**The Fashion Show**

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**The Fashion Show – Book Two Tracy's Decision Part One**

The following Monday I was overwhelmed with the details of my new job. I was moved quite ceremoniously into a large wood paneled office on the Executive Floor of our building. Though it wasn’t as ornate as many of the corporate officer’s suites as I was farther down the rung on the management organizational chart, it was certainly a huge leap from my little cubicle that I came from.

I must admit I felt a little guilty as I was after all fairly new to the company and only recently out of school.

Despite all the confusion happening in my life that day, I couldn’t resist checking on Karen. I made my way down to her floor and found her busily working away in her office. The expression on her face turned to one of anger at seeing me.

“So, how’d your trip home go?” I asked with a giggle. “As I recall some teenage kid stole your clothes at the protest.”

“You know very well how my trip home went,” Karen said flippantly. “I had to walk down the city sidewalks for seven blocks completely NAKED wearing that stupid paint thanks to you! I was heckled and leered at and once, just before entering my parking garage, a group of boys gathered around me and wouldn’t let me pass until they all copped a feel – THAT’S how my trip home went! It was humiliating.”

I couldn’t help but laugh. “I’m sorry,” I said feigning sincerity. “That must have really been awful for you.” Deep down inside, though, I truly relished her ordeal.

“Yeah, I can see how broken up you are about it,” she snapped sarcastically.

“Well, it was your own fault. YOU were the one that set me up. It was YOU who first humiliated ME at the Fashion Show! As far as I’m concerned you only got what you deserved.”

Karen continued to work with her papers trying her best to ignore me as if my cajoling wasn’t bothering her. “All I can say,” she said finally looking up, “is that you won’t have to worry about it anymore Miss Big Wig, Fancy Dress Executive. WE won’t be moving in the same circles from now on. Why don’t you just get back up to the rarified air of the Executive Suite and leave me alone. I’ve got work to do.”

It was no fun kicking someone when they were down so I decided to make a graceful exit. Her attitude confirmed that my little revenge indeed had an effect on her and THAT was what I really wanted to know.

Over the next few weeks I never worked so hard in my life. All the expectations from people in authority kept me on my toes and the workload just keeping my two clients happy was overwhelming. Yet despite all the trappings of success – my office, my title, my own parking space in the garage, I felt as though I wasn’t doing a very good job.

The friendly Mr. Darthwaite now seemed more distant and standoffish. He was a difficult man to approach now unlike before when I could chat with him in the hallway about anything and it seemed alright.

Mr. Benson became more nitpicking about the most trivial things pertaining to his account. It was almost as though I couldn’t make him happy if my life depended on it.

I guess what I was beginning to realize was that working here wasn’t as much “fun” anymore. I couldn’t put my finger on it but something was missing in my life. And then there was that nagging feeling in the back of my mind that would surface now and then that I really wasn’t cut out for the job and I only got it because of Karen and Lisa! I tried to put that idea out of my head as fast as possible. I was a PROFESSIONAL, I told myself. I EARNED this job. But somehow I couldn’t help but wonder. Maybe this was what life as an Account Representative was REALLY like.

Lisa and Karen, in fact all my old friends, seemed to have dropped off the face of the Earth.

After a couple of months I meandered down to my old floor just to, I don’t know, see them once again. I found Karen, Lisa, April and Jim all laughing and carrying on. Of course they immediately stopped as soon as they saw me – out of guilt that they weren’t working or perhaps out of spite as word might have leaked out about what I had done to the girls. I made some pretense for being there and quietly left. As I walked out I heard them all laughing again.

I decided to throw myself into my work. That always worked in the past whenever I was feeling low. I had a new client to make a proposal to. I was my first new client as Account Rep. I did a tremendous amount of work on his proposal – more than I had ever done for any other client. I was proud of the finished product.

When the day of the meeting arrived with Mr. Goddard of Micro-Tech Systems I was as ready as I ever had been. Needless to say he was less than enthused. No contract signing on the first pass THIS time, I lamented. Still he was on the hook and we agreed to meet further. After 5 more meetings strung out over a couple of months we were still negotiating and I was afraid I was going to lose him.

It was during one of these low periods that I decided just to stop and think about things. Perhaps that little voice was right. Maybe using my sex, even if it was unintentional did actually play a part in my success. I hated to admit it but it seemed the only explanation. Perhaps if I unbuttoned a few more buttons during my next meeting and maybe if I wore a shorter skirt I could recapture some of my appeal to the clients and Mr. Darthwaite.

Try as I might I just couldn’t bring myself to do it. It made me feel cheap somehow not to mention how awkward I felt – and I only unbuttoned a button or two! Alas, I needed someone to force me to do this.

I know, you’re thinking that I told Karen at the protest that I loved stuff like this and that I had discovered a new side of me. Well, I lied. I only said that as a means to an end – to prolong her humiliation. There was no way I was going to let her think I was as humiliated as they were as we all stood there for seven hours. I knew they hated it and I wanted them to think I was enjoying it to rub it in! It worked too. But now, I just didn’t know.

Faced with the unalterable fact that there was a certain chemistry that mysteriously combined among the three of us to bring together circumstances that worked in my favor, I had to reach out to the very person I had crushed. This wasn’t going to be easy.

One Friday evening, when most of the staff had long since left I noticed Karen was still working away. It was now or never, I thought. I made my way to her office and stood there silently for a minute trying to get up the nerve to speak, not to mention trying to think of what to say.

“Ahem,” I said clearing my throat, “Ah, Karen, can we talk?”

Karen was startled a bit as she hadn’t been aware of my presence. She probably wasn’t expecting anyone else to be around due to the lateness of the hour. “Well, look who’s here,” she said glibly. “Come down to see how the real worker-bees are doing?”

“Look, I don’t blame you for being upset with me . . .”

“UPSET? I’m not upset.” She said directly. “Now, is there something I can do for you?” She brushed her hair away from her eyes and gave me a cold, icy stare. So far this wasn’t going very well, I thought.

“Well, as a matter of fact there is something I need your help with, yes . . .”

“Need a report right away? How about I work some overtime to make you look good? I’m used to that by now, you know.” The anger in Karen’s voice was readily apparent. It had been three months and she STILL hadn’t gotten over it.

I shut her door and swallowed my pride and began relating to her my situation. When she realized where I was heading she cut me off laughing hysterically!

“Oh, this is rich! Now you’re crawling to me for help!!!” She swiveled her chair around in a circle as she continued to laugh almost uncontrollably. I didn’t know what to make of all this and began to think I had made a SERIOUS mistake. I mean, I wasn’t “crawling” to her for help. I just, you know, wondered if we could let bygones be bygones.

Karen then suddenly stood up and had the look of the devil himself in her eyes. “What’s in it for me?” she asked pointedly as she stood there with both arms on her desk and her lips pursed together expecting some immediate answer.

Now it was my turn to laugh, albeit nervously. “What do you mean?”

“Look sister, if I help someone I’m going to want something substantial in return – especially if that someone is YOU! You really make my skin crawl you know that? You put me through hell on that sidewalk and when I think of those boys squeezing my boobs and touching my . . . well just use your imagination, like I was some nightclub stripper I get sick to my stomach. IF and I mean IF I decide to help you I’m going to want something pretty darn important in return.” I could tell she was serious and I feared the worst.

“What, um, what do you want? I mean, um, what were you thinking?” I said tripping over my words. I was never good a confronting authority figures. Only twice in my life had I ever managed it and one of them happened to be with that policeman the day of the protest. Karen seemed to exude power now and candidly I was a bit afraid of this sudden change in her personality. Before, she always seemed to me to be a conniving, manipulative person - not someone who could lead a platoon of marines into battle.

“For starters,” she continued, “I want a quarter of what you earn here. I figure you wouldn’t have that job if I hadn’t helped you so at LEAST that much is rightfully mine. We’ll call it a token of your appreciation for my services.”

“Okay, I can do that,” I said with relief. I figured that in my new job I was making a whole lot more than what I had been so even giving up a quarter of my salary was still worth it to me.”

“And,” she said firmly with a long pregnant pause.

“AND?” I repeated nervously not expecting there to be more.

“And I want, not only your body to do with as I please, but your total commitment to doing EVERYTHING I ask without fail no matter how silly it may seem WHENEVER I tell you to do it.”

My eyes got huge and my heart began to beat faster. There was no way I would go along with her demands. What an idiot!

As a defense mechanism I just laughed in her face. “Yeah, right,” I replied, “In your dreams.”

“Suit yourself,” she said as she sat down and returned to her papers. “I’ll be leaving work in an hour. I’ll give you until then to make up your mind. If you do change your mind and want my help, I had better see you leaving this office in just your bra and panties. And I don’t mean out the back stairwell either. I mean out the main front exit. Otherwise I’m not speaking to you again about this subject – ever.”

**The Fashion Show – Book Two Tracy's Decision Part Two**

I left Karen’s office. Originally I had intended on going directly home. Now I had an hour to make a decision that would ultimately have far reaching consequences no matter what I decided.

I was truly facing a dilemma. On one hand I wanted Karen’s help. I was sure that the chemistry and conflict between us would bring out the best in me as I tend to excel when I’m under pressure. On the other hand the price was incredibly high. I couldn’t place myself in a submissive role to that . . . female! I was way too competitive. Besides once I started and committed to her, there was no way I could see of ever stopping. I debated back and forth for quite some time all the while welling up with resolve and determination.

I had already experienced how creative she could be and if Lisa was any example I also understood what she expected of those doing her bidding.

Nope. I wasn’t going to do it! My pride stepped up to the plate and was winning out over my other emotions. I had the talent. I could manage to make a success of myself without her help. I couldn’t believe how stupid I was to have gone down there in the first place. What was I thinking? I’m not humbling myself to anyone - let alone her, I said as I took off my blouse. I’ll show her. I’m a professional after all. I don’t need to be dictated to like a small child just to accomplish my business goals, I thought as I placed my skirt on top of my desk. What nerve that bitch had thinking that she could make me do things to humiliate myself I mumbled emotionally as I began to slide my pantyhose off and roll them up neatly to avoid a run. Nope I wasn’t going to let anyone trample over me like some kind of door mat.

I shut the light off to my office and boldly walked out to the elevator in just my bra and panties. In fact, I mentally noted, I hope I run into her on my way out so that I can give her a piece of my mind!

I marched myself right out the main entrance so filled with emotion that I didn’t even look around.

Karen was parked in front of the building as if she was waiting to see what I was going to do. PERFECT, I said to myself, now I can tell her to go to hell! She rolled down her window and leaned over to the passenger side of her vehicle. “I see you’ve decided to let me HELP you?” Karen said with a smile from ear to ear.

“Yes . . . I’ve decided to accept your terms.” I explained as I lowered my head – not as a sign of submission you understand, but because I was so embarrassed over what I had agreed to.

“Good,” she said kindly, “Get in.”

“But . . . What about my car?” and more importantly - my clothes I also thought to myself.

“You won’t need it this weekend. I’ll take you wherever you need to go and I promise to bring you back here on Monday just as I found you.”

I knew what she meant – she was going to return me wearing just my underwear! Despite that, I got in and shut the door. A tingle ran up my spine as I was now truly at her mercy, not to mention that I felt very vulnerable wearing so little.

“Let’s get something straight right now,” she finally said as we drove along. “I’m not one of those sadist-types who like making other people suffer untold pain. I’m more of a power freak. It amuses me to know I can make people act on the merest whim or fancy. I do this for entertainment. So you can relax as I don’t own a chain saw.”

