**The Program**

by dlsmith

**Prologue (Chapter 1)**

A sunny mid morning day, in early September. The temperature already increasing, countering the previous night’s cool. A gentle breeze comes in from the Lake, barely enough to move flags drooping limply on their masts. It’s going to become a sultry day, as the last dregs of an “el Scorchio” Summer starting to merge into Fall.

The rush hour finished barely 45 minutes ago, with worker drones now cocooned within their office cubicles blasted with A/C, Baristas wiping down Coffee machines, serving counters after the mad early rush of commuters demanding their wake up elixir. In the middle of the city, a large open civic square, surrounded on all sides by old historic buildings, full of people from all walks of life milling around doing whatever: a Tour Guide marshalling Tourists around local points of interest, Buskers start their daily ritual of butchering the latest hits from the Radio, among the many other Street performers attempting to get passer-bys to part with their money.

Downtown, a few miles over. A young woman, no older than her early 20s waits for a bus, there are also a few other folk waiting. She keeps herself to herself, head phones on, head down, a few beads of sweat roll slowly down her forehead. She wipes them away.

Eventually a bus stops, the Number 17 arriving 12 minutes late. She’s the last to get on, not on purpose, but fear weighing her down. She forces herself to get on, paying the correct fare and sitting near the back. As the bus moves off, reaching inside her Back Pack, she retrieves and opens a red envelope that had been delivered to her Dorm mailbox the day before.

It’s hard not to notice a red envelope amongst the various bulk mail advertisement leaflets clogging up the mailbox. It’s even harder to explain to friends as to who kept sending these perfumed scented red envelopes over the past year. Being honest, she didn’t know herself but she knew what they contained. All she could her tell her friends was that it was a secret admirer. It wasn’t a lie, but it wasn’t true either.

Her train of thought came back to the present with a jolt, as the bus stopped suddenly. The bus driver blared the horn, leaned out of his window, shouted obscenities and a few hand movements towards a careless bike courier.

Soon the excitement was over and the bus continued its journey into the City center. Holding the red envelope, she took out its contents, to re-read. Inside the red envelope was a letter, rephrase that… instructions, that were to be followed exactly and where to find a particular locker at the Bus Terminal. Re-reading the instructions and checking to make sure there was nothing else in her bag, fear and anxiety was beginning to be build. The lack of cool air coming into the bus wasn’t helping her to cope either.

After a 25 minute journey or so, of feeling sweaty and anxious. The bus arrives at it’s Terminal, a stones throw from the City center. Slowly and absent mindedly rising from her seat, shuffling along the aisle of the bus with the rest of the bus’ passenger cargo. Knowing that each shuffled step is bringing her closer to the start of her travails, which may occur in the next few days or so.

Realising that in her daze of worry and trying to ignore what is to come, she’d left her bag on the seat. Rushing back to collect it, eventually sighing a breathe of relief tainted with irony.

Off the bus, making her way through the crowds of people rushing to get to where ever. She was only going to a place she didn’t want to be heading for. The Bus Terminal was cavernous, providing cool refreshing shade from the warming temperature outside, sounds generated by the throng of the crowd echoed and deafened all at once.

Feeling the coolness of the shade, she could feel her clothes slightly soaked from her sweaty bus ride, as she walked. Her pink halter top, clung to her body, her body trying to cool her down from the outside temperature and also from her increasing anxiety. The loose Summer skirt at least allowed her legs to be aired. She continued walking.

Eventually, locating the locker she needed. She realised why she hadn’t been given a key to the locker, it had a Number Combination lock. That explained the 4 digits, after the Locker number that had been written on the instructions.

Feeling nervous, her hands held the Combination lock in her hand and slowly started to turn the number wheels to the correct Number code. Eventually, the lock clicked, the locker door swung slightly ajar. She carefully opened the locker door due to past experiences. However, this time there was nothing to worry about.

Looking inside, there was a small to medium sized box along with another red envelope laying on top of it. The envelope only had “Open me first, Rachel” written on it.

Opening the envelope, Rachel finds a Post Card, the kind Tourists buy on vacations and a further set of instructions. The picture on the front of the Post Card was of a fountain, she knew the one as did everyone else in the City. It was the old “St. Peter’s”, a fountain that according to local legend would bring wishes to come true, if you closed your eyes, made a wish and threw a piece of silver in, or 50 cents in modern day parlance.

