**The Fifty-Percent Off Sale  
by Chessman**

**A New Marketing Strategy**

Lara could not believe that she was about to do what she was about to do. She stood in the window of Dee Monde Ladies Salon, where she had worked since early October, waiting for the curtains blocking the window to rise and offer the street beyond a full view into the shop interior. It was the last week of the holiday rush and Dee Monde sales had not done as well as forecast. The small lingerie and accessories shop was not faring well against the big chain stores in the recently opened mall on the outskirts of town.

Lara, nineteen and sophomore at the community college, had taken the job at Dee Monde as part of a work studies course designed for students in the fashion and design program to attain real world experience within the retail world. Delores Masters, the owner of the small boutique, made it a point to take one or two promising students as interns and employees and mentor them in the many facets of marketing and retail. Dee Monde had a staff of eighteen, all female and all over fifty, save for Lara and another student. Jolene was a high school senior and was employed as a stock girl Friday evening, all day Saturday and Sunday afternoon. Lara had no on campus courses this semester, it was her work/study semester, and she worked from store opening to store closing Tuesday to Thursday and half a day on Friday. The shop was closed on Monday.

Most businesses hope to be in the black, turning a profit, by the Friday following Thanksgiving or the Monday thereafter at the latest. Dee Monde had not yet turned that corner. Delores was desperate to keep her shop afloat, the quality of her goods and the service of her sales women were exemplary; yet the cheaper clothing in the stores in the mall were costing this customized business many of its loyal customer base.

Delores decided to conduct a new marketing strategy. In addition to her outreach to her regular female clientele she would send letters to the husbands and boyfriends of the women offering a special series of sales, at night, after normal business hours so that the men could pick out those special gifts for their favorite woman or women.

Three separate evenings prior to the holiday were selected for these special sales. The first event was “See How It Looks Before you Buy Night”. That Friday evening Lara, Jolene, and a well-kept sales girl named Mary Margaret paraded about the shop in a series of teddies, nighties, baby doll outfits and negligee sets. The men seemed to genuinely appreciate seeing the garments on a live model and sales jolted beyond Delores’ expectations. She assured her entire staff that if the next two nights went as well as this one she would have enough money to keep the shop open through the next year.

The next event had not only the three models circulating the floor in ever changing outfits, as on the first night, but Delores and all of the other ladies from cashiers to fitting room attendants similarly attired in opaque negligee sets. The outfits Jolene and Lara wore, however, were translucent to transparent, exposing nipples and pubic hair to the gaze of the shoppers as they made their rounds displaying the items.

The eighteen year old Jolene, with her athletically lean body, did not attract as many looks and a good deal of touchy-feely caresses as the curvaceous Lara. Lara was surprised that many of the lingering touches came from women shoppers. By the end of the evening she was very, very, wet and in dire need of relief. So wet that her last outfit, a thong bottom and baby doll top, showed stains from when a woman in her forties had sat Lara on her lap under the guise of feeling the fabric of the baby doll. While doing so the woman had slipped a finger under the thong and massaged Lara almost to completion.

A whispered, “My number is on Delores’ rolodex if you want to finish this, sweetie,” and the woman eased Lara off of her lap. Dazed and confused, Lara continued to circulate the store floor until Delores told the customers she was closing the shop for the night.

The income from the first two events had not proved quite enough to push Dee Monde into the black and fatten the bank accounts enough to keep the shop open. Delores came up with the last night of events to draw in more customers and garner more money from them.

On this Friday evening, Delores was holding a fifty per cent off sale. Oh, no, not cutting the prices on the merchandise, no that would not fatten the accounts at all. The letter Delores circulated to her clientele was, “For every hour of the sale there will be a goal. If at the end of the hour the goal is reached. My ‘fit models’ shall remove fifty percent of the current outfit they are wearing.”

That night Lara stood in the window of the store and slowly raised the curtain. The line of customers waiting for the afterhours sale to begin was almost a block long. Lara was wearing the outfit Delores selected for her. Black sheer thigh high stockings, a black lace garter belt, black bikini briefs, black calf length lace night gown and a black satin robe. Jolene wore a similar outfit in red, Mary Margaret was in a royal blue ensemble.

The shop opened at seven in the evening. By the eight o’clock count, the first goal had not been reached. Groans from the customers were followed quickly by cash registers ringing merrily. The nine o’clock count showed that the first goal was met and the shop was well on the way to earning the second goal.

Jolene giggled and removed her robe and shoes. The nightgown beneath it and the matching panties were all that was left to her. Lara removed her shoes, stockings and garter belt, leaving her in the robe nightgown and panties. Mary Margaret was wearing the royal blue robe and its matching nightgown. She removed the robe.

If the goal for the next hour was met, and based on the till count it should be, the three models could be both very excited and quite embarrassed at ten o’clock. The sale was due to end at eleven o’clock.

The ten o’clock alarm sounded all too soon, for Lara. The count was just at the mark Delores set, no more and no less. Mary Margaret, blushing and giggling, pulled off the nightgown and stood in the shop, naked and fully exposed. Save for stretch marks on her stomach and a minor sag to her breasts, she could pass for a woman half her age. Lara was a touch jealous. Jolene giggled, and called over, “Almost there with you, Mom,” as she pulled the nightgown over her head and stood in only her red thong panties.

“Well, I have a problem,” Lara smiled at one of the men whose hands had been roaming her body all evening. “I am wearing three things and it is supposed to only be fifty percent off. I can only give one third or two thirds not fifty percent. And we haven’t seen sales enough for two thirds and I don’t want to disappoint with only one third.” She turned her attention to the same woman who had fingered her to near orgasm during the last sale night with the last statement.

That woman turned to Delores and asked how much more the store needed to make the goal in question. A figure of fifteen hundred dollars was quoted by the owner of the shop. “Here is two thousand,” the woman peeled off twenty one hundred dollar bills from the cash roll in her purse. I’ll take one of every outfit they are wearing in every color the outfits come in.”

“Lara, you have been called out, which two of your three garments will you relinquish?” Delores asked her employee.

Lara responded by dropping the robe and squirming out of her bikini bottoms leaving her in the lace nightgown. The female customer asked that Lara come and sit on her lap so she might examine the lace of the nightie to determine if it was soft enough to wear to bed. Lara was soon groaning as the woman stroked her legs and massaged her nipples through the lace until her eraser-like tips poked through the holes of the lace in the bodice.

The woman shifted her attention to Lara’s pubic mound, once again massaging the poor girl just to the point of orgasm without allowing her to spill over into that blissful state. On the other side of the shop Mary Margaret was being fondled by an older couple paying such good attention to her breasts and crotch that the smell of her arousal was drifting through the shop.

