**The Fashion Show**

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**The Fashion Show – Book Three Tracy's Recruit Part One**

All weekend I debated as to whether the decision I had made on Friday was the right one. I was young and had many career opportunities ahead of me with more than likely several different companies before I retired. Why should I jeopardize my chances for success with this one decision? I had no guarantees that things would work out either way. Of course a good friend of mine once told me that the two words that have led to the greatest amount of failure in all of history were: “WHAT IF.” Maybe it was time that I put those two words aside and just stuck with my decision.

As I got out of the shower on Monday morning I looked over my resignation letter one last time. The words were eloquent – I could have been a writer I thought instead of being in the middle of this mess. Still, I WAS after all a professional. I knew what I had to do.

I carefully folded the resignation letter and put it in its envelope and sealed it ever so carefully . . . then wadded it up and threw it in the trash. Who was I kidding? I knew deep down what I was really going to do. The temptation was just too great. Karen and Lisa were right in thinking I was just like them.

Filled with doubts I drove to the office wearing my usual business attire. I took the elevator to the Executive Floor and made my way to Mr. Darthewaite’s office. He wasn’t in. He usually didn’t get in until nine o’clock and it was only eight.

I was certain I had to do this before I changed my mind again! I closed his door and started undressing. Taking off my blouse and skirt was easy. When I got to my pantyhose I felt very uncomfortable. Soon I was naked and let me tell you it was weird being in an office of such power and splendor.

I neatly folded my clothing and put them on the credenza along the side wall. I then began to nervously pace back and forth. This is no big deal, I told myself. He’s seen me naked already. This is all part of the job. I have no reason to be embarrassed, none whatsoever. I can do this. I mustered forth all my feelings of corporate loyalty and tried telling myself that I wasn’t being a slut or a whore – I was really being a team player. I was one of the few who were willing to give her all for the good of the company.

“Does that mean giving up your sex too?” A little voice echoed sarcastically in my head. I tried to tell myself that no one was asking me to sleep with anybody. Just tease a few clients with my body! There was nothing wrong with that was there?

As I walked naked around Mr. Darthwaite’s office I wondered how many people knew about Karen and Lisa’s role as “Handlers and about the REAL corporate strategy for success. If someone walked in on me now, would they understand that I was just doing my job or would they think I was out of my mind? If they were ‘in the know’ as it were, my nudity was legitimate, if they weren’t - I be seen as some type of Sicko.

I saw a picture of Mr. Darthwaite’s wife on his desk. I wondered what she would think or even IF she knew about this corporate strategy. I thought about whether she would approve of her husband seeing and WORKING with young, attractive naked women?

Then I got a terrible thought – what if this was all a joke? What if Karen and Lisa made all this up to get back at me for making them stand naked downtown as part of my protest? Oh I could see it all now. Karen was certainly cunning enough to trap me like this. What would Mr. Darthwaite think of me if this really WAS a joke and he walked in his office and caught me naked? How would I explain myself? A cold tingling sensation ran up my spine and I literally broke out in a cold sweat!

Then I heard his voice out in the hall saying his usual morning greetings to the staff! CRAP! I had to hide. I felt dirty somehow and didn’t want to lose my job over some cruel joke of Karen’s!

I immediately spotted the door to his private washroom and made a mad dash inside and hurriedly closed the door. Just in time too as I heard him entering his office!

As I stood there cowering it dawned on me that my clothes were still out in plain sight on his credenza! STUPID – STUPID – STUPID, I chastised myself!

Trapped naked in the President’s washroom with no way out; what a great way to start a Monday! I could hear him rustling papers and a million thoughts ran through my mind. How would I explain myself? What if he had to use the toilet and discovered me hiding in here like some wacko? My only hope was that he would have to leave to attend to some matter and, if he hadn’t already spotted my clothes, I could then re-dress and get the heck out of Dodge!

I huddled against the door listening for the slightest clue.

“Come in, come in,” I heard him say to some visitor. That’s all I needed, someone to occupy him for who knows how long thus prolonging my agony and the likelihood of my being caught.

“Too bad,” I heard him say. “I was really hoping you were right about this.”

“Yeah so was I. I REALLY thought she’d be here.”

It was KAREN!!! They were talking about me! This wasn’t a joke after all.

“Call Human Resources and start the termination process,” I heard him say. “You DID tell her she had to resign if she decided she couldn’t or wouldn’t participate, didn’t you?”

“Oh yes, she knew,” Karen replied.

I swallowed hard and opened the door fighting my natural instinct to cover myself. I tried my best to appear calm as I walked out into the office in just my birthday suit. “Hello,” I said as they both looked at me with puzzled faces. “Sorry, I needed to use your facilities. I hope that was alright.”

Karen was all smiles and said as though she was amazed, “TRACY, um, we were expecting Kayla! What are YOU doing here?!”

My hands immediately flew across my body covering my intimate parts and I must have blushed awkwardly as I stood there utterly ashamed. I could just KILL that Karen!!

Mr. Darthwaite looked at me silently with that poker face of his for a few awkward moments making me feel worse than I already did. He then smiled and said, “Now Karen, don’t be teasing her like that!” He began to laugh out loud. “Welcome Tracy. You look fabulous! I take it you’ve decided to be a covert operative for the company. Is that right?”

“Um, yes sir,” I answered meekly.

“Good! Glad to have on you on board. I think you’ll do a splendid job. Of course you’ll have to complete a lot more training but I’m sure Karen and Lisa will see that you get all the attention you need.”

“Thank you, sir,”

He then looked at me rather oddly and remarked, “RELAX Tracy, you’re among friends.” I realized that I was still in my ‘Embarrassed Naked Female’ pose and must have looked totally ridiculous. I dropped my arms at my sides and took a deep breath. Everything was out in the open now! I’m NEVER going to get used to this, I thought. I just wasn’t brought up that way. I was committed now, though, and I had to try! They were depending on me so I tried to act as if I was totally at ease with all this – which I wasn’t. I suck at acting!

“Before we get started,” he went on, “I need to be sure you understand the first and most important rule. It is vitally important that there are NO misunderstandings about this.”

“Yes?” I answered.

“What you are doing is under your own volition. The company in NO WAY sanctions, gives permission or in any form authorizes you to do this. If you are caught we will officially deny everything and you will face whatever consequences that may occur as a result of your conduct alone. Is that understood?”

I was a bit taken aback. Somehow I assumed that the company would look after me. “You mean I could get into trouble?”

“Well, you understand that the company can’t go on record as defending your actions. We would have to take the position that you were acting on your own accord and distance ourselves from any scandal. That goes without saying. Of course the company also recognizes its valuable team members and rewards them accordingly, if you take my meaning.”

“I think I understand.”

“As time goes on Karen will fill you in on all the rules. For the time being it’s best if you assume that EVERYONE in the company is clueless and should be treated as such. That’s why we call it a clandestine program. You’re basically on your own.”

Well that certainly cleared things up, so much for management support. Somehow knowing how things were, I began to feel much more vulnerable being naked in his office realizing that if someone would walk in at that very moment the President would basically throw me to the wolves; so much for legitimacy!

Mr. Darthewaite gathered Karen and me around his desk as he proceeded to tell us about the client he was expecting. I felt weird standing naked next to his desk as he sat there at eye level with my pelvis explaining everything. He would occasionally glance up at me, smile and continue talking. I couldn’t help but wonder what was running through that mind of his as he looked at me! Did he like my body? Did he have a favorite part? Was he a boob man, a booty person or what? Unlike the museum, when he saw me nude on the pedestal, this time I was only inches away from his face! He obviously wanted this man’s business very badly and had been working on this account personally for some time. When traditional methods appeared to be failing he had decided he needed a little extra help. I assumed that was where I came in.

“What do you want me to do?” I asked nervously.

“Just be your self,” he said cryptically. What on earth did that mean?

The intercom buzzer went off and his secretary’s voice blurted out, “Excuse me, Mr. Darthwaite, your son is here.”

“Good, send him in,” he said plainly without batting an eye.

HIS SON?!! I immediately covered myself once again causing them both to chuckle.

“It’s okay,” he explained as the door opened and in walked this incredible-looking blonde, athletic boy. He looked all of 18 years old!

“Lou,” he said invitingly. “Glad you could make it.”

“No problem,” he said as he looked me over with a gleam in his eye.

“Lou this is Tracy and she’s going to help us out this morning.”

“Great! Let’s get started. I don’t have much time before your client arrives.” Lou said as he began rummaging through the pack in his hands.

“What . . . what . . . do I do?” I asked hesitantly.

“My son here is going to sketch you as you pose over there. Just follow his instructions. I need to get a little more prepared myself come to think of it. Thanks for dropping by Karen,” he said showing her to the door leaving me alone with these two men! I was now VERY self-conscious.

Lou took me over to the credenza and moved my clothes aside. He had me sit on top of that piece of furniture. It felt awkward having him touch me as he tried to place me into the pose he wanted. I still didn’t understand what was going to happen but I went along without saying anything.

He had me sit on my right leg and bent my left leg at the knee placing my left foot on top of the furniture. My left arm he then placed on top of my bent knee and put my right arm behind my back. He took a seat a few feet from me and started sketching. Looking at him studying my body as he worked I couldn’t help but get a little excited. He was sooooo cute – nothing like his dad!! He would occasionally smile at me as he worked which melted my heart like a hot knife through butter!

I also began to figure out that from the closed office door all of my important parts were obscured by my bent leg and my left arm. I was naked but artistically posed. Unfortunately to my great discomfort I also realized that from Mr. Darthwaite’s desk, my kitty was not only completely exposed but pulled wide open to boot as my right leg was stretched way out under my butt! From the position of the only guest chair in front of the desk, if the client sat there for the meeting he would be looking straight up between my legs the entire time with no effort at all!!

Of course they COULD sit at the small round conference table at the back of the room too. If they did, that way he would only see the more artistic pose of my hidden nudity!

“Mr. Darthwaite,” the intercom squawked. “Your ten o’clock appointment is here.” My heart began to race. Like I said before, I’m never going to get used to this!!!!

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

“Ted!” Mr. Darthwaite said welcoming his guest into the room.

I couldn’t help but notice the look of surprise and shock on this man’s face as he spotted me sitting naked on the credenza. His eyes never left my body as my boss shook his hand.

“Oh, excuse me,” Mr. Darthwaite said noticing his client’s discomfort. “I almost forgot this is my son, Lou. Lou is an art major at City College. Tracy is one of my employees and sometimes does modeling on the side. Many of my team members are active in the arts. I am very proud of their well-rounded character.”

The client nodded his head still unsure of what was happening. I looked directly at him and he politely averted his eyes. I could tell he was a bit embarrassed dressed so formally yet in the presence of my nudity.

My boss then turned back toward his son as his client stood there next to the conference table and said, “Are you almost finished, son? I have an important meeting to conduct now.”

“I’m almost through, dad. Could I have a couple of minutes more?”

“Well, I really don’t think Ted would want to wait. He’s a very busy man.”

At least this whole situation was about to end, I thought. Just a little tease to loosen up the client, then down to business, pretty ingenious I’d say. I was breathing a little sigh of relief when the client walked over to Lou.

“Oh, I don’t mind at all. You just go on ahead, son. Your dad and I will move over to the desk there so as not to disturb you. Take as long as you need.” Ted said as he headed towards the desk.

“Thanks,” Lou replied as he continued sketching.

Just as I had feared the client took the chair in front of the desk giving him a clear shot up between my legs. In fact, from his position he could see pretty much ALL of me without even having to turn his head! My nipples began to stiffen as I pondered the situation. I was stuck, frozen as it were, unable to cover myself having to go through with the charade of being a life drawing model!

The two men began ostensibly discussing the firm’s proposal. I could tell the client wasn’t listening to a word my boss was saying. He was clearly fixated on my body. This is going to sound weird but I was actually enjoying myself. Even though he was an older man, there was something very distinguished about him. I could tell he looked at me with a very appreciative eye like he was admiring a thing of real beauty – like one would admire a perfect sunset or a mountain vista, not as one would instead ogle a nude female stripper. It made me feel good!! He wasn’t lurid at all. He just sat there smiling at me. In fact I don’t think he was even aware that I was observing him watching me he was so lost in his own thoughts. It was, I don’t know, very stimulating. So much so that I became aware that I was getting pretty worked up over the whole thing and, to my humiliation, I was becoming quite wet too.

Later on in the discussion I think he noticed my arousal as his smile changed somewhat and I thought I detected a hint of embarrassment on HIS part as he looked at my kitty.

For the first time he actually looked away from me – sort of like he realized for the first time that he wasn’t supposed to be looking there!!!  Now it was MY turn to be embarrassed!

The discussions continued until Lou announced, “I’m all finished dad.” He then turned to the client and continued, “Thank you, sir for letting me complete my drawing. I’ll need it for class this afternoon.” They shook hands and to my dismay, Lou left the room.

I silently wondered what I was supposed to do now. The discussions were clearly not over by a long shot as there was much work left to do. I couldn’t just hang around, I mean the reason I was there in the first place had just left out the door. I didn’t really know what Mr. Darthwaite wanted me to do either. I was just going to have to wing it. I got off the credenza. I was sure that the client was now getting a good look at my butt as I reached for my clothes, picking up my panties in my hand.

“Let’s ask Tracy to explain this. She’s got a lot more experience than I do about these things,” my boss said to Ted. “Tracy, could you help us out?”

“Sure,” I said nervously and walked over to the desk.

The client was holding up the contract as I approached, and he placed it back on the desk and began pointing towards a paragraph with his finger.

“Tracy is one of my Account Executives,” Mr. Darthewait explained. “She’ll settle this once and for all. I trust her completely.”

The client looked at me as I stood next to him. I was aware of the sweet smell of my own sex emanating from below. I’ve always known that whenever I get aroused, I can detect a distinct smell. Not foul mind you or over powering, just inviting – which was the last message I wanted to send to this fellow right now, I thought!

The client pointed his finger once again at a particular paragraph and asked, “Could you explain what this means, please? We seem to have a difference of opinion.”

I bent down so I could read the words. As I did I placed my hand on the desk to hold the contract papers open to the page I was reading. I then heard a little chuckle from the client. I glanced up and saw that my panties were STILL in my hand and clearly in view as they draped over the papers. “OH! I’m so sorry,” I said quite embarrassed. I pulled my hand to my side and tried to scrunch them up inside my palm.

My mind returned to the question at hand and I did my best to explain my understanding of how that point would play out if the contract was executed.

“See, I TOLD you I was right,” The client said jokingly. “Thank you Tracy,” he said appreciatively then looking back at my boss, “You lucky dog! I wish my employees were that well informed.”

I stood there next to this man as discussions continued. I wasn’t sure WHAT to do. I was invited over but was I finished? I didn’t want to appear rude by just walking away and I certainly didn’t want to over-extend my welcome either.

Finally the client stood up, put his arm around my waist, leaned over and whispered in my ear, “Just forget your boss is here and answer this for me as honestly as you can, okay?”

“Ah . . . sure,” I stammered a bit unsure of myself. Feeling the warmth of his arm around my waist was quite disconcerting. Normally I wouldn’t have given it a second thought if I was clothed wearing my usual business attire. I mean it was just a simple gesture after all. But I wasn’t dressed, I was NAKED! And that made all the difference!

“All in all, tell me straight, is this a good contract or am I being taken for a ride?” He turned me so that I faced him and looked me in the eyes, “I KNOW I can TRUST you. You were fair with me before so I’m sure you’ll give me an honest answer now.”

I swallowed hard as I saw his eyes dropping to my breasts. OH GAWD he was leering at my nipples now!!! “It’s a good contract,” I said to him confidently.

“Fine,” he said as he let go of me. “Give me a pen, you old goat,” he jokingly remarked to my boss. “If Tracy here says it’s a good contract, who am I to disagree?” He picked up the pen and then added, “After all, she’s got nothing to hide!”

His double meaning wasn’t lost on my boss and the two men laughed heartily as the contract was executed.

The client reached out to shake my hand. As He did so I felt his hand against my balled up panties! He pulled them from my hand as he released his grip. He held them up in front of me once again and thanked me for my help. “I believe these are yours,” he said giggling and handed them back to me. I snatched them and hid them behind my back like a humiliated school girl. After he left I collapsed on the chair next to the desk!

“GREAT JOB,” Mr. Darthewaite said patting me on my back. “Nice touch looking all embarrassed like you did. I think that was very effective acting on your part, very convincing indeed!”

What acting, I thought to myself? I was embarrassed to death!!!

As I put my clothes on it dawned on me that getting dressed with him watching my every move was almost as bad as being naked. No, I think I was actually worse – especially when I did my little dance to pull my pantyhose on!! Nobody is supposed to witness such things!

Turning to leave he said to me, “Tracy, be sure and get with Karen as soon as you can. You’ll need to finish your training before you can assist her with recruiting our next ‘volunteer.’ Oh, I must warn you though that Karen has some pretty unorthodox methods but I must say they are most effective. Just follow her directions and after all is said and done, I’m sure you’ll agree.”

“Yes, Mr. Darthewaite. I’ll do my very best,” I replied as he left the room closing the door behind him.

What on earth was THAT supposed to mean, unorthodox methods? What have I agreed to now?

As I buttoned the last button on my blouse he poked his head back into the office and added, “Oh and I hope you won’t mind but I’m sure you realize that my son will most likely be showing that drawing of yours to everyone on campus. He’s quite good you know. I’m sure you didn’t get a chance to see the finished product but I can certainly vouch for the fact that it looks remarkably like you!”

“Ah . . . thanks for pointing that out,” I said as he closed the door again.

Later that afternoon Karen dropped by my office and said, “I hear you got another contract! Well done, girl!”

“So you’ve heard already?”

“Yeah, the old man was quite impressed. He also said I needed to start your training right away.”

“Listen, Karen, about that,” I interrupted.

“Oh, don’t worry. It’s just like all the stuff you’ve been doing all along with some more games thrown in for good measure. The only difference is that I get to explain a few things along the way that will make you better at your job and avoid getting caught!”

“Meet me after work and we’ll start right away.”

“Okay . . . I guess there’s no time like the present,” I sighed. This was going to be one of those days. I could just feel it in my bones!

**The Fashion Show – Book Three Tracy's Recruit Part Three**

After I got home I called Karen and once again she arranged to pick me up. Just once I’d like to drive myself. I HATE being dependent upon someone else for transportation.

“I suppose I’m not allowed to know where you are taking me,” I stated a bit flippantly as I spoke with her on the phone.

“Just out to do a little shopping. Tonight won’t take too long,” she replied cheerfully. I thought it odd that she didn’t dictate a certain outfit that I was supposed to wear. I guess I’m just a little too jumpy when it comes to that girl.

As we drove along Karen and I chatted about all sorts of girlie stuff the likes of which I won’t bore you guys with. Suffice it to say the topics revolved around the latest Hollywood gossip, boys, and who was seeing who at the office. I really enjoyed our conversation though and it did wonders to break down a few protective barriers I had erected between us.

We entered the mall and Karen escorted me to an upscale women’s apparel shop. I was a little put off by the prices of some of the outfits on the racks. They were exorbitant! Karen must have sensed my angst as she said, “The Company wants to buy you an outfit or two – strictly business attire.”

“What’s wrong with my wardrobe?” I asked a bit defensively.

“Nothing,” Karen quickly replied. “Nothing at all, it’s quite, how should I say this, it’s quite professional.”

I raised an eyebrow. “Isn’t that what I’m supposed to look like? I can’t go around appearing like some cheap floozy at the office, can I?”