Turning the Post Card over, Rachel sees the words, “Be here by no later that 11.30am today, make a Wish and follow all given instructions.” Rachel knew what she wished for. All this to be over, finally. In the past she’d have had time to prepare mentally, but not today, no time to work it all out in her mind; her thoughts, emotions, feelings. All she could muster was a slow and silently mouthed “shit”. This \*WAS\* new!

Looking at the clock on her Cellphone, it was 10.48am. It was no more than 15 minute walk, between here and there. Sorted!

Taking the instructions, she begins to read nervously, biting her top lip, “How was your Summer vacation? Relaxing, I hope.” Snorting to herself, “Yeah… relaxing all Summer as in not wanting to return here”.

She continued reading, “Well, enough of the pleasantries and back to business 🙂 Well, if you’re reading this, you’re showing your commitment again which is great. Last year, was like High School. Now you’re graduating to College.

“So, here’s what you have to do:

Before leaving the Bus Terminal, you must only wear what is in the box and also bring what ever else is in the box with you.

Leave all your clothes you are currently wearing, your shoes and your Cellphone if you’ve brought it, in your Back Pack. You can change in the female Bathroom near the Information booth on the concourse.

Place your Back Pack and the box back into this locker.

Close the locker.

Make your way to the location on the Post Card by the time given.

When you arrive, sit down by the Fountain and wait for further instructions. Don’t worry the instructions will be delivered to you, you’ll be easy to find.

Whilst waiting, if people come up to you, be nice and pleasant and enjoy the day.

Follow, any further instructions you may find either in the box or given to you at the location.

Failure to comply with any of the instructions or fail to be at the Location by the given time, well….. you know the rest”.

Oh, she knew the rest alright!

From the locker, looking back towards the concourse and she could see the Information booth. OK.

Looking at the box, still inside the locker, Rachel pulls it out, it was feeling heavier than she expected. Opening the box, revealing the contents. “Oh Jesuussss!”, softly exclaiming to herself, but which was a little louder than she realised, as it echoed around the Lockers. Hearing her own words bouncing around the Locker area, Rachel looked around to see if anyone else had reacted by looking in her direction. Luckily, there wasn’t anyone who was paying attention. As in most Public Transport terminals, not that many people would notice, as they try to get from A to B with the minimum of fuss as possible.

Inside the box was a pair of red Stilettos. She didn’t question whether they would fit, she knew they would, as from past experience, her ‘Saviour turned Tormentor’ knew many things about her. When taking the Stilettos out of the box, she noticed a latex mask at the bottom, covering something. Picking the latex mask up and unfolding it, looking at it at arms length, thinking to herself, “WTF?!”. Hidden beneath the latex mask, was a small portable Boom-box, with further instructions taped to it. Pulling the Boom-box out to read the instructions: “Play me as soon as you leave the Bus Terminal and hold me above your head all the time, until you receive new instructions at the location. I will be watching.” Whoever this person is, they have some strange ideas, she thought.

Then searching the box again, for other items….

Nothing….

Nope….

Nada…..

Nothing else at all!

“You motherf….”, breaking off before looking around the Lockers again. “Nothing to wear, really!?! Not even something small and slutty. No, no, no, no, noooo, this can’t be right! I can’t go outside naked.” She began to feel the stuffy coolness of the Terminal air and the Goosebumps as she thought about what she was being forced to do.

Rachel looked at the clock on her Cellphone. Mother of God, it was coming up to 11am. Rachel was beginning to panic, compounding her panic attack was when she realised the walk would be like 20-25 minutes in those Stilettos. Calming herself down a little, she only just figured out that the journey to and from getting changed in the female Bathroom would eat into the remaining time left before the deadline.

The usual feelings of nervousness in the pit of her stomach when she started her given tasks, were today overtaken and added on top by feeling weak in her legs, racing heart beat, dry throat, began to emerge as Rachel looked around for a place to undress from prying eyes. Inside she was a mess, not really contemplating the actions she must do.

Rachel, knowing that time was against her, quickly scouted that she could remain partly hidden by the row of Lockers against the wall. She hoped she wouldn’t be seen by others, yet!

She began undressing starting with her Sandals, nerves frayed, her fingers struggling to undo the straps……

**The Beginning, Is Always The Hardest Part (Chapter 2)**

Rachel by now had removed both her Sandals, after struggling to get started, her bare feet touching the cold, dirty smooth concrete floor. After putting them in the Back Pack, she reached under her skirt to peel off her Panties. Putting her thumbs between the elastic of the Panties with her thumbs touching her skin, the Panties came down and off her legs in a hurry, with no ceremony.

