at something.”

“You’d work for me doing whatever I wanted?” she asked raising an eyebrow.

“Um, yes if it will get you to help me out,” I replied nervously.

“Well, I do need some help, actually. I was supposed to do something for my sister tomorrow night and I wasn’t really looking forward to doing it. If you agree to help then I think I can change the rules a bit.”

“GREAT!” I said with a sigh of relief.

“Just to be clear, you agree to do this job without letting me down in exchange for me changing the rules a bit?” she asked directly.

“Yes, now please hurry it’s almost one o’clock!”

Karen put away her sandwich and cleared off her desk. She then took off her blazer and handed to me. “Here, you can wear this . . . but just for your meeting.”

My heart filled with shock and disappointment. I was hoping she would find Lisa and force her to give me that dress, which at least looked conservative enough. But this blazer . . . I had agreed to do extra work for a blazer?!

“I can’t go back to my desk wearing this? Why just look at me,” I said as I finished putting the coat on. “Look at how far it plunges down my chest before the first of only two buttons. Why you can see the sides of my breasts! Anyone would know that I’m not wearing a bra. If I made a wrong move either way I’m positively sure my nipples would show. And, look at this,” I said pointing to the bottom of the jacket, it barely covers my . . . you know. And when I walk,” I continued as I strolled around her office, “the ends separate and you can see everything!”

“They’d see a lot more if you were NAKED,” she calmly reminded me. “However, as I was saying before I was so RUDELY interrupted, you can use my office for your meeting too. But a deal is a deal whether you decide to wear the jacket or not. You agreed to work for me and work for me you shall and you’ll be wearing a lot less than that blazer when you do. I’ll see you in an hour.” She then walked out leaving her door open. “I’ll send your appointment up to meet you.”

What did she mean I’d be wearing less than I am now when I work for her? The only way I could possibly be wearing less is to be naked! Great . . . what have I gotten myself into now, I wondered?

I immediately sat down at her desk trying not to panic. This client was so very important to the company. I was sure that in a few minutes I would be in big trouble!

**The Fashion Show – Book One Part Twelve**

It won’t be so bad I thought. If I just kept seated behind this desk I might, just might, be able to pull this off. I fussed with the jacket lapels moving them closer to each other in an effort not to show so much cleavage. Cleavage, yeah right, like I HAD cleavage. I guess what I meant to say was trying not to expose my breasts.

All too soon I heard Karen’s voice. I looked up and there was Mr. Benson, my one o’clock appointment. “Tracy will be meeting with you in here today,” Karen explained as she pointed him towards the open office door leaving him to make the rest of the way himself. She followed at a discreet distance and closed the door behind him as he entered.

“Tracy,” he said stopping a few feet from my desk and extending his hand to shake mine. “It’s nice to see you again.”

Why did he have to do that? He was standing too far away for me to reach his hand without getting up! I just couldn’t ignore him as that would be insulting. I raised myself up half way off my chair and leaned against the edge of the desk to keep from standing up too high revealing my uncovered pelvis. Great plan I thought, but in reality no sooner had I extended my right hand to shake his, my entire right breast popped out – pointed nipple and all - completely exposing itself to my client.

His eyes got really wide and his mouth formed a stifled grin. “OH!” I exclaimed in total shock. “EXCUSE ME . . . I’m so terribly sorry!” My heart was racing a mile a minute as I fussed about quickly recovering myself.  I couldn’t sit down fast enough. I knew I was blushing something awful as my face felt hot. He seemed to sense how awkward I must have felt and did his best not to exploit the situation by making a silly comment in reference to what had just happened. He just silently watched as I tried to redress myself.

After a few moments of awkward silence Mr. Benson cleared his throat and proceeded by saying, “Well, I hope you’ve had a chance to prepare an interesting proposal for me. I am eager to do business with your company if we can work out a few details.”

His words made me focus on the task at hand and off my nearly uncovered body which was exactly what I needed to keep me from total collapse. My voice was shaking as I went over the material I had prepared. He seemed to be uneasy as he sat there listening to me. I was sure I wasn’t making a good impression.

“The services you’ve described and the outline for implementation seems perfect. Now what about pricing?” he asked.

My heart stopped. The folder containing that information was still sitting on the side table next to the wall. I had placed it there when I had been working at the corer of Karen’s desk. There was no way I could reach it without getting up! I toyed with the idea of asking him to get it for me. As I looked at him however, I could see that he was growing impatient. I didn’t want to lose his business.

“Well, you DO have a pricing proposal don’t you?” he asked finally.

“Ah . . . yes. It’s ah . . . right over here,” I said my voice trembling with fear. I knew what I had to do. I swallowed my pride and got up quickly and made my way over to the table. I felt cool air against my backside and just knew I was flashing at least part of my butt to him – if not more! I carefully picked up the folder and backed my self once again into the chair being careful not to show him my kitty. I sat down in the chair and quickly swiveled it back under the desk. The whole thing lasted but a few seconds but it seemed like hours.

“Heeerrreee, ahem, HERE is the information you wanted,” I said practically squeaking the words out as I handed him the paper.

He looked at me, raised an eyebrow, gave a forced smile and began to review the paper in earnest. I was sure he was upset with me and that he would complain to my boss. My career was on the line once again and after all this work too. I was so disappointed in myself. I was also filled with downright anger at Lisa for putting me in this spot to begin with! Oh was I going to get even with her! I wasn’t sure how but mark my words I was going to get even!

As he studied away something totally weird began to happen. I was getting wet. Sitting there with only a blazer for covering and realizing that this man dressed in a business suit had seen my naked breast and who knows what not else was having an effect on my libido. Oh not now, I thought. That’s all I needed.

Finally he looked up and said “I think we have a deal. In fact, if you give me a pen I’ll sign this contract right now.”

He was going to sign!! I couldn’t believe my ears. After all that had happened he was still going to do business with our firm! Of course I fumbled around looking for a pen and eventually handed him one. I was so nervous and so thrilled that I actually pulled this off. I was sure that this was going to be the first of many meetings of negotiating back and forth until we either lost the business or he accepted our proposal. At least that’s the way it usually worked. Then I would arrange a meeting with some executive who would actually complete the deal – taking all the credit too I might add. This was a personal triumph as I actually closed the deal! I was so proud of myself.

I watched him sign the contract and close the folder leaving it on my desk. “You can forward my copies after your corporate people sign off on it. Good job, Tracy.” He then stood up and offered me his hand.

I was so excited that without thinking I stood up and returned the handshake in earnest. “You’re very welcome,” I replied.

As we were shaking hands I saw him look down at my pelvis. His smile told me that I had made a HUGE mistake by standing completely up out of my chair. I tried to ignore what I knew was my obvious exposure and tried to regain eye contact as I released my hand from his.

He did finally look up and his eyes had a gleam so bright I knew he saw what he wasn’t supposed to see – my pubes!

“I look forward to working with you, Tracy,” he said with a grin and left the room.

I immediately looked down and to my horror I discovered that with my arm outstretched like it was I was the lower portion of the jacket separated quite wide and exposed me completely to my navel! He saw EVERYTHING!

Well, at least he didn’t seem upset and he DID say he was looking forward to working with me. He did say that, didn’t he, I asked myself? I mean I didn’t dream that, did I?

I sat back down in disbelief as I pondered what had just happened! I exposed myself to an important client – but I got the contract – but I exposed myself to a client – yes, but I got the contract, I argued with my conscience back and forth. I wondered what he thought of me now and what our next meeting was going to be like.

Karen walked in and closed the door. “So, how’d your meeting go?”