Karen laughed. “Of course not, but there are times when certain outfits are needed for those ‘special’ occasions. You’ll see what I mean. It’s all part of tonight’s instruction.”

She looked through the racks and picked out two outfits for me to try on. Here we go, I thought. She’s going to expose me in this store as I try on some slutty-looking garment.

She didn’t. The outfits she picked out were quite modest in design. In fact she was quite business-like about the whole process. The second outfit she really liked a lot and told me that she wanted me to wear it home. “Do me favor?” she asked. “Take off that bra before putting on the blouse again. It ruins the look. Then finish dressing. I’ll go and pay for these and be back in a minute.”

That was an odd request. The outfit consisted of a light blue blouse with a plunging collar, dark blue skirt that flared out quite nicely at the waist. It was a bit short but not so short that it would look out of place at the office. Rounding out the ensemble was a dark blue waist coat. As I looked at myself in the mirror I thought I looked rather sharp. Of course I wasn’t wearing any pantyhose which would have completed the look. My first concern after hearing Karen’s request was that the blouse was going to be transparent or something, but it wasn’t. The waistcoat would take care of that problem anyway even if it was. What was she up too? I wondered.

We left the store and found a bench and sat down. “Okay, I think it’s time for your first formal lesson,” she said. “Now I admit this will probably seem pretty boring after all you’ve been through already but I must stress that this is VERY important. You’ll see why later on. For now you’ll just have to trust me. I’m going to start at the beginning and take you through some things that you need to know – things that Lisa and I have skipped working on with you thus far. So, please pay attention. As I said you’ll see why this is so important a little later on.”

“Okay,” I said as I perked up to catch every word.

“In this job, you can’t always rely on blatant nudity to be effective. In fact many of our conservative clients would object rather strongly,” Karen explained. “Sometimes you have to be subtle or at least start that way to size up a particular client.”

“Size up?”

“Let’s put it this way. What we do is ONLY effective if the men think they are getting away with something – seeing something they aren’t supposed to see totally by accident. The accident must also be believable.”

“I see,” I remarked. “Otherwise they would see it as a bribe or something underhanded.”

“Precisely, you aren’t a whore. We usually start with something small and observe the client’s behavior. If they take the bait and seem to appreciate the sight before them, we know that they might be swayed by using our methods. If they don’t seem to be the least bit interested, we know that other methods might be called for. Subtlety, innocence and timing are everything.”

“Makes sense,” I said now understanding that there was more to this than just walking around naked all the time.

Karen looked me over and then continued, “Tonight we are going to practice a few things. Consider them tools of the trade.” She took me by the hand and led me to a jewelry store.

“You’re going to need a necklace with that outfit,” she explained. “Let’s pick one out.” Together we studied the items in the display case. A few minutes later a young man came over and asked if we needed help. “How much is the gold chain necklace in the back row there?” Karen asked the clerk.

“Excellent choice; I believe it retails for $595.00” The clerk then took out the chain for us to look at more closely. “Would Madame like to try it on?”

“Yes, please,” Karen answered for me. I leaned over and bent down a bit so he could reach across the counter and place the necklace upon me. As I was leaning over I just happened to look down and realized what was so special about this blouse – it sagged . . . a LOT! Tilting my chin even I could see all the way down into my blouse! My breasts were totally visible. I knew that the clerk could also see the same view as I held my position. When he was done fastening the clasp I looked up. The wry smile on his face confirmed that I was right and he did get a free shot.

Placing a mirror in front of me he asked, “Beautiful, isn’t it?”

“Not at $595.00,” I complained. “That’s a lot of money!” Realizing the purpose of this lesson I knew what I had to do. I deliberately bent down as if to look at other necklaces in the display case knowing that he would get another good look at my dangling boobs. I pretended to earnestly study other options giving him ample opportunity to take advantage of this ‘accidental’ exposure. I felt myself getting excited over the fact that he was indeed looking – and seemed to LIKE what he saw! That old feeling came over me and was just as intense as when I was sitting naked in Mr. Darthwaite’s office. Even though this was much more subtle, it was still a lot of fun as I was doing something naughty! More importantly someone, a CUTE someone at that, appreciated what I had to offer.

I finally straightened up and said I didn’t see anything that I liked. Karen had a stupid smirk on her face and I wasn’t sure why.

“Perhaps . . . yes,” the clerk said hesitantly, “Perhaps I can give you a special deal on that necklace . . . say $350.00. But you have to take it today.”

Karen piped up and said, “We’ll take it.”

As the clerk rang up the sale I nervously whispered in her ear, “KAREN, I can’t afford that necklace!”

“Don’t worry. It’s on the Company.”

After leaving the store we both busted out laughing. “Did you see the tent that guy made in his britches?” Karen asked through her laughter.

“NO WAY!” I exclaimed. “He pulled a boner?”

“Quite a nice package he was hiding under there, I would guess.”

Now I knew why she had that smirk on her face. “But all I did was let him get a peek at my boobs! You mean THAT’S all it took?” I asked naively.

“A quick flash of tits, a small panty peak, sometimes that’s just as effective as total nudity. You’ve got to realize that we girls have a whole array of tools at our disposal. Just like a man wouldn’t use a hammer to put in a screw when a screwdriver would be more effective, we women have to use whatever means that would work best for a particular situation. The trick is to know what to use when.”

“That makes sense, I think.” I remarked.

“You saw for yourself how effective a little flash can be. Why your boobs saved the company $245.00 tonight alone!”

“Yeah . . . what about that necklace? Why did the company want to buy it for me?”

The necklace is most important. First, it draws the man’s attention to your chest. Second, it gives him a plausible excuse for looking at your cleavage if he suspects you’ve spotted him – you know he could say, ‘I was just admiring that beautiful chain you have’. Third, it gives YOU a reason to get up and lean over so he can get a better look – at your boobs of course.” Karen then laughed at her last comment. “Without the necklace it puts the client in a most uncomfortable position if he thinks he’s been caught. Women’s lib is great but it sure has made men squeamish about admiring women’s bodies and our job much harder at times.”

I nodded my head in understanding.

“Go stand over next to that mall directory kiosk and watch this. I want to show you something,” Karen instructed. I walked over the fifteen feet to the kiosk and looked back at Karen. She then casually spread her legs. The tight mini-skirt she was wearing easily revealed her red panties with her legs parted as she sat acting totally oblivious to the fact that anyone walking by could see her underwear. I felt a little uncomfortable looking between Karen’s legs – but I didn’t look away either.

Finally I looked around the mall and noticed that almost every guy, and a few girls, looked at her. It was like a magnet – they HAD to look. Some even did double takes. I chuckled to myself watching what was going on. One guy even walked right into another guy as both were so distracted by Karen’s panties that they didn’t even notice they were about to crash into each other. Karen then called out to one passing man, “Excuse me, sir . . .”

The man immediately came up to Karen, who was made no attempt to close her legs as he stood right in front of her. “Where did you get that bag of popcorn?” she asked coyly.

“At the food court,” he said still looking at her pelvis.

“Gee, that sure looks good,” Karen remarked. “I’ll have to get me some.”

“Here, take mine,” he said practically throwing it at her. “I can get some more. I’m going that way anyway.”

“Why thank you,” Karen said in a sickeningly sweet voice. The man smiled and left, looking back at her twice before getting out of sight.

Karen walked over to me grinning from ear to ear. “Popcorn,” she asked?

“No thanks. Karen that was WICKED!” I said almost feeling sorry for that guy.

“I know. It really WAS sort of mean. I don’t always do that as a rule. I was just, you know, trying to demonstrate the power of the female body!”

“Yeah, I’ll bet you don’t,” I said skeptically.

“It’s a powerful tool, that hidden treasure between our legs. WE have to use it wisely. Use it too often and it loses its effect. Men get bored. THAT’S the whole point of this lesson. WE have to use a VARIETY of approaches to keep up their interest. Take Mr. Benson. He’s gotten a good look at you before. You now need to vary your approach just to keep him on the hook – just like tonight, a peek here an innocent flash there. He’ll be a happy client for a long time!”

“I see,” I said. “I really haven’t done anything else overt and Mr. Benson doesn’t seem like he’s been very happy with my work lately. He’s been awfully nitpicky over trivial things.”

“The next time you have a meeting with him, wear this outfit. Let him see your necklace – brightly colored panties too if you’ve a mind to show him.” Karen said giggling. I made up my mind to do just that.

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

**The Fashion Show – Book Three Tracy's Recruit Part Four**

Karen led me back to her car. I was SURE that she had been planning on doing something embarrassing inside the mall, but I guess I was wrong. As she opened the driver’s side door she stopped, looked up and said, “This game is actually part of your training.”

“Yeah, whatever,” I said a bit sarcastically, “what am I supposed to do?”

“Why, get naked of course.”

I should have known. “You mean now?”

Karen looked around and checked out the surroundings. “Yeah, why not? There’s nobody around and it IS starting to get dark.”

I shook my head in disbelief. I then recalled the words of our President when he said that Karen’s methods were a bit unorthodox but they were effective. In for a penny, in for a pound I thought and started to carefully undress – outside the car no less!

“Here you had better give me that business suit, otherwise you might get it crushed.” She said helpfully. Taking each item from me as I disrobed she folded it neatly and placed it in the backseat. Before long I was down to my panties. I looked at her hesitantly.

“Those too,” she instructed. I reluctantly did as she wished and handed over my last vestige of cover.

“Get in,” she said as she started the car. Once inside the passenger’s seat she handed me a small plastic bag and added, “Here, put this on.”

I hurriedly opened the bag thinking I was finally getting some cover.

“A BLINDFOLD?!” I exclaimed. “How in the world is this part of my training?”

Karen just laughed and watched as I nervously put it on. “The second lesson for tonight is all about how NOT to get caught or get into trouble.” As I sat there naked in her car I liked the sound of that. “I’m glad you said that about not being caught,” I remarked jokingly trying to pretend that I wasn’t nervous. Being naked in someone else’s car and totally blind really was unnerving. I had no clue about anything – not where we were going, not who might be looking – NOTHING! I had such a feeling of helplessness. “Karen, I really don’t like this. Isn’t there another way you could teach me what I have to learn? I take excellent notes you know.”

“What’s the matter, you don’t trust me?” she asked. “Gee, and after all the work we did on trust.”

“It seems to me that the last time we worked on trust I ended up going through a drive-thru NAKED!”

“Yeah, but I learned that I could trust YOU, so it wasn’t a total loss.” Karen laughed.

“Very funny,” I snapped.

“I want you to just keep quiet for a while as we drive along. The purpose of this exercise is to demonstrate that you don’t need to use your EYES to learn things. I want you to get used to using your other senses too – your nose, your ears, your sense of touch – all those can provide you with enormous amounts of valuable information.” She explained.

“Yeah, yeah I learned that in grade school. Why do I need to do this now? And naked too! I don’t understand.”

“You may have learned that lesson before but I’m betting you don’t often USE what you’ve learned. For example, tonight you exposed your breasts to that clerk. How did you know he actually looked at them?”

“Easy,” I quickly answered. “I saw him do it, and that stupid smile gave him away.”

“EXACTLY my point! You SAW him do it.” Karen said with emphasis. “In order for our methods to work you can’t be looking at the client! He has to think he GOT AWAY with something! If he sees you observing him – doing something he shouldn’t be doing he’s busted. He loses face and worse may feel humiliated by you. The whole business relationship is jeopardized because you LOOKED and he was CAUGHT!”

“But I looked tonight and everything worked out well, didn’t it?” I said confused.

“Tonight, maybe, but you can’t always look. But you DO always have to KNOW with certainty if the client is taking the bait. You can’t just flash and assume he loved it. Maybe he was put off or offended. You have to be certain.” Karen explained.

“That’s crazy. How is that possible? How can I be CERTAIN if I don’t see for myself what his reaction is?” I said angrily.

“Duh . . . that’s why we’re doing this. Of course the fact that you’re like totally NAKED will give you great incentive to be a fast learner.” I was starting to get mad. “You don’t have to be so insulting. I’m not STUPID, you know.”

“True, but it does take time to learn how to do this and time is something we really don’t have a lot of so just be quiet and try using your other senses.”

“Okay, okay” I said reluctantly hoping to get on with it.

We drove along for a while. I listened. I was aware we were stopping every so often then driving on. Okay, traffic lights, Hmmm, this wasn’t hard, I thought. We stopped again.

Karen broke the silence. “Tracy, do you think someone is looking at you right now?”

I panicked. Where they?!! I listened but heard nothing. “No, I don’t think so,” I replied.

“Take off the blindfold,” she instructed.

There standing next to the car were, not one, but FIVE boys all smiling at me outside the window!! I shrieked and instinctively covered myself. Karen laughed and pulled away. “We’re still at the mall!!!” I cried. “You tricked me!!”

“No I didn’t,” she said. “You just weren’t paying attention to your other senses.”

“GIVE ME A BREAK!” I protested still covering myself as she pulled to a stop at a remote corner of the parking lot. “There’s no way I could have figured that out.”

“Just like I thought,” she said giggling. “You’re a SLOW learner.” I wanted to reach over and slap the crap out of her so bad!

“Let’s continue, shall we? Put the blindfold back on and put your hands back at your sides.” I reluctantly did as she asked and tried my best to listen. She drove off.

Okay, road noises . . . other cars passing by. All right, I was certain THIS time we were actually on the road and not still at the mall. WE stopped then started again. Okay, perhaps that was a traffic light. We were stopped long enough for it to have been a red light. My mind wondered back to angry thoughts. I was going to show her, I thought, slow learner INDEED!

She drove some more and I heard more road noises . . . more cars. Okay we’re still on the road. She then stopped again.

“Is someone looking at you now?” she asked playfully.

CRAP! I was distracted. Were they? Yes . . . no . . . let me think. The last things I heard was road noise and . . . yes, I think a car pulled up next to us . . . at least I think it MIGHT have been a car. Was it NEXT to us or did one just pass us by on Karen’s side. Oooohhhhhh, this is HARD!

“YES!” I answered confidently. “Someone is looking at me.”

“Are you SURE?” Karen asked skeptically.

I thought a minute and said, “YES, I’m SURE!”

“Well, go ahead and take off the blindfold and see if you are right?”

There was nobody there. Darn it! “I was wrong!” I cried.

“Why did you think somebody was looking?” Karen asked. I went through my logic and she seemed impressed. “You’re catching on. Still more work to do though. I mean what if you thought the client was impressed by your panties and he was really offended? You’ve got to be SURE about these things! Let’s try again. Put the blindfold back on and put your hands by your sides.”

She drove off again and I went through the same process as before. Road noise . . . more cars, I was trying very hard to pay attention as to whether cars were passing on my side or Karen’s. There was one on my side I thought. It sounded different than the others – closer and louder. She stopped then went on. This time she made a few turns which added to my confusion. She stopped again.

“Is someone looking at you now?” she asked once again.

“YES,” I said quickly.

“Are you sure or are you just guessing?”

“I’m SURE, POSITVE in fact!”

“If you’re wrong are you willing to lick my pussy?” she asked playfully.

“Oh my GAWD, are you SERIOUS?!!” I asked quite nervously

“ABSOLUTELY, I’m VERY serious!”

“But . . . but . . . the stakes are so high if I’m wrong and I’m just LEARNING!!” I protested.

“True but the stakes are even higher if you are wrong at the office!” Karen reasoned.

“Maybe I’m not so sure,” I said.

“Now don’t go second guessing yourself either. That is WORSE than being wrong. Second guessing yourself can lead to total ineffectiveness. Now is there someone looking or isn’t there? Are you or are you not willing to go down on me if you are wrong? QUICKLY!!!” she shouted authoritatively. “I need an answer NOW!”

“Okay, I’m SURE someone is looking at me and YES I’m willing to go down on you if I’m wrong!”

Karen was giddy with excitement as she said, “Okay Tracy, take off the blindfold and see for yourself.”

**The Fashion Show – Book Three Tracy's Recruit Part Five**

Almost immediately I began to regret my decision and I didn’t even have the blindfold off yet! Karen was right, though, in that I needed to stop second-guessing myself! I knew I was right! She is just messing with me with that giddy laugh of hers. There WAS a car next to us I was sure of it! I HEARD IT!

My heart was pounding so hard I thought it was going to leap out of my chest. I took of the blindfold and looked out the window. My heart stopped – there wasn’t anyone there!!!!! Nothing, not an automobile in sight, nada, zip, nothing!! I was screwed!! How could I have been so wrong?

I looked over at Karen and she was all smiles. “I’m glad you are such a slow learner!” She said as looked at my naked body in the car seat and got that far away look in her eyes that gave me the shivers. She then cleared her throat, “Let’s try something different.”

“You mean I’m off the hook?”

“Heck no, you’re going to pay up later, don’t you worry your pretty little head about that. Right now you’ve got work to do. Put the blindfold back on.”

She drove me around for some time not saying a word. Finally she stopped and turned off the car’s ignition.

“Where are we?” I asked nervously.

Karen didn’t say a word but I heard her exit the vehicle and shortly thereafter she was guiding me carefully out of the car. I had no idea where I was or who might be looking at me. For all I knew I was in the middle of downtown!! I felt very vulnerable not being able to see what was going on. I had to trust her. All sorts of images flashed through my mind as to what might be happening. I didn’t like ANY of them. She led me by the hand and I eventually heard her open a door. We must be entering a building, I thought – but WHERE? Was this a business, a club of some sort or somebody’s house?!

I tried to use my other senses, but I was too nervous for them to be any use. Once inside though I began to settle down when I realized that I didn’t hear anything. It couldn’t be a club as there was no music. I didn’t hear any voices so this wasn’t a mall or other type of public business. At least I hoped it wasn’t. No matter, I was inside and off the public street.

“I want you to stand here with your arms on top of your head for a minute,” Karen said as I heard her walking away.

“WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!”

“Relax, I’ll be right back. Just use this time to get in touch with subconscious mind. Oh . . . and whatever ever happens, don’t move a muscle . . . I wouldn’t want you to fall or hurt yourself . . . all blindfolded like that.” She giggled as she left me standing there.

My heart began to pound again. I knew she posed me like this for a reason. One thing I had learned about her - she ALWAYS had a reason.

A tingle ran up my spine as I became aware of someone’s presence in the room. “Karen? Is that you?” There was no response. Maybe it was my imagination. I strained my ears to detect anything that might be of help but I heard nothing.

I then sensed warmth, body heat perhaps emanating from a spot to my left. SOMEONE was standing next to me – and getting an up close look at my body no doubt as well. My breathing increased. I gasped out loud when I felt a hand on my left breast! It wasn’t a hard manhandling grope – it was more like a caress. Whoever it was obviously appreciated that part of my anatomy. That goofy Karen, I thought. The hand ran over my nipple and then playfully lifted my boob and cupped it with the palm.

“Who’s touching you?” I heard her ask from WAY across the room! I gasped again as I now realized it wasn’t Karen feeling me up – it was someone else!! “Is it a man or a woman?”

“Woman,” I replied without hesitation.

“How do you know?”

“Um . . . the touch is soft; the hands are smooth and gentle. I detect, yes, long fingernails – a man wouldn’t have long manicured nails and I think . . . yes, I detect perfume. It’s definitely a woman.”

“Very good Tracy,” I heard the person next to me say in a familiar voice.

“LISA?”

I heard laughter from the two girls. “Right on the money,” Lisa said as She tweaked my nipple as she let go of my boob.

“I’m impressed you’ve come a long way,” Karen said. “Just a few more things to do and we can call it a night.”

“Um . . . okay,” I said unsure of myself.

“First, take off your blindfold,” Karen instructed.