She had regained some of her composure, was more lucid of her surroundings and the crazy feelings and thoughts swimming around her body and mind. The conflicting signals were making her shy and hot, both at the same time. She didn’t like this, but she also didn’t hate it either.

The skirt was next, her hands and fingers were slightly shaking. Reaching round her waist for the zip, her fingers unable to grasp the little metal zip handle. Frustrated, “Argh! Come on!” she muttered. She moved the skirt so the zip was to her front. “Bingo!”, her fingers finally found purchase and the zip started to move. She could start to see her trimmed bush appear, as the skirt dropped to the floor. Her bottom half now exposed, but also half hidden by the Lockers.

The halter top was the final item of clothing to remove. She wasn’t wearing a bra today, as the halter top was somewhat supportive due to it’s body hugging fabric. Crossing her hands across her chest, from underneath the fabric she could feel the outline of her hardening nipples on her bare arms, her body receiving the feedback from the nipples being touched, “Oh no!”. She grabbing the bottom of the top, quickly pulling it over her head and letting it drop on to the pile of clothing accruing on the floor.

Rachel squatted down close to the ground, making herself small as she collected the clothes and placing them into the Back Pack. She could feel her sex exposed and the top of her thighs rubbing against her breasts and her nipples. A little unexpected gasp from her, caught her by surprise, as she felt more intense confusing signals along with her blood feeling hot, coursing through her veins. “What the hell?!”, Rachel thought, as out of nowhere fleeting memories of the events that got her into this mess.

Her Cellphone rang, startling her out of the recall of events, “Not now!”. She didn’t recognise the number. The Cellphone went into the Back Pack still ringing and vibrating, along with the head phones, her clothes and Sandals. Standing up she put the Back Pack and the now empty box in the Locker and closed the door. She could still hear the muffled ringtone, outside of the locker, it soon rang out.

Reluctantly she had something more pressing to do that was beyond her control.

She felt very, very vulnerable right now, feeling everything inside her body. Hearing every thought and scream inside her head, telling her to get out of here with her clothes and remaining dignity, letting whatever bad things happen, happen. It wasn’t true, that this whole thing was out of her control, however she had dug herself deeper since the beginning. She had every reason to feel sorry for herself, but now wasn’t the time.

Turning around naked, exposing her front to the outside world. The items she had to bring and wear, were out in the open, where she clumsily placed them. Scooting over to them, dropping down low and dragging them back to the relative visual safety of the Lockers. In her squatted position Rachel attempted to put the first of the Stilettos on, she failed and stumbled backwards. Falling on to her naked ass, that touched the concrete. A gentle shriek erupted from her mouth, as soon as her ass touched the cold, dirty floor.

Sitting on the floor, she brought her knee up to her chest allow her enough reach to slip the first Stiletto on. Then the remaining Stiletto followed. Her legs and ass were trembling from the cold floor, nerves and whatever else was going off inside here weren’t helping.

Sat down, naked, on her ass, Rachel looked over at the Latex mask. The mask was a cheap rendering of a Horse’s head that wouldn’t be out of place in a children’s cartoon. The thing that made it freaky was that it was grinning like it was on Acid, with a with a tongue hanging from it’s mouth. Strange as it looked, she had to wear it. At least she’d couldn’t be recognised by her face, Rachel thought. How recognisable and memorable the rest of her body was, that would be a different matter.

Scrunching her hair in to a temporary top knot, she put the mask on over her head. It was a little to big and slopped around as she shook her head. Then she realised as she looked through the eye sockets, her vision was severely restricted. The holes for the eyes were only just larger than the width of a pencil. Inside the mask, it was getting hotter, due to Rachel’s breathing. She couldn’t wear this, walk in these Stilettos and carry the small Boom box. She took it off, laying it down beside her.

Struggling to pick herself up from the floor in those Stilettos, she lent her back against the tiled wall. Another shriek echoed around the Lockers; those tiles were as cold as the floor. Turning around to use her hands against the wall to get herself of the ground. Success. Rachel was standing up at last, naked but standing upright.

The Stilettos felt comfortable, didn’t slip much at all. She moved her feet around, with her hands against the wall for balance. She could feel the effect the Stilettos were having on her ass. Under different circumstances she’d be happy with them and how they displayed her ass, this wasn’t that moment.