“I got him to sign the contract,” I said half disinterested in her question. I was still lost in my thoughts.

”YOU got him to sign? On the FIRST meeting? Good for you.”

“Yeah,”

“Can I have my jacket back now?”

Her question snapped me back to reality. “Oh, um, sure,” I said standing up to take it off. I left my position behind the desk and handed the blazer to its rightful owner. After putting it on, Karen walked around and pulled out the chair. “Why does my chair have a wet spot on it? What, you had another accident? Oh for Pete’s sake don’t tell me you . . . that the spot is from . . . You beat everything you know that?”

To my shame there was indeed a noticeable wet spot on her chair. I guess I was more aroused than I thought I was. I was so humiliated that I couldn’t even look at Karen for the next hour. I just resumed working at the desk corner.

Then suddenly there was a knock on the door. “Karen, are you in?” I heard the voice ask from outside. It was LISA!

“Come in” Karen said as I dove behind the door to keep from being seen. Once she was inside and the door closed I made my move.

“WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN?” I yelled.

“Working,” Lisa replied as if my question made no sense.

“You were supposed to check your schedule and get right back here,” I said still angry.

“Oh that,” Lisa said. “I had meetings all morning. I couldn’t get back.”

“Yeah right,” I snapped and made a move to strangle her.

“Back off whore,” she threatened. “I came back at 11:30 to give you the dress but the office was empty. I wondered where you had gotten to. I figured you had to run off to hide somewhere. I had no idea where you were.”

Suddenly it dawned on me that maybe she was telling the truth. Maybe SHE was the unknown visitor while I was hiding under the desk. I calmed down and said. “Ok, I’ll give you the benefit of the doubt THIS time. Now give me back the dress. It’s my turn to wear it a while.”

Lisa grinned and said simply, “Nope.”

“WHAT DO YOU MEAN NO?!” I quipped.

“I get off early today, remember? I had to sneak in early this morning so as not to get caught. I can’t get overtime so I’m leaving now. Karen said I get to wear the dress home as you got to wear it in this morning. So . . . see ya,”

“Why, that dirty little bitch,” I said under my breath. She probably had this whole thing planned out from the beginning. She probably didn’t have meetings all morning. That was all just a lie. She just stole the dress and now is leaving with it! I was pissed.

Karen just stood there laughing.

“What are you laughing at?” I snapped.

“Right now I believe Lisa is way ahead of you on points.”

“What?! She cheated and YOU know it. How can she be ahead?”

Karen shook her head as if she was disappointed in me or something. “True you tried to be a team player and yes, you DID get the contract. But Lisa was very creative in keeping the dress all day and she still got all her work done to boot. I’d say that makes her ahead of you.”

I was fuming once again. I was about to lash out when Karen started picking up her things.

“Where are you going?”

“Home,” she answered. “I might as well as I’m guessing you’ll need to use my office until most everyone goes home so you can sneak out of here. Don’t get caught by the cleaning crew!” She then made her way to the door and stopped. She looked back at me she said, “I’ve decided to give both you and Lisa tomorrow off. You can dress normally if you’d like – but feel free to come in naked if you want to. You might get extra points for that. Oh, and don’t forget tomorrow night.”

“Tomorrow” I asked?

“Yes, remember? You’re working for me with my sister. Oh you are going to have such a good time! This is right up your alley!”

Great, I thought. Now what am I in for?

**The Fashion Show – Book One Part Thirteen**

No sooner had I walked into work the next day than it started. “Mr. Darthwaite wants to see you in his office right away,” Candi said as I put my things on my desk.

“Oh? I’ll be right there,” I replied. I was ever so grateful he didn’t ask to see me yesterday when I wasn’t wearing anything. At least today I had the good sense to wear a smart business suit. I was a little concerned about the purpose of the meeting. Did someone see me yesterday as I snuck out of the building? Did Mr. Benson complain about my inappropriate attire? A whole list of things ran through my mind as I went to his office suite.

“Come in Tracy, please sit down,” he said quite formally. He was looking through some papers on his desk and basically ignored me until he was finished. THAT didn’t help my nerves I can tell you. He then looked up at me over the rim of his glasses and continued, “You know why I called you here don’t you?”

That’s it. I’m busted.

“Well, I can explain. I didn’t mean to . . .”

He interrupted, “Calm down. We both know that you aren’t supposed to complete a deal with a client. But I must say this is a whopper of a contract. It will mean years of work for this firm. Congratulations. How’d you do it?”

My heart began beating again as I realized that this wasn’t about my nudity! “Well . . . I don’t know. I was just being myself I guess and I worked hard on that proposal. I just did what I had to do.”

“I guess you did,” he said with a smile that made me uneasy. “I called Rob Benson after I got this contract. Do you know what he told me?”

I swallowed hard. That I was a slut I thought to myself? “No . . .” I replied cautiously.

“He said that he usually hates contract negotiations but that his meeting with you was the first time he actually enjoyed himself. He also said he is really looking forward to working with you in the future. I don’t know what you did it but if you can get results like these I say you should do that all the time.”

At hearing his words, I suddenly dropped the folder I was carrying spilling the contents all over the floor. If he only knew that I probably only got that contract by exposing myself to the client!

“Keep up the good work,” he said shaking my hand. “I’ll be keeping my eye on you.”

I nervously left his office and made my way back to the safety of my own cubicle. Keeping his eye on me indeed! Why did I have the feeling that he knew more about this than he was letting on?

The day went pretty much as they all do until Karen dropped by close to quitting time. “I’ll be by to pick you up at 9:00pm.”

“Um . . . nine o’clock? Isn’t that a little late to be starting a job?”

“Heck no, it’s early actually. You’ll see when you get there.” She said as she turned to leave,

“How shall I dress, business attire, casual, grungy work clothes?”

“Doesn’t matter, suit yourself.”  She said with a giggle.

Well at least she didn’t make snide comment. Perhaps she was only kidding yesterday about wearing less than the blazer.

True to her word Karen picked me up right at nine. She didn’t say much on the trip over other than to thank me for helping her out. She even seemed quite sincere about it too, which made me feel good. We ended up parking on the street in front of an old two story wooden house near the university. As I got out of the car I heard music and saw “ALPHA DELTA TAU” written across the porch. “It’s a sorority house!” I said to Karen.

“You don’t miss much do you? It’s my younger sister’s sorority, actually.”

I followed Karen inside and nervously looked around. A party was in full progress. There were about 15 or so couples gathered around, some talking, some eating, some dancing and two were playing darts. Karen took me over to a girl and introduced me, “Amber, this is Tracy. She’s the girl who’s going to help you tonight?”

We exchanged greetings and I then asked, “What’s going on here tonight?”

“This is a party for my art class. Since most of my sorority sisters are interested in art we had the party here. I understand you have an interest in the arts yourself?”

“Um, yes,” I replied hesitantly.

“Good! You’ll be perfect then.” She said. “Follow me. Let’s get started.” She led me to the next room which had even more people loitering around. There was a giant food table along one wall with all sorts of food and another smaller card table next to it with a beer keg underneath. Along the opposite wall there was yet another table with a linen cloth covering but nothing on it.

“You’d best get out of your clothes now,” Amber instructed.

“HUH?” I muttered. “What am I going to do that for?”

“So I can decorate, silly? Come on let’s get with it.”

Karen wasn’t kidding. Once again I stripped off in front of all the college kids in the room. There were a few appreciative whistles but nothing overtly rude. I stood there nude as Amber fiddled about.

I assumed I was going to be modeling again. This could turn into a full time career if I wasn’t careful. One girl and her boyfriend came over as I stood there naked waiting on Amber and struck up a conversation.