Somehow her telling me that didn’t really make me feel any less threatened.

“I also believe that those who do my bidding do so because they truly want to – not because they are forced. I work hard to cultivate loyalty as you’ll soon discover for yourself. You just do what I ask when I ask it without protest or hesitation and I think you’ll find that this will be a most satisfying relationship.” She explained. “I take it you can do that?”

“Um . . . I think so.”

“I’m not saying that this will be easy. I can be a pretty controlling person. But stay in it for the long haul and you’ll be surprised. That’s all I’m asking, stay in for the long haul – well that and a quarter of your salary,” she said laughing.

As she was driving she rummaged through her purse. She pulled out a pair of scissors and handed them to me. “Let’s play a game. See that traffic light a couple of bocks ahead of us?”

“Yes.”

“If it turns red before we get there and I have to stop, I want you to take off your bra and cut it into little pieces.”  She then looked at me to see my reaction.

I tried not to show emotion though I was scared to death. This was a side of her that until now I didn’t know existed, a side I assumed made up a great part of Lisa’s world – a world that I now shared.

“Okay,” I said as if it didn’t matter one way or another. I found myself silently rooting “please stay green! Don’t turn red, oh please don’t turn red!” The tension was overpowering. Karen kept a constant speed while driving. She wasn’t going to influence the outcome one way or another by speeding up or slowing down.

“Cool isn’t it? The uncertainty of it all.” She remarked as we approached the intersection and the light was still green! “Darn! Better luck next time.” She giggled while looking at me.

I breathed a sigh of relief. This woman was CRAZY! I held onto the scissors not knowing quite what to do with them and I certainly didn’t want to give her any ideas by giving them back to her.

“I’m proud of you. You did well.”

“Thank you,” I said politely. At least she wasn’t insisting that I call her mistress or something equally demeaning. Of course it was still early. Man, I hope she doesn’t make me do that.

We drove along downtown for a while. I had no idea where she was going so I sat there in silence. I was surprised when she pushed a button on her door that suddenly rolled down the passenger side window. She looked at me with one of those spontaneous smiles and said, “The next traffic light we have to stop at I want you to pull down your panties and moon your naked butt to whoever is next to us and hold your pose until the light turns green again.”

Not wanting to show weakness in case she was testing me I quickly answered, “Okay.”

It wasn’t long and I saw a traffic light turn red just up ahead. A soon as we stopped Karen looked over at me.

“But there’s no car next to us,” I said.

“Do it anyway. Someone might see you from one of those buildings, you never know.”

I lifted myself off the car seat and quickly slid my panties down to mid thigh, got up on my knees and stuck my butt out the window. All told it took only a few seconds to accomplish. Karen was giggling as she was looking in her rear view mirror. Then I heard the sound of a car pulling up next to us. I couldn’t see who was in the car or how many. I just heard laughter – then I realized it was FEMALE laughter.

“You GO girl!” I heard one of them say along with a couple of “Whoo-hoo’s” from the others.

The light seemed to take an eternity to change as I just sat there with my derriere on display. Then I heard another car horn honk scaring me half to death. It came from a car sitting behind the one next to us. I was able to see that it contained a couple of guys waving their arms frantically.

The light finally turned green and I was about to pull myself inside when Karen said, “Aw, give the guys a peek.” She sat there without moving forward as the car next to us drove away acting on the green light. Just as the second car stopped next to us, Karen started to move on as I held my position waiting for her to tell me what to do next. I could tell they were matching our speed and getting an extended close-up look at my crack.

“They like you,” Karen said playfully.

I just returned a smile and held my ass out the window. Just then I thought I detected a flash. Good gosh they took my picture! Karen suddenly turned her car to the left down a side street leaving my admirers behind. “That was great! You can climb in now.” She said chuckling. “Isn’t this fun?”

“Yeah,” I replied reluctantly, “loads of fun.”

“Aw don’t be a Gloomy Gus. It’s Friday. The weekend is here! Hey, I know,” she said as I pulled my panties back on. “Let’s celebrate our new friendship.”

I didn’t like the sound of that. We weren’t friends and I certainly wasn’t in the mood for partying. “Celebrate?”

“Yeah, hang tight sister, I need to turn around.” Without warning she did an amazing U-turn and headed back in the direction from whence we had just come. In no time she pulled into one of the self-pay surface lots in downtown and parked the car.

“Let’s go partying at The Empty Keg,” she said as she opened the door.

I knew about the Empty Keg but had never actually been there. It was a party spot popular with the under-21 raver-type crowd. They didn’t serve alcohol so high school seniors and early college kids could party downtown without getting busted for being in a place that served alcohol.

“BUT, I’m not dressed!” I protested.

Karen gave me a stern look that reminded me that I agreed not to balk at doing something she told me to do. She relented a little I guess as I was new at this and said, “Trust me no one will think a thing of you wearing only a bra and panties. You should see how kids dress in there. Come on it’ll be fun!”

I got out of her vehicle and started to follow her when the sudden blast from the horn of a passing car on the street made me nearly jump out of my skin! I had been spotted. It’s weird, I thought. I could stand naked in a museum or in the middle of this city and I felt less vulnerable then than I do right now! I figured that was because my nudity had some sort of explanation – it was legitimate somehow. Now I was acting like some sophomore doing a prank. There was a certain element of danger here that wasn’t present at the Fashion Show, Museum or downtown. I was as frightened as I had ever been.

I could here the pulsating music as we approached the door. Once inside the male gatekeeper looked us over and told us that unescorted women had no cover charge. His smile made me uncomfortable. As far as he was concerned I was naked!

Then I looked down in the darkened room and discovered that under the black lights my usual white underwear was now practically glowing bright light purple. What was worse though was that my dark path of pubic hair was clearly visible. So were my nipples! I was practically naked! No wonder he stared!

Karen took me over to the side of large room and had me watch. She was right about one thing kids here really did were all sorts of weird stuff! After several minutes of listening to deafening music, Karen then gave me that look again.

“See that dude over there with those low riders on?”

“Yeah,” I replied cautiously. “What about him.”

“I think he’s cute. I want to see what his package looks like. Go over there and pants him – but give me a minute to get around front.”

I thought Karen was crazy before, now I was sure she was insane!

“Oh, and after you do it just stand there behind him and don’t run away.” She said as she left to take up her position.

What have I done? My decision to seek Karen’s help was going to ruin my life! And . . . how was this helping?!

**The Fashion Show – Book Two Tracy's Decision Part Three**

I made my way over to the dude Karen had pointed out. Since she was taking her sweet time getting into position I felt awkward just standing there so I started to dance – if you could call it that. Of course the guy noticed and turned to face me. I guess he figured I was coming on to him or something and that I wanted to dance with him.

Gross! He had more silver pierced throughout his body than Tiffany’s has in its display case.

I couldn’t see Karen anymore so I kept dancing with this creepy-looking guy. What on earth did she see in him, I wondered? I guess everybody has their own taste in men and he certainly wasn’t mine. And the way he was looking at me – like I was a piece of meat or something. I tried to take my mind off of that by planning how I was going to pants him. He pants seemed loose enough and I didn’t think he had on anything underneath so one swift yank should do it.

Finally the dude turned around. I didn’t wait to see if Karen was ready as I was sure she certainly had enough time by now. I bent down, grabbed hold of his pants and swoosh, his britches were off. Of course that left his naked ass only inches from my nose!

As the music boomed on I quickly stood up. I wanted to run but Karen had said just to wait. Man THAT was hard.

To my surprise the guy didn’t react at all. Instead he kept dancing as if this sort of thing happens all the time and slowly turned around facing me! My GAWD was he hung!! My eyes nearly popped out of my head. As he moved to the music his thing waved around in the air drawing my eyes right to it and holding my gaze there as if by some unseen force. I couldn’t seem to look away! If the lights were on people would have certainly seen me blush!

His next move took me completely by surprise. He bent down and returned the favor by pantsing me!!! In one swift move my panties were down around my ankles exposing me to the now interested crowd! The ever present pounding of the music made the whole scene surreal.

In a panic I looked around for Karen but she was nowhere to be seen. I thought about pulling my panties up but that didn’t seem like a good idea – so like a dumb blonde I kept dancing as if this was all part of some act or something. Like my nudity in the museum I wanted some sort of legitimacy for having my panties down around my ankles. Dancing seemed like the only thing I could do. Of course the crowd now formed a circle around us and gawked.

Naturally he took that as a sign that his bold move didn’t bother me and came closer. He gently grabbed me around the waist and twirled me several times in a circle causing my panties to fly who knows where. Now I was COMPLETELY bottomless!

He separated us and did some weird gyrations on the floor like some hip-hop star as the crowd spurred him on. I wiggled a bit myself partly to keep up the charade of dancing and partly to mingle back into the crowd as their attention was clearly focused on him now.

As hard as it was for me to tear myself away from his now wildly moving body parts, I managed to work myself behind some people and then out of the circle completely. I set off looking for Karen in earnest!

It was really embarrassing walking around that place with a bright almost neon glowing purple bra and no panties! As I worked my way through the crowd I was groped a few times. Once, someone even pinched my butt, HARD too. I immediately whirled around and saw that it was Karen!

She was giggling as she looked me. “I didn’t know you knew how to dance like that!”

“That wasn’t dancing – that was self-preservation!” I shouted above the music.

“Aw, don’t get your panties in a wad.”

“I can’t, I don’t have any!” I snapped back. Just then I saw her twirling them around her finger as she smiled at me.

“What did you think of John?” she asked me still toying with my undergarment.

So “Metal-Face” had a name. “He was certainly different,” I replied.

“And well-endowed,” Karen added. “Did you notice?”

“How could I miss it? I was afraid he was going to spear me with it! I’d much rather be tickled to death than stabbed to death,” I said making girl-talk.

Much to my surprise she actually gave me my panties back. After watching the crowd for a while she had me dance with her for one incredibly LONG song and then we left.

She took me to her place and she informed me that I was spending the night there.

“I’m sure you won’t mind if I insist you stay here tonight,” she said coyly. “I’m just not up to driving anymore this morning.”

I shuddered to think of what she had in mind for me but she simply showed me her guest room and told me to make myself comfortable. She then informed me that she was retiring and would see me in the morning. I just looked at her with a blank stare. I was SURE she was going to try something with me.

Before she left she added, “Tonight was just a little test, something to see if you were really serious about accepting my terms. You did well.”

“Thank you,” I said forcing the words from my throat. I HATED being manipulated by that woman and had to mentally remind myself that I was here by my own choice. It was my decision.

“As I said before, I believe in cultivating loyalty before exacting too much entertainment for myself so tomorrow I will do something just for you. Consider it a gift.” She looked at me I guess to see my reaction which was totally clueless. “Good night.” She said sweetly and left the room.

The next day I woke up late and got up and showered. I didn’t have anything to wear except my underwear so I put them back on and joined her in the kitchen.

“About time you woke up,” she said teasingly.

“Sorry. I guess I was worn out from yesterday.”

This afternoon I have a little project for you. A friend of mine needs your help on closing a deal. I volunteered you for the job.”

It figures. What ever happened to “tomorrow I’m going to do you a favor?” Some gift, I thought.

After eating a late brunch she escorted me to her car. I wasn’t surprised that she didn’t give me anything to wear and drove me off wearing my under things.

We pulled up to a house with a Realtor’s “For Sale” sign in the front yard.