In her current state, she forgot about the mask and the Boom box still on the floor. With one hand on the wall, ass sticking out past the Lockers, she bent over to pick them up. That’s when she heard a noise. Not one that she made, she was sure of that. Then she heard it again, more clearly.

\*Wolf whistle\*

A very loud Wolf Whistle echoed around the Locker area, followed by some beefy cheering. She had been discovered. Naked. Bent over. Ass sticking out. No mask on.

That quickly changed. Rachel, put the mask on as she heard someone in the distance shout, “Check out that naked ass. There! Right over there!”

That was followed up with someone else shouting gleefully, “Nice legs, honey!”

Carrying the Boom box in one hand on the arm attempting to cover her breasts, the other hand covering her sex. She turned around and started to walk/run as fast as she could from the Lockers to get to the Fountain in time.

Time! She’d lost track of time again!

What time was it? Rachel emerged from the Lockers area to the Terminal concourse to a grow crowd and a mixture of sounds. Wolf whistles, cheering, clapping, unexpected gasps from shocked people. She looked up at the large clock hanging from the roof. It was an old style Analogue clock of big hands and little hands. She wished she had big hands to cover herself better at this moment in time.

Through the small peep holes in the mask, Rachel worked out that it displayed 11.05am. The question was how accurate was it? She knew from using public transport in the past that the clocks were never on the dot. They were either several minutes fast or slow. Sometimes, they never worked. As they say, a broken clock shows the correct time twice a day.

The mass of people gathered around her as scooting away from the clock as quickly as possible. The Stiletto’s heels, click clacking as she put one foot in front of the other. Brushing past people, who hadn’t noticed her or the growing mass of people impeding her progress, as more people attempted to take photo’s of a naked lady in public, wearing a stupid horses mask.

Being harassed, cat-called, she made it to the Terminal’s exit. Still her arms covered her breasts and her sex. Remembering the instruction about playing the Boom box and holding it above her head all the way to the fountain. Feeling humiliated and scared, she removed her arms covering her lady bits. Exposing herself to the crowd.

She felt ashamed as people took photos of her breasts, her sex. Everything.

She was aware someone trying to pull her mask off. She fought with one hand to keep the mask on, thus her identity intact. She was also aware of stranger’s hands touching her breasts, grabbing her ass, one stray even touched her sex. She squirmed, for various reasons, her body was giving her the wrong emotions and feelings to what she was thinking.

Fighting her way outside, Rachel forced herself to turn the Boom box on, put it on her head carrying it both hands. At least the mask wouldn’t be easy to remove.

Starting to walk, still being harangued by strangers. The music started to play. Beginning softly, building slowly with Stringed instruments. Continuing to walk, Rachel with her eroding group of admirers, she felt the warmth of the daylight sun on her exposed skin. She didn’t know what to feel.

The song began in earnest as the drum kicked in with the Stringed instruments.

She continued to walk, exposing all her body. The Stilettos, extenuating her hip movement and her butt jiggled with each step. Her quick pace, making her breasts to move and jiggle. Feeling her inner thighs rubbing together as they crossed each other.

Her nipples and her sex feeling…

Given the situation she was in and enduring, her body was betraying her current thoughts.

The lyrics of the song started, “Cause, it’s a Bittersweet Symphony, this life…” Ironic!

No longer paying attention to the music, Rachel looked around with limited vision in the mask. Rachel, needed to cross a street and event got to a crossing point. She’d have to wait, the traffic was still flowing past, horns honking, inaudible comments flung her. She was embarrassed. She was feeling light-headed now, from the experience she’s currently and physically for the heat building up in the mask.

Soon, Rachel was walking across the street. Other people giving her a wide berth for some reason as she went past them. Continuing to walk, with music blaring out. The first song had finished, the next one started and she knew it straight away. Destiny’s Child – Bootylicious. The song threw her, has she had got somewhat used to be used to naked, in public. She’d strangely forgotten about her lack of clothing. Now, the song was making her self-aware of her body and her ass as she walked.

Feeling people’s eyes on her booty as she walked, Rachel grew more embarrassed. As she walked further, Rachel’s breathing was becoming a problem due to the lack of ventilation of the mask. Stopping next to a 7-11, she leaned against the outside wall. Using one of her arms to shift the mask, to allow more air in. This was was tough.

An lady in her 70’s exited the 7-11, noticed the heavily panting Rachel leaning against the wall. “Are you ok, dear?” asked the enquiring stranger.