“Hi, I’m Sandy and this is my boyfriend, Derrick. What’s your name?”

“Tracy,” I replied.

“It’s so good of you to help us out like this. It’s always the highlight of the party, you know.” They both looked me over. The girl seemed a bit disappointed somehow but her guy didn’t seem to mind what he saw. “You don’t mind if we watch do you? I like this part the best!”

“Um, no, I guess not.” I replied still not sure of what was going to happen.

Amber turned around and said, “I’m all set. Okay Tracy, go ahead and get up on the table and lie down.”

“HUH? Lie down on the table?”

“Well I can’t decorate while you’re standing up now can I?” she said quite put out.

“I don’t understand. Decorate?”

Karen leaned over and whispered in my ear, “You’re the dessert, sweetie. She’s going to decorate your body with all sorts of delectable edibles and then . . . after admiring her creation, all these kids are going to help themselves. It’s an art thing. You’ll enjoy this I promise.”

I had heard about this trend at college campuses but I had never actually seen it for myself. I reluctantly climbed up onto the table and laid down. Amber immediately went about posing me. She moved my arms above my head and had me interlock my wrists. She then separated my legs wide open, which embarrassed me to no end as several people that were standing at the end of the table got a great view up my legs. That of course started my juices flowing. I hoped that it wasn’t too obvious. I heard someone shout, “Okay everybody, they’re starting!” Her announcement brought almost the entire hoard of people into the room to stare at me! I was so self-conscious. Unlike the museum where I was at least on a 4-foot high pedestal, people here were right next to me up close and personal! They all seemed intent on watching everything.

“Wow, nice pussy,” Derrick said as he looked between my legs. His girlfriend, Sandy, elbowed him in the ribs. “What?” he said defensively, “Yours is nice too.”

“DERRICK!” Sandy yelled obviously quite embarrassed at what he said. Everyone laughed. Of course Derrick only started the ball rolling as everyone else felt it was now okay to comment on my body. “Oooh, look at the pointy nipples. THOSE will be hard to decorate.” Someone said.

Amber opened a can of whipping cream and ran a long line up my left leg from my ankle all the way to my groin stopping only a millimeter from my kitty. She did the same thing up my right leg. She pulled out a bunch of grapes and began planting them like little dots on top of the whipped cream on my legs. She then squirted a big mound of whipped cream into my belly button and topped it with a cherry.

My breasts were also encircled and piled with cream and cherries were put in lace of my nipples! That tickled to no end! My underarms got a line of cream which extended to my elbows followed by more grapes. Then came the worst part, my pubic hair was covered with cream and small chocolate chips were sprinkled there. I looked a site.

Of course everyone was taking pictures, LOTS of pictures of me from every angle – including some very intimate angles. Being a bunch of college kids I was sure that these would end up on the Internet or at the very least spread around campus. I blushed unceasingly at that thought.

Amber stepped back a bit to admire her handiwork. “I’ll think it needs a little more work,” she said to the cheers of those standing around. “I know. More fruit!” she said with a giggle.

Before I could see what she was up to she stuck an apple in my mouth and told be to bite down a little to hold it in place! How humiliating! I looked like those cartoon pigs at the dinner table. Out of the corner of my eye I saw her opening a bottle of chocolate syrup and shivered as she poured a series of line down my belly to my naval. To make matters worse for me the syrup was cold!!

Amber stepped back and announced. “It’s finished! Take a look everybody. Another Amber original is complete.”

Everyone cheered and several guys made whooping sounds as more pictures were taken. I felt like a complete fool. It’s amazing what a little beer will do the change the behavior of otherwise normal people. Well at least it’s almost over, I thought. Her “artwork” was complete and people were looking at it. Soon everyone will have seen it and I can go home.

“Okay, everyone, help yourselves,” Amber announced laughing! I began to get worried as people started getting close – really close. I felt I was some sort of human sacrifice or something.

**The Fashion Show – Book One Part Fourteen**

Amber was the first to snatch a grape off my leg and eat it – very sensually sucking the juice out of it as I watched. A few more girls did the same trying to impress their boyfriends.

This isn’t so bad, I thought. Then some guy came over and picked the cheery off my right nipple and plopped it into his mouth. He seemed to be rolling it around in there for a while and the proudly displayed the cherry stem tied into a knot!! He actually tied that stem with his tongue!!! I was so excited by that for some reason. Of course everyone applauded and his guy buddies slapped him on the back.

While I was mentally admiring his talent he caught me totally off guard as he bent down and put his mouth right on my right breast and literally sucked all the whipped cream off – making sure to get any leftovers with his tongue! Because of the apple in my mouth all I could do was say “MMmmmmmmmph!”

I was shocked, totally horrified at this overtly sexual intrusion and excited at the same time. A strange man had just sucked my boob and teased my nipple with his tongue!! How DARE he DO THAT to me!

Egged on by the whooping and cheers from the crowd another guy did something similar to my left breast! TWO guys had now been intimate with my private body parts! Group mentality took over and the noise from the crowd became deafening.

Then in rapid succession the more timid people came forward. One girl ran her tongue around my belly lapping up the chocolate syrup and another licked the whipped cream off my arms. The grapes disappeared in a hurry. It occurred to me that as they were eating what they were really doing was STRIPPING ME all over again. With each licking, more of my naked body was once again revealed! IT was all so weird and so sensual . . . and so embarrassing!

Another girl, obviously quite drunk made a grand entrance and cleared a path next to me. She bent down and slurped the whipped cream from my belly button – quite noisily too I might add. She then took the cap off a bottle of tequila and poured some into my naval. Oh no, I thought, she was going to do a body shot! I was deathly afraid of that as I am hopelessly ticklish.

“Hahahahahhaha,” I laughed as she sucked the beverage from my belly button and finished it off with a sensual kiss half way between my naval and the cream on my pubes. Her kiss sent shivers up my spine!!

“Hey, let me try that!” some guy said and immediately poured more booze into my belly button. I laughed all the more. Soon everyone had to try. They were literally making me laugh myself into hysteria. I could hardly catch my breath – which is what I think inspired them to keep doing it over and over and over! If it didn’t bother me so much I’m sure they would have tired of it. Or not, as the booze was certainly having an effect!

The techniques of those doing the body shots were interesting too. Some just sucked, others lapped with there tongue, some just settled their mouths on my belly and kissed and a few actually BIT me when they were through! It all felt good in some strange way and I was so worked up in a sexual frenzy.

I guess I could have stopped it at any time but I didn’t. I told myself I needed to let this happen because of the deal I had made with Karen at work. Somehow saying to myself it was because of work made it seem okay. Letting these crazy kids have their way with me because I LIKED it was too dirty and wicked. No it wasn’t my choice to be here. I was forced to do this for my career! That’s it. I’m doing it for my career!

I so wanted someone to finally get around to eating that whipped cream and the chocolate morsels from my pubic area. I was so aroused. Maybe that cute blonde guy over there will do it, I said fantasizing to myself. Of course it wouldn’t be so bad if that guy that started it all by sucking on my boob did it either. What about him? Oh what if it was a girl! NO forget that stupid – no girls!! Every person I looked at I wondered if they were going to be the one!

I laid back and went with the flow. Finally Amber hushed everyone as if she had an important announcement.

“As you all know, we have arrived at the moment of truth. The best, as they say, has been saved for last!”

I knew what she was talking about. The only part left covered with anything edible was my nether region. I began to breathe harder and my skin felt like pins and needles all over.