Nearer to the dressing rooms, a man in his late thirties was trying to buy the red thong from Jolene. “Come on, you will have to take it off at eleven anyway, just drop the panty now and I’ll give you fifty bucks for it.”

Delores overheard this comment and walked over to the man, “The panties cost two hundred dollars, if you want them that badly.”

Jolene turned red as the man peeled off four fifties and gave them to Delores then turned to her and held out his hand. Thumbs in the waistband Jolene slowly slipped the red panties off of her legs exposing her shaved-clean-as-a-baby pubic area. Now as naked as her mother, Jolene found herself with multiple hands of multiple people caressing and prodding her intimate and most private of places, now on full public display.

“Well, that leaves only you, young lady,” Lara’s female tormentor chuckled. “Delores, what will it cost to get this one naked?”

“I think five thousand should do it Suzie, particularly if you plan on having your way with her, which judging by the hand you have busily working in her crotch I believe you do.” Delores responded.

“For that price, little girl, you go home with me, and remain exactly as you leave this shop until I have gotten my money’s worth.” Suzie growled into Lara’s ear.” Then loud enough for Delores to hear, “Sold!” Opening her purse Suzie extracted fifty more one hundred dollar bills. Once Delores had counted the money, Suzie told Lara, “Hand it over.”

Less than an hour later a very naked, very horny Lara found herself in the back of Suzie’s limo on the way to an estate outside of town. It would be a weekend she would long remember.

**Lara’s Weekend**

Suzy Monet, born into wealth, married into wealthier, was accustomed to having her way. People just did not say “No” to Suzy, at least not those who wanted to do business in town or work in either the public or private sector.

It was no surprise to Chaz, her driver, when Suzie exited the boutique accompanied by a very naked young woman. “Chaz, there are packages inside that need to go in the boot, before we leave. Leave the car running and turn up the heat. We will wait in the back.” Suzie gave her instructions to her driver and he held the door to the back seat open to allow the women entry. Closing the door, he went to the driver side and flipped a switch and immediately warmth flooded the vehicle.

It took Chaz fifteen or twenty minutes to retrieve all of the boxes and bags from Suzy’s purchase and place them within the car trunk without crushing any of them. Suzy was on the car phone the entire time. Martin, her butler, was told to have the special guest room turned down and ready for a weekend guest. Then, Lourdes, the nanny, was told to advise the children they would have company for the weekend. Maria, the cook/housekeeper, was the next call. Arrangements for a light late night meal were in place for the two returning women. Finally, Jay, the groundskeeper was informed to make sure the grounds of the walled estate were ready for a guest.

Lara, hearing all the names, and the fact there were children in the house, feared that her nudity would be exploited by many others than the woman who told her for the weekend she was to be referred to as Mistress Suzy.

Once Chaz packed the goodies away, the trip to the estate took twenty minutes. Suzy caressed and stroked Lara’s body the entire ride. Lara’s nipples were stiff as eraser tips and her crotch was wet with the dew yielded by her vagina as the nubbin of her clitoris was rubbed to engorgement by Mistress Suzy.

The gates of the estate swung wide to admit the limo. The long driveway ended in a full circle centered upon the flight of steps leading to the massive front doors. “Wait for Chaz to get out, child,” Mistress Suzy commanded. “I need to be sure that Jay has done his work fully.”

Chaz turned the engine off, and exited the car. A very large white dog, about one hundred fifteen pounds of very large white dog, raced to the car and literally stood on hind legs, placed front paws on the roof and looked down into the moon roof whimpering happily and wagging a tail that would be lethal to small animals and children within its range.

Reaching out with a gloved hand, Chaz scratched the space between the ears of the dog’s head, and then lightly massaged the left ear in a calm voice he ordered the dog down and told it to sit. He walked around the vehicle and opened the door opposite the dog for the two women inside to exit the limo.

Lara did so with a bit of trepidation about the beast was massive and she said so, “Mistress Suzy that is a massive dog.” The shock in her voice caused Suzy to smile.

“Child, that is a mastiff, more correctly it is an Argentine mastiff, even more correctly it is a Dogo Argentino. The breed came to be in the nineteen twenties when the cattlemen and shepherds on the Pampas needed a dog that would hunt in packs and protect the farm animals from predators such as the jaguar. More importantly, it is a dog that will not hunt domestic animals and which is fiercely loyal to its human masters; loyal to the point of laying down its life if the master is threatened. All humans in the family become part of the dog’s pack and are equally protected by it. My late husband, Renaldo Monet, was a breeder of the Dogo in his home country. When we returned to the States from Argentina he brought a bitch carrying puppies and a young male to start a blood line here. Mango, the big love sitting there, is one of that bitch's litter. We also have Gingko, her brother, and Cordoba the alpha male. The boys are not accepting of strangers in this estate. Mango will sniff you, lick you and scent you into the family pack. After that the boys will know you belong and you will have no trouble with them. Well, perhaps a bit of trouble, the three of them are sponges for attention and you will find they will demand it of you.

“Now, child, when you exit the limo slowly walk to the grass and then kneel down. Mango will greet you and when she nuzzles you, pet her. You will find her fur exceedingly soft to the touch and when you talk softly in her ear she will learn your voice. Your voice and scent with be in her memory forever. “ Mistress Suzy nodded to Chaz and he opened the door.

Mango politely sat though her tail begun wagging and rippled of excited anticipation could be seen in her fur and twitching ears. Lara did as instructed. Slowly walking from the car to the lawn Lara knelt in the damp grass with her hands on her knees.

“Mango, greet,” Suzy commanded. The dog sprang from her seated position and cleared the twenty feet from her resting place to Lara in a second. Nose sniffing literally everywhere tongue washing over Lara’s body like a giant pink sponge the dog found the split of the girl’s buttocks and began to wipe away at her anus. The force of the dog’s effort pushed Lara forward exposing her sex to the probing tongue. Not being able to control herself after the stimulation of the evening from Suzy during the ride and before that in the shop Lara orgasmed and in the throes of her pleasure Mango licked the swollen nub of Lara’s clitoris. Not able to contain herself, Lara yelled out. The dog walked around to face the girl with a look that was apologetic and confused. Mango had not meant to hurt the girl, just get to know her. Lara weakly reached up with her hands and scratched the dog’s nose and the space between Mango’s eyes.

“You are a good dog, Mango. You are a very good dog,” Lara’s hands rubbed the flanks of the dog. Mistress Suzy had been correct, the dog was soft as silk and oh so very warm. Lara kissed Mango on the nose and asked, “May I please get up now?”