When I opened my eyes I got the shock of my life. Karen was naked sitting on the couch – spread-eagled and had a wicked grin on her face.

“Time to pay up.”

I swallowed hard. So THIS is how Lisa got so good at going down on another woman. When I was at the sorority party I KNEW she had done this before. Lisa wasn’t a lesbian she was just being used!

“Aw, what’s with the scowl? It’s not THAT bad, you know,” Karen said giggling.

I resigned myself to my fate. I was the one who agreed to this and if I chickened out now I would never hear the end of it. As repulsed as I was by the very idea of doing that to another girl, I got down on the floor between Karen’s knees. I looked at her open labia. I began to have serious doubts about whether I could go through with it. I could smell her sex and it was painfully obvious to me that she was quite aroused – her moisture glistening under the lights was easy to spot. It took ALL my courage and strength to move my head closer and closer to her private spot. At least she was shaved, I thought trying to find a bright spot out of this whole mess I had gotten myself into.

As I was about to put my mouth on her sex I heard Karen say, “Tracy, Just thought you’d like to know – there really WAS a car next to us at the traffic light.”

I immediately pulled my face away and looked up at her. “What?!”

“You were right. There was a car next to us and a guy was looking at you. He left and made a right turn just before you took off the blindfold.”

“Are you SERIOUS?!” I asked quite confused. “Why are you telling me this?”

“I just wanted you to know that you CAN indeed trust me too.” Karen said as she got off the couch. “As much as I would have LOVED to have you do that to me, I wouldn’t take advantage of you.”

“I . . . I don’t know what to say.”

“You could say that you want to go down on her ANYWAY,” Lisa interjected humorously.

“Very funny.”

“Now,” Karen said as she wiped herself between her legs with a tissue. “I’m going to entrust you to Lisa for the last part of this evening’s training. You’re doing fine. I’ll see you at the office tomorrow. If Lisa informs me you did as well with her tonight as you did with me we’ll need to start talking about your new recruit.” She then retired to the bathroom, no doubt for some personal attention to a very needy spot, I thought. I couldn’t help but chuckle at that thought.

Lisa had me put the blindfold back on. I still had no idea where I was and figured that maybe it was Lisa’s place but I wasn’t sure. I didn’t recognize the furniture. She led me by the hand and I stumbled after her as I was once again sightless.

Soon I could sense that I was outside again. We were walking on concrete – a sidewalk! Where was she taking me – how far away did she park? My mind was filled with a hundred questions. I decided to surreptitiously seek some added information. “For heaven’s sake, Lisa couldn’t you find a parking place closer than this?”

Lisa laughed. “Oh we’re not taking the car. We can walk to where we are going.”

I had no idea where we were except that I was certain we were on a concrete surface as I heard the clicking of Lisa’s high heeled shoes as we walked along. Maybe this was just a corridor or outside patio in the back of the building, I thought. Then I heard cars passing by and I KNEW I was walking along a street!! I almost jumped out of my skin when some IDIOT honked at me and yelled – “SHAKE IT BABY!! SHAKE IT!!”

I had been spotted! I must have looked like a fool being led by the hand wearing only a blindfold. We walked along for sometime with cars passing by every so often. I wondered who in the world was looking at me . . . and then I heard the sounds of people – LOTS of people and they were all talking amongst themselves I casual conversation. It seemed to me that it was a mixed group of both women and men. It also sounded like an outdoor restaurant or something from the subdued conversations and clinking of silverware and glasses. I then detected the delicious smell of steak! It smelled great as I was really hungry.

Whatever it was we were getting closer by the minute and I dreaded what was going to happen when they spotted me!

“I thought we’d get something to eat,” Lisa said finally as we apparently arrived.

“Where . . . where are we?” I asked nervously. “I not going to get arrested am I?”

“I don’t know. Let’s hope not.”

“I was really hoping for something more reassuring than that,” I replied with my voice obviously shaking.

“Well if it helps, this is all part of the training. I’ll explain everything in a moment. First, though I’m hungry. Let’s stop here and grab a bite.”

Lisa led me forward and said to someone in front of us, “Is there a table for two available?” A man began laughing and replied, “If not, she can sit on my lap!” After more laughter from others nearby the man said, “Follow me.” Lisa led me on and eventually we were seated at a table. I was SURE that hundreds of people were staring at me and I just knew that at any moment I was going to be in BIG trouble. How could she drag me into a public restaurant completely NAKED?!

“Are people looking at you?” Lisa asked playfully.

“OF COURSE you IDIOT,” I snapped back!

“How many would you say?”

“Hell I don’t know – dozens I’d guess.”

“You’re right,” she answered obviously pleased at my perception of the situation.

“What is the group like?”

“Um . . . men and women . . . about even I’d say.”

Lisa placed an order for two burgers to the man who had returned. “Coming right up,” the man replied exuberantly.

“Tell me, would you rather be doing this blindfolded or would you rather be able to see what is going on?” Lisa asked.

That was a tough question. I really didn’t know what I was going to be doing so I wasn’t sure I really wanted to know who was watching.

“It doesn’t matter,” I replied resigned to whatever fate awaited me.

**The Fashion Show – Book Three Tracy's Recruit Part Six**

“Let’s go meet some people. Your task is to figure out where you are and answer a few questions along the way.” Lisa said as she once again took me by the hand. “As soon as you figure out where you are, you’ll be done with your training for this evening.” She then led me around stopping at what seemed like a table.

“This is Tracy,” Lisa said to whoever was in front of us.

“Hey, I remember you,” a girl said in a welcoming voice.

“Yeah, me too,” another girl joined in. “Glad you could come.”

WHERE did they remember me from? Was it the Fashion Show or my protest on the street? Maybe it was the museum? Okay, I thought. I can use this along with whatever other clues I can piece together and maybe I can figure this out.

Hey . . . that girl said ‘glad you could come!’ This couldn’t be a random eatery that Lisa picked out on the spur of the moment – they were expecting me.

As we worked the room I must have met eight or nine couples all of whom seemed to give me the impression that they had either seen me before or actually knew me. No one, however, seemed surprised by my nudity or my blindfold. I must say it was awkward talking to people that I couldn’t see and carrying on conversations as though my nudity didn’t matter. It was especially weird getting a hug from someone that I couldn’t see – having them touch my naked body in such a close embrace like that without knowing who they were or what they were going to do next!

Several people took playful advantage of my sightlessness and copped a feel. One guy pinched my butt and another tweaked my nipple as he gave me a hug. The worst came from a girl who actually pulled my pubic hair with her fingers and remarked teasingly, “What’s the matter, shaver broke?” Even though her remark wasn’t deserving of a response, I just had to answer her, “NO, I actually PREFER it that way; why be part of the crowd?”

Something else began to become more and more apparent to me as I walked about the crowd. I was acutely aware of when people were looking at me with disinterest or looking at me with lust! It wasn’t what they were saying as we talked. It was more subtle. I could almost SENSE when they were making fun of me, leering at me or were just being plain friendly. Karen was right I CAN tell without looking if my body was making an impression on somebody or not.

“That last couple didn’t appreciate me being here,” I whispered to Lisa as we walked on.

“Oh? How can you tell?”

“I dunno . . . I just sort of sensed it.”

“You’re right on the money. That girl was definitely jealous that her boyfriend was checking you out. I think she thought you were better-looking than she was.”

We finally sat down to eat and man was I starved! The food was really good and I didn’t care what people were thinking about me either, even if I WAS sitting naked with my eyes covered.

“Would you like some dessert? We have a marvelous dessert table set up this evening – though it’s not as spectacular as the one we had before.” The waiter guy said.

“I KNOW WHERE WE ARE!!!!” I exclaimed half-choking on my food. “WE’RE AT THE SORORITY HOUSE!”

Lisa began laughing as she removed my blindfold. “Very good, once again you’ve done well!”

Seeing all the college kids staring at me all of a sudden did make me feel rather self-conscious. It all made sense now though. The reason people weren’t shocked at my nudity was that they had all seen me before! The sidewalk we were walking down had been along Sorority House Row. What a relief! Nudity at a college campus, though not legal was at least not uncommon either.

Of course I had to spend the rest of the evening chatting and hanging out among the crowd without clothes and that felt really awkward. But I DID have fun and was proud of my accomplishments using my other senses.

The next day the three of us met in Karen’s office. “I think it’s time to recruit our next candidate. As you know, the company is expanding into another state and we’ll need someone to seed in the new location.” Karen explained. “I was thinking that Mandy would be a good candidate. I mean after all she’s fun and out-going, not to mention she’s got looks.”

Lisa agreed quite readily with her partner. “What’s the matter Tracy?” Lisa asked seeing that I wasn’t enthusiastic about Mandy. “Don’t you agree with our selection?”

“Well . . . you know I’m new at this and I certainly have no room to pretend I know enough about all this stuff to comment, BUT, if you REALLY want an honest answer . . . NO, I don’t think she’s a good choice.”

Karen and Lisa were both taken aback by my comment. “I’m surprised,” Karen said finally. “We’ve put a lot of time and effort into this recommendation. Except for Penny, everyone else has worked out quite well – INCLUDING you!”

“I know,” I said, “and thank you for getting me involved. I’ve had a lot of fun. However, I still think Mandy isn’t the right person. But like I said, I’m new at this so I really don’t think my opinion is all that important.”

Lisa was quick to offer support. “Nonsense, you’re a valuable part of our little team and we were hoping to have YOU do the majority of her training. Tell me why you think she isn’t suited.”

“Mandy says the first thing that pops into her head regardless of consequences. Remember when she saw Lisa here naked for the first time and blurted out her secret about having a boob job? In my opinion she’d not only end up insulting a customer, but would blab about the whole operation if things went wrong, or worse tell everyone she knows about what she’s gotten involved in if she was having fun.”

“Hmmmmm . . . maybe you’re right, Tracy.” Lisa affirmed seriously. “I hadn’t thought about that. But then I haven’t worked as closely with her as you have.”

“Well, WHO then? We’ve got to have SOMEBODY!” Karen remarked a bit put out. I could tell that Karen wasn’t pleased that her choice wasn’t receiving unanimous praise – even though deep inside I thought she knew I was right. Everyone looked at each other silently for several moments. I didn’t want to risk angering her further but I spoke up anyway.

“Um . . . I have an idea,” I said meekly. “That is if it is okay to make a suggestion.”

“Who do you have in mind?” Lisa asked.

“Brooke.”

“BROOKE?!!” they both said in unison.

“Brooke Payne, the new girl working downstairs. I think she’d be perfect.” They both looked at each other like I had lost my mind. “Now hear me out and don’t jump to conclusions. I realize that she’s awkward and shy and, well to put it nicely, she’s rather plain-looking but there’s something about her that tells me she’d do well at this.”

“HUH?!!” they once again stated together.

“Call it my intuition. After all you’ve spent a great deal of time teaching me to trust my senses so I am! And the BEST reason I can think of to recommend her is that, well, she reminds me of . . . ME, actually. I see a lot of traits in her that I have. She’s shy and tries to compensate for it by being ‘professional.’ If, as you’ve said over and over, the secret of our success is that genuine act of innocent exposure and embarrassment – she’d be perfect. She’s also VERY eager to please so to get her to do what we want shouldn’t be too hard.”

“I don’t know . . .” Karen said cautiously. “She’s really not a Hottie, so why would a client get all worked up over seeing HER naked?”

“Guys would get worked up over seeing ANY girl naked. Trust me.” Lisa said giggling, “Especially if she was truly embarrassed by it. They would know it was truly not planned.”

“Besides, I happen to know that Mandy is seeing someone now and I don’t think he’d be too thrilled with us exposing her to other men.” I said going out on a limb.

“SHE IS?!” Karen exclaimed. “I didn’t know that.” Then turning to Lisa continued, “How come we didn’t know that?” Lisa shrugged her shoulders innocently. “Well . . . that’s settles it. Mandy is out.”

Trying to bolster my case I went on, “Besides, Brooke isn’t ugly or homely. Why I’ll bet that if you saw her naked you’d be amazed at how good she looks. She just, um, that is, she hides it well under all those ‘professional clothes’, you know like I used to do.”

“Maybe,” Karen said reluctantly still not wanting to give in. “So if we pick her, any ideas on how we bring her into the fold? We don’t really know much of anything about her making this a very risky proposition.”

“Yes, actually, I have an idea,” I said boldly.

“Figures,” Karen said sarcastically. “What is it?”

“Ambush her.” I said firmly, “Just like you did to me. No warning, just manipulate her into an embarrassing situation and see how she reacts. That way if she does poorly we haven’t risked anything – she still knows nothing about our secret corporate strategy. The way I see it we’ve got nothing to lose.”

Karen paced back and forth. As far as I was concerned she was being a bit too melodramatic about the whole thing. I wondered if the two of them debated this much over whether to take a chance on me by putting me in the Fashion Show. I began wondering what they really thought about me then. Did they argue over whether or not I was cute enough? Did they think I was a Hottie? After all they didn’t really know what I looked like under all my layers of clothes. I could have been nothing more than mounds of cellulite for all they knew! I was sure they were surprised that I didn’t shave down there – it’s all the rage now so I’m sure I stuck out like a sore thumb as far as they were concerned. Still, it all worked out quite well.

“Okay Tracy,” Karen finally said. “Here’s the deal. Since this is YOUR idea and YOUR intuitive hunch that we are following with this Brooke girl, YOU have the responsibility of setting her up. Since the Corporate Sponsored Fashion Show doesn’t come around again until next summer you’ll have to think of something pretty cleaver to get her naked in front of a lot of people without arousing her suspicion and allow us to realistically test her reaction. That’s not going to be easy you know.”

“Oh I already HAVE an idea,” I said excitedly.

“Just remember she must not suspect a thing. Don’t you DARE mention our corporate secret to her either, understand?”

“Not a problem. I can be pretty cleaver when I put my mind to it – remember how I tricked you into that animal rights protest? You went along without suspecting a thing didn’t you?”

Karen smirked and her facial expression softened. “Yeah, that WAS a surprise. I didn’t think you had it in you!”

“Well, trust me with this. I’ll think you’ll be surprised again.”

**The Fashion Show – Book Three Tracy's Recruit Part Seven**

Over the next several days I made it a point to run into Brooke whenever I had the chance at work. I slowly felt a connection forming between us as our conversations grew from trivial topics like the weather to more personal subjects like our tastes in boys. Twice we even managed to have lunch together.

I was most impressed with Brooke. She had a GREAT personality. She was friendly and seemed to be well-grounded. I know what you’re thinking – that girls with great personalities usually look like dogs. Her face was cute but, okay, to be honest, I still had no idea what her BODY really looked like as she kept it well-covered and well-hidden most of the time. But that was about to change. Soon I’d know for sure if my choice was a good one or not!

“Say Brooke, what are you doing this weekend?”

“Oh the usual I guess,” she replied appearing quite bored, “Just cleaning my apartment, buying some groceries and watching the tube.”

“Yuck! That sounds awful. Why don’t you come over and spend the weekend with me?”

Her eyes brightened a bit as she looked at me. “Are you serious? You want ME to hang out with YOU?”

“Well . . . yeah, I do. Why? Am I not good enough for you?” I snapped quite defensively.

“Oh NO, I didn’t mean that! It’s just that, well, you’re so important and so popular. Why on earth would you want somebody like ME hanging around? You not feeling SORRY for me are you?”

“SORRY for you?! No way! I LIKE you and I think we’d have a lot of fun together.” I said enthusiastically. I could tell that she was pleased with my answer as her whole face lit up.

“Okay . . . Let’s do it.” She finally said.

“GREAT! I’ll be by to pick you up at 8:00pm. No sense in taking two cars everywhere we go – especially with the price of gasoline these days.”

“Oh . . . well ah,” she remarked hesitantly. It was clear that she was less than enthusiastic about that suggestion. I was about to abandon my idea when she spoke up. “I guess that’d be all right.” We made the necessary arrangements and she gave me directions to her apartment.

I finished the last minute details on my plan to expose Brooke in public and informed Karen of the set-up and itinerary. I chose Saturday for the unveiling in order for Brooke and me to adjust to each other a bit more over Friday night. I was as ready as I was ever going to be. A lot was riding on my success not to mention my credibility.

It took me some time to reach the address Brooke gave me as it was way on the opposite end of town and traffic was horrendous. Over an hour later I arrived. Despite her professional attire at work, her apartment complex was less than impressive. It was in an older part of the city and the complex itself looked like something right out of the sixties. I was glad that I had suggested spending the weekend at MY place as hers was beginning to give me the creeps.

Brooke answered the door with her overnight bag in her hand. “I’m all ready to go!” she said as though she had been anxiously waiting for my arrival. She began to walk out the door to join me. “Oh crap, I forgot my purse,” she said as she turned to go back into the apartment. She extended her hand signaling me to wait outside. It was obvious to me she didn’t want me to enter her home – perhaps she was a little self-conscious or maybe even a little ashamed over her surroundings. I picked up on her hint.

“Here, let me take that.” I said as I reached for the handle of her overnight case. “I’ll put it in the car while you go and get your purse.”

A look of relief came over her face as she handed me her bag. “Thanks, I won’t be a moment.”

I had just set her bag on the roof of my vehicle so I could unlock the passenger side door when she came running over to me with her purse in hand. “I’m so excited about this weekend! You know this is the first time I’ve actually had something to do in a long while. I’m so glad you asked me!”

We both got in my car and soon we were on our way. We chatted as I made my way across town. We were immersed in our conversation when “WHOMP!” a funny sound came from outside the car.

“What on EARTH was THAT?” she asked concerned.

“Pothole . . . I guess,” I answered not really having a clue. I secretly was worried that something might be going wrong with my car so I listened intently for the next several miles but everything sounded quite normal. The rest of the drive was uneventful. It was almost eleven o’clock when we reached my place.

“Where did you put my bag?” Brooke asked as she got out of the car.

“It’s . . . I put it . . .” I was so confused. What DID I do with it? Then it dawned on me. “Ah, Brooke, I really hate to say this but I must have left it on the top of my car and drove off. You remember that noise we heard? I think it must have been your bag. I’m so sorry. I hope there wasn’t anything valuable in it. I’ll pay for whatever needs replacing.”

Brooke looked very forlorn. As for me, I was elated! It was an accident of course but it couldn’t have worked out any better. “But all my clothes were in there for the weekend!” she lamented.

“You can wear some of my things,” I explained. “I REALLY would hate to drive all the way back to your place again.”

“I understand,” she said still depressed. “I’m sure we can sort it out tomorrow.” I showed her around my place and gave her my guest room. We stayed up talking until the wee hours of the morning before finally retiring for the night. I enjoyed my talk with her. She was really a neat person. And to think if we hadn’t needed a new recruit I would probably have never befriended her. I had to keep reminding myself that this was all supposed to be strictly business between us. If I got too close to her personally, exposing her in public as I needed to do to assess her suitability would be a really hard thing for me to.

After her shower the next morning Brooke stepped out of the bathroom wrapped in a towel. “What are we going to do today?” she asked as she combed the tangles out of her wet hair.

“I thought we’d go to the beach. I haven’t been all summer and I really need to work on my tan a bit. I find the warmth of the sun just the thing to melt the stress out of my body, don’t you?”

“Oh I LOVE the beach! What a great idea!”

“I have the PERFECT thing for you to wear too,” I said excitedly.

“Huh? You know I have plenty of swimsuits at my apartment. I really don’t need to borrow . . .”

“Oh let’s not waste time driving back and forth all over town if we don’t have to. Anyway, I got this bikini from that French designer Renee Dubois – you remember him don’t you? Anyway he gave me it as a gift after that Charity Fashion Show but there’s no way I can fit into it. But I think it would be a PERFECT fit for you. I would LOVE to see you in it.”