Amber had a flair for the dramatic. She dragged this on with her little speech building anticipation among the crowd – not to mention what it was doing to me!!! I knew what was coming and I couldn’t wait!

“As you all know, it is a tradition here at ALPHA DELTA TAU to hold a random drawing from our guests to see who the lucky person is to finish the job. And tonight’s winner is  . . .” She paused for a minute then waved her arm outward as if to invite the winner in.

My heart stopped as I looked among the crowd to see who was going to do the honors – and I was soooo ready for them to do the honors!

“LISA!!!!!!!!” There entering the room to a rousing applause was LISA! How the hell did she get invited to this party?! And how did she win?!!

Then it hit me what she was going to do. “MMMmmmmmmpph” I tried to scream in protest but that stupid apple kept the words from coming out. I started to pull my arms apart but some guy, thinking I was upset about a girl winning just held them in place.

I don’t think I would have minded if a girl had won – but LISA no F-ing way!

She bent over me and gave me a wicked grin. “I know you hate this,” she said obviously rubbing it in. She moved closer to my ear and whispered, “But that’s too bad. I’m going to do it anyway and there’s nothing you can do about it.”

I started to react with my legs and kick her in the worst way, when I felt her tongue on my clit and all my resistance melted away. My hormones took over and my pent up sexual tension began ruling my brain.

The cheers also played a part. It was total surrender until . . . you guessed it I felt myself started to cum. “Mmmph, Mmmmph, Mmmmmmphhhhhhh!” I said as I spasmed from deep within my vagina.

I was so humiliated! One for having an orgasm, something so personal, in front of a huge crowd and two, for letting LISA do that to me! Of all people! I hated her all the more now. Of course after the excitement of the moment passed I hated myself too!

Lisa wiped off her lips with her hand and smiled the wickedest grin I had ever seen on another human being. She bent over and whispered in my ear, “I OWN you now!”

“Oh yeah? Like hell you do?” I snapped back.

She simply reached her fingers down between my legs and touched my now super-sensitive clit and I came all over again.

“Yeah,” she said with pride and self-assurance. “I think I do.”

I collapsed totally humiliated. I was so upset I didn’t care what happened to me the rest of the night or what anybody did. It didn’t matter. My will was broken. I had no energy left. I just laid there as the party went on around me.

I must have stayed on that table at least another two hours. People came up to me and, after looking at my naked, still messy body, smiled and went about the party. I was sure everybody knew what happened to me. They all seemed to want to share somehow – to indicate to me that they knew.

One geek-looking guy came up and nervously looked at me. He was quite shy and obviously was having a hard time making himself stare at me. I was so upset with myself I just spread my legs as wide as I could get them and said, “You want to look? Go ahead and get a GOOD look, you pervert!”

Of course he took me up on my invitation, but only for a moment. I felt bad for being so cruel. I figured I was the first or only one of a very few naked females he had ever seen in his life!

Then my pride took over. I wasn’t about to give up. I got mad and my temper started to rise. I was no quitter as they were soon going to find out!  I got off my pity pot and marched over to Karen. “Where’s Lisa?” I asked angrily.

“She left a few minutes ago. Why?” Karen replied.

“I’ll tell her what I’m telling you now. I’m no quitter and if either of you think you can get me to be the first to drop out you are sadly mistaken. That job is mine and I’m going to get it and neither YOU nor that dumb bitch is going to keep me from getting it. I’ll survive anything you can throw at me. She’ll be the one that quits first. You’ll see.”

Karen smiled and looked me over. “You know I really think you mean that.”

“Of COURSE I mean that.” I snapped back.

“Good. Just wait until you see what I have planned for the two of you next.”

I spent the next awkward hour milling about the college kids still naked. I was afraid to get dressed again because of the sticky residual mess still on my skin and yes elsewhere too.

Once I relaxed a bit I started to have fun again. I was the only naked person in a room full of clothed people and they really seemed to enjoy not only my company but my body too. It bolstered my self-esteem to no end and after what happened I really needed that.

Of course I had to redress for the drive home. On the way, Karen just smiled at me. “You know you did well tonight.”

“Good,” I said a little flippantly.

“In fact, I’m feeling kind of generous so I think I’m going to declare that you and Lisa are even now.”

“Really?”

“Yes. I know this was just a job to make up for using my blazer and really shouldn’t count but you really impressed me back there – by your muffled orgasm and your tenacity at not giving up. You earned it. Good luck with the next test.” Karen remarked.

Well at least something good came out of all this. I’m no longer behind. I’m wiping the slate clean and Lisa had better watch her back.

**The Fashion Show – Book One Part Fifteen**

Nothing happened the next several days. I buried myself in my work which was just what I needed to keep my sanity. Thursday afternoon Karen summoned Lisa and me to her office.

Lisa gave me that knowing grin as I entered Karen’s abode. It took all my effort not to strangle her. She knew that what she had done was so humiliating for me and she couldn’t wait to rub it in. I tried not to give her the satisfaction of knowing how ashamed I was so on the outside I was stoic and confident. On the inside my stomach was quivering; just being in the same room with her made me nauseous.

“You both probably realize that it’s time for the next test,” she explained. “As you may recall your first challenge was to see how well you performed under stress – a skill most necessary in today’s business world. This next challenge is designed to determine how well you can take direction. Middle management as you know is a difficult place to be. You have pressure from those who report to you and pressure from higher up in the organization. From time to time you’ll be given an assignment that you will absolutely revile yet you will be expected to carry it out. I want you both to know how it feels to get a difficult assignment as well as how it feels to carry it out.”

“Okay, I’ll bite,” I said sarcastically. “What it is that we have to do THIS time.”

“One of you will go first. We’ll determine that by the toss of a coin. The winner will get to make the loser do something of their own choosing that will test the player’s resolve to compete. That’s the part of management – coming up with the plan. I’m sure by now you both realize that these tests can be pretty humiliating so feel free to use your imagination along those lines. I will of course have to approve each test in advance to be sure no one will get into serious trouble, but other than that you can make it as embarrassing as you like. The loser’s job is to carry out the assignment. Failure to do so results in a forfeit. After the first person’s task is done the roles will reverse so that each of you will get to play the role of management. Understand?”

“Yeah, I got it. If I go first, I can make Lisa here to whatever I want her to do, as long as you approve in advance. If she fails, I win.”

“That’s correct. Just remember that Lisa will still get her turn afterwards just to be fair.”

This was what I was waiting for, I thought. I will get a chance to make Lisa do whatever humiliating thing I want and the best part is that it all counts toward getting Karen’s recommendation! I’m going to LOVE this.

My mind went into overtime and a hundred possibilities came to mind. I was giddy with excitement. THIS was one test I was actually looking forward to.

“Okay Lisa, I’ll toss the coin and you call it in the air.” Karen said.

“HEY! Why does SHE get to call the coin?” I protested.

Lisa just smiled and in a feigned gracious tone said, “I don’t mind if Tracy wants the honors. She can call the coin. I believe in being a TEAM player, unlike some people I know.”

Damn, I screwed myself again by allowing her to take the moral high ground. When will I learn to just keep my big mouth shut?

“Okay, Tracy, call it while it’s in the air. Ready?” Karen asked as she tossed the coin high above her head.

“TAILS!” I shouted then the coin hit the floor.

“It’s heads. Lisa gets to play the role of manager first.”

Lisa’s grin gave me the creeps. I have absolutely the worst luck. I can’t even win a simple coin toss. No matter, so what if I go first? That just means I have more time to come up with the PERFECT plan to humiliate that bitch. I wouldn’t want to rush into anything and spoil my chance at savoring her torture!