Mango used her neck muscles under Lara’s armpit to boost the girl to her feet. Lara stood shaking until Mistress Suzy demanded, “Get inside, child. There will be lots of time to play with the dogs tomorrow.”

Lourdes greeted Lara just inside the front doors of the mansion. Nude, save for a dog collar of heavy linked metal, Lourdes was a brown haired, brown eyes, olive complected twenty something of Latin heritage.

“Greetings to you, Mistress asked me to have the children in their quarters when you arrived, I am Lourdes and I am the children’s nanny.” Her smile almost was as broad as her hips and her C cup breasts had no sag to them. Lara could not tell if the carpet and drapes matched. The carpet was gone, and Lourdes was baby smooth all over her body.

“Hi, I’m Lara, may I ask how old the children are and if they are used to nudity in their home,” Lara said in response, already somewhat embarrassed. She had just been licked to completion by a dog, in public, with witnesses and now here is another naked woman wearing nothing but a dog collar.

“Trust me; they will not care one way or the other. Some are only pups and the rest are juveniles being trained for sale to Mistress Suzy’s long list of clientele.” Lourdes replied with a smile.

“Oh, I thought Mistress Suzy said there were only three dogs in the house,” Lara replied, puzzled.

“Three house dogs, that’s true; however, we breed Dogo here on the estate. Gingko and Cordoba are both studs. When a Dogo bitch is in heat she is brought here to be bred and is kept until she whelps her pups. My job is to watch over the bitches and their litters. I clean the kennels and care for the puppies. Sometimes the mom dog won’t nurse the pups and then it is my job to feed them and give them human contact so they socialize properly.”

“Come with me now, and I’ll introduce you to Maria,” Lourdes told Lara as she led the way to the kitchen of the mansion, located in the rear of the house.

“Maria, I’m here with our guest,” Lourdes called ahead as the swinging door of the kitchen pushed in to allow the two girls entry. A woman in her forties, resembling Lourdes in stature and hair color, but a bit fleshier at the hip and waist than Lourdes and similarly nude, collared, and depilated, stood at a counter with a chopping knife in her hand cutting vegetables for a stew pot simmering on the stove behind her. Wiping her hands on a linen towel she extended her hand in greeting.

“I am Maria; Master Roberto imported me when he and Mistress Suzy came to the United States from Argentina. You may have assumed that Lourdes is my daughter. Well, that would be wrong; she is actually my youngest sister. We grew up in a family of Dogo breeders and when Mistress Suzy needed a kennel keeper to replace my late husband, she sent to my father for one of his children, one who is good with the ‘babies’. Lourdes was that person."

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Lara awoke as dawn crept in through the curtain less window of the room she was in. The breeze from the open door and her need to use the toilet added to her fitful waking. She giggled as she tried to move the large, soft warm bodies of the two dogs from her right arm and left leg without disturbing them. Cordoba swished his tail in his sleep while Gingko twitched his ears and began to run in a dream that must include something to chase.

Lourdes met her just inside the kitchen, where coffee and fresh baked rolls were set out on a counter top. “They are warmer than any blanket, aren’t they,” the Argentine girl said softly.

“Wow, once I got them to put their paws away from me I felt like a baby sleeping in a well bumpered crib. Lourdes, they are so gentle and yet so powerful,” Lara sighed, “But now I need the bathroom.”

Lourdes pointed to a door off to the left of the kitchen. Lara found it to be a half bath with a commode and a sink. A hand held shower over the tiled floor with a center drain suggested that the room might be used for washing the dogs. Lara asked Maria that question when she returned with Mistress Suzy’s breakfast tray.

“For that yes, the grounds get quite muddy and the dogs do love to roll in mud,” Maria smiled, “But also for us. When we have our periods we can squat and wash ourselves clean. No need for pads or tampons.”

Lara shuddered at that thought, but realistically, that option for a woman who is always nude seemed a logical one. Is this one of the things she had to look for in her future if she accepted employment with Mistress Suzy, Lara wondered, and what other weird kinks might the mistress of the manor have in dealing with the help?

Martin entered the kitchen and smiled, “Ah, good, girl you are awake. Mistress Suzy should like the pleasure of your company, in the parlor.”

As they walked to the parlor, Martin reminded Lara that a nude female is not permitted to sit on the furniture. "A kneeler, such as is found in churches, is provided. When entering the room do not speak to Mistress. Curtsy with a broken leg, that is, bend it at the knee, and then kneel with your back strait and shoulders back."

Lara had only curtsied once in her life and found it awkward to do. She assumed her position on the kneeler and waited silently for Mistress Suzy to say something as the rule of ‘speak only when spoken to’ was in effect.

“I trust you slept well,” Suzy smiled, “The dogs seem fond of you already. I wish for you to spend the day with Martin and Jay. Familiarize yourself with the main house first, with Martin. Then Jay shall instruct you as to the grounds and outbuildings. Is your family expecting you any time this weekend?”

“No, Mistress Suzy, my parents and younger brother are visiting an aunt, my father’s sister, I could not go as I have exams next week and work this weekend, well, last night and this afternoon. I was to study for my exams the balance of the time.”

“I see, well I know I can get you an excused absence from your employer,” Suzy grinned at that, “Now, as to your school work, and in what subjects are your examinations?”

“I have three, Mistress Suzy, Marketing, English, and Business Math.”

“Do you find these subjects to be difficult?” Suzy asked with a tone that was probative yet soft.

“Yes and no, Mistress Suzy, yes in that I never quite know what the Marketing professor is looking for when he asks his questions, also yes, as I love to write; but the English instructor is a style and vocabulary stickler. His style is English for a business professional. I want to write in the style of a creative novelist. Business Math is just about bookkeeping and ledger balancing. I can do that while sleeping.” Lara hoped she was neither flippant nor evasive in her answers.

“So, you have Rand Wesson as your Marketing professor,” Suzy stated this as fact, “I am guessing but Gwenn Schwartz is your Business Math instructor and let’s see if I know, your English instructor, Leslie Kane, perhaps?”

“Yes, Mistress,” the ‘wow, how did you know that’ on Lara’s face actually made Suzy laugh out loud.

“The town and gown interaction in this village is very thorough, Lara. Renaldo and I have donated vast sums to the college. Renaldo was a seated Regent, and I currently sit on the Advisory Board.” Suzy explained.

In her mentor voice Suzy told Lara that Rand Wesson retired as an executive vice president of an advertising agency on Madison Avenue. “With him, Marketing is all about branding. His approach is the creating of a memorable brand, placing that brand in the public eye and making the public want that brand above all others of the same product kind in the market.”