“My friend Helen is a Realtor. She desperately needs to get a contract on this house,” Karen explained. “I’m sure you know what that’s like, eh Tracy?”

Fearing the worst I just had to ask, “So how can I help? I don’t know anything about Real Estate Contracts.”

“Her client she is bringing by has never seen the house. He is going to discover you sunning yourself naked in the back yard. Just do what you do so well and I’m sure everything will work out fine.”

That’s just great, I thought, another guy seeing me naked. “I suppose he’ll want to sleep with me too,” I said sarcastically. “Haven’t a clue,” she said as if it didn’t matter to her one way or the other.

She took me out back and had me remove my clothes.

“I’ll keep these for the time being. You just make yourself comfortable. I’ll be back shortly.”

“You’re leaving me here?!”

“You’ll be fine. Have fun and remember things always work out for the best.” With that she was gone.

I wondered around the house checking things out. It was a nice place and had a lot of amenities. Someday I wouldn’t mind owning a place like this. Then I heard the sound of a car door slamming. “THEY’RE HERE!” I thought.

I quickly jumped into high gear and ran out to the backyard. I was supposed to be sunning myself. I decided it was too embarrassing to be seen laying on my back so I flipped over and laid on my belly. After all, she didn’t say I HOW I had to lay.

I nervously kept my position on the chase lounge awaiting whatever was going to happen.

Finally I heard the sliding glass door open and the sound of footsteps drawing closer. There seemed to be only one set of shoes approaching me. Maybe it was the Realtor? No, the footsteps were more masculine.

“Ah, excuse me, Miss,” I heard a voice say. “I didn’t realize that anyone was at home.”

I knew I had to turn over now as I couldn’t ignore the man as he was talking to me. I reluctantly turned over and stood up realizing that he was probably checking out every inch of my anatomy!

When I looked up I got the shock of my life. “MR. GODDARD!” I exclaimed. There standing only a few steps away from my naked body, was my client Mr. Goddard of Micro-Tech Systems.

“Ahem,” he said clearing his throat as his eyes followed the curves of my body. “Tracy! What an unexpected surprise!” He said.

Of all the dumb luck! The client I had been working so hard to win over these last few months was now standing before me. I was naked in a stranger’s house without a stitch of clothing to cover myself with. How was I going to explain myself THIS time?

**The Fashion Show – Book Two Tracy's Decision Part Four**

“I didn’t know you lived here,” Mr. Goddard said a bit amazed as he continued taking in my body.

Now what was I going to do? I couldn’t lie to him and say that I did. But the truth was worse – how was I going to explain sunning myself in the backyard of a house whose owners I didn’t even know the names of?

“I . . . um . . . I don’t live here actually, Mr. Goddard. A friend of mine actually arranged for me to use the place today. I didn’t realize anyone would be coming over.” What a lame excuse, I thought. I didn’t even believe it myself. I kept expecting that Realtor lady, Helen, to poke her head out the door any minute and really stir things up.

Mt. Goddard just smiled at me. Actually he probably didn’t hear a word that I said as he was much too occupied looking at me. I might as well have recited the Preamble of the Constitution. He wouldn’t have noticed the difference. “Mr. Goddard?” I called out apprehensively, trying to get his attention.

“Yes, nice day for working on a tan.” He said as he composed himself. “I’m sorry to have disturbed you. I had just wanted to see the house before heading out to meet some friends of mine. I wonder, do you know enough about the house to show me around? It would be a great help if you could manage it.”

Swell, now he expected me to be a tour guide. “Wouldn’t the Realtor be a little put out if I did that?” I asked hoping to let Helen earn her commission.

“What Realtor?”

“You mean an agent didn’t come with you?” I asked now totally confused.

“No, actually a friend of my secretary, Karen somebody or other, called me this morning and told me about this place and she recommended that I see it. I’m looking for a place for my daughter. I want to check out prospective houses myself BEFORE having her look at them.”

“Oh, well, that makes sense.” So it was Karen that called him? I seemed to have underestimated her abilities.

“I’ll be glad to wait out here if you need to change.” He said politely.

Yeah like I had clothes to actually change into! I was trapped and I didn’t want to make things worse by getting caught in a lie so I just said simply, “No that’s alright, I’d be glad to show you around. I’m sure it won’t take long and I can go back to working on my tan.” I could see by the expression on his face that he was most pleased with my answer.

I walked on ahead leading him back into the house knowing all the while he was staring at my butt. It was a good thing I was nosey before and had looked around the place otherwise I wouldn’t be able to sound convincing as I showed him around.

“This is the kitchen,” I said as I pointed out its features. “The house has three bedrooms and two baths. The master suite is on the ground floor while the other two bedrooms are upstairs. If you follow me I’ll show you those.”

Walking up the stairs was a mistake. I was sure he was seeing parts of me that were most intimate. It was a good thing I had taken a shower earlier! It’s funny what you think of at times like these!

Mr. Goddard seemed most interested – well he was interested in at least ONE thing anyway. He did ask a lot of questions though. I wasn’t sure if he was trying to prolong the tour or if he really WAS interested in the house. In either case I politely tried to do my best and reply to all of his inquiries.

When he seemed satisfied that I had showed him everything, I led him back downstairs. Just as we made it to the bottom of the staircase the front door opened and in walked a lady and a man with two teenage boys. They were shocked at seeing me naked.

Mr. Goddard smiled, shook my hand and said, “Well, Tracy. I have to be going. Thanks for showing me around. I am definitely interested.” With that he left after politely acknowledging the new arrivals still huddled together at the front door!

The woman seemed taken aback but the man and two boys were all smiles. They didn’t even bother to avert their eyes as if they were intruding on my privacy. Then I got a terrible thought, what if these were the owners?! Oh GAWD, I’m sure they were wondering what the hell I was doing naked in THEIR house showing a strange man around!

My legs began to buckle and my throat went dry. I was mentally searching for something to say when the lady spoke up.

“Hi, I’m Helen Hughes of Action Realty. I see we’ve come at a bad time. I had hoped to show my clients the house today.”

So THIS was the mysterious Helen the Realtor. I was so confused. I thought Karen arranged for Mr. Goddard to see the house - That HE was the one that she wanted a contract from, but now Helen is here with someone else! I tried to recall what Karen had actually said to me before leaving but I couldn’t remember and the awkward silence was reminding me that I needed to say something.

“Oh, that’s quite okay. Please come in.” I said invitingly, “I was just sunning myself in the backyard when that gentleman stopped by to see the house. You’ll have to excuse my appearance. I don’t normally go around like this.”

“That’s perfectly understandable,” the man interjected. “We don’t mind, do we boys?” both boys shook their heads as they continued to stare.

“Perhaps it would be best since you know the house if you would do the honors and show them around,” Helen said. “I’m sure you could answer their questions better than I would.”

My heart began to beat faster. Once again I found myself a victim of circumstances. There was nothing I could do. If I declined they would expect me to get dressed and meet with them afterward. Of course that was out of the question. I also had no idea what Helen was expecting of me or what Karen had told her prior to her arrival.

“Um, I’d be happy to show them around, if they don’t mind putting up with me,” I said nervously hoping they wouldn’t make a fuss.

“I’m sure you can be as comfortable as you wish to get. After all it’s your home and we are only guests. We would be most happy if you could give us a tour.” The older gentleman replied.

With little other choice I started showing off the house only this time to a group of people who were all fully clothed including a smartly dressed woman. The man was quite polite and did his best to maintain an appropriate disposition during the tour. His boys on the other hand were typical teenagers giggling every chance they got. If I looked at them they tried to act all sweet and innocent but the moment my back was turned they were at it again! Once I even felt a hand brush slowly against my butt as I passed by them in the hall! One of those boys had tried to fondle my ass! Helen and the older gentleman had already gone on ahead so I’m sure they weren’t aware of what had happened. I decided not to make a scene and did my best to ignore it.

Finally the tour came to an end and we exchanged pleasantries in the front room. Eventually they left and I collapsed on a chair! I had been on edge for the last hour as I walked around naked in front of all those people. Not only was that embarrassing but I was so aroused as a result. What I really wanted was to take care of business if you know what I mean and get some much needed relief.

Just then I heard the door knob jiggling and thought “Oh no, not again!” The door opened at three women walked in.

“OH! EXCUSE me. I terribly sorry,” the lady opening the door said. “I didn’t think anyone was at home!”

I awkwardly stood up and not knowing what else to do extended my hand in greeting.

“Hi, it’s nice to meet you. I’m Helen Finch from Twentieth Century Realty.” She said in reply.

ANOTHER HELEN?! I was sooooo terribly confused. Of course the familiar scenario played out and for a third time I found myself escorting these three women around the house. At first I felt a little better since it was only a group of females but it became apparent after a short time that they were VERY uncomfortable with my nudity.

“Wouldn’t it be better if you put some clothes on?” One of them asked rather curtly. The tone of her voice got under my skin. It was as if she was implying I was some sort of tramp or something.

“Not really,” I replied and continued my little tour. I wasn’t about to let that uppity girl put me down! In fact I did my best to flaunt my body inching closer to her as often as I could because I knew it made her uncomfortable.

“Are you some kind of nudist or something?” she finally quipped.

“No, I’m a model.” I retorted flippantly.

“NOW I know where I recognize you from,” the Realtor lady said. “You were at the charity Fashion Show! I saw you modeling the Dubois collection!”

I smiled smugly to the offended girl and remarked. “That’s right. I do a lot of community events.” My detractor suddenly seemed to have a change of heart. Sure now that my nudity had a plausible reason it seemed to be okay with her. People can be SO judgmental.

Unfortunately for me now that my status as a model had been revealed these women weren’t going anywhere.

“Do you do a lot of nude modeling?” the other girl asked.

To my chagrin I was now hemmed in by my cover story so I had to go with the flow and play along. “Sometimes,” I explained.

“Doesn’t that bother you?”

“Well, not really. I mean there’s nothing wrong with nudity per se. The human body is really quite a thing of beauty you know.”

“Well, YOURS might be but not all bodies are something I’d want to look at,” Helen teased as the other girls laughed.

“But doesn’t the fact that people are seeing you naked get you all, you know, worked up? I mean I couldn’t do it, I’d embarrass myself for sure if you know what I mean.” The first girl remarked obviously blushing.

I don’t know why but I actually answered her by admitting that I too sometimes get a little worked up when I am working.

“I KNEW it!” she said excitedly. “Are you, you know, that way now?”

Oh crap! What have I done? I’ve created a monster! “Yes, maybe a little,” I answered honestly figuring they would only discover that fact for themselves anyway eventually.

“Oooh this is so wonderful – actually talking with a REAL model.” She said nervously as if somehow I was famous or something. It made me very uncomfortable. The look at the first girl’s eyes was starting to bother me too. I didn’t know what she was thinking but I had a pretty good idea!

**The Fashion Show – Book Two Tracy's Decision Part Five**

“My husband is NEVER going to believe this. Do you mind if I call him?” the first girl asked?

I was starting to panic but I couldn’t break from my cover story now as I already implied that nudity was no big deal for me so I told her to go ahead. What’s with these women anyway? I thought they just wanted to look at the house now I’m being practically enshrined by a wanna-be fan club or something.

“Honey, guess what? I’m sitting here talking to a famous nude model!” she said excitedly into the phone. “No I’m not kidding! She’s sitting here right in front of me now completely naked . . . I AM looking at houses. I’m with the Realtor, she’s here too . . . It’s her house I guess, I don’t know . . . well come over and see for yourself if you don’t believe me!” She then closed the cell phone and practically slammed it onto the table. “Honestly, that man doesn’t ever believe a thing I say!”