“Yes, I’m fine thank you, ma’am. Just needing some air.”

“Sorry, I didn’t hear you. My hearing ain’t what it used to be.” Rachel, restated her statement from before. Pondering Rachel’s response and unsure what to make of this. “Looks like you need something else!”. Her head nodding down. Downwards towards between Rachel’s legs. Rachel, cringed when she realised what the old lady meant.

“Oh! Fuck!”, said Rachel rather loudly. Rachel heard a cheeky reply back, “Yes, that! Or some other release, if you know what’s good for you”. The other woman walked off, shaking her head at this very unusual encounter. As she left, “Lady Marmalade” started blaring from the Boom box. “What the hell is this?” queried Rachel. No-one around her to give her the answer. She continued towards the Fountain.

After a walking a few more blocks, getting honked at, people taking photos of her naked body, she’d grown used to the heat, the lack of clothing and the frustrating wildly varying emotions firing off within her body.

She was sure that the Fountain was near. Wanting this day to be over, she marched on, breathing heavily under the mask. From the peep holes of the mask, she was certain she could see City Central Civic square in the distance. She could also make out that it was very, very busy with people. She’d already had a bad experience with a large crowd at the Bus Terminal, this couldn’t be any worse she thought.

Setting off once more, she heard someone behind her shout something at her. She couldn’t understand due to the music. Then she felt a hand on her shoulder, pulling her to stop in her tracks.

Turning around, Rachel shouted “Fuck off, leave me alone will you!”

“Lady, you don’t want to talk to us like that!” Rachel squinted through the mask’s eyes. That’s when her world caved in further when she saw that she’d told two Police Officers to go and do one. One male and one female.

A crowd of people who were either going to or coming from the Civic square had stopped and formed around the naked circus. Cellphones and cameras out, recording it all.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t know who you were.” Rachel nervously replied.

“Ma’am, that’s one question I’d like to ask you! Who are you? Another question, why are you undressed like this?” This was asked by the female Officer, who was unimpressed by Rachel’s lack of clothing.

“I can’t tell you that.”

“Can you tell me, are you on some kind of medication? Are you having a breakdown of some kind?”

“No”, replied Rachel.

A member of the crowd tried to get in closer. “Leave her alone, she ain’t harmin’ no-one”.

“Where are your clothes?”

“I don’t have any with me”

“Ma’am, is there anything you can tell us. Your lack of answers isn’t helping you.” Rachel didn’t respond. She couldn’t see, but could feel the Boom box being pulled from her grasp. Then felt a male hand grabbing a wrist and feeling the cold steel of Handcuffs being applied to that wrist, then the other one. Hands now bound behind her back. Rachel’s mind was racing, stumbling over itself.

Rachel was marched naked, forcibly towards the Police patrol car. Stilettos dragged on the sidewalk. Rachel, kicking her legs to stand up straight. The crowd was behind her and getting a good view of her struggle to stay upright.

The passenger side back door to the Police was opened, Rachel was thrown on to the backseat. She saw the male Officer smiling at her and giving her a wink, as he closed the door. His female partner, saw this and gave him a stare that made sure she didn’t approve.

The Police car drove off to the local Precinct, with a handcuffed naked Rachel in the back seat, still wearing that stupid mask.

As the Police car drove off from the curb. A dark SUV with blacked out windows pulls away slowly a few moments later. Following at a safe distance.

Inside the SUV, the driver, makes a phone call. “Can you put Sarah on? It’s urgent!”. The driver, waited for the other person to pick up. Finally. “Sarah… yeah… she’s been picked up by a local patrol. The car number is 219. I think they’re taking her to 8th Precinct. You need to work your magic…. uh huh…. should take them about 10 minutes in this traffic. Thanks, keep me updated.”

**Arrested Developments (Chapter 3)**

In Lunch hour traffic, a Police car is making slow progress back to it’s HQ. In the back, a young lady, naked, hands cuffed behind her back, wearing a cheap latex Horse head mask. The woman in the back, was trying to get comfortable. With her hands behind her back she couldn’t sit back properly. So she tried to sit up. This made her breasts thrust out, making her feel more uncomfortable about her predicament. She knew that she didn’t like holding this posture, but it was better than her hands and the cuffs digging into her lower back.