“Lisa you will implement your plan tomorrow and Tracy you can do yours on Saturday.” Karen announced.

I was going to protest about having to do mine at work but then I realized that Karen never said it HAD to be at work and I didn’t want Lisa to get any ideas.

Karen dismissed us and told Lisa to think about what she was going to have me do and get her permission before she left the office that day.

Quitting time arrived and no word from Lisa. That alone, made me feel better. At least she wasn’t going to have me wear something stupid like that clingy black dress again.

The following day I wore my usual business attire – a conservative skirt with matching blazer and a white blouse. Fridays were usually casual days but I had a couple of appointments and I hate attending meetings at the office wearing casual clothes. Casual Fridays may be good for employee morale but I don’t think it makes a good impression on the clients.

I no sooner sat at my desk when Lisa came rounding the corner. “I guess you know why I’m here?” she asked snidely.

“You want to contribute to my birthday fund?” I retorted pretending not to be bothered.

“Cute. Laugh all you want. I hope you’ll still be laughing when today is through.”

Looking around to be sure we were alone I asked, “Okay let’s get this over with. What do I have to do?”

“Here,” she said handing me a small elliptical shaped piece of plastic about an inch and a half in length.

“Oh, how sweet! You brought me candy,” I said sarcastically.

“Yeah, uh-huh, just put it in.”

I gave her a puzzled look. I had no idea what I was holding or what on earth to do with it. “IN? In where?”

“You’re kidding, right? You really don’t know what this is?”

I looked at it earnestly and for the life of me I had no idea. “No, I’m afraid not. Is it some kind of token or something? I know, it’s a magnetic key! It unlocks something, right? I have to figure out what it unlocks.”

“You’re such a dweeb,” she said snidely. She took me by the hand and literally forced me out of my chair. “Come on. Follow me.”

I had no idea where we were heading until she pushed open the door of the Ladies’ lavatory. “Okay, enough of this non-sense. Either you put it in or I’ll do it for you.”

“In where?” I asked sincerely. “I really don’t know what you mean.”

“Just stick up your kitty like a tampon. Geesh, how stupid can you get?”

My eyes got wide when I realized where it was supposed to go. “Okay, just a minute,” I said and headed towards a stall for a little privacy.

“Oh no, I want to see it go in,” she said firmly.

“Why? Is it going to hurt me? It’s filled with something that’s going to burn, right? That’s how you’re going to torture me isn’t it? It’s got some irritant like maybe itching powder? You’re cruel! Okay I’m game. Have it your way.” Without hesitation I pulled down my pantyhose and panties and carefully inserted the plastic thingy. It was a tight fit and was a bit awkward but I managed it. “There, happy now? It’s in.”

Lisa smiled and said, “Okay, your test is to KEEP it in ALL day. You are not to EVER remove it until we meet back here at quitting time and I see you take it out. Got it?”

“That’s it. That’s all I have to do? Keep it in all day. No stupid dresses? No running around naked at the office? Gee, I thought you’d be a little more creative,” I remarked trying to psyche her out.

“That’s it whore. Just keep it in. I’ll know if you take it out and you’ll be disqualified. Of course if it becomes too much for you to handle just let me know. I’m betting you’ll fail this test and come begging me to let you take it out.”

“Yeah like THAT will happen. This is a piece of cake, now if you’ll excuse me I have to be going. Some of us actually have work to do. See you at quitting time.”

Lisa just grinned as I left. It was a bit awkward walking down the hallway. Though my pantyhose held it in, it seemed to roll around a bit inside of me as I took each step. It was just weird.

As I approached my cubicle I got sudden sharp shocking sensation in my vagina. It lasted only a fraction of a second but it knocked me for a loop. I thought maybe I imagined it or pulled a muscle or something. I stopped walking and tried to take stock of myself.

Well whatever it was, it’s gone now, I thought. I took another few steps and there was another distinct shock-like vibration coming from deep within me sending a tremor throughout my body for several seconds! What in the hell was going on? Then as suddenly as it started, it stopped.

It’s coming from that thing, I surmised!

I looked back in Lisa’s direction and she was standing there grinning from ear to ear. She raised her hand and revealed a small box with a button on it. I saw her push it and the mysterious vibrations stared anew! This time they continued for at least a minute. I immediately felt myself getting sexually stimulated. Crap! This is some type of remote controlled vibrator! I never used one myself, always preferring instead to use my fingers. I can’t believe I just told you all that!

I saw Lisa walk away leaving the damn thing on. Ooohhhhhh this was driving me crazy!!  After a couple of minutes I was mentally begging for it to quit. It didn’t. I quickly sat down and scooted my chair under my desk. I discovered that sitting only intensified the tremors flying throughout my body. I was getting so close to an orgasm. Damn that Lisa she was doing it to me again! I HATED that she had that power over me – that she could force me into something so intimate and personal. Something I usually enjoyed was being tainted by the mental image of someone I truly DESPISED!

I looked around and people were working all around me. I was mortified by the thought that I might cum with all these people around – yet I so desperately WANTED release. Then it stopped.

I was disappointed in a weird sort of way.

I collected myself, which was hard to do as I knew I was truly wet and my hormones were now in high gear.

Just concentrate on work, I told myself.

Several minutes passed and all was quiet. Maybe she’s out of range. Maybe it only works when she’s close to me. If that was the case all I had to do was keep an eye out for her. If she wasn’t around I’d be in the clear. In the meantime I could attend to my regular duties.

So on I went for about 45 minutes. I found myself looking around every now and then to see if I could spot her, which fortunately I didn’t.

OOohhhhhh . . . it started again. Then it stopped. I got up and looked around but no Lisa. Then I saw it.

On the wall was that darned box with the button and a printed label that merely said “PANIC BUTTON.”

A small group of girls were standing around looking at it.

“Cute,” one of them said. “A Panic Button; with my deadlines I need one.” Then giggling she pushed it and AAAAGGghhhhhhhhh! She turned it on!

I tried my best not to make a sound as I stood there practically in convulsions.

“Let me try,” Candi said and she reached over and pushed it. Thank goodness. It was off.

“Maybe you have to push it like a dozen times – you know for stress relief,” April said and proceeded to do just that. On – off, On – off, On – off. I wanted to go over there and just smack the crap out of her!

“Oh this is soooo much fun! Wait until I tell everybody!” April said and she pressed it one last time leaving it on!

I’m never going to make it to quitting time!

**The Fashion Show – Book One Part Sixteen**

Finally I saw Jim come by, stop at the button and push it thereby shutting it off. Man I loved that guy. I was going to have to bake him some brownies or something.

A little while later April returned with several more girls from the next floor. “Check this out,” she said pointing out the Panic Button.

One of the girls pushed it and laughed. Little did she know the torture she was causing me! I got up and tried to walk over hoping to somehow break up the little party. I could barely walk. My legs were buckling with each step I took.

“HI Tracy, hey what’s wrong? You look flushed?” April asked.

‘I’mmmmm fine,” I said muttering.

“You see this?” she asked as she pushed it thus turning off my spasms.

Jim now joined the group and once again he pushed it playfully, “It’s time to panic. Management hasn’t got a clue what they are doing!” he quipped. Everyone laughed except me. This time I was on the edge and I wasn’t sure I could hold out long enough to make it back to my, “Oooooooo, aahhhhhhhhhhh, hmm, hmmm, hmmmmm hmmmmmmmmmm!” I said as I had one of my most intense orgasms of my life! My whole body was shuttering.

“TRACY!” several people said in unison. “Are you Okay? What’s wrong?”