“Maybe this isn’t such a good idea,” I said hesitantly.

“Oh please don’t get dressed now. He’ll never believe me if you do and I’ll never be able to live this down!”

I just nodded my head as if I understood. The girls then got into a discussion about men in general and it wasn’t very complimentary. I just listened. In my opinion I LIKED men and I had no idea why these women had an ax to grind. Of course I’m single too which may explain part of it.

After some time of awkwardly sitting there chatting with these girls there was a knock on the door. The first girl yelled, “COME IN. IT’S OPEN!” like she owned the place. Didn’t it matter to her that I wasn’t decent?

A man walked in and froze as he saw us sitting there. He averted eyes and started to leave.

“Come on in honey, she doesn’t mind,” the first girl said obviously to her husband that she had been talking to on the phone. “See, I TOLD you I was talking with a nude model.”

“Hello,” the man said awkwardly, “Ah, pleased to meet you.” He then extended his hand to shake mine forcing me to get up exposing myself completely. I saw him swallow hard. He then turned to his wife and said, “Sorry, honey. I should know by now that you are always right.”

“Men!” the wife replied causing them all to laugh.

I had to listen while the girls explained what they had learned about me. The funny part about all this was that the man was quite uncomfortable the whole time. You’d think any man that had the opportunity to sit across from a nude woman with his wife’s permission would be thrilled. But he wasn’t. Maybe that was the problem – his wife was sitting there. He probably figured he’d be in a world of trouble if he showed the least bit of interest. Of course he might just be one of those “shy” guys too. In any event I was beginning to enjoy his embarrassment. The wife also seemed to realize this too and kept talking about my body as if she was PURPOSELY trying to embarrass him.

When the wife suggested I show him the house I jumped at the chance! I was quite aroused by this time after basking in the adoration of my new found fans. I made sure that when I escorted him upstairs that he got a good, PROLONGED view of my now wet vagina. I know, that was mean, but I couldn’t help myself. When we reached the top of the stairs I saw that he was sporting an erection that pushed his pants forward. Not huge mind you but enough to be noticeable.

I gave him a brief tour and started to go back downstairs when he stopped me and asked a couple of questions. When I answered them and turned to go downstairs he interrupted, “No please don’t go . . . I mean I have a couple of more questions.”

“Oh,” I said looking right at his crotch. He obviously wanted to wait until his bulge subsided before going back down to his wife! I just smiled at him causing him to blush and said, “I understand. Did you get a good look at the bathroom up here?” Of course I was just stalling for time and he seemed to appreciate it.

As we finished I put my hand on his shoulder and wouldn’t you know it? He was hard again. This time I wasn’t going to wait, I just went down the stairs without him, figuring it would be better for him to be alone.

I don’t know what he did up there but he didn’t return for quite some time. He was still flushed when he made his appearance but at least his erection was gone. Then it hit me what he MIGHT have been doing and it was MY turn to blush.

Finally after all that the group decided to leave!

After they had gone I found myself fingering my sensitive spots – nothing overt just teasing myself here and there. I really needed to be alone!!

Then I heard the doorknob jiggling AGAIN! Now what?! I said to myself.

It was Karen. She walked in and caught me with my fingers between my legs. I was so distracted by another apparent intrusion that I had forgotten what I had been doing. When I realized that she had noticed where my hands were I immediately – like in a nanosecond – snatched them away from my inner thighs.

“KAREN!” I said quite surprised. “Am I glad to see you!”

“Yeah, I’ll bet,” she said sarcastically. “So how’d it go?”

“Um, good I guess. Helen came by.”

“Good, I hope all went well.” She said plainly.

I wasn’t sure which Helen she was talking about. Was it just a coincidence that TWO Helens came by or did she set me up on purpose? I began also to wonder if she was the Karen that had called Mr. Goddard and told him to come by and check out the house. With all the name confusion maybe THAT was just a coincidence too! I had absolutely no idea.

“Everything went well,” I reiterated as I stood there looking at her.

“Ready to go?”

“Yes,” I replied trying not to show any emotion. If she did set me up I didn’t want her to know that it got to me.

“I’m starved, let’s get something to eat.” Karen said as she opened the door.

“Um, I was just wondering, do you have my underwear?

“Oops, silly me, I completely forgot about those.” She said with a wicked smile. I’ll BET she did, I said silently. Like before I decided just to play along. She wasn’t going to get the satisfaction of getting a rise out of me that’s for sure.

I walked right out to her car as boldly as I could pretend to walk. At least this wasn’t MY neighborhood and I surely wouldn’t be back any time soon. At least I HOPED that I wouldn’t.

As she started the car she said those dreaded words, “Let’s play a game.”

“Okay,” I replied anxiously.

“I call this my CAR game.”

“Car game?”

“Yes the car game. Let’s see, it’s 8 miles to my place. If we see a Volkswagen Beetle in the next four miles we’ll go through the drive-through at the Snack-Shak and get something to eat. If we don’t see a Volkswagen Beetle in the next four miles I’ll make us something at my house.”

“You’d take me NAKED through the Drive Through at the Snack-Shak?”

“Sure. Only college kids work there. They won’t complain.” Karen said as she backed out of the driveway.

“I’ll set my trip odometer to zero. When it reaches 4 miles the game’s over.”

I watched as she reset the device. “Oh, and just to make it interesting,” she continued “I’m going to show you that I trust you.”

“Yes?” I asked carefully. “How are you going to do that?”

She stopped the car in the quiet neighborhood street and got out. “I’m not even going to look. I’ll let you drive and I’ll close my eyes. I’m going to trust that if you DO see a Volkswagen you’ll tell me.”

“I don’t understand,”

“The roles we play won’t work unless there’s trust between us. I want you to trust me no matter what I ask you to do and I want to be able to trust you, too.” Karen explained further. “So get in and drive. I want to show you that I trust you. It’s important to me.”

I got out of the car and changed places with her and proceeded to drive off. I was as nervous as I had ever been. My evil side said just to protect myself and lie no matter what happened. She’d never know. I looked over at her and her eyes were indeed tightly shut.

I carefully scanned the road for that model vehicle. Maybe things would work out. I mean that car isn’t that popular anymore.

There was something fiendish about her little games. Neither she nor I knew the outcome. It was all up to chance. That’s what made it so aggravating. I had no control, and neither did she!

Two miles passed and no Volkswagen. Three miles passed and still no Volkswagen. I was more nervous now than I had been when we started this game. Karen’s eyes were tightly shut. True to her word she wasn’t looking. It was bad enough to be driving naked but to have the responsibility for this “trust” thing was horrible. She KNEW what kind of person I am. Why did she have to TRUST me?!

3.9 miles only a tenth of a mile to go and . . . DAMN it all – a VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE!

Should I tell her, I asked myself?” I mean it was ONLY a TENTH of a mile! She’d never know! I had a decision to make.

**The Fashion Show – Book Two Tracy's Decision Part Six**

I slowed and eventually stopped at a traffic light. All my common sense told me just to lie. Karen was still sitting there with her eyes closed and wasn’t saying a word. She wasn’t pestering me or prying information out of me. She was placing her trust me like she said she would. Why in the world would any rational person purposely put herself through such humiliation if she didn’t have to? This decision should be an easy one!

We played this game before and it turned out that I didn’t have to cut my bra into little pieces. She wasn’t upset then. Why would she be upset if I told her that no Volkswagen passed by? Because it’s all about TRUST, stupid, said that little voice inside my head.

As I awaited the light to change I continued this debate. That’s it, I decided. I’m just going to tell her I won the game – no car passed by THIS time. Only a fool would expose herself if she didn’t have to. I had been through enough embarrassment today. I didn’t need more!

The light changed and I started going forward. “Okay Karen, we’ve passed 4 miles.” I said confidently.

She opened her eyes and rubbed them a little. “Well?” she asked as she looked at me innocently.

“You’re not going to believe this . . . but there was a Volkswagen Beetle that passed us just a moment ago.” I couldn’t believe I was hearing those words coming out of my mouth! Why did I do that?!

Karen just smiled, “Really?”

“Yes,” I replied as I lowered my head.

“You didn’t have to tell me you know,”

“I know,”

“Then why did you?”

“I guess I wanted you to trust me.”

Karen was still smiling and said, “I’m glad. I knew my confidence in you wasn’t misplaced. Something wonderful just happened and after a while you’ll see you did the right thing. Do you know how to get to the Snack-Shak?”

“Um, yes. It’s just two blocks over on Sixth Street.”

“That’s right. Since today has been such a great day, I’ll even buy your dinner.”

I felt like a condemned person carrying the means of her own execution. I was driving and I was the one who would be closest to the drive- through window. It will look like it was MY idea. If Karen was driving maybe they would feel sorry for me and think that I was the victim of a prank or something. As a naked passenger I was just along for the ride, that I was maybe forced to flash my nudity. But THIS way I’m the guilty pervert! Oooooh Karen was smart, too smart for me to take lightly!

I pulled up to the speaker and a scratchy female voice crackled, “Can I help you?” Why don’t they ever make a speaker sign that sounds decent? No wonder so many orders get screwed up. At least it was a girl at the window. And since this wasn’t one of those chain restaurants they only had one window.

I placed my order and Karen gave me the money. My heart was racing and I could hardly let out the clutch as my legs were shaking so badly. I stalled the car twice because of that which made Karen laugh all the louder.

I pulled up to the empty window and stopped the car. Instinct told me just to floor it and drive the heck out of there before the girl came back but I didn’t. I decided just to look straight ahead until I HAD to look at her.

It seemed like 7 hours before she returned with our food all the while making my personal agony worse as I sat there naked in the car. Of course it wasn’t really that long but it felt like it.

I heard rustling of packages at the window and the girl say, “That’ll be $5.95.”

“LISA?!!!” I exclaimed as I turned to give her the money. “What on EARTH are YOU doing here?” I was shocked but sure enough there dressed in a Snack-Shak T-shirt was my former nemesis.

Lisa looked me over and started giggling. “I work here.”

“But WHY? You have a good job downtown.”

“I need some extra money,” she said looking right at Karen with a serious expression. My eyes darted over at my passenger who looked a bit guilty. Then it dawned on me that maybe Lisa had to pay a ‘token of her gratitude’ to that woman just like I did. Only with Lisa’s job she didn’t make as much as I did as an Account Executive. How awful! She had to take a second job just to keep Karen happy!

Lisa then looked at me. I saw that her smile was gone. Instead she looked rather sad. She handed me our food and we drove off. I felt bad for her, which was hard for me as I really didn’t like the bitch. See, there I go again. I’ve got to learn to keep my emotions in check.

“THAT wasn’t so hard, was it?” Karen asked sarcastically.

“No, I guess not.”

“You trusted me and did what I wanted you to do and nothing bad happened back there.” Karen remarked. “THAT’S why trust is so important.

I just nodded my head and headed for Karen’s house. The deeper I got involved with Karen the more I began to wonder what I had gotten myself into.

Sunday was a lazy day and nothing much happened. Karen wanted to do the “get-to-know-you” thing and we basically talked. I tried my best not to reveal too much personal information to her.

That night the phone rang and Karen talked for quite a while.

“That was Helen on the phone. She got a contract on that house thanks to you.”

I wished I knew which Helen she was talking about. “Oh, who made the offer?” I asked carefully trying to find out.