“Well . . .” she remarked hesitantly.

“Oh come on, how many times have you ever worn a Paris original in your life?” I egged her on.

“Are you SURE you don’t mind?”

“Of COURSE I don’t mind, and if you like it you can keep it. Like I said it will never fit me.”

“Okay,” she said as she dropped the towel onto the couch. “Where is it?”

I stood there with my mouth open as I gazed at her nude form for the first time. She was GEORGEOUS! Her boobs were perfectly symmetrical both round and quite full – easily 38C or better. I would kill for boobs like hers! The rest of her was equally attractive. Why in the world did she purposely try and HIDE her best assets under layers of clothing all the time, I wondered? I began to feel quite good about my choice. The men will just LOVE her!

Her giggling jolted me back to reality and I felt stupid being caught staring at her. “I’ll be right back,” I said sheepishly and ran into my bedroom to retrieve the bikini.

Being careful not to stare I tried my best to watch her as she changed into the suit. Please let it fit, I prayed. It just HAS to fit!!!

When she was done I was relieved that the size seemed perfect! “I like it,” Brooke finally said after checking herself out in the mirror. “At first I thought it was going to be one of those thong things so skimpy that I’d be too embarrassed to wear it. But this is nice! It feels different too. I’ve never had a suit with texture before.” She stood there admiring herself front and back for a few moments and then continued, “Are you SURE I can HAVE this?”

“Absolutely,” I reassured her. “You look a whole lot better in it that I would.” I could tell she was caught up in the moment and that she had swallowed that malarkey about wearing a Paris original completely. I struck while the iron was hot so to speak. “I’ll change into mine and we’ll be off. I have an idea, why don’t we wear our suits to the beach. It’s a perfect day out. It’ll be fun!”

“Well . . . Okay, if you insist.”

“Sure, it’ll give you a chance to show it off some more.”

Once at the beach I grabbed a couple of towels from the car and we headed out to find a spot. “Hey isn’t that Karen and Lisa from the office?” she asked spotting our coworkers.

“I believe it is.”

“Can we go join them? I’d LOVE a chance to brag about my new suit to somebody I actually know.”

“Sure!” I said as we headed in their direction.

“Hi Tracy, Brooke,” Karen said as we approached. “Wow, that’s a NICE suit, Brooke!”

“Thank you. I just got it. It’s from Paris, you know.” Brooke said relishing the attention.

“You don’t say . . . Lisa check this out. Brooke has a Paris original.”

The girls talked for a few moments until Brooke spotted someone else she knew walking down the beach. “Will you all excuse me for a moment, I’d just like to say hello to a friend of mine.”

“Sure, take your time,” Karen said. “We’ll be right here.”

The three of us laughed as we watched Brooke quickly making her way towards a rather handsome young guy. “She really is into that suit, isn’t she?” Lisa asked. “She’s quite proud of it.”

“Yeah, too bad,” I said chuckling.

“What do you mean?” Lisa asked obviously out of the loop.

“Well, that’s no Paris original. It’s a gag suit made completely of paper! It will literally dissolve into nothing after a few minutes in the water. I ordered it off the Internet.”

“YOU’RE WICKED!” Lisa said laughing.

Of course I had to be the one to keep everyone on task. “Karen, you take the towels and get rid of them. I’ll get her to walk down the beach with me a ways then suggest we go swimming when the timing is right. You guys follow along. I’m sure you won’t want to miss her naked debut on this crowded beach! Oh and Lisa, you might want to get Karen to fill you in on what you’re supposed to do. You’ve got an important part to play in this today.”

Karen smiled wide and beckoned Lisa to follow her as she disposed of the towels.  “But why do I have to be the one . . .” I heard Lisa protesting to Karen as they walked off in the distance. This was going to be GREAT! I was so excited!!

**The Fashion Show – Book Three Tracy's Recruit Part Eight**

Moments later an excited Brooke came running up to me. “He LOVED my suit! This is the first time I think Tom actually noticed me and it’s all because of your gift!”

“Great!” I said supportively. “Who was that?”

“Oh, Tom? He’s a guy I used to work with at my old company. He’s never given me a second glance before but today he actually couldn’t take his eyes off of me! He TALKED with me too. Usually he’d just say ‘hi’ if we passed in the halls and go about his business, but not today!”

“See, I told you that you looked good in that suit. In fact if you’d let me pick out your wardrobe from time to time I’d bet a lot of people would notice you in the future. You’re so shy and dress so plain and conservative all the time. You really need to break out of your shell more often. I could really work wonders with you if you’d let me.”

“Really?” she said with that far away look in her eyes as if she was mulling it over. “You’d do that for me?”

“Sure! I have a lot of experience with famous designers. You’d be surprised what the right outfit would do to enhance your popularity.”

“Oh that’s right . . . I had heard that you were quite the center of attention at the fashion show. Hmmm . . .  perhaps I will take you up on your offer sometime.”

“You won’t be sorry, I promise. Let’s take a walk along the beach for a while shall we?” We strolled along the water’s edge for quite a distance. I had to stifle a chuckle as every time we passed a group of guys, Brooke would fluff herself up and strut her stuff as if she was really something. That suit seemed to transform her into some kind of popular, confident icon or something. It was fun to watch. Of course as soon as the guys passed by she’d be back to her lowly, poor self-esteem form.

Every now and then I would casually look back over my shoulder looking for Karen and Lisa. Eventually I spotted them some distance back and decided that now would be a good time to put my plan into action.

“I’m getting hot. Let’s go for a swim and cool off a bit.”

“Okay,” she said and followed me into the water. I swam out pretty far so that my feet couldn’t touch the bottom and true to form Brooke tagged right along. It was as if we were joined at the hip or something. I felt if I had suggested we both stand on our heads she’d do that too!

There was a method to my madness. I wanted to get far enough out away from shore to where she had to really work just to stay afloat. I didn’t want her to concentrate on what was happening to her suit – at least what I HOPED was happening to her suit. After several minutes of hard swimming with her playing catch up I headed for shore. To my relief I noticed that after a while she slowly but surely began to lag behind getting farther and farther away from me. A sign that something was amiss I thought. I was almost giddy with anticipation.

When I reached shallow water, I stood up and walked onto the beach joining Karen and Lisa who by now where standing there waiting for me.

“She’s still swimming toward shore,” Karen said. “Do you think the suit dissolved like you thought it would?”

“I think so. Notice how SLOW she’s swimming. I’m guessing she’s just now realizing her suit is gone!”

“Let’s hope so,” Karen said giggling. We stood there watching as Brooke approached us eventually stopping about 15 feet from shore.

“Hurry up Brooke,” I called out. “We want to get something to eat.”

Brooke hesitated in the water and looked nervously around. “Ah, you guys go on ahead I’ll catch up later.”

“Don’t be silly. Karen has a nice picnic lunch set up down the beach. Come on. You can swim more later on if you want to.”

Brooke had a look of terror on her face as she silently kept her distance treading water.

“COME ON, Brooke, I’m getting hungry!” I pestered her again.

“Um . . . Tracy could you come here a minute,” she finally said nervously.

For the first time I was now actually sure my plan had worked and made my way into the water towards where she was crouching. “What is it?” I said a bit put out.

“Don’t be mad . . .” she said cautiously.

“Mad, about what?”

Her expression was priceless. If ever there was a look of an embarrassed nude female THAT was it.

“You know that expensive designer suit you gave me? Well . . . I lost it somehow.”

“YOU LOST IT?!” I screamed at the top of my lungs.

“SHHHHHH!” Brooke said almost putting her hand over my mouth half drowning me in the process. “Not so loud! I don’t want Karen and Lisa to know that I’m naked!”

I just giggled. ”Well sweetie, they’re going to find out soon enough anyway.”

Her eyes widened more than I thought possible. “What do you mean they’re going to find out? You’re not going to TELL them are you?”

“How on earth are you going to keep it from them? What are you planning on doing - staying here in the water for the rest of your life?”

“Um . . . no, but couldn’t you just get me something to wear?”

“Like what?” I said grabbing her by the hand and leading her closer to shore. Reluctantly Brooke let me bring her along until she was almost crouching in the shallow water trying to keep from being seen. “We came in our suits remember and our towels are way back down the beach somewhere.” By now we were only in a couple of feet of water and her body was quite visible to anyone on the beach despite her best efforts at staying under what little water remained. Karen and Lisa came over and waded into the water to where we were.

“What happened to your suit, Brooke?” Karen said teasingly.

“I lost it swimming I guess,” she answered sheepishly. Spotting Lisa wrapped in a towel she asked, “Lisa can I please have your towel?”

“Uh that would like be a BIG NO!”

“Why not, can’t you see I’m desperate here?” Brooke snapped back indignantly.

“Because she’s not wearing anything but the towel,” Karen explained.

“HUH?”

“After she went swimming earlier she took a shower and wrapped herself in the towel until she dried off. She didn’t want to put her sticky suit back on again and the towel is ALL she has at the moment.” Karen explained.

“I don’t believe you!” Brooke said emphatically.

“Show her, Lisa” Karen instructed and without a moment’s hesitation Lisa opened the towel and flashed her naked body to us before re-covering herself.

“Oh my GAWD!” said an astonished Brooke. “How can you walk around like that?”

“She’s not ashamed of her body,” Karen answered for her. “And neither should YOU be of yours.”

Brooke wrinkled up her face. “I’m not . . . ashamed that is. I just don’t like the idea of people seeing me naked!!”

“You know . . .” I said interrupting “This might just be a good opportunity for you to work on overcoming that self-esteem problem of yours. Remember our conversation earlier? You asked me to help didn’t you?”

“Yeah with my clothing, which is what I urgently need right now.”

“Well we’re fresh out of options in that department. We have no choice but to just tough it out and make our way back to our stuff.”

“Yeah it’s not so hard.” Lisa said speaking up. “Just act like it’s no big deal. People will only give you a hard time if you act all embarrassed and stuff. Just walk with confidence and I’ll bet no one will say a thing. It will all be over before you know it.”

“That’s easy for you to say,” Brooke said sarcastically. “YOU’VE got a towel!” My recruit stayed stubbornly huddled under the water covering her body as best she could. She appeared as though she wasn’t going to budge.

I was beginning to think that maybe Brooke wasn’t going to work out well as an ambassador carrying out our corporate plan. She was WAY too sensitive about this nudity thing. I could also sense that Karen was thinking the same thing and I wasn’t about to lose this battle without a fight. Perhaps she just needed a little opportunity to prove herself. After all she was just responding the way any SANE person would in a similar situation. I had to act fast to salvage my reputation. It was a good thing I had made a contingency plan in case this happened. I smiled and went over to Lisa. “Look Brooke, if it will make you feel better I’m sure Lisa will show you how it’s done, won’t you Lisa?”

Lisa gave me a dirty look but quickly smiled and said cheerfully, “Sure! Just do what I do.” With that she confidently took off her towel and handed it to Karen leaving her completely naked on the beach. Brooke’s eyes widened still farther at seeing her coworker nude. Lisa made her way over to Brooke and took her hand and pulled her up out of the water exposing her completely. She immediately tried to over herself as best she could with her free hand.

“Oh stop being a baby,” Lisa said treating her like a child. “If you keep that up, people will be making fun of you for sure!” Brooke reluctantly dropped her arm as she followed after Lisa. I noticed Karen checking her out and I could see she approved of my recruit’s body. The two of us joined the naked girls and together we headed off down the beach – deliberately in the WRONG direction. Brooke was so pre-occupied that she didn’t seem to notice.

I saw that my recruit was nervously scanning her eyes around the beach. To my surprise she didn’t try and cover up any more – even when it was obvious that people were staring at her. Mercifully nobody made a scene and we continued on. “Aren’t you afraid we’re going to get arrested?”

“No, college kids are always skinny-dipping here. We may be drawing some attention, but nobody is going to complain.” Lisa explained. Relax and ENJOY yourself. Most people actually LOVE the feeling of freedom being naked at the beach.”

As we walked along Karen and I engaged her in idle chatter to keep her mind off her lack of attire. She seemed to be loosening up little by little. I had hoped that once the initial shock wore off she would relax and that actually appeared to be the case. Her nipples were now hard and stuck out like small signs that said “Look at me!”

She was handling this quite well for a novice I thought. That is until she saw him.

“TOM! OH MY GAWD IT’S TOM! He’s heading this way! He’s going to spot me for sure!” Brooke said in a panic. “We’ve GOT to get out of here!!”

“Hey, just act like it’s no big deal. He’s between us and our stuff so we have no choice.”

“BUT . . . it’s TOM!!”

**The Fashion Show – Book Three Tracy's Recruit Part Nine**

“What, is Tom someone special?” Karen asked teasingly.

Brooke’s face turned red and she didn’t answer the question. She didn’t have to. We all knew that from the way she carried on earlier showing off her suit that he was someone she was smitten with.

Sure enough in no time he spotted us and was eagerly making his way over to us. “What’s going on?” he asked inquisitively.

“Going on?” Lisa responded, as though she didn’t understand his question. “We’re just having a day at the beach just like you are.”

Tom looked Brooke over with VERY appreciative eyes causing her to blush profusely. To her credit she just stood there and let him gaze to his heart’s content making no effort to cover up. Brooke was one of those girls with labia that extended up from between her legs towards her belly button – drawing Tom’s eyes to her charms. They weren’t hidden underneath a mound of hair like mine. Her clit was already hardened like a pencil eraser too. Trust me she had no secrets from this fellow now! From my own past experiences I knew how she must have felt and that it was taking ALL her energy just to ACT as if her nudity wasn’t scaring her to death! “Mind if I join you?” he asked not wanting to miss an opportunity to hang out with TWO naked girls.

Brooke looked at me with pleading eyes as if I would come to her rescue.

“No, not at all,” Karen answered before I could respond. “We’re just taking a walk.”

“You guys skinny-dip often?”

“Whenever we feel like it,” Lisa explained.

“I think that rocks!” Tom said supportively. I jockeyed around to where I could stand next to Brooke as we walked along to offer moral support in case she panicked. Standing next to her I noticed her breathing was three times normal. I was afraid she was going to hyperventilate so I tried to engage her in conversation. “Isn’t this fun? It’s a great day and the weather is PERFECT for an outing at the beach!”

“Yeah it is rather nice,” Brooke managed to say with her voice quivering a bit.

“Hey have you guys had lunch?” Tom asked.

“No not yet,” I replied.

“You guys want to join us? We’re having a cook out over at Shelter number 9.” He then pointed off towards the picnic area and to a remote covered pavilion nestled amongst some trees. “My friends are right over there.”

“Gee we’d like to Tom but Karen has already made plans for our own picnic,” Brooke remarked hoping to dodge further embarrassment. “I’m afraid we’ll have to take a rain check.”

“Nonsense,” Karen interjected. “All I have are some cold sandwiches. Why on earth would we pass up a chance at burgers on the grill? Sure we’d LOVE to join you.” Lisa quickly shot her buddy a cold stare realizing that she too would now have to prolong her exposure.

“GREAT! Follow me. Wait until you meet my friends. You’ll really like them.” He led us off the beach and to the covered shelter. As we approached everyone in the pavilion stopped talking. It was as if the nude girls sucked all the energy out of every conversation that had been going on before we arrived. The group consisted of another guy and two girls. “This is Pete and the blonde over there is Nancy and the girl with the dark blue shirt is a good friend of mine, Beth.”

The girls obviously weren’t enthused at the intrusion. Pete on the other hand went out of his way to make us all feel welcome. Brooke understood all too well that Beth was Tom’s girlfriend even though she wasn’t technically introduced that way. Beth appeared moody and acted quite snippy as Tom introduced us to the group.

To my surprise, Brooke seemed more concerned that her secret crush even HAD a girlfriend rather than with her lack of clothing. I supposed that all along she thought him on the market and available. Finding this out under these circumstances must have surely been difficult. Soon it was obvious though that she was going to fight for what she wanted and began flaunting her body – quite sensually too in order to keep Tom’s attention by doing simple things like touching his arm while asking for the salt or accidentally leaning over to reach something affording him a better view of her boobs as they dangled before him. Later while we ate our burgers Brooke even made sure that her legs would ever so casually drift apart so he could get a better look at that special place. Tom would do a double take and then quickly look to see if Beth had seen what had happened.

Though all of this was somewhat childish I felt reassured that I had not been wrong about Brooke. She was indeed capable of doing things IF she REALLY wanted to – a fact not lost on Karen as she too observed Brooke’s gestures.

After dinner Pete asked, “You guys want to go for a swim?”

Beth stood up and said, “I’m not going to swim with people who flaunt there stuff like that. I mean it’s indecent!”

“Lookey here missy,” Lisa said flippantly. “I’ll have you know there’s nothing wrong with the human body.” And then to drive home her point she added smugly, “Nudity is perfectly acceptable unless you don’t HAVE anything worth LOOKING at!”

Pete and Nancy let out audile gasps as it was clear that Lisa’s remark was meant to provoke Beth.

Beth stood up defiantly and shot back, “Oh no? What do you call these?” Then to the utter dismay of everyone present including Tom, she yanked off her shirt revealing two large, well-rounded boobs which easily put Brooke’s to shame. Tom’s mouth dropped open. I wasn’t sure if it was because he had never seen her naked breasts before or if it was because of her bold gesture. Either way he was mesmerized.

I could tell Brooke wanted to crawl under the table and hide as her humiliation was quite obvious.

“I think we had better go,” Karen said trying to diffuse the situation before it got out of hand.

“Good idea!” Beth snapped back angrily.

We thanked Pete and Tom for a wonderful lunch and we gingerly headed back out toward the beach. I was afraid that Beth wasn’t going to leave it alone but she did and we were able to leave peacefully.

“THAT was close,” I remarked as our safety seemed assured.

“Yeah I was about to teach that bitch a lesson,” Lisa said smugly.

Karen chuckled and said, “I believe you could have taken her.”

“Damn right I could have,” Lisa said confidently.

We continued down the beach still heading AWAY from our spot exposing Brooke to more and more people along the way until finally Brooke spoke up. “I don’t remember walking this far. Are you sure we haven’t passed up the place where you left the towels?”

Karen laughed heartily and replied. “Oh goodness me, we’ve walked in the WRONG direction!”

“WHAT?!”

“I guess we should have went the OTHER way. I’m so sorry, it was all my fault. Oh well, we’ll just have to turn around and head back,” Karen said apologetically.

Brooke let out an audible sigh but went along without making a scene.

After walking to where my car was visible Karen stopped and began looking around.

“What’s the matter?” Brooke said nervously.

“They were right here. I left the towels right here!”

“Are you SURE?”

“Of course I’m sure! I put them down right here in line with Tracy’s car.”

“Maybe they’re just farther up ahead a little. Let’s look around.” Brooke said rather apprehensively.

Of course everyone EXCEPT Brooke knew that we weren’t going to find them as Karen had taken them and put them in her car as part of my plan.

“No luck?” she asked as we gathered together after another search.

Lisa grabbed her towel back before Brooke got any ideas and wrapped it around her body.

“Let me have that!” Brooke exclaimed. You can change into your suit. So what if it’s sticky at least you’ll be covered.”

“Look around. Do you SEE a swimsuit?”

Sure enough it too was missing. Karen gave Lisa a secret wink unbeknownst to my recruit.

“Now what am I going to do?” Brooke said almost in a panic.

“Well . . .” I replied, “The only thing we CAN do – drive back to my place.”

“You want me to DRIVE with you NAKED?!”