“The essay topic he gave us is, ‘If all coffee is good coffee, why do they drink what they do in Seattle’?” Lara said, “I am not getting it at all.”

Suzy laughed and then offered two suggestions. Lara nodded though she was not sure if she could carry the suggestions through to completion.

Martin came into the sitting room a few minutes later and Lara began her tour of the main house. Martin and Maria had offices in the basement across from the tool room and HVAC and water systems.

Lara was relatively familiar with the ground floor. Martin gave passionate remarks as to the types of granite, marble, and stone used in the entry, the type of pile in the carpeted areas and the furnishings. Lara, fearing she would be quizzed later, tried to absorb all of the information as quickly as Martin rattled it off.

The second and third floors, sitting rooms, a music room and bedrooms with en suite bathrooms, varied only by size. The mistress' suite had a king size bed and appropriate furniture. A sitting room adjoining was converted to a walk in closet and Lara noted mostly nightwear and lingerie occupied the space. A few business suits, a formal gown and two cocktail dresses with appropriate shoes were present. The obvious thing to Lara was that Mistress Suzy dressed to impress only when necessary. This morning’s attire of field jacket, boot cut jeans, and ankle boots, Martin confirmed, was more the normal daily dress code.

“Until the weather warms a bit more; as Mistress does value her full body tan, and is more often than not nude, unless business calls her elsewhere.” Martin concluded.

The attic presented a small suite with a sloping roof line and dormer windows. A double bed, a night stand, and a bathroom en suite looked as if they had not been in use for a very long time. An older computer, printer and telephone were on a desk in the alcove under one of the dormer windows. “Should you prove worthy, and chose to join the household, this room will be assigned for your use,” Martin said almost dismissively.

Martin brought Lara down the rear stairs to the kitchen and turned her over to Jay, who continued to explain about the grounds and outbuildings. “The small building near the west wall is the pump house and the small building that matches it near the east wall is the groundskeeper’s tool building. In order to maintain the property, that room has carpentry, plumbing, electrical and landscaping tools.”

“You manage to keep everything up alone?” Lara asked in a shocked voice.

Jay told her, “No, believe it or not both Maria and Lourdes are quite accomplished at some of those tasks, both can do simple carpentry and things like painting and tile repair. Lourdes is a journeyman electrician as well as a dog trainer and Maria has never met a drain she cannot unclog with snake or pipe wrench. Everyone here is expected to multi task. Martin is quite handy with cement and concrete work and helps me with the walks and driveways when needed.

“Come on now, let’s go see the kennels and I’ll leave you with Lourdes for a while.”

The kennels were a T shaped building with three wings. Lourdes had a bedroom and bath in the center and a door lead to each wing from her central room. Cameras and monitors showed activity in each wing. Presently two were occupied by bitch dams and puppies. One bitch kept pushing a pup away from its teats while four others fed hungrily. Lara looked at Lourdes and asked, “Why won’t she let that one eat?”

“She is the runt of the litter, Lara; Dogo bitches often reject their runts.” Lourdes responded.

“Won’t you try to save it?” Lara asked.

“No one will buy it, so Mistress tells us to let nature take its course.” Lourdes replied. “Would Mistress let me have it if I could save it?” Lara pled.

The grin on Lourdes face was a blend of an insider with special knowledge and a teenager up to mischief, “Why don’t you call her and ask?”

The intercom line to the main house buzzed, Suzy picked up the phone and Lara made her case for the puppy. Silence and the line went dead.

Not more than two minutes later, Mistress Suzy appeared at the kennel. “Which pup from which bitch are we concerned about?” she asked Lourdes.

Lourdes opened the door to the kennel wing and the three women entered. As they had seen on the monitor, one pup lay shivering to the side while the mother dog nurtured the others in the litter.

“Pick the orphan up, Lara,” Mistress Suzy instructed. The girl entered the kennel. The bitch dog curled around the other pups and growled but made no move toward Lara as she removed the rejected pup.

Mewling, the pup began to suckle Lara’s arm and immediately the bond between the pup and Lara was formed. “Please, Mistress Suzy, may I try to keep her alive and find her a home?” Lara begged.

“ I shall allow Lourdes to teach you how to raise orphan pups by using this one as your learning tool, Lara, but, this means that at least until the date when the pup can be weaned to solid food, you will commit to living here and obeying all the rules.” Lara nodded her acceptance of that condition, then Mistress Suzy replied with a smile, “To welcome you to the household, at four p.m. precisely you shall present yourself to the staff and there and then masturbate to orgasm. Thereafter, you shall repeat this daily and when any member of the staff desires to touch you and stimulate you, you shall comply with his or her wishes. No one shall have penetrating sex with you, but all may stimulate you short of that. Welcome to the household.”

“Do you have a name for your baby,” Lourdes asked Lara once Suzy left and the shock of what she must do to save the pup wore off of Lara.

“I would like to call her Merci, both for the mercy that saved her and the thanks for being able to nurture her.” Lara said. The pup became Lara’s Merci, by Belle Blanc and Gingko on its registration papers.

Lourdes taught Lara how to bottle-feed the pup, how to stimulate it to move its bowels and bladder and how to use a pump on the other bitch dog to gain mother’s milk to supplement the veterinarian formula.

Four o’clock in the afternoon, in the futon room off of the kitchen found the staff assembled and Lara on her back on the mattress. The thoughts in her mind brought her to the point where she could close out the audience and perform. First, the humiliation and excitement of being stripped naked in the lingerie store. Then being bought for the weekend by Mistress Suzy. Slowly she twisted and tweaked her nipples with her eyes loosely closed as she remembered. Then the thoughts of the limo ride to the mansion, naked and with Suzy caressing her back, shoulders and thighs allowed Lara to begin circling lightly on her inner thighs and abdomen.

The thought of Mango bringing her to orgasm on the front lawn caused Lara to flick at and rub her clitoris and then the memories of Cordoba and Gingko and their think soft pink tongues made her rub even harder until her body glistened with perspiration and her hips bucked against the palm of her hand.

“Well done, Lara, we all shall look forward to tomorrow’s performance,” Mistress Suzy smiled and departed.

Maria and Lourdes helped her up and she glanced at Martin and Jay both of whom had obvious bulges in their trousers.

Sunday found the ice broken and five pair of hands and five sets of lips kneading, caressing and fondling Lara’s body through the day. By the time four in the afternoon arrived she was more than ready to bring herself off with her fingers and somewhat eager for a willing mouth or perhaps a penis to help her to more than one orgasm.