“Why, the Stinson’s of course.”  THAT little piece of information didn’t help me at all.

“The Stinson’s?”

“Yes, they’re a nice couple who live with their sister.” Karen explained.

So it was the last two girls and the shy husband that were with the REAL Helen! Then I began to realize that the man and his teenage boys might have been just an accident! My spine tingled at what I had done. And what about Mr. Goddard?! Maybe that was an accident too!

“Yes the Stinson’s really LIKED you. Helen said you were all they talked about yesterday.” Karen informed me appreciatively. “Thanks for helping me out.”

The fact that they had talked about me all day yesterday made me wonder what they could have said. Were they laughing at me or were they saying kind things? I’m not sure why but I would have liked to have known their real perceptions.

The following morning Karen got me up quite early and I was really glad she did. “You might need these,” she said with a smirk as she tossed my underwear on the bed. I had forgotten about having to sneak back into the office wearing my bra and panties! At least she had the decency to realize that I needed to get an early start so as not to get into trouble. In no time we were off driving away in the early morning darkness. I was mentally planning on how I was going to sneak into the building without being seen when I noticed something was amiss. “Karen, where are you going?”

“I’m taking you home.”

Puzzled I said, “You’re taking me home?! But I thought . . . you said that . . .”

“What, that I would drop you off at the office in your panties?” she said making fun of me.

“Well, yeah!”

“No, what I said was that I would bring you back on Monday just as I found you, which was at the front of the main entrance. I never said anything about your underwear.” She smiled at me and I sighed with relief. “Of course if you really want to go that way . . .” she then suddenly started to turn the steering wheel as if she was going back the other way.

“NO! That’s quite alright.” I said nervously knowing that she MIGHT just make me do it.

I showered and dressed and Karen, true to her word, took me to the office stopping at the main entrance of the building to let me out. That woman surprises me sometimes.

Work went well until about 10:00 o’clock. It was then that Lisa barged into my office and slammed the door closed.

“Lisa?” I asked seeing her agitated state. “What’s wrong?”

“Don’t give me that you whore. You know what’s wrong!” she said as she walked right up to me and pushed me forcibly against the wall.

“I’m afraid I don’t. What’s gotten into you?” I asked starting to get quite worried.

“Oh, that’s just rich. You and your little cute ass,” she said angrily as she pulled on my blouse popping several buttons in the process. “You’re trying to steal Karen from me!” She then ripped my blouse completely open and grabbed my bra with her free hand while the other held me fast against the wall.

“I’m doing no such thing!” I protested.

“Don’t lie to me!” she replied throwing me to the floor using my bra for leverage! I was so shocked. I had never been in a real fight before and certainly not assaulted at work!

“What are you doing you crazy bitch! Get off me!” I squealed as she tore at my clothing. She was acting like a possessed person. I was amazed at her strength and decided just to be passive and not resist lest I get really hurt. In no time she had me stripped to just my panties. “KAREN belongs to me. Understand! I saw you Saturday playing games. The more time she spends with YOU the less time she spends with ME! I’ve got way too much invested to let some whore like you ruin everything!”

“But I’m not . . . WE aren’t . . .” I tried to explain.

“Don’t try and cross me or you’ll pay the price, understand?” she said getting up off of me. “You’ll find that I’m a serious competitor, and you won’t stand a chance.”

With that she marched out of my office leaving me on the floor all disheveled and scared. I laid there for several minutes trying to comprehend what had just happened. Lisa was jealous! I guess if I had to take a second job to keep a friendship going I’d be mad too.

But who in the hell did she think she was assaulting me like that?

My clothes were ruined. It was a good thing that I still had the business suit I had worn on Friday. I had left it folded neatly in my desk drawer when I left in my underwear to meet Karen. Oh gosh, I wonder if she saw me leaving with her. Then she saw me Saturday in her car. Sunday she was probably expecting her to call but she spent the day with me. It all started to add up. But what was I going to do about it now? I was definitely going to have to watch my back that’s for sure. Another decision to make, I thought.

I was just buttoning the last button on my blouse when my office door opened and the secretary announced, “Mr. Goddard to see you, Tracy.” He walked right in after her and smiled as he saw me finishing with my blouse, which was still un-tucked from my skirt!

That’s all I needed – to have a client catch me this way! My white blouse did nothing to hide the fact I wasn’t wearing a bra either!

**The Fashion Show – Book Two Tracy's Decision Part Seven**

“Mr. Goddard!” I said apprehensively. I was painfully aware of my breasts jiggling quite noticeably unrestrained as they were beneath my blouse as I walked over to shake his hand. “Please, won’t you sit down?”

“I’m sorry,” he said seriously. “I seem to have caught you at an awkward moment.” I saw him glancing toward the floor where my torn clothes were still strewn about haphazardly next to the wall. I hadn’t had a chance to pick them up and hide them before he entered.

“Um, yes . . . you’ll have to excuse me. I sort of had a wardrobe malfunction,” I replied trying to interject some humor into an awkward situation. I felt like an adolescent girl caught naked by her dad. Even though I was dressed for the most part, I was still humiliated!

Obviously not amused Mr. Goddard continued, “Yes, well, I won’t keep you I just wanted to have a brief word about our negotiations.”

I started to panic. All I could think of was that he must have been offended by our impromptu meeting Saturday when he caught me naked and now, catching me dressed less than professional at the office, was the icing on the cake. I was already concerned that I was on thin ice. I could see this contract slipping away for good and all because of my stupidity.

“Mr. Goddard I’m sure we can work things out,” I said and launched into a small sales pitch highlighting some of the best reasons to do business with our firm. The entire time I was aware that he was staring not into my eyes but at my boobs – and he wasn’t smiling. I knew that my nipples and areolas were almost in plain sight as my partially sheer blouse wasn’t meant to be worn without a camisole or bra.

Impatiently he interrupted me before I could finish making my point. “Yes, yes, I understand all that. The reason I dropped by is that I wondered if we could arrange a luncheon meeting tomorrow. I’d like to bring an associate of mine along who’s very good at this sort of thing. Perhaps the three of us can make some progress.”

Well at least he wasn’t closing the door on my proposal and giving up on me altogether. “Of COURSE, that would be wonderful!”

He gave me the details of where and when and to save time told me to meet him at the restaurant. I eagerly thanked him and walked him to my door where upon he gave me one more long disapproving look before quipping, “I’ll leave you now to attend to your, what was it, wardrobe malfunction?”

“Yes sir, thank you sir.”

Blast it all. I came within an inch of screwing this up completely – and THIS time it was all LISA’S fault. There wouldn’t have BEEN a wardrobe malfunction if SHE hadn’t caused it! I also had to give Karen some credit though because if it wasn’t for her instruction to leave work Friday wearing my underwear and the fact that she took me home to get dressed before coming to work that bitch would have ruined my ONLY set of clothes. At least thanks to Karen I had a spare set!

I spent the rest of the afternoon kicking myself and reliving the whole sordid affair.

I knew that Karen and I had some sort of weird chemistry together that seemed to work in my favor – despite all the embarrassment her antics often caused. I really wanted to “stay in it for the long haul” as Karen had put it and see what developed. But Lisa’s strange behavior had me worried. I had a decision to make – stay with Karen and suffer the consequences of Lisa’s wrath or give it up altogether.

Maybe there was a third alternative. I decided to try and reason with Lisa and see if I could reach a compromise wherein we BOTH could be winners. I also decided to carefully seek Karen’s advice WITHOUT specifically mentioning what had happened today. I mean women can be subtle with each other and still get our points across. Only MEN seem to prefer DIRECT, “lay-it-all-on-the-table” interaction.

Later that afternoon Karen came to my office. “Hey girl, I have an idea. How about after work we do something together.”

I really needed to prepare for my meeting with Mr. Goddard and really should have declined but perhaps getting together for a short time might give me the opportunity to talk with her about Lisa.

“Well, I am rather busy and I do have to prepare for a luncheon meeting tomorrow, but if we aren’t out too long I’d guess that would be okay.”

“Ooooh a LUNCHEON meeting,” she said teasingly. How impressive; with whom?”

I told her all the details about Mr. Goddard and his associate and how important it was that I be at my best.

“In that case I have the just the thing!”

“Yeah?”

“A Carnival.”

“A carnival . . . How on earth will THAT help?”

“Well you said that it is important that you be sharp tomorrow. I know just how to do it. Trust me,” she said smiling.

Why did she have to say “Trust me?” Of course that clinched it and I HAD to agree to go. She told me call her after I left the office and got home.

Later after work I did as she instructed and called her.

“Tonight I want you to wear a one-piece outfit. Do you own anything like that?” she asked.

“Well, I do have a one piece sun-dress. It’s a white, loose-fitting tank top that flairs to a skirt, why?”

“That’s PERFECT! Wear that and NOTHING else,” she instructed. “I’ll pick you up.”

“But the dress is white!” I protested but she had already hung up the phone. Oh well Karen was up to something and I resigned myself just to trust her and wait and see. Who knows, maybe it would be fun after all.

I stripped out of my clothes and tried on the dress. Not too bad. There was a hint of my dark patch of pubic hair showing through the material but nothing overtly indecent. I felt a little better about it.

I hadn’t been to a carnival since I was a kid! Part of me was really looking forward to it. I had such good memories of the times I had been before – the popcorn and cotton candy – the rides and games of chance. I think they prefer to call them games of skill these days. Anyway, I always managed to win a stuffed animal as a prize for knocking down the stack of milk bottles with a baseball. Everyone always said I threw like a girl (duh?) but maybe that’s what it took to actually WIN at that game! One thing was certain and that was that most of the boys I knew never did win anything for their girlfriends. It pissed them off big time to see me do it!

When we arrived at the carnival I was so excited. All the familiar sounds and smells made me feel unbelievably euphoric! I wanted to try everything! Of course it was ever so crowded but that didn’t matter.

Karen and I walked around checking things out. I even got to play the milk bottle game. Unfortunately I wasn’t as good at it as I had remembered because I didn’t win squat! But it was fun.

Darkness settled in and the neon lights were so beautiful lighting up the nighttime sky! Karen was right – after all the stress I had been through this was just what I needed. My mind was clear and I was relaxed. She had no idea how much I appreciated her talking me into this.

“Tracy.” She said finally. “Let’s have a little fun. For the next half hour I want you to walk with your hands clasped together in front of you. No matter what happens don’t separate or move your hands.” She gave me that weird smile that told me she was up to something.

“Okay,” I replied nervously and did as she instructed.

She took me on a couple of rides and I sat in each of them with my hands tightly together in front of me at my waist. Having to hold my hands like that really increased the thrill of the already exciting rides. Perhaps that was the point. I was giving up control – like I wasn’t able to hide my face as the roller coaster plunged 60 feet straight down or brace myself against the seat safety bar as the ride turned this way and that. What a lesson in self-control – and trust. This was fun, I thought!

“OH,” Karen said excitedly as we exited the Tilt-a-Whirl ride, “A FUNHOUSE! Let’s try it out! Only this time put your hands on your head as we walk through it.”

“Okay!” I answered eagerly. I had trusted her before and it was amazing the difference it made. It improved my self confidence immeasurably.

Karen gave the attendant our tickets and we walked up the ramp to the trailer-like attraction. The ramp led to a metal platform that extended all the way down the length of the trailer before reaching the actual entrance. I assumed this was for crowd control or something. I was behind Karen who was taking her ever-loving time walking the platform when it happened!