In all the commotion of what’s happened so far today. Her mind had become temporary silent from all the crazy and conflicting thoughts she had been experiencing and processing. As Rachel kept fidgeting her bottom half of her body to get more comfortable. She could feel the dirt and crust of the backseat, left behind by previous arrested clientele, on her derrière and on her sex. Was the back seat originally sticky because of them or now because of her? Behind the mask, she blushed.

Now in a familiar environment of the Police car, a home from home so to speak, the Officers up front started relaxing and making conversation about this and that, ignoring the naked lady in the back. Jeannie, the female officer, had radioed in to Dispatch that they were heading back with a naked lady. Jeannie asked her older Policing partner, “Marcus, this is a first for me, how many naked perps, have you dealt with?”.

Marcus, concentrating on driving, “Naked perps? With this City having a large College population an’ all, I’m ain’t sure. The two that I remember was that naked guy high has high as a kite a fair few years back and that female shop lifter months before you came my partner.”

“Oh yeah, I heard about her”, responded Jeannie, laughing as she remember the story. “Again… tell me! How did you get her topless?”

Marcus half seriously defending himself, “Hey, I didn’t know she wasn’t wearing a bra under that shirt.”

Jeannie still laughing, “Of course you didn’t!”

“That shirt had Pop buttons! All I did was to chase her and when I caught up with her I grabbed her shirt collar. Next thing I know, I’ve got her in a bear hug to quickly control her and… the rest is history that I’ll never live down.” Marcus added, “However, this one in the back will be another good one for the retirement stories.”

Making a left turning, the driver of the Police car went a little too fast. Due to the motion of the car, the poor girl in the back, who had been previously sat upright, was thrown over on to her side. She shrieked in surprise. In the confusion, masking her present position, the reality being that with Rachel laying on her side, her tight bottom was sticking out and she was exposing her pink area and anus.

Jeannie, heard the shriek, looked behind and noticed Rachel’s predicament. “Shame your driving Marcus! There’s a nice view behind you. Do you want me to describe it?”

“Girlfriend! Remember, Jeannie”.

Teasing Marcus and to embarrass Rachel, Jeannie described loudly the Vista view she had of the back seat. Rachel laying on her side, her tush poking out, her legs squeezed together, that emphasised her pink area. Even though she trimmed the front, to look proper for the sports she played and loved, she had a preference for some smoothness around her sex. Rachel heard all the details, spelled out in glorious terms, colours, even the description of how the naked girl was glistening from between her legs.

In the tight confines of the back seat, Rachel attempted several times to right herself. Failure each time. She gave a loud exhale of defeat and just laid there, until she had to get out of the car.

Starting to feel hot, due to the midday Sun. “Can I have some air back here?” shouted Rachel, to overcome the mask’s muffling.

“Oh, she speaks at last,” Jeannie responded. “Of course Princess. You can have some A/C.” Jeannie, reached for the A/C control and turned it up to full.

Rachel could feel it straight away, her skin starting to cool down. “Thank you!”

Jeannie turned her head around, smiling again, with genuineness in her voice, “No… thank you! Your appreciation is most welcome.” Even though Rachel’s legs blocked some of Jeannie’s view of her top half. Rachel’s nipples had started to become hard and very protruding and how she was laying down across the back seat her sex felt the cold air too. Soon, being naked and blasted with surprisingly effective A/C, Rachel began to shiver. The muscle ligaments in Rachel’s chest began to twitch, jerk involuntarily. Her breasts shaked and jiggled as a result.

Jeannie noticed this, laughed. Teasing Marcus further, “Hey, check out the puppy show? Poor you! You can’t”. Jeannie looked at Rachel, laughing at the sight of the poor girl. Rachel, was very helpless.

Rachel wasn’t feeling too happy right now by her plight and started crying. Still laying vulnerable on her side, on the back seat, she started kicking the door behind the passenger seat.

A moment later, a call came over the Police radio. “Oscar 2-1-niner, this is Dispatch.”

“Hey Seabiscuit, calm it in the back, will you.” Jeannie, picked up the receiver. “Dispatch, this is Oscar 2-1-niner. What’s the problem? We’re nearly back at base.”

“This is Dispatch, Jeannie. Sarge wants a private word. Can you call him on your Cell?”