Mistress Suzy would not permit that. With Lara’s parents and brother away until the next Friday, Lara stayed the night at Mistress Suzy’s estate.

**Exam Week**

Monday morning found a desperate naked girl trying to figure out how she could go to her marketing exam without any clothing.

“With the Program now in place in the grade and high schools I shouldn’t wonder but some spill over with on campus nudity will strike our college campus soon,” Mistress Suzy told Lara. “But for now, come upstairs to my bedroom."

Sheer ivory thigh-high hose, a matching garter belt, baby blue satin tap pants and a matching baby doll style chemise top and matching baby blue mule style slippers lay on the chair by Suzy’s bed.

“If you give your presentation dressed in these I guarantee you will not only pass the examination but the course as well,” Suzy told Lara, then whispered and reinforced some other remarks.

By ten in the morning on Monday, Martin dropped Lara off in front of the Business education building at the college for her examination. Heads turned as she entered the test room. The usual dressed down in over size sweat shirt and Bermuda shorts Lara was stunning in the outfit loaned her by Suzy. Professor Rand Wesson looked her up and down as if she were the last cupcake on the tray at a children’s birthday party. “Lara, would you care to explain what it is and why you are wearing it?”

“Professor, before I do, could I have a moment with my classmates?” Lara requested. Wesson looked at her and at his watch as if to say, it is your exam time, and nodded his assent.

Lara whispered to five of her classmates, three males and two females, asking for their assistance. They all nodded in agreement. “Sir, by their agreeing to help me, these five have also agreed to take whatever grade you assign me. My exam, with your permission shall be in the form of a advertising firms pitch to a client.” Lara said.

Wesson chuckled and waited to see how Lara would present her strategy. “We were posited with ‘if all coffee is good coffee, why do they drink what they do in Seattle,” Lara said.

“Jonathan is a robust jock who has lettered in football and baseball, he represents strong dark roast coffee,” Lara smiled.

“Jeffry is older and a little less fit,” Lara started.

“Ah, hell I admit I am overweight and in my thirties, Lara, go on,” Jeffry said and the class broke into laughter.

“Okay, Jeffry represents your average store brand, like Chase and Sandborne, Maxwell House or Folger’s,” Lara stated.

Moving to an ordinary looking guy about her own age, “Thom represents the coffee and donut chain coffee like Tim Horton’s or Dunkin Donuts,” she told her professor.

Next in line was one of the girls, a clean cut brunet without make up, “Sandy is Starbucks, everywhere and ordinary and dependable.”

“Trudy, is a bit more upscale but expensively inaccessible,” Lara remarked concerning the second girl, an Asian-American cheerleader.

“Then there is me,” She flipped her hair and wiggled her hips, “Do I look tasty? Would you like to find out what subtle undertones lay under my surface?” She propped one leg up on a chair seat and stroked the silky nylon from ankle to thigh, “With me available, why do you think they drink what they do in Seattle, Professor Wesson?” She licked her lips and then pursed them to blow the professor a kiss.

“Very nicely done, Lara, but this seems like a one-time marketing campaign, what would you do to keep Seattle buying your coffee?” Rand Wesson asked her.

“Maybe something like this, Professor,” she replied and peeled off the baby doll top leaving her naked from the waist up, “with the scroll below the screen saying, our flavor is natural and undisguised.”

“Ahem, I would certainly be interested in campaigns three and four, but I get your point and you have gotten the point of the class. You six are dismissed with my thanks. Let’s hope the rest of you do as well. Open you blue books and begin.” Rand Wesson was shaking his head and trying not to laugh out loud.

Lara left the building so quickly that she was half way to the parking lot before she realized the baby doll top was still draped over a chair in the testing room. She and her participants were given 3.5 out of 4 for the presentation. As none of them had better than a 2.25 in the class before the presentation and as that exam counted one half of the final grade all six were ecstatic.

“Miss Lara, Mistress Suzy will not be amused when she discovers you have left part of her wardrobe behind,” Martin smiled as he opened the limo door for the bare breasted student.

The drive to the estate was a silent one. Lara reviewing her performance and glad her professor accepted it, for her own and the sake of the other five in the class who helped the presentation to fruition. Martin concentrated on the drive and the view of Lara sitting with hardened nipples in the rear seat of the vehicle as seen from the panoramic rear view mirror.

Mango greeted the arrival of the limo by stretching herself over the hood and staring inside looking for the passenger. Lara exited and was greeted with a warm snuffling nose investigating the scent of her genitals followed quickly by a lapping tongue moisturizing her limited wardrobe. “Mango, be a good girl and go find Jay for me,” Lara commanded. Mango ignored her and followed her up the steps to the kitchen entry of the main house.

The kitchen was empty. A note on the large refrigerator indicated that Maria had gone shopping. Lara wondered where the woman could shop dressed in naught but a silver choke collar, but that thought was replaced by the next sentence in the note. It said Lara’s lunch was in the refrigerator on the second shelf.

Opening the French door of the refrigerator, Lara removed a salad bowl, the only item on the second shelf, finding it full of mixed greens, cubed cheeses, broiled chicken and several shrimp. Finding the olive oil and balsamic vinegar and a fork, Lara began to tuck away her meal. The intercom buzzing caught her mid mouthful and she chewed, swallowed and then hit the button, “Kitchen, Lara speaking.”

“Lara, when you have a moment I would like to see you in my office,” Mistress Suzy ordered.

“I can put my lunch back and be there in two minutes, Mistress,” Lara responded.

“No, child, finish your meal, it is not that urgent,” Mistress Suzy told her in a flat but not angry voice.

“Yes, Mistress,” Lara responded. She ate and wondered if Martin had reported her missing top to the mistress, or what other reason might have drawn attention to her. Then she looked down. “OMG, she saw I forgot to strip off before entering the house on the security cameras.” Lara quickly rectified her non-nude state and neatly folded the clothing and placed the hose, garter belt and tap pants atop the shoes to carry back to Suzy.

Washing her salad bowl and placing it in the drying rack she made her way to Suzy’s study. Knocking and being granted permission to enter, Lara found the kneeler and placed the clothing neatly beside it.

Suzy smiled. The young woman was bright and the house policy of nudity was now being obeyed. “In the future, when running errands or attending classes that require clothing, you will remove your clothing in the limo on the way back to the estate. You will not return here wearing anything I have not authorized. I fear I did not explain that when you left. So you will not be punished, this time. Just remember, even if I am the one who selects wardrobe and sends you out from the house dressed, your return is always nude.”