Al of a sudden I heard a loud “PSSSsssstt” sound and my dress literally flew up well above my waist for a few seconds exposing my naked pelvis to the crowd below! I screamed and heard laughter from the people standing on the ground looking up! They all had gotten an eyeful. My screaming only attracted their attention all the more. It occurred to me that the people below were loitering around this attraction because they knew what was going to happen and had probably seen the panties of a dozen girls already that night – only I wasn’t WEARING PANTIES!

Karen was laughing hysterically as she inched along the platform impeding my progress. I kept looking down to see if I could spot another air jet nozzle – not that I could do anything about it mind you, but I wanted to know.

Then it happened again – PSSSSSssssssttttttttttt – only much longer this time and with enough force to blow my sundress clear above my breasts! I was COMPLETELY EXPOSED to the crowd much to their delight!

Karen had stopped in front of me making me stand over that stupid air jet!!! I screamed and the jet kept going PSSSSSsssssssssstttttttttttt. I looked over at the ticket taker who had an evil smile on his face as he was obviously the one pressing the button. People to the left of the funhouse saw my naked ass and people ahead of me to the right saw my kitty and boobs!

FINALLY that idiot shut it off! Karen was doubled over in laughter as were much of the crowd. Still I walked on with my hands on top of my head following her. How STUPID was THAT?!

Once more a short jet blew my skirt up above my waist before we left the platform and entered the Funhouse itself!

The first thing I noticed was that there wasn’t anyone actually IN the Funhouse. I figured that everyone knew the “FUN” was in watching some poor foolish girl on the way in – not in actually partaking of the attraction itself!!

It was fairly dark. Karen turned to me still giggling and said, “You know what these are like, right?”

“Well, yeah. You walk along several dark corridors and things pop out and scare the crap out of you!”

“I want to put you on edge even more,” she said still giggling. “Give me your dress.”

**The Fashion Show – Book Two Tracy's Decision Part Eight**

“What, HERE?!” I yelled. “You’re crazy!”

“No I’m not.” She replied calmly. “You’ll experience something really special. It’ll be fun. I’ll take the dress and go on ahead and I’ll meet you at the exit with your clothing.”

“I don’t know . . .”

“Come on, you promised to do whatever I asked didn’t you?” Karen reminded me. “Besides it’s fairly dark in here.”

I pondered my options but there weren’t many. “Okay,” I said as I pulled the loose-fitting dress over my head.

“Count to twenty fairly slowly and then come on after me. But you have to WALK through the Funhouse - don’t run! I certainly don’t want you to get hurt running in the dark.”

That made sense so I agreed. As Karen went out of sight I started to get very and I mean VERY anxious. There was nothing to legitimately explain my nudity if I was caught. I could hear the muffled sounds of the carnival outside reminding me that there was a huge crowd milling around out there and at any moment someone might come in!

I counted to twenty and proceeded to walk. I had only taken a few steps in the creepy red glow of the Funhouse when a bell went off “RINNNGGGG” and a lighted clown face popped out of a cabinet scaring me half to death. My adrenalin was already tanked up because of my nudity! That stupid clown sent it off the charts! When I realized it was just a clown I laughed out loud to keep my sanity!

I walked on further and strobe lights went off illuminating my body. Gee, I don’t look half bad under these lights I thought to myself! The lights went off and I walked on. Gee this ride is pretty lame – except of course for my lack of clothes. Maybe that’s what Karen was trying to teach me - that ANY situation no matter how mundane can be fun with a little imagination. Not a bad thought I supposed.

I saw a corner up ahead and figured something would scare me so I slowed down and leaned against the far wall expecting some clown or mechanized monster to pop up and scare me. Nothing happened. I crept along a little closer and stopped once again. I tried peering around the corner to see if I could see anything.

“AHHHHHHHH!” I screamed as I felt something on my boob! I looked down and it was a hand – a REAL hand, fondling my naked breast! I almost panicked until I heard Karen laughing. It was HER hand and it was now sensually massaging my nipple. I was instantly repulsed and aroused at the same time. Another woman was touching me! I instinctively pulled her hand off my body as she chuckled. I must admit I was shocked realizing that I was starting to get wet. No, that’s sick! I thought and tried to focus on matters at hand! Imagine another woman doing that to me!

She took off ahead once again leaving me in the dark. I certainly couldn’t have too much farther to go as that trailer wasn’t that big! After another two episodes of howling monsters and sudden buzzers I saw an illuminated sign that said “EXIT THIS WAY with an arrow pointing through a black curtain.

Good, I thought. I’ll meet Karen at the door, get back into my dress and exit outside! Just then I heard the unmistakable sounds of other people in the Funhouse and they were coming towards me! They were at the howling monster which was unacceptably close. There was no time to lose! I walked through the curtain and got the shock of my life!

I was now OUTSIDE the Funhouse and in the House of Glass! That stupid Funhouse was attached to the House of Glass attraction. I could see Karen only about fifteen feet from me holding my dress! I looked back and saw a couple of teenage guys coming out of the Funhouse so I took off towards Karen and – BAM! I ran smack dab into a glass panel! Ouch that hurt!

I could see the blurred faces of many, many people on the ground watching me and pointing at my naked body! I quickly tried another direction – BAM - another glass panel! I was never going to get out of this place!  I put my arms out to feel my way along . . . glass . . . glass . . . opening! GREAT! I darted through the opening and THUMP – glass panel.

I must have twisted and turned a couple of dozen times trying to get out of that place. The more worried I became about how long I was exposed the faster I tried to go and BAM – glass panel! If you have never tried to make your way through The House of Glass at a carnival I STRONGLY suggest that you try it yourself before making fun of me! It ain’t that easy I assure you!

I meandered around working my way ever closer to Karen and then – BAM- another damn panel. The real passageway led me AWAY from her in another direction. I could hear her laughing. I realized that she must have planned this whole thing in advance – even down to knowing where to stand to confuse me!

More people gathered down below and I was starting to get worried! I looked back and the teenagers were gaining on me and they too were making rude comments about my butt and boobs! I felt like a trapped rat in a glass cage! Wait a minute – that’s what I was!

I managed to finally get to the real exit and let out a HUGE cry of relief as I felt the cool night air! I was free at last! Karen was hurrying up the steps of the platform to give me my dress back. I huddled my arms around me and bent over trying to cover myself as best I could until she reached me. She held out her outstretched arm with my dress as she took the last few steps up the ramp.

Then it happened! One of the teenage boys that had been following me pushed past me and grabbed my dress right out of Karen’s hand and ran down the ramp with it!

I screamed, which was the wrong thing to do, let me tell you! I had more people turn their heads to look at me that up until then had been totally oblivious to my nudity! They were looking now, though!

“GIVE ME BACK MY DRESS!” I shouted angrily.

The other boy, who was still behind me said, “What’s in it for us?”

I was about to punch his lights out when he actually had the nerve to say, “You can have the dress back if you let us have a feel! You know you want to.”

“PERVERT!” I yelled. “NO FRICKEN WAY!”

Karen was just a flabbergasted as I was at the sudden turn of events. I was sure that THIS wasn’t planned.

The boy shrugged his shoulders and pushed his way passed me and joined his friend at the bottom of the ramp who continued to taunt me with my dress.

Well I certainly wasn’t going to just stand there naked as the crowd grew larger so I boldly walked down the ramp with full intentions of getting my dress back – one way or another!

The boys seeing that I was coming after them took off running as I reached the ground. Then Karen tapped me on the shoulder.

“Ah don’t look now but I think things are about to get interesting,” she whispered in my ear. I looked up and saw a cop coming towards us! THIS time there was no protest permit to hide behind. I was screwed!

“What’s going on here?” he asked rather officially.

Karen spoke up and said, “Some boys stole her dress and . . .” she suddenly pointed, “and THERE THEY GO!” He turned his head just in time to see the two of them running away with my clothing.

“HEY YOU KIDS!” he yelled and took off after them. I saw him talking into his radio as he chased them.

NOW what was I going to do? I was naked in the middle of a carnival midway surrounded by a crowd of enthusiastic people. It was like a scene from an MTV Spring Break program only it was happening to me! People were cheering and whooping it up. Karen tried to clear a path for me to walk away but they only followed. I was getting very scared indeed. It would have been totally erotic if the crowd wasn’t so big!

Finally the policeman returned with my dress and handed it to me. It was torn but wearable.

“Thank you,” I said nervously as I quickly put it on – much to the disappointment of the crowd. Lucky for me those boys had been around otherwise I might have been caught naked without an excuse and been in REAL trouble.

“They got away,” the officer said. “They dropped the dress and ran when they saw me chasing them. Don’t worry they won’t get far. My partners are after them as we speak. Do you want to press charges for assault?”

“Um, no that’s okay. They were just having fun and things got out of hand. No harm done,” I explained.

“Well, if you’re sure?” he asked and I once again confirmed my desire to let things drop. He smiled and tipped is hat and resumed his rounds. They crowd also disbursed leaving Karen and me alone.

She looked at me and then suddenly busted out laughing.

“What’s so funny?” I asked.

“YOU are, silly. Have you looked at your dress?”

“No,” I replied then looked down. That little tear actually ran all the way up the dress to my belly button leaving a wide gap between my legs. My pubes were easily seen by anyone passing by.

I quickly reached down and held the dress closed.

“Let’s play a game,” Karen said slyly.

“Now what?” I asked nervously.

“If in the next 60 seconds some girl gets her dress blown up at the Funhouse revealing her panties to the crowd – you walk around the carnival leaving your dress alone. Whatever happens, happens.”

“And if no girl gets exposed?”

“I’ll wear your dress until we go home.”

WOW I thought. I have never been able to bargain with her before on one of her games. Maybe she was feeling badly for what had happened to me.

“Okay, you’re on. Start timing.” I said as we both watched.

Darned if it wasn’t just a few seconds before some bimbo was dumb enough to flash her panties as she stepped over the air jet.

I was stuck walking around the rest of the night without touching my torn dress! And I had that meeting with Mr. Goddard tomorrow!

**The Fashion Show – Book Two Tracy's Decision Part Nine**

I put my arms at my sides and did my best not to interfere with the natural movements of the dress as we walked around. Mostly I flashed a lot - and I mean a LOT - of thigh and a few times much more. I was aware that I was the object of attention of almost every male within a hundred feet of me. Everywhere I looked, men were watching me. I could almost feel the testosterone. THAT was certainly a weird feeling as I had never sensed such a thing before.

It was good for me actually to walk around like this. After what had happened in the House of Glass my self-confidence was at an all time low. Being stared at by all those males made me feel appreciated. It brought my mood up.

After several minutes of laughter our conversation ebbed. I decided that this might be a good time to broach the subject of Lisa.

“Karen,” I said pensively, “How is Lisa doing these days? I haven’t seen much of her lately.” I was hoping she would realize that spending so much time with me she was actually neglecting her real friend.

“She’s fine, why do you ask?”

“Oh just wondering. You two seem pretty close. I’d hate to think that I might cause a problem between you two.”

“That’s ridiculous!” Karen said incredulously. “You have no idea how much time we DO spend together. Besides, she’s my FRIEND, you’re my plaything.”  With that she abruptly changed the subject. “I’d like some cotton candy. What do you say we get some before we head home?”

Well I certainly didn’t handle that very well. At least I planted a seed so to speak and maybe she’ll at least think about Lisa a bit more in the future – which hopefully would mean she’d pay less attention to me.

I was tired the following day at work, which was a bad thing as I really wanted my meeting with Mr. Goddard to go well.