My clit and vagina become sooo sensitive after I climax that it’s almost downright painful. I have to stop masturbating almost immediately because of that. That stupid thingy was still ON and now I was about to lose it!

“It’s, it’s my back . . . I think I pulled a muscle yesterday,” I tried to explain. “I’ll be alright.”

I clumsily turned around and tried walking back to my cubicle.

“She looks awful! She must really be suffering. Just look at how she’s walking!” April said. Her comment gave me hope that at least nobody knew what I had just done!

And so it went. Throughout the day some idiot would walk by and couldn’t resist pushing the darn thing. At last count I had climaxed at least 4 separate times. My panties and now my pantyhose were soaked.

At 1:00 o’clock I had a meeting with another important client. I had no idea how I was going to pull this off. I tried to reserve the conference room upstairs for my meeting so that I’d be out of range of that darn button. But, just my luck it was booked.

“Mr. Jefferson!” I said looking up seeing that my one o’clock appointment was early. “Please sit down.” I pulled up a chair and hurriedly tried to conduct our business before some idiot did it to me again!

I was down to handing him our company’s proposal when it happened. I bit my lip and tried not to utter a word as he looked over the proposal. Minutes passed then more and the darn thing was still on. I was totally exhausted and found myself mentally pleading for someone – ANYONE to turn it off. I caught myself fidgeting in my chair then even worse – rocking my pelvis back and forth as if to help the little thingy along.

Mr. Peterson noticed and asked, “Nervous?”

“Um, what?”

“Are you nervous? You’re rocking back and forth.”

“Oh . . . um . . . sorry. I guess I am a little nervous.”

He went back to studying once again. I wished he’d hurry the hell up! I was ever so close to cumming!

He silently and meticulously turned each page. I was in agony!! I tried desperately NOT to climax but subconsciously I really wanted to.

Then it happened. “Oooooooo, aahhhhhhhhhhh, hmm, hmmm, hmmmmm hmmmmmmmmmm!” I squeaked. I was so embarrassed!

Mr. Peterson looked quite alarmed and stood up. “Are you Okay? Is something the matter?”

I was afraid he was going to call for help and I wanted to say something to dissuade him but the pulsations in my clit and vagina made that all but impossible.

“Yes . . .” I finally managed to say half out of breath. My brow was sweating and my heart racing. “I’m fine now. It’s my back. I get these awful spasms every now and then.”

“Oh you poor child. My wife used to get those and I know she suffered immensely from them.” The vibrator was still on and now my super-sensitive privates were in pain. He must have seen the genuine anguish on my face as he then added, “You should be home in bed! I can’t believe that you are even here feeling like you do.”

“I’ll be fine in a minute. This meeting was just too important to lay out today. I really wanted to give it my best.”

“Are all the employees here so dedicated?” he asked.

Just then someone else turned off the button and a wave of relief swept over me.

“Whew!” I said not realizing it came out loud.

“Spasms over?”

“I think so. And, to answer your question I really do believe that the majority of our employees are just as dedicated.”

He looked directly into my eyes for a minute and then said, “You know, I really think you believe that. Okay Ms. Adams. Give me a pen. I’ll sign this contract right now. Any company that boasts such loyal team members will certainly take care of my company and that’s good enough for me!”

“Thank you Mr. Peterson.” I couldn’t believe it! Another contract signed on the first pass! “I’m sure you won’t be - AAahhhhhhhhhhh!” that damned button again interrupted my speech!

“Another spasm?”

“YYyyeessssssssssss!”

“Look I’ll take this up to Old Darthwaite for you. You just sit here and relax! You deserve a break.”

“BBbbuttttttt.” I protested. I was sure that after my last cautionary meeting with our president about how it wasn’t my place to execute contracts that I was going to be in trouble. It was too late he was gone!

“Oooooooo, aahhhhhhhhhhh, hmm, hmmm, hmmmmm hmmmmmmmmmm!” another orgasm. I was drained. I couldn’t take much more of this. I was so humiliated and was sure I was going to arouse the suspicions of my coworkers.

Several painful moments passed with that thingy shaking away. Then I saw a determined Mr. Darthewaite marching towards my desk.

“Uh oh,” I whispered out loud as the shaking within me continued.

“MMmmrrrr. Dartheeeeeewaite.” I muttered.

“Tracy, I came down here myself. Mr. Peterson gave me the contract. Good work but you shouldn’t be here like this! He told me how much pain you’re in. Why don’t you take the rest of the day off?”

“Iiiii’m fine, really.” I couldn’t go home now! I was so close to finishing this. If I left early they would think I dropped out – that I couldn’t take it. I HAD to stay.

I had never before had the courage to argue with anyone in authority but somehow I found the courage to do just that, with the company president no less. I actually convinced him to let me stay. I had my doubts though as I was pretty sure he thought I was up to something. Man was I sick of sitting in this wet chair!

Several minutes later some angel pushed the button again and I enjoyed relief!

While all was calm I started dialing. I had my OWN plans to make for that little bitch tomorrow.

“Hello yes,” I asked of the person on the phone. “How Much? Fifty dollars . . . and I have to pay before 5:00pm today? I’ll be there!”

Take that, bitch, I said to myself as I hung up the phone. Just wait until tomorrow!

A few minutes before quitting time I got up and made my way to the restroom. Shortly thereafter Karen and Lisa sauntered in.

“I didn’t think you’d make it,” Lisa said smugly.

“Piece of cake.”

“How many times did you manage it?” Lisa asked coyly.

“EIGHT if you must know.”

“I don’t believe you still have it in. Let’s see, shall we?”

I eagerly slid my pantyhose and panties down to my knees. To my mortal humiliation the egg thingy just plopped out on its own and, still glistening with my moisture, rolled around on the floor causing both girls to laugh hysterically.

Karen then embarrassed me further by inspecting the inside of my panties. “Yep, totally soaked. I think she fulfilled the test requirements.”

Lisa looked terribly disappointed.

“Tomorrow I’ll be picking you up at 9 o’clock.” I instructed. “I want you to wear that faux fur coat you are always flaunting. The coat and NOTHING else.”

“A coat? It’ll be like 90 degrees tomorrow. Just what are you up to anyway?”

“Never you mind. All you need to know is that Karen approved my plan.”

Lisa looked over as Karen nodded her head in agreement.

“Just you be ready. Tomorrow your ass is mine!”

**The Fashion Show – Book One Part Seventeen**

As I was leaving the office for the day I once again ran into Mr. Darthewait. “Good, you’re finally doing the sensible thing and going home.”

“Yes, sir”

“I just want to thank you again for all your hard work these last few weeks. Why the two contracts alone are worth millions to the company. This probably isn’t the time to tell you this with your back bothering you and all but I’ve decided to promote you to the level of Account Executive. In fact the first two accounts you’ll be responsible for are those of Mr. Benson and Mr. Peterson. I believe it only fair to assign these new accounts to you as they both think very highly of you personally as well as your work. Nothing like keeping the client happy you know.”

“WHY THANK YOU!” I exclaimed with glee. “But you said Account Executive. I think you meant to say ASSISTANT Account Executive didn’t you? That’s the position Karen is supposed to be making a recommendation for isn’t it between Lisa and I?”

“No, I said Account Executive and that’s what I meant. And why in the world would I have Karen Parker making recommendations about anything?! She’s just a secretary.” He said rather gruffly.