“Oh it’s not that bad,” I said as if she was being childish. “I’ve done it MANY times.”

The look Brooke gave me spoke volumes. It was as if she was beginning to doubt the sanity of her coworkers – especially me!

“Fine! Let’s just get on with it.” She finally said as she headed toward my car.

Little did she know that her weekend was just about to get interesting.

**The Fashion Show – Book Three Tracy's Recruit Part Ten**

As we drove along Brooke sat on her seat with her legs drawn up against her chest effectively covering her from prying eyes. I laughed to myself as I remembered that was how I used to sit when Karen drove me around naked. Finally I broke the awkward silence and asked playfully, “So, did you have fun at the beach today?”

Brooke looked over at me with one side of her mouth straining to prevent a grin. “Well . . . it was okay.”

“OKAY?! You walk around naked in front of a crowd of people probably for the first time in your entire life and it was just okay?!” I asked disbelievingly.

Brooke couldn’t contain herself any longer and chuckled half-embarrassingly, “I can trust you right? You won’t tell anybody about what happened today, will you?”

“Of course not, so, DID you have fun today?”

She sheepishly lowered her head and admitted, “Yeah, I did.” She then looked at me with her eyes as wide as quarters and continued. “It was like totally AWESOME!!” Her nervous laughter told me that she must have thought she had just gotten away with doing something VERY naughty and that her excitement was winning out over any potential guilt. I couldn’t tell though if she was aroused or not. Actually, even if I had the opportunity I was really too embarrassed to check her out down there to find out. Other women, especially attractive ones make me nervous. One of these days I’m going to have to figure out why that is.

“See I told you we’d have fun together.”

Listen Tracy . . .” she said cautiously. “I’m curious about something.”

“Yes,”

“Oh never mind. I’m probably just not thinking too clearly right now. Just forget it.”

“No, it’s okay. We’re friends right? You can feel free to ask me anything.” I said trying to sound supportive.

“Well . . . it’s just that the three of you seem to . . . ah . . . be so calm about what happened today. Lisa wasn’t even embarrassed out there at all! It just doesn’t seem to make sense and then YOU said that you’ve driven around naked yourself MANY times. Are you all nudists or something or are you all just plain crazy?”

“No,” I said laughing heartily. “We’re not nudists. The thought of being naked – especially in public scares me to death! Lisa is the same way I can assure you. She may have appeared calm but believe me she was as nervous as YOU were!”

Brooke had the most puzzling look on her face. “I’m like totally confused . . . Let’s just forget I even asked. I don’t think I want to know anyway.”

“Aw, you know you REALLY DO want to know. You wouldn’t have brought it up otherwise.” I said as we stopped at a traffic light.

“Don’t take offense at this but if you guys are all weirdoes or something, I’m not sure I want to hang out with you.” Brooke drew her arms up tighter around her legs as if to protect herself – from me, presumably.

I laughed again openly. “Don’t be silly. We’re not weirdoes.”

“Yeah, whatever,” she replied trying to dismiss my statement.

“No really we aren’t. Are YOU a weirdo?”

“HUH?”

“Well YOU just said you had fun being naked at the beach so I guess that makes YOU a weirdo too.”

“I’m a normal person! And HEY! This isn’t the way to my apartment.”

“My place is closer. I figured you’d rather get someplace as soon as you could. Your apartment is over an hour away.”

“Oh . . . yeah, I forgot. Thanks for looking out for me. Anyway, today was just an accident. YOU said you drive around naked all the time. That’s not an accident! That’s just wrong!” The tone of her voice was extremely judgmental.

I drove on in silence letting her ponder it all for a while. I didn’t want her to go around the office telling everybody that Karen, Lisa and I were ‘off-the-wall’ so to speak. I wasn’t ready for her to find out about our clandestine corporate program either. The silence between us was growing almost unbearable and I knew I had to address her concerns. I was about to put the next part of my plan into action when I noticed that she had relaxed her arms and had turned to face me in her seat, no longer concerned about protecting her modesty. Her breasts were now completely uncovered. She seemed to be struggling with whatever it was she wanted to say finding it hard to actually get it out.

“I’m going to probably regret this but I still want to hang out with you – even if you ARE a little ‘out there.’ A lot of what you said before about my poor self-esteem is true. I’ve never really been popular and my confidence level could use a little support. Maybe you CAN help me a little. Besides it beats watching TV.”

“I’ll let you in on a little secret,” I replied carefully. “But what I tell you has to remain in the strictest confidence. You see I used to be JUST like you.”

“No way!”

“It’s true. Then I found some friends that brought me out of my shell and over time I used my new self-assurance to better myself.”

“Karen and Lisa?” she asked enthusiastically. Damn this girl was quite perceptive! I was going to have to be careful about what I said around her.

“No not Karen or Lisa.” I replied firmly. “Anyway, I learned a lot and I’d be happy to help you out, but you’re going to have to trust me.”

“Okay.”

“For starters, let’s get you used to being out and about without fifty layers of clothes. When we get to my house I’ll pick out an outfit for you and I want you to wear it for the rest of the weekend.” I explained.

“Whew!” Brooke said almost in a sigh. “For a minute there I thought you were going to keep me naked!”

I laughed and then gave her an evil grin without saying anything further. I could tell she was having second thoughts about all this as she once again did her best to keep herself covered. Still, I was amazed that she had placed her blind trust in me and actually was going to let me take control over her clothing. I felt pretty good about that and secretly I relished the feeling of power that I now seemed to be able to exercise over her. I began to see what Karen found so thrilling about her role when she was training me in the early days. For some strange reason I began to get a little aroused at that thought, which embarrassed me somewhat.

Soon we arrived at my place and Brooke waited until I had unlocked my door and had it open before she made her mad dash inside. Her wide smile betrayed the verbal protest she made about being forced to streak from my car.

I disappeared back to my bedroom and selected the garments I wanted her to wear. “Here,” I said holding my arms out to my new recruit, “put these on.”

“Gladly!” she said with relief as she took them from me. “Nice underwear. You’ve got good taste.” She tried on the dark blue bra and it fit - a little snugly - but it fit. The panties were made of cotton and were light pink in color. “How’d you know my size?”

“I didn’t. We just got lucky I guess.”

“What else do you want me to wear?” she asked inquisitively.

“What else?” I said obviously confused. “That’s all there is.”

“You want me to walk around wearing only a bra and a pair of panties?!”

“What’s the matter, my stuff not good enough for you?” I said as though I was offended. “You can always go naked if you’d rather. It wouldn’t bother me in the least.”

“Oh gosh, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it that way. This is fine, really.” She said feeling guilty.

“Wait here a minute,” I instructed and left her standing alone in my front room. I gathered up her clothes, the ones that she had worn over to my house the previous day and brought them out with me.

Seeing them in my hands she quickly blurted out, “I don’t need them back. I’m fine, really! I didn’t mean to upset you. Please don’t be mad at me.”

Once again her lack of self-confidence was evident and she seemed so worried that she had displeased me somehow. She noticed that I was carrying her clothes and immediately jumped to the conclusion that I was mad and was going to make her get dressed and leave!

“Brooke, are you serious about me helping you? Do you REALLY and TRULY want to change?”

“Well . . . yeah, I am . . . I guess,” she said nervously.

“That doesn’t sound too convincing to me.”

“I’m sorry,” she said apologizing once again. “I really DO want your help . . . HONESTLY! Don’t be mad.”

“I’m not mad, here take these,” I said handing her the clothes. She looked at me so confused and maybe a little hurt as if I didn’t actually believe her answer. “If you really want my help then there’s NO going back.”

“What do you mean? I don’t understand.”

I handed her a pair of scissors, “I want you to cut up your outfit into little pieces for me.”

“Huh? . . . What for?”

“Look at it this way. What chance do you think a smoker has of truly quitting the habit if she carries a pack of cigarettes in her purse everywhere she goes?”

“No much of a chance, I’d say.”

“Exactly,” I replied. “And what chance do you have of truly changing if your old clothes are within easy reach here at my place? I want you to be dependant upon my direction and trust me that what I have you do is really for your own benefit. So by cutting up your old clothes you are saying goodbye to the OLD you and are committing yourself to make a change for the better. There’s no going back. Does that make sense?”

Brooke stood there thinking over what I had just said. I was taking a big chance here. She could easily decide that I was too crazy for her liking and ditch the whole idea. I began to believe that maybe I was pushing her too hard – that maybe I should have moved slower. Still, I thought, it was better to find these things out sooner rather than later. If she wasn’t going to be a suitable recruit I would rather find that out now as opposed to discovering that in the middle of a delicate contract negotiation.

“But my clothes . . .” She muttered half under her breath. She stood there staring at them for quite some time before saying. “Tracy, you’re right. I’m going to do it!”

She picked up the scissors again and began cutting her blouse into small unusable pieces. Her slacks were harder to destroy but to her credit she diligently struggled along until at last they too were useless. Her own bra and panties met the same fate. When she was done she looked up at me and smiled. “That was fun!” and then her smile vanished almost as quickly as it had appeared and she added, “What have I done?!”

“You’ve taken a big step, sister, a BIG step indeed.” I said encouragingly.

**The Fashion Show – Book Three Tracy's Recruit Part Eleven**

I told Brooke to make her self comfortable while I went to change. After I had gotten out of my bikini and put on my regular clothes, the difference in our attire seemed to have an immediate effect on her. When I was still in a two-piece skimpy bikini we almost looked alike – each revealing as much skin as the other even though her outfit consisted solely of a bra and panties. But once I was dressed in jeans and a T-shirt her entire affect changed once again to apprehension. Hadn’t this girl ever been to a slumber party, I wondered? It seemed as though sitting around in her underwear in front of another girl was unthinkable. I began to think I had my work cut out for me.

We talked a while about unrelated stuff as she constantly expended nervous energy by tapping her foot on the floor or repeatedly shifting her posture in the chair she was sitting in. I had hoped that she would eventually calm down but I wasn’t impressed with our progress. I guessed the realization of what she had committed to was finally hitting home.

“Why don’t we go for a walk? There’s a nice park with a neat trail through the woods not too far from here.”  I said deciding it was time to get on with the program. You should have seen her face! It turned white as a sheet! I grabbed my purse and headed for the door.

“I . . . I can’t go out like this?” she said nervously.

“Oh don’t tell me your still obsessing about your wardrobe? You already walked the beach wearing MUCH less.”

“No, I mean . . . I’m barefoot! My feet will get all cut up.” she explained.

“You still have your shoes here,” I said a bit put out.

“Well yeah, but you didn’t say I could wear them.”

I smiled realizing that she wasn’t going to do the obvious thing and put her shoes on just because I hadn’t yet given her permission. Now to you guys, that may not be a big thing but think about that for a minute. Here was this girl who was waiting for me to give her permission to put on her own shoes! I suddenly felt myself getting very wet at the prospect of having a girl totally submitting to my every command. All sorts of dirty thoughts ran through my mind that clearly ran outside the purpose of my corporate mission. I was going to have to watch myself.

I drove to the park and found a place to leave the car which was close to the hiking trail. The park wasn’t terribly crowded which I thought might give Brooke some relief.

As we started out on the trail I picked up the pace and “pep-stepped” for a while. Brooke’s bra did little to retard the jiggling of her breasts as we hiked along. In fact it was almost like she wasn’t wearing ANY support. I chuckled at watching her walk along. It didn’t take long for her nipples to poke through the thin blue material of the bra either. I was curious so I slowed down a bit and caught the view of her rear. Brooke was blessed (or cursed) with one of those booty’s that wiggled from side to side with each step she took. Poor Brooke, even the panties I selected were letting her down. She was jiggling everywhere!

For quite a while we were alone on the trail and Brooke seemed to be loosening up. I asked her about Tom and tried to find out what she thought about him seeing her naked for the first time.

“It . . . well . . . it was exciting,” she said half out of breath. I wasn’t sure if that was because of our fast pace or the subject matter at hand.

“Do you think he LIKED what he saw?”

Brooke just giggled without answering my question.

“Come on, you can tell me. Do you think he LIKED what he saw?”

“I’m pretty sure he did.” She said still giggling.

“How do you figure?”

Her face turned red and her breathing got faster. “I think I gave him a boner.” She finally blurted out sheepishly totally embarrassed at having to say that out loud!

“You did not! Are you serious?!” I asked innocently joining her laughter like a teenager. Truthfully from where I had been sitting it was quite obvious that Tom had been aroused but I played dumb.

“Oh YEAH, there was NO mistaking it!” she said almost choking on her words her pride in her accomplishment was so obvious. “Guys can’t hide their arousals like we women can,” she said laughing all the more.

“Well . . .” I said teasingly, “At least SOME women can hide them anyway.”

“What do you mean?” she asked stopping in mid stride. “OH MY GAWD!” she exclaimed as she looked down and saw the dark wet spot between her legs that extended up the light pink colored panties. Her face turned deep red with embarrassment.

“Don’t worry about it.” I said supportively. “I think it’s neat that you respond that way. It’s perfectly natural you know.”

Brooke didn’t say a word but kept looking at the ground. I could tell she was totally mortified that she had been discovered.

“What’s the big deal? So I know you’re horny. That’s not the end of the world. It’s just between us girls you know.”

“Yeah, I suppose . . .” she finally said as we started walking again. “It’s just so . . . so embarrassing!! I feel like a kid who got caught playing with herself by one of her parents, that’s all.”

“Has that ever happened to you?”

Brooke stopped walking again almost tripping in the process. She stared at me and exclaimed “TRACY!!!!” as if she couldn’t believe I would ask her such a question.

“Well has it?” I persisted.

“Let’s just change the subject, okay?”

Brooke was about to walk away when I grabbed her arm to stop her. “Wait a minute.” I said purposely gazing down between her legs. “Check this out. Do you realize how wet you just got in the last few seconds? You’re like totally SOAKED down there now!!”

“What?!” she looked down once again and sure enough the dark spot was much more pronounced than it had been only moments before. The spot actually extended more than a little way UP the front of her panties now following the outline of her prominent labia. It was terribly noticeable.

“There must be something about my question and your past that really gets you excited, isn’t that right?” I asked teasing her unmercifully.

“Can we just leave it alone?” she asked almost begging me to quit. Part of me wanted to torture her some more I was enjoying it so, but my brain won out and I said, “I’m sorry. I’ll quit pestering you.”

We continued to walk on.

“You like this don’t you?” I asked playfully. “Walking around in public in just your underwear, I mean.”

“I can’t lie NOW can I?” she remarked sarcastically. “I mean you can TELL I’m HOT as hell!” I just giggled at her words. “It’s not fair you know.” She continued.

“What isn’t?”

“That I can’t tell if YOU are horny or not, just look at you all dressed up while I’m practically NAKED!” she complained. I made an exaggerated attempt to bend over and look between my legs, partially as a joke and then replied, “No I guess you can’t, can you?”

“Very funny,” she said laughing. “I’ll bet you’re as wet as I am.”

“Maybe . . . maybe not. Like you said, you’ll never know.”

Truth be told I was as wet as she was and maybe more. I’d just die if she ever found out though and that’s the truth!

We walked on and talked some more and then all at once she stopped dead in her tracks.

“What’s wrong?” I asked looking at her. “Is something the matter?”

“IT’S HIM!” she said in a frightened whisper!

“Who?” I asked confused.

“MR. DARTHWAITE, you dope!!” Her face turned as pale as a ghost. “You know, our PRESIDENT!!” she added for emphasis.

“Oh,” I said simply as he approached. “It will give me a chance to introduce you. Come on.”

Brooke looked at me like I was out of my mind and I was afraid she was going to bolt! “Just act natural,” I said hoping to focus her attention on me rather than on her intuitive instinct to run. “He’s a cool guy. You’ll see.”

“YOU’RE INSANE!” she whispered emphatically.

“Tracy,” he said cheerfully as he approached. “What a surprise!”

“Oh hello Mr. Darthwaite,” I said respectfully. “Out for a stroll?”

“Yes, it’s such a beautiful day I thought I’d get some fresh air.” He said stopping in front of us. He looked at Brooke and said, “You look familiar, do I know you?”

“I’m sorry, this is Brooke Payne,” I said putting my hand on her shoulder. “She works downstairs at our office.” As he extended his hand to shake hers I continued, “Brooke, this is Mr. Darthwaite, our corporate President.”

I could feel Brooke trembling with fear as I kept my hand on her shoulder as she shook his hand. “Pleased to meet you sir” she said trying to sound confident, though her voice cracked at the end.

I was sure Brooke was terrified that he was going to notice that she was only wearing underwear or worse that she was like totally WET down there.

He made no secret about the fact that he was looking her over as his eyes slowly made the journey down her chest, stopping briefly at her waist then continuing on to her feet and then slowly returning his gaze back up her body until he made eye contact again.

“I see you are enjoying yourself, today . . . Brooke was it?” he asked making sure he got the name right.

“Yes sir, Brooke Payne,” she answered nervously as she looked down checking out how visible her wetness was. She was obviously VERY self-conscious.

“Well Brooke, you just stick close to Tracy here. I’m very proud of her you know. She can teach you a lot. If you apply yourself I’m sure you’ll go far in our company. That is, if you WANT to.”

“Oh I DO, sir. I REALLY DO!” Brooke said seizing on his words as though she had spotted a way to advance her career. “Though I’m new to the company, I work very hard everyday and I LOVE my job.”

“Fine, that’s fine,” he said with his usual poker face. “Just remember, Tracy here is one of my brightest stars. Listen to her and I’m sure you’ll go far. Well, I must be off.” he said looking at his watch. He gave Brooke the once over one last time and said with a grin,” It was VERY nice meeting you Brooke, very nice indeed.”

“Thank you sir,” Brooke replied meekly as he walked off leaving us behind.

“OH MY GAWD!!!” she said finally when he was out of earshot. “HE SAW THAT I WAS HORNY!!! He must think I’m like a total skank!”

“Nonsense, didn’t you hear what he said?”

“Look Trace, I am standing out here in my panties for heaven’s sake. What else would he think about me!!!”

“I think you made a good first impression. Like I’ve been telling you all day and he himself just said, all you have to do is just listen to me and do what I say. Now you’ve got TWO reasons to do it: to improve your self-esteem and secondly to get ahead in your career!”

“You don’t think I just made an absolute and complete utter fool of myself?!”

“No I don’t,” I said firmly. “Now, let’s play a game .  .  .”

**The Fashion Show – Book Three Tracy's Recruit Part Twelve**

“GREAT! I LOVE games,” Brooke said excitedly. “And I’ve got one I’d like to play.”

Her answer took me by surprise. I had planned on taking a page out of Karen’s book and doing one of her silly random-luck games to try and build confidence between us. I had already planned the perfect game but now SHE wanted to suggest one. I figured that I’d let her play her typical game for fun, whatever that was, and then I would get her to play my more daring game later. Either way, playing this game of hers first would break the ice. I then could still accomplish my purpose.

“Okay,” I said. “What game do you want to play?”

“How about this game, if the next person we see walking down this path is a MAN, I’ll take off my underwear and walk the rest of the way back to the car naked?”

“Why Brooke, you really ARE getting excited about this stuff aren’t you?” I said quite surprised by her sudden boldness. “I think it’s your hormones that might be talking but, okay, you’re on.”

“Wait a minute there’s more. If the next person we see however is a WOMAN, then you give me your clothes and YOU walk back naked.”

I was totally taken aback. “Say what?”

“You heard me if I lose and we see a man first then I’ll strip and walk back naked. If you lose and we see a woman first then I get your clothes.”

“Um . . . I don’t know . . .” I said stalling for time. I was worried that I was losing control. I had to think things through – and in a hurry too.