“Dispatch, 10-4”, replied Jeannie. Jeannie turning to Marcus, shrugging her shoulders, “Wonder what he wants.” Jeannie calls the Sarge. “Hey Sarge, we’re about two minutes out. Can this wait until we’re back?…. Uh huh…. Sir?… Use the side door?!… No blanket?!… And what did you say about the mask?… Sure, it’s your call, Sarge.” Jeannie, ended the call, looked back quizzically at Rachel, whilst speaking to Marcus, “Sarge told us to bring her in the side door. No blankets to cover her up. Most importantly, she has to keep her mask on.”

Marcus looked confused at Jeannie, “What?!”

“Something about waiting for a Therapist who’s treating her. Sarge strongly insisted. Orders, are orders”, Jeannie replied back.

Soon, the ride was over. Outside the Precinct’s side walk, the car pulled up, Rachel still crying and kicking the door. The Officers got out and watched Rachel’s continuing symbolic tantrum from the outside.

Moments later, across the street, a SUV rolled and parked up without bringing attention to itself. The driver’s window, came down and a Camcorder was placed in the direction of the Precinct’s side entrance and capturing whatever was going off in the back of the car and the two Police Officers talking to each other.

Looking in from the outside the Officers could see that Rachel was still laying down, now on her back, kicking the door, screaming and shouting inaudible words. This was the result of her being humiliated, turned on, cold, angry, blood feeling hot, scared, shamed. All the emotional overload that had built up inside her, exploded. So she had begun crying, kicking the door of the car. Every kick, thrusting her hips upwards.

Marcus looked at Jeannie, “Not a sight you see every day.”

Jeannie said “Like the Sarge said. ‘Looks like we got a right one here’.” Turning to Marcus, “If she doesn’t calm down, how’d we get her of there?”

Marcus looking at Jeannie. “Can’t Pepper spray her since she’s wearing that mask. So we drag her out by her top half. She can’t bite us with that mask on. So that’s good news. If she’s still struggling, we can either carry her or frog march her in. If we have to carry her, do you want the top or bottom, Jeannie?”

“Top. If she kicks… those Stilettos, they’ll smart. So you a big strong man, you can hold her legs.”

“Yup, just my fortune, really. Arrest a naked woman. This is the only time I have to keep a woman’s legs closed. Yup! An’ I’m a legs kinda guy.” Upon hearing that unexpected comment from her partner, Jeannie started laughing again.

“Okay, partner. Ready to see how cooperative our naked felon is?” asked Marcus. Opening the driver’s side door of the back seat, he calmly moved his head inside. Rachel was being less hysterical than before, not kicking. He slowly extended his arm and gently touched Rachel’s shoulder. Rachel, looked at him, the mask flopped around. “Hey. You need to come out now,” in a soft tone. His hand firmly holding her shoulder, repeating a little more firm in the tone of his voice, “Come on now. You can’t stay in here all day.”

The unexpected hand touch on her naked shoulder and his inadvertant gentle rubbing of her upper arm, sparked some confusing signals again in Rachel. “The only option you have is to get out of the car and come inside with us.” Marcus started to use his normal command tone. “we’d prefer that you climb out by yourself, if not we’ll drag out. Which do you want it to be?”

Rachel didn’t move or say anything. Before screaming loudly, well as loud as the mask allowed. Marcus moved out from the back seat. Looked at his partner, Jeannie. Both mouthed in sync, “Shoulders!”

Marcus leaned into the back seat reaching across, Rachel struggled the best she could. With her weak struggle and Marcus forcing his hands under Rachel’s arms, he would accidentally touch her breasts. “Get off me you pervert,” screamed Rachel. Although, the rough handling of her breasts were making her feel crazy in areas she was didn’t want this to be happening. It was inevitable that her naked ass would be dragged out in an unladylike manner, turned on and exposed.

With a little bit of force, Marcus had got enough of Rachel’s body out of the door for Jeannie to be able to help. Both of them yanked Rachel out of back of the car, dumping her naked ass unceremoniously on the street. Hitting the asphalt, stung her butt and Rachel made both of the Officers know about it with her scream. Both Officers, bent down, each taking a different armpit, pulled a staggering Rachel on to her feet. To control Rachel, they forced her to bend over slightly, while lifting her cuffed arms upwards. A delivery truck drove past and the driver blasted the horn at the sight of the naked carnival.

This was very painful for Rachel, but it was a standard control technique. From the street to the side walk, Rachel was almost doubled over, the Stilettos making her firm, pinchable butt more prominent. Trying to walk where she was being led, wasn’t easy and she nearly went over on her ankle, as she moved up the first step in a series of five to the side door. Unsteady, with each step, she was feeling more vulnerable and scared.