“Yes, Mistress Suzy, I will remember this from now on.” Lara replied with her eyes lowered. Then she remembered, Mango. Mango had been trying to tell her she needed to be naked before she entered the main house and Lara had misread the signal. She made a mental note to try to interpret the dog’s signals better in the future.

“Now, I have had a telephone chat with Rand Wesson. The little presentation you gave for your examination, made him smile. He said that it was a very unrefined advertising pitch; however, you hit the main message of the examination topic perfectly. If you had more time to rehearse your cast, he believed you would have all scored higher than the 3.5 he has assigned to you. Good work, Lara.” Suzy smiled, “He says you may see him in his office Thursday morning and retrieve your baby doll top.”

Lara shuddered and thought, 'I hope he does not want to see campaigns three and four.'

“Lara, I would like you to read this email. It is a draft copy of the new standards and practices to be placed in next year’s student handbook.” Suzy told her young charge.

Lara glanced at the email.

Proposed: In compliance with the rules of The Program and to the ordinances as written for the city of San Francisco on which this standard is based, no student shall be forbidden from participating in any school activity while nude. If a student is nude such nudity must not be for the titillation of the student or those persons about the student.

“The Regents are easing in the policy during the remainder of this semester, Lara,” Suzy told her in a stronger voice, “Your performance in your marketing examination caught the eye of several senior faculty members. On several campuses around the country, there is a student selected to be something called “The Life Style Model”. Some have both a male and female chosen to bear that title. For a semester or on some campuses for an academic year, the model attends all functions nude. Classes, sporting events, and any college or university sanctioned function on or off of campus requires complete and absolute nudity.

“More obligations will be added as time goes on. Posing for art classes, public appearances at local high schools for freshman recruiting and acting as the official hostess for college events are some of the suggestion in the works. For right now, the Regents and Faculty desire one bold young woman to finish the spring semester nude. You, Lara, are the selectee.” Suzy finished by saying, “As your parents are away, this week of exams will be a trial run for you. When they return, the college faculty, your advisor and your parents will sit down and decide if you shall continue in the role. I believe that the incentives may prove the tipping point during this discussion. We shall cross that line when we have to do so. For now, would you agree to complete your exams, and exam week, nude on campus?”

A strange tingle developed between Lara’s legs. Would it be exciting or embarrassing to display her body completely? If her exhibition was not supposed to arouse herself or others, what would she do if arousal occurred and was obvious to those around her?

“Yes, Mistress I am both afraid and excited at the prospect of this adventure. May I ask what is to happen should my actions do arouse me or others around me?”

“As the policy exists at other schools, the Model is asked at the beginning of the class if she is aroused sexually. If she answers yes, she is allowed five minutes to masturbate herself to orgasm. This is done in front of the class or the activity or event and the time limit is strictly enforced. Some schools punish the Model if orgasm is not achieved in the allotted time. That would suggest saying you have no need unless the need was desperate.

“Of course a male Model with an obvious erection would not be asked if he needed relief. He would be expected to stand and deliver within the five minute time limit.” Suzy finished.

“What will be expected of me this week, Mistress?” Lara asked, hoping the invitation for verbal exchange was still in force.

“The Regents would like for you to be on campus during normal class hours eight A.M. to four P.M. and when not in your examinations to roam the campus as you would on a normal class day. Go to the student union lounge or take a swim in the pool or visit the library; whatever activities you do normally, including eating at the cafeteria.”

Lara thought back to Friday at the lingerie shop and how much her life had changed in less than seventy-two hours. She answered, “Yes, Mistress I believe I can do that.”

**To the End of the Week**

“You know, you don’t have to do this, Constance,” Lara told her friend as they left the cafeteria for their exams. Constance shared the first exam, English Composition, and linked her left arm into the crook of Lara’s right elbow.

“Naked I am now, naked I shall stay,” and as proof she tossed the T-shirt and cheer shorts into a trash barrel as they crossed the quadrangle to the Liberal Arts building.

They passed groups of students hurrying on their way to exams or to the library for last minute study and preparation. Those that looked at the girls perplexed, or hostile, or vexed were informed by Constance of the Program being introduced to the college. Lara, remained embarrassed at the attention, never being as bold as Constance, and though embarrassed felt the excitement of arousal in the pit of her belly. “OMG, I may have to ask for relief,” she thought and the thought heightened her anxiety and enhanced the stirrings in her loins to the point where a point was obvious. Her clitoris was engorged and protruding slightly from between her lips.

Leslie Kane, B.A., M.A., EdD (candidate) stood with a stack of blue books near the entry to the testing room. Ms. Kane was six years older than most of the students in her classes. Her high school had graduated her at the end of her junior year and her university experience had been a series of intensive summer and winter sessions with a higher than usual course load in each of her regular semesters. She had both of her degrees earned by the time the balance of her class achieved the Bachelor level degree.

Standing about five feet seven inches, brown hair rolled in a bun atop her head and wearing beige boxy sweaters over drab to-the-knee brown skirts with what grandmothers call sensible shoes on her feet, Ms. Kane appeared ten to fifteen years older than her age. The stoppers to any attractiveness were the thick tortoise shell rimmed glasses she wore and the two pencils, one a red one for correction of papers, jammed at angles in her bun.

She watched the two young women enter the classroom and the corner of her mouth rose in a half smile. Constance was busy chatting away with a few other girls, but Lara caught the look on the professor’s face and a shudder went from her neck directly to her crotch.

The students continued to mill about the room searching for just the right seat to use to take the exam. All knew that it was an unknown topic picked by the professor and announced at the time of the test, which disallowed any pro or con preparation on the topic.

“Seats everyone,” Ms. Kane yelled over the chitchat background noise, “Everyone except Lara and Constance, who shall stand at the front of the room.”

When the class had settled into their seats, she continued, “As you can see the college has gotten with the times and instituted the Program on campus. Which of you is the Life Style Model?” she asked of the girls. Lara stepped forward. “Do you request relief,” Ms. Kane looked directly at the sheen between Lara’s legs and saw the nub protruding and then asked, “Would you like your companion to give you relief?”

Lara’s legs went numb and she edged herself to the desk in front of the testing room. Placing her hands flat on the table behind her back and spreading her legs wide, she gulped, “OMG, Ms. Kane, YES!”

“Constance, you may proceed, but do so in a way that the entire class may see what you are doing.”

All eyes were on the two girls as Constance aroused her friend’s nipples with light circles of the pads of her fingers, tracked warm kisses down the valley between Lara’s breasts to her navel washing that clean with her tongue and finally ordering Lara to spread her labia while Constance used her thumb to stimulate Lara’s clitoris until the Life Style Model came in the most explosive orgasm in her life and probably in the lives of her witnesses. When Lara finished shuddering she was glistening with perspiration.