“What’s the matter, chicken? I mean you and your friends told me that walking down the beach naked was no big deal and you said you’ve driven in a car naked many times and it was no big deal, so was that all a lie?”

“Why no, it’s not that at all. I was just thinking of YOU. I wasn’t sure you . . . ah . . . knew what you were getting yourself into being new at this and all. Of COURSE I’ll play!” I said quickly.

“Sweet!” she said and we resumed walking the trail. I silently thought to myself that I had created a monster. I had heard stories of girls losing all their common sense after a drink or two and some when they were in the heat of the moment but Brooke’s transformation wasn’t due to alcohol – it MUST be her arousal releasing all her inhibitions that she normally kept bottled up inside herself. I mean there is no mistaking the fact that she’s soaking wet so I’m sure she’s just living in the moment. This might be good for her.

We continued to walk along in silence. With each passing moment my anxiety level rose. The main thing I hated about these games was that they were so unpredictable! You never knew how they would turn out.

“What if we see a couple first?” I asked trying to clarify things.

“Oh they won’t count,” she said matter-of-factly. “It only counts if we see either a man or a woman alone.”

“You’re going to look pretty silly running around naked in the park,” I said trying to psych her out.

“We’ll see,” she said confidently.

When we reached the half way point on the trail it happened. A WOMAN came rounding the bend and was headed straight for us!! Brooke busted out laughing so hard I thought she was going to turn blue for not being able to breathe correctly.

“I WIN!!!” she shouted, “I can’t believe it! I WIN!!!”

The lady gave us both a strange look as she passed.

“Give me your clothes please,” Brooke said playfully. “I can’t WAIT to be dressed again!!!”

I tried not to act like a sore loser and I did my best to put on a cheerful face, but inside I was cussing my rotten luck! I gave her my jeans and T-shirt which she quickly put on. It was weird seeing her wearing the very clothes that I had just been wearing. I felt as though I was a victim of a daylight robbery!! I then took off my bra and panties and balled them up in my hand.

“Give me those too,” she said coyly.

“Aw, I’m naked already. I won’t put them on except in an emergency.” I argued. She just shook her head playfully and extended her arm waiting for me to give them to her, which I reluctantly did. She then took a few moments to look me over. I didn’t want her to think I was ashamed of my body after all the lecturing I had done earlier so I just stood displaying everything as if it was no big deal. Inside, however, I was shaking like a California earthquake!

“Gee, you’re pretty,” she said teasingly. “Not very trendy though.”

“What do you mean?”

“Most people shave these days. Still, I suppose it takes guts to buck the trend and do your own thing.” She giggled at her own wit and spent a few more moments checking me out. She seemed to be enjoying herself and it made me feel very awkward standing there having my body being critiqued by her. To make matters worse my nipples were hardening. I was sure it was because of the cooler air hitting them but I was afraid she would mistake that for me being aroused by all this.

I started to walk on as there was no sense in prolonging my exposure. No sooner had I taken my first step, she bolted! “See ya!” she said as she ran off ahead of me. I thought about chasing after her but instead I decided I’d double back the way we came. For some reason I figured it was a shorter path back to my car that way and I at least was familiar with where we had been.

I looked over my shoulder to see if Brooke was following me. If she was, I was going to walk on confidently as if my nudity was no big deal. Fortunately she was nowhere to be seen so I too took off running. My biggest fear was that I was now really on my own – no museum or Fashion Show to use as a basis for my nudity. I wasn’t on a beach and there was no protest permit. I was a common place streaker in a public park!!! There was no getting around it. If I was caught I would be in big trouble! My mouth got incredibly dry and my heart was racing much faster than it needed to, even though I was booking it down the trail. The feeling of my bouncing boobs against my chest as I ran along reinforced the feeling of my nakedness. I must have looked a sight!

At least the trail was lined with trees and shrubbery some distance along each side blocking anyone from seeing me. That’s what most people liked about it as it was shady in the summer. Today I was glad for a different reason.

As I rounded a bend in the path I saw a young couple walking towards me. I wanted to dash behind some bushes and hide but it was too late – clearly they had spotted me so I kept on running. The young man’s mouth was wide open as I approached and the girl was giving me dirty looks.

“It a dare!” I yelled as I passed them by without looking back! Fortunately I heard them both laughing behind me as I continued on so I figured they weren’t going to report me.

What a RUSH that was! I felt like I was in high school all over again! I was getting a little tired so I slowed myself to a slow jog. I need to conserve my strength, I thought, in case of some emergency. I wanted to be able to pour on the speed if I needed to.

I was about done for after another several moments of jogging so I stopped to catch my breath. I ducked behind some shrubs and rested! I was scared, exhausted, excited and exhausted, horny and exhausted – wait a minute . . . did I say horny? I hate to admit it, but I was as wet as Brooke had been earlier. Good grief, I thought to myself, I really AM a SLUT!

Finally I felt better and darted out from behind my cover and ran smack dab into a group of FIVE teenage boys who couldn’t have been more than 16 or 17. I almost knocked one of them down as the others grabbed me to keep me from falling on top of him. “Hey there sister, what’s the rush?”

I yanked myself free from their grasp and took a step back. “Sorry,” I said politely. “I didn’t see you guys.”

“Woo Hoo!” one boy said as the others made groans and catcalls. All of them were leering at me with their mouths wide open. They didn’t seem like they meant me any harm but they obviously were excited about seeing me naked! I was totally embarrassed having all my private parts out in the open for them to see.

“What happened to your clothes, sister?” one boy asked teasingly.

“Look at those tits!” another said excitedly. “And that ass!” added another boy standing behind me.

“Now look boys,” I said forcefully. “This is no time to play games. I’m in a hurry so I’ll be leaving now.” They all took a step closer making my heart almost stop!

“Are you sure you want to leave?” one boy asked. “I mean we hardly got a chance to get to know you.”

“Very funny,” I said still trying to sound confident. One boy reached out and tried to cop a feel but I quickly took a step back causing the others all to laugh at their friend.

“Unless you guys all want to end up as permanent sopranos I suggest you step aside and I mean NOW!”

“Aw, we were just having a little fun,” an older boy said. “We don’t mean no harm. Are you sure you’re okay? Do you need any help?”

I relaxed a bit at hearing his calm demeanor and replied “Thanks but I’m okay. It’s just a college prank. See what you guys have to look forward to when you’re in college? The guys are waiting for me up ahead so I’d best be going or else they’ll think I’m in trouble.” I started to walk on ahead and mercifully they let me pass without groping me.

“Are you sure you don’t want us to follow you? I mean we could keep you safe until you meet your friends.” The older boy said sounding quite sincere. That was all I needed, I thought. I had to be firm.

I turned around to answer him and saw that one of the guys had a prominent bulge in his britches. I smirked at seeing it and felt a wave of excitement down below. Gee, I still had it, I thought. His buddies must have seen where I was staring and noticed it too.

They all started laughing at him. “Jimmy’s got a hard-on, Jimmy’s got a hard on!” the rest started chanting tormenting the poor lad trying to humiliate him in front of me. I felt bad for him so, despite my better judgment, I spoke up and said, “Don’t feel bad Jimmy, if that’s as big in real life as it appears under those jeans you’d make any girl happy!” Jimmy blushed and looked toward the ground sheepishly.

Of course it wasn’t really very big. I just said that because the other kids were messing with him. I felt odd about even having such a conversation too. It was clear to Jimmy that I had noticed and that really made him feel ashamed and he quickly put his hands over his crotch! I laughed and took off while the others continued making fun of their friend. “Jimmy the LOVER BOY! Woooooooooooooo!” I heard as I ran out of sight!

I kept running too as I didn’t want another bad encounter like that one.

I finally rounded the last curve in the trail and saw the parking lot!

“WHERE THE HELL IS MY CAR?!!!!” I exclaimed out loud in a panic. “That bitch took my car!!!!”

**The Fashion Show – Book Three Tracy's Recruit Part Thirteen**

I had parked my car right next to the trailhead in deference to Brooke having to walk in her underwear. Now it was nowhere to be seen! How in the world was she able to get my vehicle started, I wondered? Then it occurred to me that my car keys were in the pocket of my jeans. She must have noticed after changing into my clothes. How could I have been so stupid to have trusted that bitch?! Anger filled my mind and all I could think of was how I was going to murder her the next time I saw her.

Quickly I came to my senses when I realized that I was now standing in the parking lot stark naked! I dashed behind some shrubbery. The full reality of the situation began to hit home. I was miles away from my house in a public park without a stitch of clothing! Now what am I going to do, I asked myself? I tried to calm down and think logically. Maybe I was mistaken as to where I thought I left my car. I was about to peek out and take a look to see if I could spot it when I heard voices approaching. I cowered close to the ground like a common thief and maneuvered my body around the bush as whoever it was passed by. Fortunately they didn’t seem to notice me.

As bad as all those times were when I was naked in public before, THIS was MUCH worse. I felt dirty and cheap – worse yet I felt used and betrayed!

Looking carefully around the bush I scanned the parking lot for my car. I didn’t see it among all the cars. Perhaps I could call someone to come and get me like Karen or Lisa . . . but I don’t have my damn cell phone!!

“Calm down,” I told myself. “Use your brain!” I said over and over. Surely Brooke isn’t the type to be a car thief. Surely she’ll come back for me . . . I hope. She’s just messing with me. I’ll just keep out of sight until she DOES return.

Twenty minutes passed and they were the longest twenty minutes of my life! Every sound, every voice or passing car almost made me piss on myself. The longer I had to wait the more jumpy I became. The park would be closing soon and I needed to be thinking of a backup plan. Maybe I could approach someone to help me – another girl perhaps. Surely she’d understand and not take advantage of me like some guy might. Not that all guys are rapists mind you but I hate to test that theory by tempting one with my nudity!

Cars began leaving. As the lot emptied out my chances of approaching someone to help me grew slimmer with each passing moment. Still there was no sign of Brooke.

I then saw Jimmy, that high school kid I had met earlier with the boner, hanging out all alone near one of the picnic tables. Maybe I’d just have to humiliate myself one more time and approach him for help. Surely he was old enough to drive. He MUST have a car. He was shy enough that I felt comfortable taking the risk of being alone with him. DAMN IT WHERE WAS BROOKE?!

More time passed and I realized that I was now out of options. Unless I wanted to spend the night naked in the park I had to risk it. He was too far away to just shout out. I didn’t want to attract unwanted eyes in my direction – especially those of an authority figure like a park ranger! I assessed the situation. All was quiet. If I made my move maybe I could calmly walk over to him and explain my problem.

I got up out of my crouching position and made myself ready to go. Still no one was in sight. I swallowed hard – this was sooooo embarrassing!

Before I changed my mind I took off on the edge of the asphalt walking quickly towards Jimmy. I was a few yards away from him when he noticed me. Even from my position I could see his eyes getting wide as she stared at me. “Hello again,” he said cautiously.

“Hi . . . Jimmy isn’t it?” I asked to confirm his name.

“Um, yeah.” He said nervously as he looked around the parking lot. His apprehension was now making me scared.

“Jimmy, I need your help, I . . .” I stopped in mid sentence as I noticed he was now visibly shaking as he continued to scan the parking lot. “What’s the matter, Jimmy? You look awful.” Am I making you nervous?”

“Um, sort of.”

“I’m sorry,” I said trying to reassure him. “I don’t mean to make you uncomfortable.” He was ever so innocent and I felt bad as surely I was tormenting him to no end parading my charms a few feet from his face. It must be hard to be a boy at times like these – especially a hormonally charged teen. Sure enough boner boy was at it again. I couldn’t help but chuckle under my breath as I spotted his predicament. I hate to admit it but I did relish the feeling of power I had over this poor guy. One look at me and instant flagpole! I mean before all this started with the Fashion Show I never really thought about it that much. You know whether guys thought I was hot or something. I certainly never went around teasing people – at least not on purpose anyway.

Jimmy shuffled his feet apprehensively. “It’s not that, it’s just that I’m expecting my mom to pick me up in a few minutes and she’d KILL me if she caught me with a naked lady!”

Oh good grief! There went my brilliant idea of hitching a ride with him! No wonder he was standing all alone – he didn’t have a car! That was all I needed to get caught by his MOTHER – like she would understand!!

“Never mind,” I said quickly and took off running. I had to get out of there before she really DID catch sight of me. The way my luck had been going she was probably pulling in the parking lot right this minute!

Hey! Wait a minute . . . isn’t that my car?! IT IS my car! With no time to lose I threw caution to the wind and ran straight toward it.

“OH THANK HEAVENS, YOU’RE OKAY!” I heard Brooke exclaim as she came out of nowhere running straight for me as I reached the car. “I was scared to death something happened to you!”

I thought of a million things to say to that little bitch but for some unknown reason I slipped back into my roll as “handler” and pretended to be cool, calm and collected. There was no way I wanted her to even THINK for a NANOSECOND that she had gotten the best of me. “Of COURSE I’m okay,” I said confidently. “Why, were you worried?”

“HELL YES I was worried!” she said earnestly. “I moved the car all the way across the parking lot to this end of the trail so you wouldn’t have so far to walk, you know, in the buff but you never came out!! I waited and waited and began to get worried that something happened to you. I walked up the trail a bit to see if I spotted you but I didn’t want to go too far away from the car in case you returned. You had me scared to death.”

So THAT’S what happened, I thought to myself. Perhaps she was telling the truth. Her explanation seemed plausible. She had no way of knowing that I had doubled back on the trail and her actions DID seem to be as though she was acting in my self interest. I began to feel better about her and that feeling of betrayal slowly left me.

“I’m sorry,” I said calmly. “I went back the way I came as I knew I had parked the car near the trailhead. I never thought about you moving it.”

“Oh TRACY . . .” she said regretfully. “I really screwed up THIS time, didn’t I?”

“It’s alright. It was no big deal.”

“You mean you weren’t panicking?”

“Heck no, I had a pleasant stroll through the park. Nudity really IS relaxing. That’s what I’ve been trying to tell you. Once you’re comfortable with your body things just fall into place.” Who was I kidding? I was lying through my teeth. I could only hope that she believed me and didn’t see through my phony façade.

“Well, you did seem calm talking to that boy by the picnic table a moment ago. Is he a friend of yours?”

“No, I just met him today actually.”

“You mean you just walked up to him stark naked and started talking to him?”

“Sure. He seemed nice.”

“Gosh, you’re brave!” she said making no secret of her admiration of me. “Do you want your clothes back?”

“No that’s okay.” I said keeping up my pretense. “You can drive me home. I’ll get something to wear when we get there.”

“You TRUST me to drive after what I did to you?”

“Is there a reason I SHOULDN’T trust you?” I asked hoping to detect any hint of dishonesty.

“Why no, there’s no reason at all not to trust me.”

She seemed taken aback by my confidence in her. It was like she couldn’t believe her ears. I’m sure if the roles were reversed and she was the one naked she wouldn’t be so accepting. I had definitely made her drop her guard. “Good. Trust is very important if we are to remain friends. You DO want to remain friends don’t you?”

“Well SURE! I just didn’t think . . . that is I was certain you’d be mad.”

“What for, it was all just a misunderstanding wasn’t it? Don’t give it another thought. Let’s go before they close the park.”

The ride home was unbearable. It was harder than I thought letting her drive. Part of me still wasn’t sure I really trusted her. I had my doubts in the back of my mind but I didn’t want to challenge her just yet. I convinced myself to let it ride and see what happened as we progressed in her recruitment. I wanted so much to believe in her and there was so much more to do.

I must tell you that after arriving at my house and parking the car I became aware that she was staring at me – as if she was waiting to see if I’d really walk out of the car without anything for cover. Well I wasn’t keen on the idea of streaking my own neighborhood but there was no way I was going to let her see me being a coward. I calmly opened my door and walked out as if I didn’t have a care in the world.

She was shocked. As I turned around to look at her she was still sitting in the driver’s seat with her mouth wide open. I just laughed and waved at her to come inside.

The rest of the weekend was fairly normal. We laughed and made girl-talk, basically learning more about each other.

“I wish I could be more like you,” Brooke said out of the blue. “You’re so confident and self-assured. Why today you didn’t even bat an eye at the beach or at the park. No wonder you’re so successful. You can handle ANYTHING!”

“Why thank you Brooke. You know YOU can be like that too, with a little help.”

“I’m not so sure. I’m not talented like you are.”

“Talent is important, yes, but so is self-confidence. I can teach you those skills. Well start with your outfits. Why don’t you let me pick out something for you to wear to work tomorrow?”

“Tracy, don’t take this wrong, but I only have one outfit that’s clean at the moment. I’ll HAVE to wear it until I can get some stuff to the cleaners. But perhaps after that . . .”

I could tell she was embarrassed. Thinking back to the neighborhood she lived in I figured that maybe her wardrobe was limited and I certainly didn’t want to purposely make her feel ashamed – especially if her financial situation sucked. After all she didn’t exactly hold one of those high paying jobs at the firm. I decided to take another tack. “Okay Brooke, I’ve got another idea. Tomorrow at work let’s play a game.”

“What kind of game?”

“Something that I made up called Office Bingo. Trust me it will help you learn to deal with the unexpected. If you do well at this game you’ll soon master the skills needed to be a success at our company. What do you say?”

“I’m thinking I’m not going to like this very much, but I’ll try anything once. Especially if you think it will help.”

“THAT’S the spirit,” I said with a laugh. If she only knew.

**The Fashion Show – Book Three Tracy's Recruit Part Fourteen**

The next day Brooke met me at my office. She was dressed in her usual dark brown skirt and matching blazer with a white blouse. I had seen her in it many times and after our conversation yesterday I began to think that maybe her wardrobe was indeed quite limited. I definitely needed to figure out a way to take her shopping without offending her.

“Are you ready to play our game?” I asked enthusiastically.

“I guess so. How does it work?”

“Well, you’ve played regular BINGO before haven’t you?”

“You mean the game were someone calls out a number and you put a marker on that number on a card under columns labeled B - I – N – G and O. When you connected numbers that form a line, you win!”

I handed Brooke one of my Office Bingo cards. “That’s right only in MY game there are five different PHRASES under the columns instead of numbers. As you can see under the column ‘B’ there are phrases like, ‘Under Budget’, ‘Phone Tag’, ‘Continuous Quality Improvement’, ‘Customer Satisfaction’ and the ever popular ‘I’ll get back with you.’ Each of the remaining columns all list similar phrases that are so common they’re almost a cliché. To play my game you pick only one column, say the column under the letter ‘B’ and your phrases will be those that are listed under that letter,”

Brooke studied her card and began laughing. “I think I understand. If I hear someone saying one of these phrases, I cross it off the list.”

“Not exactly,” I said with a sly grin. “In my version of this game every time someone says a phrase under your column you not only mark it off . . . you lose a piece of clothing for the rest of the day.”

“WHAT?!” she said fearfully. “But . . . but, there are five phrases under each column and . . . and I’m only wearing FIVE items of clothing!”

I was puzzled by her statement. I looked at her and started counting, “Shoes don’t count so that leaves a skirt, blazer, blouse, that’s three and . . . bra, panties and pantyhose that’s six, not FIVE.”

“I’m not wearing panties today – just pantyhose.” She said looking at the floor rather embarrassed. She then looked up at me pouting and remarked, “I didn’t have any clean ones if you MUST know.”

I busted out laughing. “Oops. Looks like a tough game for you. Usually people have at LEAST one item of clothing left. This should be fun.”

“Just exactly how is this going to help me again?”