After collecting my thoughts and spending some much needed time on preparation I was as ready for him as I would ever be. I took my folder and headed out for the restaurant. I wanted to get there early so I could pick out the perfect table for our discussion. I would hate to arrive in the middle of the lunch hour rush and get stuck at a table next to the kitchen door or worse, the bus-boy’s station. That would be terribly distracting and counter-productive. I didn’t want to leave anything to chance.

I was also wearing one of my best dress suits – a white blouse with a red blazer and mid thigh length matching skirt. I even wore thigh-high stockings instead of pantyhose just to give me a “secret” edge and bolster my self-confidence. I figured if I FELT sexy and confident I’d BE sexy and confident.

The restaurant my client selected was quite elegant with marble floors, fine full-length linen tablecloths and live ornate plants decorating the several dining areas. I managed to secure an intimate rectangular table against a corner wall – perfect for conducting business.

As I sat there with my back to the wall waiting I looked over my material one final time. I was startled a bit by someone sitting down next to me.

“Lisa?” I said totally bewildered. “What on earth are you doing here?”

She just looked at me menacingly without saying a word. My clients would be arriving soon and the LAST thing I needed was for Lisa to cause a scene. “I can’t talk now. I have a business meeting to conduct.”

“I know,” she said simply, “with Mr. Goddard. Karen told me this morning.” She just kept looking at me sternly.

Finally I had endured enough. “Just what is it that you want?”

“You couldn’t leave it alone could you? I saw the two of you last night. Karen was supposed to take ME to that carnival yesterday. Instead she called and told me she couldn’t make it. I suspected that something was up so I went anyway and what did I see?”

“Now Lisa . . .” I said cautiously. “You’re blowing this all out of proportion. It’s not what it looks like!”

“I warned you not to mess with me and to leave Karen alone!”

“Now just a darn minute, I talked with Karen yesterday about it and even suggested that she spend more time with you. Just ask her yourself.”

“Oh she told me you brought up the fact that you thought I was jealous. Do you know what she said? She told me to get over it! Can you believe that? She told ME to get over it!”

“Oh . . .” I said empathetically.

Lisa’s expression turned to one of despair. “I think you need another lesson as obviously you learned NOTHING from our last encounter.”

“I’m warning you Lisa, if you try anything today I’ll call the cops and press charges and I mean it.” I said authoritatively.

“Oh I’m not going to do anything TO you,” Lisa said smugly. “You’re going to do it voluntarily.”

“What?!”

Lisa had a smirk on her face as she pulled out a large envelope and placed it on the table. She reached inside and pulled out several 8 by 10 inch photos and began laying them on the table in front of me.

I almost had a stroke! The photos were damning to be sure. There I was standing naked inside the House of Glass at the carnival. Another photo showed the two leering teenage boys standing beside me obviously enjoying themselves and the last photo showed me totally naked with a stern looking cop standing in front of me as if he was giving me a lecture!! If the photos were viewed in that order anyone would assume that I was in deep trouble!

I studied them for a minute and then looked up at Lisa almost pleading for forgiveness before I even said anything. “I don’t know what to say, that is, um, I want to say . . . what is it that you want?” I finally asked as nervous as I could be.

Lisa kept her cool. She smiled and very simply said, “I want your skirt.”

“Oh is THAT all?” I asked sarcastically.

“No, actually I want your panties too.”

“You’re kidding, right?” I asked hopefully.

“Nope, you don’t HAVE to give them to me though. You COULD keep them. I wonder what Mr. Goddard would say if I showed these to him, or Mr. Darthwaite for that matter.” She looked at me slyly. “You know what? I think I’ve changed my mind. I’ve decided I’d rather just stay here and have lunch with you guys. I think it will be a whole lot more fun seeing their faces when I tell them what you did last night. I’m sure they’ll like the photos too!”

My client was surely going to arrive any minute with his associate. I couldn’t very well . . . oh what choice did I really have? If there was one thing I knew for certain and that was Lisa’s determination. She meant what she said and we both knew it! Maybe I could pull this off somehow. Or maybe sneak out before they got here. I could tell them I was delayed and then go up the street to get a new outfit. I’d probably embarrass myself in front of a few strangers but anything was better than doing it in front my client! It was still early.

“Okay Lisa, I’ll give you my skirt,” I remarked.

“AND your panties,”

“Fine and my panties, but later on you, Karen and I are going to have a long talk.”

“No we aren’t.” Lisa snapped. “There will be no meeting because you aren’t going to say a word to her about this. Not unless you want these spread around.”

“Fine,” I said again wanting to expedite this and get her out of here.

I looked around and saw that no one was paying any particular attention to our corner of the room. I unbuttoned the skirt and swiftly slid it off and handed it to Lisa. I did the same with my panties.

Of course Lisa was in no mood to be charitable and just held onto my skirt in plain view with my flowery panties on top of the skirt!

My naked butt felt weird against the cool leather chair.

I hurriedly covered myself with the red linen napkin.

Lisa stood up and after gathering up her photos said “I trust your meeting will be productive.” She giggled and started to walk away but then, as an afterthought turned around and added, “Oh and we aren’t through with each other yet. This is just a little prelude to a much bigger dealing later on. WE have things to resolve.”

I cringed as I saw her haphazardly carrying my panties and skirt over her arm as she boldly walked right through the dinning room.

I looked at my watch. I still had fifteen minutes before our meeting was to take place. If I left now I could get something else to wear and be only a little late. Besides what executive ever showed up to a meeting on time? They’re all fashionably late, I tried to convince myself. It’s a power thing I thing. Of course I would be flashing my naked ass to anyone who happened to look my way, but it was a necessary risk I had to take.

I spied a side door not to far from me and thought that was where I would make my mad dash in order to leave. It was perfect as it would keep me from leaving via the main entrance where all the customers would be gathering shortly.

I swallowed hard and started to get up when I heard a familiar voice say, “Tracy! There you are. I’m glad you came early. We have lots to discuss.”

It was Mr. Goddard and at his side was a lovely female assistant just a little older than I was! I bent over the table practically hugging the tablecloth to keep myself covered and shook their hands. I couldn’t sit down fast enough and my napkin made it back to my lap at the speed of light!

“This is Penny Livingston the associate I was telling you about,” he said by way of explanation.

Mr. Goddard took a chair directly opposite me and to my surprise and utter dismay Penny sat in the chair right next to me!

**The Fashion Show – Book Two Tracy's Decision Part Ten**

My mouth went dry and I quickly reached for my water glass. I kept fidgeting with my napkin trying my best to keep myself covered without drawing unwanted attention.

We made small talk for a few minutes and the waiter came and took our drink orders. I tried my best to hide the anxiety in my voice but I don’t think I was doing a very good job of it.

After several minutes of pleasantries, Mr. Goddard spotted someone he knew across the room. “Excuse me ladies, but I must chat with a friend of mine for a few moments. You two get better acquainted while I’m gone.”  He stood up and left leaving me alone with Penny.

I fidgeted with my spoon for a moment as Penny sat silently. Finally she moved her chair closer to me and whispered, “Okay, what’s going on?”

“ON,” I said with my voice squeaking. “Why whatever do you mean?”

She looked me right in the eyes and smiled. “Well for one thing you’re as nervous as a cat in a dog pound. Look at the way you’re messing with that spoon. And for another, you’re only wearing a napkin!”

OH MY GAWD! She knows!!!

“I . . . ah . . . That is . . . oh GAWD!” I said babbling like an idiot.

“Calm down,” she whispered sweetly.

“How’d you know?” I asked without thinking.

Giggling she replied, “I can see the end your thigh highs and the bare skin of your butt on the chair. That napkin isn’t big enough to hide all of you!”

My heart literally stopped beating. I was busted!!!!!

“Is this some sort of dare?” she asked playfully.

“No, and I rather not go into it if that’s okay. This is just AWFUL! I’m so sorry.” I said choking on my words. “Oh PLEASE DON’T GIVE ME AWAY, I’d just die!”

Penny smiled and winked at me just as Mr. Goddard returned to our table. I was ready to piss on the chair my muscles were so weak from fright. I just knew that she was going to blow the whole thing!

“Well how have you two been getting along?” he asked taking his seat. I looked over at Penny as tears welled up a bit in my eyes. Here it comes, I thought. I’m so screwed.

“Very well, actually,” she said giving me another wink. “I’m quite impressed with Tracy’s credentials.”

Credentials? We never discussed my credentials. I then realized she wasn’t going to say anything. I sighed long and hard.

“Everything okay, Tracy,” Mr. Goddard asked? Oh man I must a have sighed out loud!

“Yes, certainly; I was just . . . admiring this place. It’s wonderful.”

“It IS marvelous isn’t it?” he remarked as he studied his menu.

I was on pins and needles all through lunch. Like most working lunches we saved the actual business discussion until after we had eaten.

I was quite concerned about the people at the table next to us as a man seated there kept looking over at me. I could just imagine that if Penny could see my naked butt on the chair – so could he! Mercifully he didn’t make a scene.

Penny was acting quite playful for someone who was held in such high regard by her employer. I still wasn’t sure what to make of her or if I could trust her.

When the moment came to actually begin negotiations I cleared a spot on the table and opened my folder. Penny inched ever so close to me, ostensibly to get a better look at my documents that her chair was almost on top of mine!

As we sat there talking back and forth on the finer points of reaching a deal, something happened that literally took my breath away. I let out an audile gasp as I felt Penny’s hand slowly reach under my napkin! She began running her fingers through my pubic hair as I was right in the middle of answering a question for Mr. Goddard! It took all my courage NOT to react and I did my best to just keep talking.

When I was through speaking I looked over at Penny who just smiled at me as she agreed with the point I had just made, all the while twisting my short hairs around her fingers.

What on earth was she playing at?!

Our discussions continued and to my surprise she actually started taking my company’s position on certain issues that Mr. Goddard and I had previously been at an impasse over.

“What do you think Tracy about reducing the amount for this service to 10% net?” Mr. Goddard asked.

“Well, I think that . . . ahhhhhh,” my voice rose in crescendo as I felt Penny remove the napkin from my lap entirely leaving my pelvis exposed.

“Go on,” he urged.

“I think that 10% net is . . . Oooooooo,” my voice broke again as I felt Penny’s fingers rubbing little circles on my clitoris.

“Fine 10% is too low then. Okay, how about 13%?” he asked as if we were negotiating.

I really don’t . . . hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm,” I said almost losing it completely as she actually inserted a finger inside of me!!

“15% and that’s the best I can live with!” he said directly.

Actually my company had authorized a rate as low as 11% so I was pleased to see that he was willing to agree to such a generous fee for that particular service. “Done,” I said breathing rapidly now as Penny was fingering me with a vengeance!

“You sure get into these tough negotiations, don’t you?” He asked obviously referring to my heavy breathing.

I couldn’t believe what was happening! A perfect stranger was trying her best to get me off while I sat bottomless in an elite restaurant as a VERY important client sat right across from me totally oblivious to what was going on!! I was sopping wet and totally embarrassed.

“You drive a hard bargain, sir.” I replied answering his question. I then looked over at that man at the next table who had previously been giving me the eye. He was all smiles and I knew that he was watching EVERYTHING!

Penny asked for a counter-concession from me on the length of the contract and proposed increasing the term another year while holding the fees the same. At the same time she also increased the rate of her fingering such that I was close to an orgasm.