“Class, the topic of your mid-term examination composition is, “How I Reacted to What I Just Witnessed” Lara and Constance, you are excused. Your grades shall be posted with the rest of the class.”

Out the door of the building and again crossing the quadrangle, this time to go to the student union building for a good pee and a cup of coffee, Lara remarked to her friend, “That was 'who needs a man?' good and it was in public. What kind of a demon has possessed me?”

Constance responded, “I only hope I get the chance to have the same done for me, I am so very horny right now I could jump the bones of the first willing person who comes along,” She cast a sly look at Lara. “You know, in high school I had Relief given to me during half time of the Homecoming basketball game, by the captain of the team! Seven thousand seats lining the gym floor and the place was packed. My parents, my younger sister and all of my neighbors and friends watched me get off. Oh, by the way the captain of the basketball team was my cousin, Johnnie.” Constance blushed a bit at that, “Still the best orgasm of my life to date, so I kind of know what you are feeling now.”

Rand Wesson stopped the pair of girls mid-walk, “Lara please join me and bring your friend.”

“Yes. Professor, is there a problem?” Lara hoped he had not regarded her exam to a lower mark, but such was not the issue.

“The Regent Board, along with the Advisory Board and Senior Faculty and Department heads are holding the annual Spring Brunch this Thursday at eleven A.M. We are hoping that you, Lara, and as many of your classmates who were Program initiates and are willing to do so, would host and serve the brunch in the Program manner.” Professor Wesson waited for an answer.

“Well, I’m told I cannot refuse such a request, Professor, but I cannot speak for Constance, here, and it is exam week I do not know where I might find other volunteers.”

“I shall be happy to assist my friend, Professor,” Constance jumped in to the mix and added, “If Lara comes with me now, I have an exam in Human Physiology at the Physical education center. I think we may convince a few of my classmates there to assist us, sir.”

“Fine, if you can make it so, please do so, and Lara I am sorry for the short notice,” Wesson concluded the chat and all parties went on with their crossing of the yard.

“We shall pee in the P.E.,” Constance giggled to her friend as she all but dragged Lara across campus by the strap of Lara’s hobo bag.

They did, both girls sighing relief as their bladders emptied. Constance opened the door to a small exercise room twenty meters by ten meters with wall to wall padded mats lining the floor. The room was used for wrestling practice, tumbling and floor gymnastic practice and Human Physiology, the study of the movement of the body and its component parts. A class of twenty and their instructor were inside the room already when the two nude girls entered.

“Constance, so nice of you to join us, oh and you brought a friend. A bit unusual for an examination to bring a visitor, isn’t it?” John Kemp, the instructor, was a male model in a wrestler singlet. The rest of the class of fifteen women and five men were in sports bras and cheer shorts or simply for the men gym shorts. No one reacted to the two girls being nude. During the semester, on several occasions, to emphasize muscle and tendon activity student and instructor had been naked for class activities.

“Yes, Mr. Kemp, but I can explain. Lara is the current Life Style Model selected to introduce the Program to our campus. I have experience with the Program and volunteered to assist her this week.”

That drew giggles from the girls who knew Constance hated clothes and more often than not would wander the halls of their co-ed dorm naked and would only wear the minimum required to attend to college business outside of the dorm.

Constance knew, from their late night dorm chats, that six girls in this class were Program participants in high school and three of the boys as well. “We just completed our English Composition exam across the quad, and I had to give Lara, here, relief. I was hoping someone might volunteer to do the same for me.” Constance came right out with it.

Two girls, Stephanie and Carla, volunteered. As did two boys, Ron and Harry, who were semi-erect and hoping relief equated to intercourse. Constance picked Carla, a beauty of mixed African and Asian blood lines with European features and a curvy five feet six inches with “B’ cup breasts. Instructor Kemp reminded Carla that this activity required nudity and Carla shed bra and shorts to reveal a smooth hairless pink seam between her coffee colored legs.

Constance lasted three minutes. Carla demanded reciprocity. Carla lasted less than two minutes before shuddering to climax.

By that point the rest of the class had paired off and were coupling in exotic combinations, Stephanie and Ron in a very tight sixty-nine. “Excuse me, you all can get on with your examination of each other in a minute or two, but I need to ask a favor and for volunteers,” Lara called in her loudest voice. The group looked up even the girl who was trying to swallow the instructor’s erect penis down her widely stretched mouth.

"The Board of Regents is holding the Faculty, Regent, Advisory Board Brunch on Thursday at eleven A.M. Constance and I have been asked to serve as hostesses and servers at the event and also asked to recruit other former Program students to be servers. You will be required to mix and mingle with the senior faculty, the Regents and the Advisors, while nude. Would any of you be interested in helping us?”

Ron, Harry, Stephanie, Carla, and two other girls, Rachel and Amy, who had her mouth full of Instructor Kemp, raised their hands immediately. Lara wrote down the names and dorm rooms of each of the volunteers and told them to be at the Regent Cottage where the brunch would be held at ten that morning so the group could go over details.

Leaving Constance with her classmates, Lara walked to the student union and sat and nursed a large cup of coffee, finding that one word or short phrase responses to glares or comments fended off most. “PROGRAM!” That solved eighty percent of the questions and most askers quietly left some shuddering and hoping they would never have to participate. A few asked for more detail, having gone through the Program in high school. Lara explained, to the best of her ability the concept of the Life Style Model who by example encourages others to become more free and accepting of public nudity.

“I was in the Program junior year of high school,” a freckled red haired girl giggled, “I hated it for the first week because of my freckles and thin wispy pubic hair. But, after the first week when all the boys and some of the girls wanted to play connect the dots with my freckles I got so aroused I hated it when my two weeks ended. Senior year the school asked for volunteers to be nude mentors to the middle schools in town. I raised my hand and shed my clothes so fast even I did not believe it. I was nude right through graduation. Walked the aisle and got my diploma bare ass naked!”

“Feel free to strip off and join us, there are about ten of us now during this try out week. Oh and if you are free on Thursday at ten,” Lara went into the details of the brunch and the girl, Roxanne, agreed to be there. Roxanne left the student union with her clothes stuffed in her back pack and only the sandals on her feet covering any part of her body. The girl actually looked relieved.

The math exam on Tuesday afternoon went without a hitch, the instructor proctoring the exam only asking if Lara had a towel to cover the desk chair. Martin picked her up in the limo following the exam and after letting Maria and Mistress Suzy know she was home, Lara dashed off to the kennel, as Lourdes had left a message for her.