I had to try quite hard to stop laughing long enough to explain my reasoning. “You will not only learn to appear self-confident when you aren’t but also learn to think on your feet in times of adversity. There’s no better motivator than quick insightful thinking when you’re almost naked.”

“True . . . but I’ll get FIRED!”

“Not necessarily. I’ll watch out for you and if you put your mind to it, I’m sure you can be creative enough to last the day. Besides, what are the odds that you’ll collect ALL of the phrases in any one column, hmmm? And, just because you’re new to this, I’ll offer my office as a refuge of last resort . . . you know if you do lose everything.”

“I . . . I can’t,” Brooke said regretfully. “I just can’t!”

“Remember what Mr. Darthwaite said at the park? Listen to what she tells you, he said. She’s one of my brightest stars, he said. Don’t you think he knew what he was talking about?”

“Well, yes but . . .”

“No buts! You’re either in or out. I’m willing to help you but I’m not willing to invest my time and talent if you aren’t interested.” I said firmly. “You’ve got to trust me on this. There are plenty of other people I could mentor you know.”

“I know, I know. Please don’t be upset with me. I’m just not as brave as you are.”

“Of COURSE you aren’t. That’s why I’m having you do this.”

“Okay, I see your point . . . I’m in. I’ll pick the ‘B’ column.”

“Great! The game starts now and ends at quitting time. The game is conducted on the honor system. Whenever you mark off a phrase if I’m not around, call me and let me know. That way I can keep track of your progress and be better prepared to assist you if necessary.”

Brooke nodded her head, reluctantly took her card and left the room.

No sooner had she left than Karen entered my office. “I saw Brooke leaving just now. How’s it going?”

“Okay I guess.” I was afraid to tell her about my misadventure at the park so I skipped a few details. “She met Mr. Darthwaite at the park wearing just her bra and panties.”

“PERFECT! Did he seem to like her?”

“I think so. Brooke handled it well, I must say. She didn’t bolt as I had feared but instead stood her ground and actually TALKED with him.”

Karen smiled and seemed pleased. “I like her. At first I thought she was a failure but so far I’m pleased with your choice. She’s got a great body and her innocence seems to be genuine. I must admit you had me worried when you first recommended her. Don’t let us down with her training. We’re counting on you. A lot is riding on this and our new office will be opening soon so we are all taking a big gamble on your selection.”

“I know. You won’t be disappointed,” I said reassuringly.

“So what have you got her doing today?”

“Today she’s playing my version of Office Bingo.” I then explained how it worked and my reasoning for including it in her training.

“Oh you are so clever! I wish I had thought of that – I would have made you play it everyday.”

“Gee thanks.” I then showed Karen a copy of the card Brooke was playing off of and the key phrases that were hers under the letter ‘B’.

Karen got a wicked smile on her face and said, “I think I’ll pay our little protégé a visit. I predict Brooke is about to lose her first piece of clothing!”

We both laughed and as she left I cautioned, “PLEASE don’t be too obvious about it. I don’t want her to suspect I put you up to this.”

“Don’t worry, I’m the model of discretion, remember?”

I went back to work. I was so anxious to find out what was happening downstairs. I would have given anything to be a fly on the wall observing Brooke the entire day. THAT would have been so exciting seeing how she handled everything!

Fortunately I didn’t have to wait long for the first phone call from my recruit. “Oh hi Brooke, how’s it going?” I said calmly as I answered the phone.

There was a short pause on the line then she replied, “I just lost my first piece of clothing and I’ve only been at work for 30 minutes! I still have the WHOLE day ahead of me!”

I tried not to laugh. “Tell me what happened.”

“Karen came and gave me some spreadsheet work she needed.”

“Yeah, so?” “She asked me to please hurry as she needed the final figures to see if her department was UNDER BUDGET!” There was another long pause. “THAT was one of my phrases – UNDER BUDGET, remember?”

“Oh yeah; tough luck so early in the day. So what did you take off?”

“Promise not to laugh?”

“Of course, silly, this is all part of your training. No one is doing this to humiliate you.” I almost choked on my words because that was EXACTLY what we were doing.

“I took off my bra. I went to the ladies room and took it off and then I put it in my desk drawer. I figured it wouldn’t be noticeable, that it was missing so to speak, what with my blazer and all. You can bet I’m going to keep it buttoned up the rest of the day too!”

“Good thinking! See, I told you this would help you think on your feet.”

“Hmmm, I hadn’t thought of that. You’re right. That WAS pretty logical of me wasn’t it?”

“Sure it was. How do you feel knowing that you’re not wearing any underwear at work?”

“Ummmm . . . it feels . . . kind of nasty . . . in an exciting sort of way.”

That was the perfect answer. I was certain that Brooke was eventually going to be a great operative for the firm. “Well, have a good rest of the day and remember to keep thinking logically.”

Fifteen minutes later the phone rang again. “Damn it Tracy!” an exasperated voice screamed in my ear.

“What?” I said chuckling.

“Katie from accounts payable came up to me and said ‘so there you are.’

“So?”

“She said she didn’t want to end up playing PHONE TAG with me all day so she decided to come and see me personally.” Another long sigh and she continued, “PHONE TAG was another one of my phrases!”

“Oops,” I said unsympathetically. “What did you lose THIS time?”

“My blouse.”

“Your blouse, why not your pantyhose?” I asked sincerely.

“I figured I’d look stupid without my pantyhose as my legs aren’t really tanned. This way with my blazer buttoned I still look professional.”

“Good thinking. I compliment you again on your logical thinking.” “Trace, it’s getting so that I’m afraid to talk to ANYBODY lest I lose another piece of clothing. I only have THREE pieces left you know! This is nerve-wracking!”

“I know and so are most corporate contract negotiations. You have to think fast during face to face discussions too you know. This exercise will help you, trust me.”

“Yeah, whatever . . . so help me if I end up NAKED I’ll just DIE!!!”

**The Fashion Show – Book Three Tracy's Recruit Part Fifteen**

The rest of the morning dragged on. When lunch time finally rolled around I decided to pay a visit to my recruit to offer some moral support. Actually I was dying of curiosity.

When I approached her cubicle, which was the last one along a line of cubicles on her floor, I asked, “Hey Brooke, got time for lunch? I’m buying.”

She looked down at her desk and was apparently thinking it over. “Um, I guess so. Do we HAVE to eat here in the building or can we go out somewhere?”

“We can go out if you would rather not stay here. After all, it’s my treat so let’s live a little.”

Brooke smiled appreciatively and then stood up shuffling some papers into a folder at her desk before leaving.

I giggled and whispered, “What happened to your pantyhose?”

She blushed. “Is it THAT noticeable?”

“Well, only because I was looking on purpose to see if you lost more stuff. It’s not bad . . . really.”

“WHEW!” she said with a barely audible sigh. She grabbed her briefcase and carried it on one side of her as I walked close to her on the other – ostensibly to offer her some cover from prying eyes.

Once in the parking lot she gasped out loud. “Man is this day EVER going to end?”

“What happened this time?”

“I was talking to Chuck from the mailroom and I asked him about a package I was expecting and damn if he didn’t say I’LL GET BACK WITH YOU!”

I couldn’t help but laugh out loud which caused her to get a bit ticked off. “It’s NOT funny you know. I’m down to only TWO things left to cover me. If I lose even ONE more . . . I’m screwed!”

“Not necessarily,” I said trying to sound confident. “Your cubicle couldn’t be in a better place – at the END of a long hall. Nobody passes you and the only way someone will see you is if they have business with you. It will be okay. Besides, if I remember correctly, all the easy phrases are used up. What are the chances of the remaining two popping up between now and quitting time?”

“With my luck some IDIOT will probably say them at the restaurant and I’ll have to go back to the office NAKED!”

“Nope, it’s OFFICE Bingo not RESTAURANT Bingo. It only counts if people at work say the phrases.”

“At least that’s SOMETHING going my way,” she said sarcastically. “Maybe a LONG lunch is in order . . . say about FOUR hours or so?”

“You wish,” I said teasingly.

We ate a marvelous meal yet despite the ambience of the sidewalk café she chose, she hardly said a word. I could tell she was nervous and she had every right to be. I could still vividly recall my own fear and trepidation over the “single dress” disaster that Karen had put me through. Part of me was very empathetic but not so much as to stifle my own excitement at the prospect of getting Brooke naked at the office. It was a big – no make that a HUGE step for her. If she pulled it off without complications she would be well on her way to gaining the trust of Mr. Darthwaite. Of course I could also bask in the joy of the bragging rights of “See, I told you so,” to all those that doubted my judgment.

By the time we finished and returned to our building, Brooke seemed more relaxed. It was so hard to leave her at her cubicle and return to my own office. I REALLY wanted to stay but I couldn’t think of a reason to make that happen. So it was back to my boring job.

An hour passed and no call came notifying me of another loss of clothing. How disappointing. Another hour passed and I was getting depressed. Surely she wasn’t going to get away with keeping her final items of clothing. My devious mind began thinking of cheating – of ways to force her to be nude. I felt guilty even thinking such things but I knew deep down that neither Karen nor Lisa would have hesitated for even one moment if they were conducting this exercise. I had to be strong.

Just then the phone rang.

“Tracy . . .” said a very apprehensive voice on the other end. “I hate my boss!”

“Why?”

“Because she called us all together for an impromptu meeting, that’s why!” “So?”

“Judy Henson had to point out to everyone that I wasn’t wearing pantyhose. She’s like, ‘what happened, get dressed in the dark or something?’ I had to think fast and explain why I had bare legs while dressed in my business attire.”

I smiled but tried to sound concerned. “So what did you say?”

“I told everyone that I had a bad run in them and tossed them out.”

“Wonderful!” I said encouragingly. “You’re really thinking on your feet. As embarrassing as that was though, at least you still have your outfit.”

“Well . . . about that . . .” she said with a long pause.

My heart skipped a beat. “What happened?”

“My stupid boss started talking about performance measures, especially those geared towards our department and stressed the need for . . . CONTINUOUS QUALITY IMPROVEMENT! I HATE that phrase.”

“Don’t tell me,” I said trying to act ignorant, “that was one of yours, wasn’t it?”

“Yes . . . now what am I going to do?”

“You know what you have to do. Think about it and then don’t second guess your decision. Just stay with it.” I said directly.

“Oh I already know what I am going to do. I’m going to slip out of my skirt and try to act invisible. If I can figure out a way to shove myself under my desk and still get my work done, I’m going to do it.”

I laughed heartily and said, “Oh it’s not THAT bad. You’ll survive.”

“Yeah well it’s not YOUR naked butt sitting in my chair in the middle of all my coworkers, is it?”

“It was once,” I said without thinking.

“HUH?”

“I’ll explain later. For now, let’s just hope no one says that last phrase. Bye.” I then quickly cut her off before she tried force me into revealing more than was necessary.

I felt myself getting that familiar feeling down below as I mentally pictured poor, little Brooke sitting in her cubicle wearing only a blazer. I tried to picture how long it was and whether it covered the essentials or not if she HAD to stand up for some reason or move her chair away from the desk. If that happened, was it long enough so that someone would think that maybe she was just wearing a short, short skirt? Or was it too short so that she would reveal . . . well everything! I could only hope!

About an hour before closing the door to my office burst open and in ran Brooke – breathing heavily and as pale as a ghost!

“What’s wrong Brooke?” I began to get worried that someone might have caught her and she was in deep Doo Doo. My mind raced with possible explanations I could use in case they were needed.

“TRACY! I’m in trouble!”

I stood up and my heart began to really pound now. “What KIND of trouble?”

“Some IDIOT said it.”

“What?”

“CUSTOMER SATISFACTION, that’s what!”

“Oh . . . is THAT all,” I said sarcastically.

“What do you mean IS THAT ALL?! I’m going to have to get . . . naked, naked at WORK and it’s all YOUR fault!”

“No it isn’t. You’re doing this of your own volition. I’m just trying to help you. You don’t HAVE to do this.”

She looked at me and I’m sure she could see the look of disappointment in my face.

“Damn it all, I must be crazy.” She said as she unbuttoned her blazer and took it off. She then tossed it on my desk and putting her hands on her hips said, “Satisfied?”

“Satisfied?”

“Yeah, that I’m committed to your, what did you call it, a training program? If THIS doesn’t convince you I don’t know what will,” she said half jokingly.

“I believe you. And you know what? You won’t regret it.”

She then did the strangest thing. She looked down at her pelvis and smiled. “This is kind of fun . . . in a perverted sort of way.”

We both laughed as I finally figured out what she was looking at. She was wet. Like the other day at the park her moisture was quite obvious glistening up between her legs.

“Fringe benefit,” I said teasingly.

Just then, without warning, the door of my office opened again and who should walk in but Mr. Darthwaite! He got the most perfect view of Brooke’s behind. He smiled from ear to ear as he shut the door. The look on Brooke’s face was so terrifying I thought she was going to pass out!

**The Fashion Show – Book Three Tracy's Recruit Part Sixteen**

“MR. DARTHWAITE!!” Brooke exclaimed with a panic look on her face as she scurried to the corner of my office and cowered as she tried her best to cover her naked body. Her face was crimson and her legs were shaking. She looked at him and then at me then back at him hoping for some miracle to save her from certain discipline.

He just stood there looking her over with that stone cold poker face of his without saying a word. I must say that seeing him being an observer and not as the object of his attention put a whole new light on my perception of him. That old fox knew EXACTLY what he was doing to maximize poor Brooke’s embarrassment. It was as if he totally enjoyed the power he had over her and was relishing every SECOND of it.

I knew the ball was in my court as my boss certainly wasn’t going to make the first move. He was mesmerized by that poor girl’s body – though I’m sure Brooke didn’t know that. From the expression on his face I’m sure she thought she was a goner.

I picked up a legal pad of paper and a pencil and stepped away from my desk. “Brooke here was just doing some modeling for me. I was sketching her for a project I had in mind.”

His expression immediately softened and a smile slowly appeared on his face. That man was playing this for all it was worth. It was comical in a weird sort of way. “Is that right, Brooke?” He asked looking directly at her.

Brooke’s voice cracked as she answered, “Um, yes sir, that’s right, sir . . . modeling . . . that’s what I was doing.”

“FINE, for some community project no doubt. EXCELLENT! Did Tracy tell you how much I encourage my employees to get involved with community arts projects?”

Brooke looked at me for some sort of guidance and then answered, “As a matter of fact she did.” She didn’t sound very convincing but the words were right.

“Well, don’t let me interrupt. Please, go back to what you were doing, by all means.” He said as he took a seat.

All the color left Brooke’s face as she looked at me with desperate eyes.

“Stand back over here like you were,” I instructed and took her arm and led her to a position against the wall. I moved her arms similar to my pose at the museum when I had to pretend to be a Classic Greek Statue. I could tell she was mortified as her nude form was only a foot or two away from our President’s eager eyes. It didn’t help matters that she was clearly aroused either and she knew it.

I took up my pad and pretended to sketch – as if I actually knew how to draw. How silly was that? I did my best for Brooke’s benefit to make it look legit however.

Mr. Darthwaite watched intently and would occasionally speak up in causal conversation. “You’re very good at this, Brooke. Have you done this before?”

“Um . . . not really.”

“It’s hard to hold a NATURAL pose you know. Not everyone can do that. You certainly seem to have mastered it quite well. Any artist would love to have a quality model like you posing for them.”

“Um . . . thank you, sir.”

I continued to draw looking up from my pad periodically as a real artist might. It was hard not to crack a smile as Brooke was clearly getting wetter by the second. Moisture was now quite obvious on her inner thighs and a small bead of liquid was ever so slowly making its way down the inside of her left leg. I had to bite my lip to keep from ruining the whole act. She must certainly be aware that we both could see her aroused state. It must be sheer torture for her.

“My son is an artist you know,” Mr. Darthwaite said breaking the silence.

“No . . . um . . . I didn’t know that.” She replied nervously

“Yes, at City College. He’s quite good. Why Tracy’s even posed for him. Isn’t that right, Tracy?”

I was taken aback at his revealing that tidbit of personal information. “Oh yes. It was a great experience,” I replied confidently not wanting to make her suspicious. Brooke’s eyes widened at my comment as she was obviously unaware of that side of my life pertaining to the firm.

“You know, Brooke,” our boss said smiling, “My son will be here doing some work for an important client of ours tomorrow. I was wondering . . .”

“Yes . . .” she said cautiously.

“Well, I probably shouldn’t be asking you to help with this as it is not something really part of your normal job duties . . . what is it that you do again?”

“I’m a Data Entry Clerk for the Accounting Department, sir.”

“Oh . . .” he said trying to act surprised at her answer. “For some reason I thought you did more IMPORTANT stuff here at the firm.” His remark was clearly condescending.

“But I can do LOTS of things,” she quickly interjected. “I’d be happy to help if you’d give me a chance I don’t ALWAYS want to be a Data Entry Clerk!”  Her excitement was profound and even I was impressed.

“Well . . .” he said scratching his chin as he mulled it over. “This is a rather important client. I can’t . . . I mean the firm really shouldn’t . . .”

The look on Brooke’s face said it all. She was sure she had come so close to getting some recognition, some opportunity for advancement and here it was slipping away before her very eyes. She looked at me almost pleading for me to help her somehow.

“Mr. Darthwaite,” I interrupted much to Brooke’s relief, “You know I’ve been working rather closely with Brooke for a while now.”

“You have?”

“Yes, and though she’s new to the firm I believe she shows promise and can be trusted. She seems pretty loyal to the firm and from what I’ve seen, her work is quite good. Maybe she deserves a chance.”

Brooke smiled at me appreciatively and her face was all a glow. I wasn’t sure if that was because I came to her rescue or if it was from being flushed from her obvious arousal. Either way it was charming nonetheless.

“Are you sure about this?” he asked.

“Sure enough to stake my reputation on it,” I replied, “that is IF she REALLY wants to.”

“I don’t know,” he said still pondering the situation.

“Please give me a chance,” Brooke pleaded trying not to sound desperate. “I won’t let you down. Just tell me what I have to do.”

“Oh to heck with it, if Tracy here is willing to go out on a limb for you I guess I can too.”

“Thank you sir.” said Brooke practically beaming with excitement.

“Just be at my office at nine o’clock tomorrow morning just as you are.” He said as he stood up to leave.

“Um . . . just as I am? I don’t understand. What will I be doing?”

“Why modeling, of course. My son will be drawing you for a project my client is interested in. Now don’t let me down,” he said with a wink and then left the room.

“TRACY!! What have I gotten myself into? Surely he didn’t mean he wants me in his office NAKED? Did he?”

“As a matter of fact he meant EXACTLY that. You should be honored.” I said as I put the tablet down.

“HONORED?!”

“Oh yes. He usually gets only trusted, high priced models to use for the important clients. You must have made a great impression for him to take a chance on you this way. This is very important. He wouldn’t have asked you if he really didn’t think you could do the job.”

“Well, your support probably made him decide. Thank you for that. It was quite a risk you took. I mean you hardly know anything about me.”

“I trust you and I’m sure you won’t let me down.” I said going about my business. I then looked up at her still standing naked in my office and smiled appreciatively. “Besides you’ve done well today with only a half hour to go before quitting time.”

She looked at the clock and sighed. “That’s like FOREVER!”

“Do you realize that if you hadn’t decided to let me guide you and played my game honestly you would have NEVER gotten this great opportunity? See I TOLD you that if you trusted me things would go your way eventually – even if my ideas seem weird on the surface. I DO know what I’m doing you know.”

“Oh I can see that now. And I know what I’m doing too.” She said with a smile. Her remark seemed odd to me but then she added, “I’m going to show up at his office in my birthday suit!”

“That’s the spirit,” I said and went back to clearing the last few items of work off my desk.