So Karen made all this up, I thought?!! There wasn’t really a job opening that I was competing with Lisa over after all? She was just doing this to humiliate me!  Come to think of it, even though I was recently so focused on Lisa, it was Karen who first set me up at the Fashion Show! Why that manipulating little bitch. I’ll bet Lisa was in on this with her from the beginning. She HAD to be. But why would Lisa let me humiliate her at the museum if she wasn’t competing for a job? Then it hit me. Karen must have something on Lisa that enables her to dominate her that way OR Lisa is just the submissive type and really is into pleasing Karen. That made sense as I hate to admit it but Lisa WAS very good when she went down on me at the sorority party. Either way it was just plain sick!

“Oh, my mistake. You know how the rumor mill is,” I said nervously. “I’m very grateful for the opportunity. I’ll work really hard to make you proud of me.”

“Oh I’m already proud, Tracy. I’m sure you’ll do fine. I’ll arrange to have your things moved up to your new office on the Executive floor on Monday.”

“You mean I’ll get an office?” I asked naively.

He just laughed at me and nodded his head. “So is there anything I can do for you because of your back?” he asked with sincerity.

“Well, as a matter of fact there is, if it’s not too much trouble.”

“Just name it. If I can do it I’d be happy to.” He replied.

“Well, I am involved in a little project downtown tomorrow and, since I’m not feeling well, I wonder . . . could you ask Karen to help me? I’d just hate letting people down you understand. With Karen’s help I’m sure things would be a lot easier.”

“Another community service project? Sure, I’d be glad to help. In fact I’ll tell Karen that I expect her to place herself at your disposal.”

“Great. Ask her to meet me downtown at the corner of Main and Third Street at 10 o’clock.” I said as I shook his hand one last time. “And thanks ever so much for the promotion.”

“You EARNED it my dear, you EARNED it.”

Little did he know just how hard it was for me to EARN that promotion. Now the cat is out of the bag and it’s MY turn to have a little fun!

The next day I awoke early and put the finishing touches on my plan. The scope of my project had gotten larger now that it included Karen too! I just managed to get everything done in time.

By nine o’clock I was pulling into the driveway of Lisa’s town home just as I planned. When she opened the door she was wearing the faux fur coat that I asked her to wear. “Open it up,” I instructed. “I want to see if you are wearing anything else?”

She reluctantly opened the coat and to my delight she was indeed naked. Well all except for a necklace and a wristwatch. “Remove your jewelry too. You won’t need those.” I wanted her as naked as I could get her if only to reinforce her vulnerability.

“Satisfied?” she asked a bit put out.

“Yep, we can go now.”

As we drove along Lisa sat quietly. She began to fidget a little as we reached downtown and were driving among all the people. Saturdays were always busy. People came in to shop and eat or listen to music in the various parks. The city was always so vibrant on weekends during the summer. This was going to be perfect!

“Where are you taking me?” she finally asked nervously.

“We’re almost there,” I replied keeping her in suspense. I parked in a downtown garage and had Lisa follow me out into the street until we reached the corner of Main and Third. I chose this location because it was a major thoroughfare with large shopping complexes on both sides of the street. Foot traffic was at its greatest at this location.

I looked at my watch and it was now precisely ten o’clock. I looked around in the hope that Karen would soon be arriving.

“Well, what are we waiting for? Let’s get on to our destination.” Lisa said impatiently.

“Oh, we ARE at our destination. I’m just waiting for . . . Oh there she is.” I remarked as I spied Karen walking towards us.

“So what’s going on?” Karen asked obviously having no clue. “I thought you were going to have Lisa do your plan today. Instead Mr. Darthewait informed me you were working on some kind of project for him and that I was supposed to, how did he put it, place myself at your disposal.”

“I’m going to do both actually.” I said smugly “And thank you for helping me.” I opened the large bag I was carrying and started organizing my things.

I moved next to the wall of Lacy’s department store and the two girls followed me. “Okay, Lisa it’s time for you to get undressed. May I have the coat please?”

“WHAT?!! HERE on the SIDEWALK?! You’re out of your frickin mind! I’ll get arrested!” Lisa protested.

“No you won’t I promise. Now may I have the coat please?”  Lisa looked at Karen who just shrugged her shoulders. After a few tense moments Lisa finally submitted and gave me the coat. She immediately covered herself with her arms and bent her body forward with her butt against the wall to hide as much as possible. Passersby all stared but no one intervened.

I just stood there relishing the moment and prolonging her agony before I continued. “Turn around,” I instructed and she immediately complied revealing her naked ass toward the street. She had the cutest little butt and her skin was so soft and smooth I just had to take a moment to admire it. I took out a paintbrush and opened a jar of black body paint. Karen just smiled. I proceeded to dip the brush in the paint.

“What’s going on? What are you doing?” Lisa asked anxiously.

“Just hold still,” I demanded. I then painted on her back in large black letters:   “STOP ANIMAL CRUELTY!”

“Turn around and place your arms at your sides,” I said and Lisa reluctantly complied. Her nipples were quite erect from the cool outdoor breeze and her aureoles were wrinkled to the max. Lisa hadn’t been able to see what I had done on her back. She was just aware of a wet sensation as if I was applying something to her skin. She now saw for the first time the paint brush and paint. On her front I painted the words, “SAY NO TO FURS!” The word FUR was in large letters just barely above her manicured little bush, which I thought was totally appropriate as it drew any observer’s attention right to her kitty.

“Tracy you’re out of your mind! I’ll get arrested! I can’t stand out here like this?”

“SURE you can. This is a peaceful protest against the cruel treatment of animals. It’s a legitimate cause. I already checked it out.”

Karen just stood there laughing as she realized what I was up to. Lisa looked at her and then lowered her eyes. Ah HA! I was right. Lisa is truly a submissive and Karen was her Mistress or something.

I pulled Lisa out to the middle of the sidewalk almost to the edge so that she would be visible from all corners of the intersection. I then told her to stand with her hands at her side and not to say a word. “Just be like those soldiers at Buckingham Palace. You’ve seen how they stand there ignoring the goings on around them. That’s how I want you to be – seen and not heard!”

“How long do I have to do this?”  She asked meekly obviously resigning herself to her fate.

“Well let’s see. You kept that darned vibrating thingy in me for EIGHT full hours! I think it’s only fair that you do your test for the same amount of time!”

“I have to stand here on this sidewalk NAKED for EIGHT HOURS?!”

“Well, it IS only fair,” Karen said clearly enjoying watching her sub being publicly humiliated. Lisa hearing her mistress express her agreement with my arrangement acquiesced to my demands.

People were walking by, many stopping to look at her. Some laughed, others agreed with her position, still others leered at her with lust in their hearts. To make this look more appropriate I put Lisa’s faux fur coat on the ground next to her feet and placed a small sign on it that said: “DON’T KILL FOR THIS!”

I must say nudity is an effective way to spread your message if you have a cause you strongly believe in.

Karen was giggling at how pathetic Lisa looked. “You really are pitiful,” she said rubbing it in by demeaning her friend.

“Karen,” I said turning my attention to her. “Now for Mr. Darthewait’s project.”

“Oh, right. I think I understand. You want me to do whatever that job is FOR YOU so you can keep an eye on Lisa here.”

“No, actually I want you to take off YOUR clothes and join your friend her in this protest” I gave her the wickedest grin I could manage and she knew it too.

“Like hell I will.”

“Let me explain this to you. Mr. Darthewait said you were to place yourself at my disposal did he not?”

“Yes but . . .”

“You see he and I had a long conversation yesterday and you know what I found out? That he NEVER asked you to make a recommendation for the job of Assistant Account Executive. In fact he said he’d never ask you to make a recommendation on ANYTHING! There was NEVER a job that Lisa and I were competing for. You made that all up!”