The second bitch dog with her litter was nursing her pups. She had given birth to four but one a male had breathing problems and died the first day. Lourdes introduced Merci to the bitch and she licked the smell of human off the pup and nudged the puppy to her teats. “Looks like Merci has four mommas now, Lara, her birth mother, you, me, and now her.” Lourdes sighed, “Now maybe we can both get a full night of sleep.”

Chores, attending to Mistress Suzy and normal activity kept Lara busy all of Wednesday. Merci loved her play dates but contentedly waddled back to her milk mother when play finished. Jay wanted perennials planted around the fence line and Lara helped with that chore as well as helping Maria in the kitchen preparing dinner. “Nice to have extra hands to chop vegetables and gather ingredients,” was Maria’s remark, coupled with a grin.

Mistress Suzy drilled Lara on protocol for the brunch. The greeting at the door was the first impression and as student hostess Lara had to get it correct every time. Suzy had photographs of each person attending and Lara rehearsed matching title to face and the art of the curtsy as each dignitary was to be greeted by title and with a broken leg curtsy.

Martin dropped Lara off at Regent Cottage fifteen minutes prior to the arrival of her ‘crew’. He returned to the estate to bring Mistress Suzy to the brunch. Standing shivering a bit in the cool morning breeze Lara saw another woman, also nude, approaching her. The woman was not one of Lara’s chosen crew mates.

Closer came the woman, walking straight and proud with hair the color of honey flowing over her breasts almost to her navel and a patch of hair matching her head nestled between her legs. The three inch mules she wore gave definition to her legs as Leslie Kane spoke for the first time, “Good morning Lara, I am Ms. Kane, as the most junior faculty member I have been chosen to be your Life Style Model mentor and advisor.” The nude professor extended her hand to Lara and Lara shook it and by way of courtesy added a curtsy.

“You may call me Leslie, when not in class or at school functions and my door is always open to you, if you need advice. The two of you will receive a perfect 4.0 on your mid-term examination for my class, if you wondered. One of the perks of being a Program kid is you tend to get at least one grade higher simply for being in the Program.” Leslie reported. “Very nice curtsy, by the way, do try to keep you back straight as you rise. Oh, look, your helpers are coming.”

Roxanne and Constance arrived at the same time from different directions. Roxanne was a commuter and Constance lived in the dorms. Each showed off how much they enjoyed their exhibitionism with stiff nipples, though that might have been the morning chill, and dampness in their nether regions. Ron, Harry, Stephanie, Carla, Rachel and Amy arrived in a group as all lived in the Physical education dorm. Lara introduced everyone to their faculty advisor, Ms. Kane, and the group entered the rear of Regent Cottage to await the caterer and decide on assignments. The food would be a buffet presentation. Leslie assigned three of the girls as servers behind the French toast, waffle and omelet stations. Roxanne and Constance, with Ron and Harry were to circulate with coffee, tea and juice refills for the guests. Stephanie was asked and agreed to be guest escort. Lara would greet the guest at the door as hostess and Stephanie would then escort the guest into the main salon where the gathering was held. Constance would assist until the refill rounds for beverages drew her to her primary assignment.

Promptly at eleven, beginning with the President of the college, the guests began to arrive. For the next ninety minutes Lara opened the door, greeted the guest by title and name, curtsied and passed the guest off to either Constance or Stephanie. Minute ninety-one was the heart stopper. Lara opened the door and standing outside were her mother, father and Jamie her younger brother. Jamie looked delighted, her mother appeared shocked and her father was visually trying to hold it together without verbally exploding. Flushed red and stammering, Lara welcomed them and turned them over to Stephanie to be escorted into the main room.

How was she to explain this and would she ever be welcome in her own home again? She wondered what she would do if they rejected her and made her leave home. Then she heard Suzy calling the room to attention.

“Regents, Advisors, Faculty and honored guests, I have the privilege of introducing the first family of the college, the parents and sibling of our Life Style Model, Mr. and Mrs. Macon and their son Jamie. I believe Mr. Macon has a few words for us,” polite applause as James Macon stepped to the podium set up for presentations.

“Suzy and her late husband Renaldo were and are dear friends of ours for years. The fact that Suzy has given Lara, our daughter, the opportunity to be the college’s very first Life Style Model is rather shocking to her mother and I,” a faint murmur in the room, “not in a bad way, mind you but it is a shock to be greeted by your nude daughter in a public place for the first time.” Laughter at that before he continued, “My son who is in middle school was the least shocked of all of us. Jamie, get over here,” the room looked at the eighth grader as he eyed up the freckled torso of Roxanne behind the omelet station very big swell of laughter in the room. “Have I been comfortable with nudity in my home, no I cannot say that I have. However; the world is changing and the one my children will run someday well may be a clothing optional world in school, in business and in life. I will not be a barrier to their success by holding on to attitudes that are outdated, nor shall my wife.

“I therefore, on behalf of my family, thank you all for the great honor of my daughter, Lara, being this institution’s very first Life Style Model and welcome the Program to this school.” His remarks finished and the polite applause ended Lara’s father took his seat next to his wife. Jamie wandered back to the waffle station for another eyeful of the girl behind it.

Lara was asked by Suzy to say a few words. “I have nothing prepared, so please just let me say, a week ago tomorrow, I was at work in the shop where I have a part-time job and my life changed. Forever, changed it remarkable ways. The Program had not come to this city when I was in high school. Suzy tells me it will begin next year in the middle schools and high school and will be on campus here full time starting with the fall semester. I work in a lingerie shop, so wearing revealing stuff for the customers to see on live models was part of my job. I believe being partly exposed is more embarrassing than being totally nude, based on that experience in my life.

“I first saw Ms. Kane nude today. Her classroom appearance to date was modest skirt blouse with heavy sweater and hair in a bun. Look at her now, who could want to hide a flower of that beauty under a burlap sack? My world view is shifting in these few days my life has been a nude life. I cannot vision myself ever wearing clothing again, unless it is a coat and boots against cold weather. I rejoice that in the fall all students will have the opportunity to follow the example of the Life Style Model and I am proud to be the first one selected.” Lara finished to a round of applause. Her thighs were gleaming.

Suzy asked if she needed relief. Lara nodded yes. Before Faculty Regents Advisors and parents, Lara was brought to orgasm on Suzy’s hand. She received a standing ovation. Looking over she saw her brother Jamie sitting on Amy’s lap nuzzling her breasts. She called, “Hey, Amy don’t corrupt the kid!”

“Heck he’s corrupting me.”

The End