I had no such authority to agree to that request but it was too late I felt pressure building below and . . . Oooooooo, aahhhhhhhhhhh, hmm, hmmm, hmmmmm hmmmmmmmmmm” I muttered under my breath as I came so hard it was all I could do not to shout.

“I take you that you agree then,” he said seriously. “YES!” I said emphatically. The “Yes” was actually for my pleasure not answering his question but that’s how he took it.

“Penny I think that was all she could give. I believe we have a deal!” he said as he wiped his mouth with his napkin ad placed it on the table. Penny just chuckled a bit at the inside joke and agreed with her boss.

I know he meant something totally different but he was right. I COULDN’T possibly have given any more. I was totally drained as Penny slid her fingers out from my inner most spot. I was totally embarrassed as I saw her wiping them with her napkin in plain view of Mr. Goddard. She did it so nonchalantly that I don’t think he suspected anything but it was still humiliating to watch!

Much to my relief Penny carefully replaced the napkin back on my lap as she chatted with her boss. After a few more minutes of business conversation, Mr. Goddard said it was time to wrap things up as he had to get back to the office.

Penny got out of her chair as her boss stood to pay the bill.

“I’ll get that,” I said still seated. He smiled appreciatively and put his company credit card back into his wallet. Penny gathered her things and left ahead of him.

“I’m glad that you and Penny got along as well as you did,” he said as he shook my hand. He then smiled such a weird smile that sent chills up my spine and added, “She has such a way of conducting business, doesn’t she?” He left without waiting for an answer.

Oh for Pete’s sake, I thought. Don’t tell me he knew . . . that she was all part of the plan to get me to agree . . . I felt so used!! Then my rational mind took control and reassured me that I was just over-imagining things. Surely not!

As my heart rate got back to normal the full weight of my present situation hit home. I was still bottomless and I STILL had to get out of here!

The restaurant was at capacity now so a quick escape was NOT an option. I had to THINK!

Finally I got an idea. I waited until most everything had been cleared from the table and then moved the remaining things off to the side and lifted the linen tablecloth off the table and carefully wrapped it around my waist forming a makeshift skirt. Yes I know I was STEALING.

I was able to make it to that side door I had spotted earlier without incident and soon I was outside.

I drove myself home and changed my outfit and returned to work.

Mr. Darthwaite was pleased that I finally landed a contract though he was less than thrilled that I extended the term without permission. All in all he seemed okay with everything which made me feel quite relieved. FINALLY I had some GOOD news to report to him after all those months of accomplishing nothing!

Upon reflection I hated to admit it but here was another contract the success of which I had to attribute at least partially to Karen and Lisa! In some weird way they were the biggest career boosters I had ever seen!

**The Fashion Show – Book Two Tracy's Decision Part Eleven**

Over the course of the next few days I continued to wonder what Lisa was going to do with those photos. I had to get them back or face an uncertain future under her thumb.

I know what you’re thinking, that I seem pretty willing to be under Karen’s thumb serving at her pleasure, why not Lisa too? There was just something about Lisa that stuck in my craw. Basically, I couldn’t stand the girl. She was a petty, stuck–up, feckless do nothing that always thought she was better than everyone else. I call her types “plastic people” because despite her looks nothing about her is real – not even her boobs.

I planned and plotted and plotted and planned as to how to not only get my photos back but humiliate Lisa in the process. Although most of my ideas were wildly outrageous, none of them were practical. There was no way I could pull them off.

One day Karen had a light schedule at work and asked me to join her for lunch. I agreed and as we were sitting there talking I felt strangely at ease. It was as though we shared a special friendship. I hadn’t felt that before so I decided to confide in her my problem.

“Karen,” I said cautiously, “I have a problem with Lisa and it’s worrying me to death. You see she has these photos . . .”

“You mean of you naked at the carnival?” she asked plainly.

“You KNOW about those?!”

“Oh sure, I arranged for her to take them,” Karen admitted without remorse.

I was in shock! I felt betrayed and manipulated. “YOU?! You did that on purpose?!”

“Let’s just say it was all part of the plan,” she said casually as she ate her lunch.

I was furious. Just when I thought I could TRUST her I discover how devious she really is! I was angry as I asked, “PLAN?! It was all part of the PLAN?!”

Karen stopped eating and collected her thoughts. “Tracy, you’ve got a good thing here. Don’t blow it. Just drop it okay? If the photos are all you’re worried about – you have no reason to fear. They won’t bother you any more. In fact I’ll arrange to get them to you if you want.”

“You and Lisa . . . you two set me up at the restaurant?! You knew what was going to happen? I can’t believe it!!”

“Calm down,” Karen said. “You’re getting yourself all worked up over nothing. It’s no big deal.”

“Maybe not for YOU, but it is for ME!!” I snapped. “What were you planning on doing, blackmailing me for more money? What is 25% of my salary not enough for you?!”

“Someday when you’re ready I’ll explain it all to you. For now just go with the flow. You’ve had fun so far I know for a FACT that you have AND you’ve done fairly well with your career as a bonus.” Karen explained. “I know you’re upset now but trust me, everything is fine.”

I sat there and stewed. I was pissed and she knew it. And to think that I thought LISA was the one I had a problem with.

We sat in silence as Karen returned to finishing her lunch. I was no longer hungry so I sulked. Karen finally looked up and said sweetly, “I know just what you need. Let’s play a game.”

“Screw you,” I said hatefully and got up and walked off.

I went back to my office in such a foul mood. I could hardly get any work done as I was so upset. Karen came by just before quitting time. “What do you want?” I said gruffly.

“Still mad I see. I just wanted to apologize if I upset you in some way, just don’t do anything rash. Go home and get a good night’s sleep. Things will look better in the morning.”

Well, they DIDN’T look better in the morning or the following day either!

Saturday rolled around and I slept until almost noon I was so depressed. I was moping around when suddenly the doorbell rang. It was Karen and Lisa. “What are you two doing here?”

“We need to talk,” she said as she invited herself in and closed the door. “I think it’s time you knew the whole story.” She said as she pulled out a chair at the dining room table for me to sit down.

“What - that you two have made up and are now best friends again. Is this your way of letting me down easy by telling me that I’m in the way?” I said sarcastically.

“Just shut up and listen,” Lisa interjected.

“Fine, just say what you came here to say. I’m listening.” I then got up and took off my shirt and started undoing my bra. “Oh wait, maybe you guys want to take more pictures too. Here,” I said tossing my top and bra to Lisa, “Hold these while I take off my pants.”

Karen giggled and said, “That won’t be necessary but you certainly have MY permission if you want to get more comfortable.” I stopped what I was doing and sat there topless waiting for her to continue.

“Tracy, have you noticed how big our company has grown, even in just the short time you’ve been with us?”

“Well, yeah. We do good work.” I said believing that was obvious.

“Well it takes more than just good work, it takes serious dedication to grow the business and a sound business strategy to achieve success.”

“You’re sounding like a commercial,” I retorted.

“Tracy, you were recruited.” Lisa interrupted.

Karen seemed agitated by her comment and gave Lisa a stern look. “Tracy, you were indeed recruited,” Karen continued. “Have you ever wondered why I picked you to model at the Fashion Show?”

“Because you wanted to humiliate me?”

“No, Mr. Darthwaite and I thought you had what it takes and we wanted to test you to see if we were right.”

“Huh? Mr. Darthwaite is in on this too?”

“I’m going to tell you something that is strictly confidential. There’ll be serious consequences if you EVER breathe a word of this to anyone.”

“Go on,” I encouraged reluctantly.

“In our competitive business climate we’ve discovered that sex sells. It’s part of a well-designed corporate strategy. YOU have been part of that strategy. Didn’t it occur to you that your best success with clients came when you found yourself in compromising situations? Think back to Mr. Benson, Mr. Goddard and Mr. Jefferson. They all ‘caught’ you in sexually embarrassing situations. As a result, the company got the contracts and YOU got the promotion.”

“You’ve GOT to be kidding?!” I said in disbelief. “You mean all of the stuff that happened to me was by design?”

“Yes. In fact you’ve already proved the validity of our strategy yourself. When you weren’t doing well with your clients what type of person were you? A professional that’s what you were. And you know what? Companies are FULL of professionals. What drives our success revolves around sex – pure and simple; nothing overt – just some innocent exposure that can break down barriers.”

“You mean you and Lisa aren’t in a dom/submissive lifestyle? That all the things you did to me and let me do to you was all an ACT and strictly business?!!”

“In a manner of speaking, that’s correct. Lisa and I are known internally within the company as ‘Handlers’. We recruit potential key employees to help the firm succeed and manage their activities.”

“But, what about Lisa at the restaurant the other day? Why all the stuff about blackmailing me with those photos?”

“After you told me about the luncheon meeting with Goddard and that he was bringing in an associate of his to help wrap up negotiations we had to act fast. You see we figured he’d bring in Penny.”

“Penny WAS one of ours before she left our company. She works for Micro- Tech Systems now.” Lisa added.

“That’s right. Penny was trained by Lisa and me and knows how successful our strategy is. We figured we HAD to do something to keep her off balance so we devised a plan,” added Karen.

“Penny, you see,” Lisa explained, “Has a weakness for pretty women.”

“You mean she’s a lesbian?” I asked.

“Yes. We figured she was going to try her best to manipulate you so we thought we’d toss her a little something too tempting for her to pass up to keep her off guard. And that temptation was you.” Lisa said.

“It worked too as the final contract was DEFINITELY in our favor. I think both Penny and Mr. Goddard were put so off-balance by observing your orgasm that they weren’t thinking clearly and thought they actually got the better deal.”’

“You mean he KNEW! YOU were watching me?” I asked incredulously.

“Of course we were watching. We were waiting in case we were needed.” Lisa said.

“When we trained Penny she knew in advance what she was getting into. When she left and we saw she was practicing our strategy for another firm, we decided not to tell anyone else in advance of what we were doing. I suppose that some would call it manipulative but I think you deep down were a willing participant. Don’t you agree?” Karen asked.

“Well, sort of . . . but you were all so convincing! I had no idea!”

“Well, that’s because we both LIKE this lifestyle – otherwise you would have NEVER been able to humiliate us with that protest idea of yours – which was pretty cleaver actually.” Karen remarked.

I was stunned! It all made sense. I never saw it coming though. NEVER! And how effective they had been at keeping me from seeing through their plan! I was truly amazed. I thought back to the time prior to Karen asking me to help with the Fashion Show when I was still trying to figure out the company’s informal rules for success and it all made sense now. My meteoric rise was due in part to my business skills and in part due to my body! By handling my nudity so well in front of my coworkers backstage at the Fashion Show, I must have passed the test!

“Now what happens?” I asked. “I mean I know everything.”

“We both think that you are much like us in that you really ENJOY this type of ‘play’ and because of that you’d be good at your job using our strategy regardless of knowing what you know.” Lisa said plainly.

“So you have a DECISION to make and it’s a big one,” Karen pointed out. “You can join us in our secretive exploits or you can leave the company and pursue other career opportunities.”

“Oh . . .” I said a bit taken aback.

“If you decide to join us, be in Mr. Darthwaite’s Office Monday at 8:00 o’clock – completely naked of course. He has a client that needs a little encouragement to sign on with the firm. He’ll explain what he wants you to do.”

“And as an incentive to decide to say YES,” Karen continued, “You’ll get to help train our next recruit, completely in secret of course.”

“Who’s the next unknowing person you are trying to recruit?”

“You know Mandy, don’t you?” Lisa asked with a giggle.

I already knew my decision.