Karen’s face turned red. She was busted and she knew it.

“You didn’t . . .”

“No, I didn’t tell him what you did, but I WILL if you don’t get a move on. You see, yesterday he really DID promote me all the way up to Account Executive. I start on Monday so I’ll be in a position of authority then, so you had better take me seriously. Now, unless you want me to make things go very badly for you, give me your clothes.”

“If I do, do you promise not to tell?” she asked meekly.

“No, I don’t promise. You’ll just have to wait and find out. But if you don’t do as I ask, I will CERTAINLY tell everything I know. Probably won’t go over very well that you intentionally and repeatedly humiliated a future corporate officer. Now, if you’re through whining, can I have your clothes?”

**The Fashion Show – Book One Part Eighteen**

Karen looked at me. I could tell she was ever so humiliated at being ordered around – especially in front of her submissive, Lisa. Karen was used to GIVING orders not taking them. I couldn’t have asked for a better retribution than this. It hit her right where it hurt – her pride!

She slowly started unbuttoning her blouse and then handed it to me after she was through. The sight of another female stripping on the sidewalk made a crowd stop and watch. As she stood in her sheer pink bra she undid the button on her jeans and proceeded to lower the zipper. The anticipation among the crowd was palpable. All eyes were glued to Karen. She struggled a bit to get the jeans off her legs as they were tight fitting. She managed eventually to hand them over to me. She then looked at me as she stood in her bra and panties, I’m guessing in the hope of a last minute reprieve.

Realizing that I wasn’t going to change my mind, she undid the clasp on her bra and took it off.

“Well I’ll be . . . a PADDED bra!” I chided her. “Your boobs are smaller than mine! And you gave me such a hard time at the Fashion Show.” Everyone standing around laughed adding to her shame.

She quickly pulled off her panties and gave them to me. I put them in a pile on the sidewalk like a bunch of discarded trash – placing her bra and panties on top of course in plain sight of the crowd. Karen was really pretty and unlike me, she was shaved bare. Her labia extended high up the front of her pelvis where an obvious clitoral bud protruded like a pink pencil eraser, which seemed to grow larger with each passing moment. It was quite eye-catching to be sure and what’s worse was that Karen knew it too! I painted the same words on Karen’s body as I had done on Lisa’s. When I was through I informed her that I expected her to spend EIGHT full hours like that as well. Her mouth dropped open hearing that and Lisa snickered out loud! I guess she too was enjoying the sight of her mistress being shamed.

I did feel a little bad for her though as she was on her period and everyone walking by knew it too as Karen wasn’t one to cut the string on her tampon. It looked silly dangling down between her legs.

I was enjoying every minute of it. Just to keep things interesting I would shout out occasionally about animal cruelty and I usually got some sort of reaction. Often I ended up inviting the wrath of some persnickety old lady who obviously relished her furs.

“Look at you! You’re acting like trailer trash standing there all sluty- looking. Why don’t you all get a job!” one lady heckled. Others made fun of her comments showing support for our cause – and the nudity!

In between times I would make it a point to purposely walk around my two naked subjects looking over every inch of their bodies. I did this for two reasons – one because I wanted to embarrass them with my newly obtained power over them and two, because I really enjoyed looking at their naked bits!

A little later as I was standing by observing the reactions of the crowd, a teenager came up, grabbed the pile of Karen’s clothes and took off running with them laughing as he disappeared out of sight!

“STOP HIM!” Karen shouted, but no one made a move. They were all too busy laughing.

“How am I going to get home?!” Karen asked in a panic.

“Same way you got here, I guess.”

“But I walked SEVEN BLOCKS to find this corner!” she lamented.

Giggling profusely I retorted, “Oh well, next time pay for parking at a garage close by. It will save you a lot of trouble. Your trip home should really be interesting.”

Lisa was the first to get obviously aroused. I saw a shiny film coating the inside of her legs. I could tell she was terribly embarrassed about it too. Then things started to get interesting.

“TRACY!” Karen whispered in a panic trying to attract my attention.

“What?”

“It’s a cop! He’s coming right towards us! I don’t want to go to jail!” she said nervously.

Sure enough a uniformed officer was marching in our direction and he didn’t look happy.

“Don’t worry,” I said confidently. “I’ll handle this.”

What’s going on here! You people better put on some clothes and I mean NOW!” he said with authority. Lisa jumped at his instruction and reached for her coat.

“Don’t you move! You both stay right where you are!” I said to Lisa and Karen with equal authority.

“Officer, this is a legal protest and we are within our rights to protest like this.”

“OH YEAH, naked on the city streets? I don’t think so.” He said looking me square in the eye.

With equal determination I replied, “Yeah naked on the city streets. Nudity is not a crime you know. Besides I have a permit issued by the city clerk, paid for and recorded as of yesterday.” I reached into my bag and produced the protest permit. Karen’s eyes were huge. I don’t think she actually believed I had the guts to stand up to authority like I just had done nor did she think I actually had a permit.

As the officer was looking it over I took the liberty of pointing a few things out just to avoid any misunderstanding. “See, the permit is issued for a peaceful NUDE protest against animal cruelty at this exact location. The required fee has been paid and here is the official seal of the city right here issued by the city clerk’s office.”

“Well . . . it seems in order,” he said looking up at me. He then smiled and scrutinized the two naked girls who both blushed at having someone of such authority checking out their nude bodies. This went on for several long moments.

“So I guess we can continue with our protest, right?” I pressed just to be sure my fun wasn’t going to end prematurely.

“No, I don’t think so,” he said looking back at me.

“WHY? What do you mean you don’t think so?”

He smiled from ear to ear and said, “Did you bother to read the standard language on the BACK of the permit?”

“HUH? What language?”

“Right here,” he said flipping it over. He proceeded to quote from the form, “Recognized protests covered under this permit will consist of not less than THREE or no more than FIFTY participants. Larger groups must apply under section 502(b) of the city code annotated.”

I was shocked.

“Well miss,” he continued, “Unless I’m mistaken I only count TWO nude participants. And that, sweetie, constitutes disorderly conduct NOT a recognizable protest under present city ordinance.”

After all my hard work there was no way I was going to lose out on some technicality. The two girls had only been standing naked in public for an hour! I wanted them to endure EIGHT hours of this.

I thought for a second and decided on a plan of action. I have always been able to think quickly under fire and balance the benefits and disadvantages of a particular situation and coming to the best possible decision. This time was no exception.

“You’re mistaken, officer. I count THREE nude participants.” I said as I took off my shirt and tossed it to the crowd. In a few moments I was naked and joined the girls completing the official requirements of the city code for a recognizable protest.

He smiled and looked me over as lewdly as he had done to the other girls. “Sorry, I guess I counted wrong,” he said as he tipped his hat. “Have a nice day ladies. I’ll just hang around and make sure no problems arise.”

“Sure officer. That would be very nice,” I said politely.

So there we were, three young nude women in the middle of a crowded downtown for the next SEVEN hours. There was no telling how many people were going to see us that day. I found myself laughing as I realized that we offered something for everyone – me with my full bush, Lisa with her small manicured hair and the totally bare Karen!

“Tracy, have you lost your mind?” Karen asked me totally bewildered.

“No. There was no way you guys were going to get a break. I rather see you humiliated for the full eight hours than to quit on a technicality!”

“Yeah, but now YOU’RE having to endure it too. That’s stupid. Why punish yourself just to get back at us?”

“Punish myself? You’ve got it all wrong. I actually LOVE this stuff. I’ve discovered a whole new side of me that I didn’t know existed thanks to you two! And, I got a new job to boot!”