“Listen Tracy,” she said finally. “I owe you a lot. There’s something I’d like to have you do with me tonight.”

“Oh you don’t have to thank me,” I said remembering her poor financial situation. I certainly didn’t want to strain her resources. Besides I was the one who was really benefiting from all her work.

“Please,” she said with those innocent puppy dog eyes of hers.

“Okay,” I relented.

“GREAT! I’ll pick you up at 7:30 tonight.” She said with a smile.

I gathered up my stuff and told Brooke to wait in my office as I went to retrieve the rest of her clothes. I could tell she was glad that this was almost over. I could resist one last shot for my own pleasure. “Brooke, just one more thing, while I’m gone you might want to use these to clean up that gooey stuff between your legs. You wouldn’t want to stain your best outfit.” I said as I tossed her a box of tissues. It was mean I know but the blushing I saw in her cheeks made it all worth while.

Down the hall I ran into our President who beckoned me over to him. He carefully whispered, “Say, she’s cute. I really like her. I heard that YOU were the one that recruited her. Nice job. I just hope she’s as good as you say she is . . . for your sake.”

“Oh, ahem, she is. I’m sure of it.”

“Why don’t you bring her in tomorrow for moral support in case she gets a case of last minute jitters. Besides if she bolts I’ll need a replacement. Wouldn’t do to lose this contract I’m working on, would it?”

“Never fear, I’m sure she’ll do fine.”

“EXCELLENT!” I’m proud of you as always, my dear. Very proud.”

**The Fashion Show – Book Three Tracy's Recruit Part Seventeen**

That night Brooke came by right on the dot as promised. I figured she wanted to pick me up at my place rather than risk the embarrassment of me seeing her rundown apartment again. That was fine with me.

“Where are we going?” I asked as we drove off.

“I’d rather it be a surprise,” she said excitedly.

“Okay. I like surprises – especially if they are for me.”

We drove for some time as it grew dark. Things looked a bit familiar though nothing really rang a bell and I wasn’t at all sure where we were going.

Finally at long last she stopped the car. “It’s just up ahead here. We have a little walk though I hope you don’t mind.”

What was she planning, a surprise party or something? “No I don’t mind” I reassured her as she led me along a small trail. Finally we reached a picnic table located under some trees not too far away from a sidewalk. It was a nice spot. I could see why she liked it so much and made the long drive to find it. I guessed she just wanted to make things perfect for whatever she was planning.

“Are we eating here?” I asked hopefully. “It’s really a great place for a nighttime picnic. Just look at all the stars!”

She began to rummage through the cloth bag she was carrying which I assumed contain the fixings for our picnic. Satisfied with whatever she was doing she looked up and appeared quite concerned about something.

“Tracy, I’m wondering, was Mr. Darthwaite on the level?”

“What do you mean?”

“Is this client thing tomorrow REALLY all that important? I mean you’re an Account Executive so you’re in a position to know these things. I don’t move in the same circles as you do.”

“Why yes it’s important. A lot is riding on this meeting tomorrow. I can assure you of that. It’s essential that you do well, especially after our President has given you this opportunity.”

“You really stuck you neck out for me then. That was a brave thing to do. I just want you to know that.” She said plainly.

Hero worship is a relatively new thing for me and it felt quite good to realize that someone actually appreciated my efforts. “I think you’re worth it,” I said modestly.

“Good I hope you still think that after tonight.”

Now it was MY turn to be confused. “Why would you say that?”

“You’ll see.” Her whole demeanor then changed quite drastically and she said rather forcefully, “Now, how about you give me your clothes . . . ALL of them.”

To say I was shocked by this sudden turn of events would be an understatement. “Why on earth would I do that, and what’s with this Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde routine anyway? What’s going on here?”

“Just DO IT!”

“Look I don’t feel like playing a game right now if it’s all the same to you.” I said trying to make light of what was becoming an increasingly tense situation.

“Oh this is no game I can assure you.” She said folding her arms across her chest. “For the last time, get those clothes off.”

“At least tell me what’s going on. I deserve THAT much.” I said hopelessly dazed.

“Okay, you’re right. I guess you’ve been pretty fair with me so I’ll tell you.” She then took a step closer to me – too close for my comfort actually and continued. “You see I know ALL about your little corporate strategy and how you use your bodies to literally goad your clients into signing huge contracts worth millions.”

“How . . . I mean WHAT are you talking about?” I was flabbergasted. How on EARTH did she know about our ultra-secret program?

“Oh don’t play innocent with me.” she said smiling coyly. I really do know EVERYTHING. And from my perspective YOU’RE in a pickle too. Your boss is counting on you to deliver me. In fact I was YOUR recruit. Your entire career rests upon my keeping this secret and doing well in the eyes of the company.”

I swallowed hard and tried to keep my composure. “What makes you so sure you’ve got it all figured out?”

“You really should have done your homework before picking me. I set you up from the start.” She then reached out and forcefully popped a button off my blouse and began giggling. “Confused? You SHOULD be. Penny said you’d be an easy mark.” “PENNY?!”

“Yeah, my last job was with Micro-Tech Systems. Penny was my lover or significant other if you’d prefer it that way. So you see I DO know EVERYTHING. Penny was one of your pawns before she left your firm.”

“But . . . but why pick on me?”

She took a step closer and put her face right in mine and said angrily, “Because you little bitch, I saw how you screwed my lover over by distracting her with your charms at that meeting with her boss such that she actually recommended a terrible contract to him. The next day when her boss finally figured it out he blamed her for everything. Our love life went to hell and she’s been working 24/7 to get back to the level she once held at the firm. And it’s all because of you! She was my meal ticket at Micro-Tech. When her career failed so did mine. We hardly speak to each other now. So, I left and decided to graze greener pastures and as your company is much larger than my old one it suited me fine.”

Oh crap I thought to myself. I remember how Penny fingered me under the table at that fancy restaurant as her boss and I negotiated. I got my promotion in part because of that great contract – despite the humiliation I suffered at her hands. Why the very idea of another woman touching me was repulsive but I put up with it for the sake of the firm. Now it has come back to haunt me!!

“Why are you telling me all of this?” I asked nervously. “What do you want with me?”

“First I want your clothes and I want them now. I’m not telling you again.”

“Fine, calm down,” I said unbuttoning my blouse. It was humiliating having to strip in front of her, but, it was worse not knowing what she was planning to do. “And to think I felt sorry for you living in that dump of an apartment.” I said as I tossed her my bra.

“That rat hole? I don’t live there. I rented it just to fool you. It was cheap enough. In fact, didn’t you ever wonder why I wouldn’t let you inside?”

“Well, yeah as a matter of fact, I did,” I said as I gave her the last of my clothing.

“Because there wasn’t any furniture inside, you dummy, boy are you gullible.”

I stood there naked trying to keep from trembling. I was kicking myself for being so stupid.

“Okay, here’s the deal sweet-cakes. I’m willing to play along with this innocent recruit thing and you know I can pull it off too as I easily fooled you so far didn’t I? But it’s going to cost you.”

“How much?” I asked carefully.

“Oh I don’t want money. I plan on getting enough of that from your company. No . . . I want something better. I want you as my slave or more precisely I want your body to do with as I please. You surrender it to me without protest for as long as I choose to stay at the firm and I’ll play along at work and make you proud. It will be good for the both of us.”

“And if I refuse?” I asked not really wanting to know the answer.

“I’ll not only ruin your career at the firm but I’ll take down the entire company. I’ll expose everything to the media. In fact I’ll file complaints that may end up in criminal charges being brought against you and the rest of the crowd – Karen, Lisa and Mr. Money bags himself! Got it?”

I was screwed! She DID know everything and had enough going for her to really carry out her threats.

“What if I do as you ask?”

“Like I said, I’ll be at your beck and call at work like a good little recruit and do everything in my power to make you look good. Your boss will be proud and the clients will be happy. I know how to play the game. I think you know that by now. If you go along and do as I demand we’ll both clean up.”

I stood there silently regretting I ever got involved in this mess. Being a SLAVE! What did that mean? I wasn’t sure I could do it.

“I’ll be honest. I don’t know how good a slave I’ll be. I mean I’m not into . . . you know . . . girls. I might fail even though I’d be trying my best and I’d still be screwed.”

“Oh you’re screwed alright no matter what you decide. You can count on that!” she said giggling. “But look at it this way, at least as my slave you’ll have a CHANCE of things working out. Refuse and you’ll end up reading about yourself in the paper. Who knows, you might end up learning new things – like you thought I would learn under your control. You might even LIKE them – but frankly I don’t care if you do or not.”

She had me and she knew it. I could see no way out. “Okay, I’ll be your slave . . . IF you promise to keep this between us and not bring it up at work.”

“Listen sweet-cakes you’re in no position to dictate terms to me, but I feel generous tonight so I’ll commit to this much – I’ll keep it out of work for the time being.”

I nodded my head and simply said, “I’m yours.”

“Great, I want you up on that table on your back.” She instructed. I knew better than to ask what for so I did as I was told. Before long she had me tied down – spread-eagled as it were with my kitty facing the sidewalk.

“It won’t always be like this,” she said compassionately, “But I owe it to Penny to get a little revenge for the way you treated her.”

“What . . . what are you going to do?” I said shaking like a leaf on a windy day. My heart was racing a mile a minute.

“Do you know where you are?” she asked.

“No.”

“You’re on campus. In about 15 minutes night classes will end and a hoard of students will be walking back to their dorms. Can you read this sign?” She then unrolled a large cardboard sign that read: “I screwed another person’s lover!”

She then took out a camera and took literally dozens of pictures of my naked body from every angle. How HUMILIATING!

“Have fun,” she said cheerfully when she was through.

“Where are you going?” YOU CAN’T LEAVE ME HERE LIKE THIS!!”

“Sure I can.”

With that she left.

**The Fashion Show – Book Three Tracy's Recruit Part Eighteen**

So there I was tied naked to a picnic table only a few feet from a public sidewalk. Any minute college students would be filing out of their classrooms, many passing right by my spot. To make maters worse my kitty is facing directly towards the spot they would pass.

Interspersed between my fear of what would happen to me that night and the anger that welled up inside, my mind filled with many unanswerable questions. How could I have been so STUPID?! How did I miss seeing that she wasn’t the genuine article? Were there warning signs I should have spotted? Did Karen and Lisa suspect something and just didn’t have a chance to inform me? And, most importantly, what was going to happen to me now?

Then I heard voices! Oh Gawd it was starting! Then standing at the foot of my table I could hear laughter. Though it was difficult, I raised my head up and saw three girls staring at me. “What ya do slut? Mess with the wrong girl’s boyfriend?” The others all laughed at her comment.

“Serves you right.” Her friend said smugly. “Though from what I see looking at you I don’t understand what any guy worth having would find attractive!” She was obviously making fun of my body. Once again my full bush comes back to haunt me.

“HEY GUYS! CHECK THIS OUT!” one of the girls called out down the sidewalk. “HURRY UP!”

Soon two boys stood next to her. “HOLY CRAP, would you look at that?”

One of the girls said giggling. “Hey, anybody got a feather?”

“A feather? What for . . . oh I get it!” the first boy replied. “No feather, but I’m pretty good at tickling. Watch this!” he then proceeded to tickle the bottom of my foot causing me to squirm.

“Cut that out!” I said between bouts of giggling.

The other girls all joined in and soon their hands were all over me, under my arms, on my neck, around my belly and between my legs. It was sheer agony!!

I couldn’t help but giggle and the more I squirmed, the more they seemed to think I wanted them to continue despite my protests. It wasn’t long before I felt someone, I couldn’t tell who, tickling my love button. “HEY!” I cried out but with all my squealing and their laughter no one seemed to pay attention and the hand continued fingering me. Occasionally one of the girls would squeeze my breasts playfully sending waves of repulsion up my spine. It wasn’t long though before I felt myself getting aroused. Whoever was fingering me was obviously quite aware of that as I sensed his finger was now quite wet and damn he was good! A wet finger was much more conducive to furthering my arousal – and my shame!

“STOP IT OR I’M GOING TO PEE!” I threatened finally gasping for breath. Boy was THAT the wrong thing to say.

“Let’s make her do it!” One of the girls suggested. “YEAH!” some others chimed in and they increased their torture of my body until I did just that! I like totally lost control of my bladder and sent a huge squirt which landed on the arm of one of the guys. It only lasted a second or two but it was quite obvious! To my chagrin as everyone watched I shot a second smaller spurt out into the air hitting the same boy’s shirt!

“GROSS!” he said as he stood back away from me. “THAT’S DISGUSTING!” There were rather obvious wet spots where my fluid scored direct hits. His friends all made fun of him and one by one they all stopped tickling and joined in mocking him.

I hardly had time to catch my breath before others arrived to see what all the commotion was all about. “HEY CHECK IT OUT – A NAKED GIRL!” another boy said in total amazement. “What’s going on? Is this some type of initiation?”

“Read the sign, you dope,” one of the first girls said pointing it out to the newcomer.

“Oh . . .”

“HEY Look what I found . . . a magic marker!” another girl said gleefully as she uncapped it. Brooke must have left it on purpose before she abandoned just to add to my humiliation.

The girl took the marker and proceeded to write in bold letters S-L-U-T across my chest. She then handed the marker to her friend who also wrote some words on my thigh. Before long the marker was passed from person to person. There was no telling what they were writing but they seemed to be having a great time doing it. The marker found its way onto almost every nook and cranny of the front of my body.

The students writing on my body was humiliating sure enough, but their words of mockery were what really hurt. The girls were the worst and seemed to relish treating me like dirt. I think the guys just appreciated the opportunity of seeing a naked girl. They weren’t out for blood like the women seemed to be. Their remarks were really hateful. I almost started to cry but a little voice inside told me just to be strong and tough it out. Logic told me that if these women sensed fear I was a goner.

One girl – the loudmouth of the group – stood on the bench of the table and even suggested they parade me around campus. I trembled at her words though mercifully no one seemed to take her seriously.

Then the cameras came out. Flash after flash went off and what I had feared the most along this entire journey of mine became reality; namely, that pictures of my nude body would find their way to the Internet.

“Check it out!” a girl exclaimed as she boldly ran her fingers along my kitty. “She’s horny! She LIKES this! Can you believe it?” Everyone laughed at her comment and I just wanted to crawl under a rock and die! It was bad enough that a girl touched me there but it was even worse that she called everyone’s attention to my shame!

Finally I heard an authoritative voice commanding, “Okay, break it up. The fun’s over!”

“Awwwwwwwww,” came the collective sigh of disappointment from the crowd.

Slowly people began dispersing and soon there was only one person left standing next to me – Brooke.

“Had enough?” she asked as she shown the flashlight in my face.

Part of me wanted to lie and tell her that I was having fun just to make her mad but the truth was I was so ready to get off that table. “Yes,” was all I could muster in a week and pitiful sounding voice.

“Thought so . . . Smile pretty,” she instructed as she took even more pictures. “Penny will just LOVE what they’ve done to you.” My shame was now complete. The very idea that Penny, the girl that molested me in the restaurant would be seeing my graffiti laden body was chilling.

Brooke untied me and helped me off the table. Her demeanor was actually sympathetic which surprised me. “I’m sorry I had to put you through this but I’m sure you understand that it had to be done.”

“Yeah, whatever.”

She then re-tied my hands behind my back and proceeded to lead me to her car. “What about my clothes?” I asked not wanting to lose a good outfit for no particular reason.

“Oh, didn’t I tell you? You won’t be wearing them very often any more.” She then let out a hearty laugh. “You see, I’m moving in with you. I’ll think I’ll take the master bedroom. You can move into the guest room. The rules are different now. From now on whenever you’re not at work you’ll be naked . . . unless of course I give you something specific to wear. You’ll be at my total whim and fancy.” She then opened the passenger car door for me and motioned me to get in. “That is, IF you still WANT to do my bidding. You haven’t changed your mind have you?” I recalled my situation only too well and really didn’t have any real choice. “No,” I snapped back “I HAVEN’T changed my mind.”

When we arrived at my place, which she was claiming as her own, I suffered the indignity of literally moving my stuff out of my room and into the smaller spare room. I hated that as I really loved the master bedroom and its beautiful private bath.

The next morning I took a shower and much to my horror none of that black ink washed off! It dulled a little after numerous attempts at scrubbing but it was still quite visible. I looked like the tattooed woman at the freak show. There were marks on every inch of the front of my body. The only plain skin was around my neck and face.

Not wanting to start the morning off badly I humbled myself and went out to the living room without clothes. Brooke was reading the morning paper on the sofa. “Can I pick out my own office clothing or is that something YOU have to do?” I desperately tried not to sound flippant but that is what I felt inside.

She looked at me with a broad smile. “Gee, that stuff doesn’t wash off does it?” She giggled at some of the sayings people had written and then looked me in the eyes. “No Tracy, I agreed that at work I’d make you proud and for the time being also agreed not to bring our new situation into the office so you may dress as you please for work. But, as soon as you get home I want you to strip nude and stay that way. You may only wear clothes at the office. The rest of the time, unless I specifically want you to wear something, you are to go without. Understand?”

“Yes. When I’m in the apartment I’m to be naked.”

“No” she corrected me, “You’ll be naked not just at the apartment but everywhere other than work unless I instruct you otherwise.”

I suddenly realized that she was planning on exposing me all over town to who knows how many people. I sighed and went to get dressed. This sucked.

Fortunately I had a rather modest pantsuit that covered me enough to keep prying eyes from seeing my graffiti.

At work, the roles were 180 degrees from what they had been at home. True to her word, Brooke was the shy and innocent recruit while I was in control. It was weird. I knew that I really couldn’t take advantage of the situation though as I would surely pay the price later.

“Tracy,” Mr. Darthwaite said as I escorted Brooke into his office. “Thanks for bringing her by.”  I wasn’t sure how this was going to play out and I was deathly afraid that Brooke wouldn’t be able to pull it off and I’d be in big trouble of a different sort. His son had already arrived and was setting up his stuff as Brooke looked as nervous as ever. If I didn’t know better I could swear that she really WAS nervous. She missed her calling I thought. She should have been an actress. My fears began to subside as I watched her in action. She was perfect and gave not even a hint of deception! It was like she had two distinct personalities. That was all I needed, I thought to myself, to be a naked slave to a schizophrenic psychopath! I could see the newspaper headlines now, slain corporate executive’s nude body found in a public park!

Brooke was posed like I had been before – on top of the credenza and also like before the entire set up for the client was duplicated. Sure enough the client couldn’t help himself and was constantly staring at poor, innocent little Brooke only this time I didn’t feel the least bit sorry for her. She played her part well and the firm got the contract.

When all was through Mr. Darthwaite had me stay behind. “Tracy,” he said patting me on the back. “I just want to thank you for recruiting Brooke what’s-her-name. I think she’s going to make a fine operative for the firm. I think, however, we should continue to keep her in the dark about the program for the time being.” He said cautiously. “We can’t be too careful, you know.”

“Yes, sir, I agree.” I said nervously. If he only knew, I thought to myself, if he only knew.

Back at my place after work I stripped off my clothes as Brooke watched intently. The way she stared at me knowing like I did that she had a preference for females made me feel really creepy.

“See,” she said coyly, “Today wasn’t so bad, was it?”

“No, it worked out okay at work, I guess.”

“Well, now that you know that I can keep my end of the bargain, it’s time to find out how serious you are about keeping yours. Oh this is going to be so much fun!” The excitement in her voice was sickening.

Thus I prepared myself for the role of a slave for the foreseeable future. You guys pray for me that I make it through this, Okay?

THE END