From the SUV, the Camcorder had caught all this. “Darling, shame I’m on the clock. Otherwise, I’d be buying you drinks.”, the driver of the SUV muttered to himself. The camcorder caught Rachel being led up the steps to the side entrance’s door. Capturing her moving unsteady in the Stilettos being in that control position, her breasts pointing down to the ground. Also, caught the moment of her stumbling face forward, with her ass in the air, one leg trying to get up her body up, the view of her nice butt and sex pointing directly in to the camera. “Oohhhhh! What a lovely sight. This is going to be a great edit”. The side door to the precinct opened, Rachel and the cops disappeared inside. “Ah well”, the camcorder was turned off.

After Rachel went inside the Precinct, the driver just sat there, drumming his fingers on the steering wheel. The passenger side door of the SUV opened, the driver looked over. “What kept you? “, mocking the new arrival as she climbed into the auto-mobile.

Malia, out of breath, reached round and placed her bag in to the back, looked at the driver annoyed, “You were already driving, I had to hail a taxi, Cal. And I’ve had to come from the front entrance where I was waiting”. Slowly recovering her breath, “Has Sarah been in touch yet? All I know is what you told me about coming here”.

“Yeah”, Cal looking back at the Police building, “been in touch. Depending on her next call to us. Either Rachel is let go or you’ll have to play dress up.”

“What do you mean?” queried Malia.

“Either, we get told to drive away leaving her to face the music or you pretend to be a Shrink or something.”

Malia protested, “Me? Why should risk myself going in there to get her out?”

“Well, I can’t go in there. Got history with that place.” Intriguing Malia with his tale, he continued, “Start of the year, brought two of my normal clients there. They kicked off when I handed them over, one of them headbutted a Cop.”

Sarcastically, Malia said “Ah, the glamour of a Bounty Hunter!”

“Between this, doing Private Dick work. Bounty Hunting is fun. You should try it!”

Moments later, Malia asked. “How long does it take to get your licence for Bounty Hunting or Private Investigation?”

“Well darling, with your record, Sarah will have to pull a few strings. But that won’t happen until she trusts you.”

“Even after two years?”

Cal responded, looking at Malia, “After nine years working for her, I know she still doesn’t trust me.”

“The things we do for her, she’d ….”

Interrupted by Cal, “Nope! Not even. We both know she pays very well and that we both got questionable ethics to get things done”. That conversation ended. After several minutes, Cal reached down into the Storage compartment between the driver and passenger seats. “D’ya want some Beef Jerky?”

Traffic and walkers, came and went. The A/C of the SUV blasted away, keeping both the occupants cool, as they waited for their next instructions. Soon the Lunch hour was over, eventually Cal’s cell went off.

Putting it to his ear, before he could say ‘hi’, he listened to Sarah’s orders. “Uh huh… She went inside about an hour ago. Is she burned or not?” Listening to the reply to his question, he quietly mouthed to Malia, “Not burnt”.

Continuing the conversation with Sarah, Cal asked surprisingly, “So, let me get this straight if that occurs.. she has to do what again?… That’s a bit risky… Okay! okay! I’ll tell Malia. I’ll keep you informed.” Cal put the cell down, turning to Malia, “Well, your day is going to become even better!”

Cal explained everything to Malia that had been relayed to him by Sarah. Malia shocked, “Jeez! Why does Sarah want Rachel to do that if it happens?”

“Same as you, don’t know. You heard me say it’s risky. Let’s get this done.”

With that both Cal and Malia got out of the SUV, going round to the trunk. Opening the trunk, Malia noticed all the gear Cal had, looking inside the many large plastic boxes. Drinks, food, torches, cable ties, ropes, cuffs, tasers, pepper spray, ID’s, various uniforms, clothing, fake business cards, electronic devices… the works!

Malia reached in one box and pulled out a taser. Pretending to use it on Cal, “hey, be careful with that.” He searched one box, pulling out a lanyard with “Health Research Institute” written on it, “This should work, try these glasses on you.” Cal printed out a couple of suitable fake business cards for Malia to show or hand out as required.

Malia shrugged her shoulders, “Glasses really? How about the white Science coat?” as she perused the trunks clothing wardrobe.

“The coat is my size, too big for you”, responded Cal as he rummaged for some files. “Put these files, in this bag. They just some reports from my day job that I did last week. Don’t let the cops see them.” Malia was warned, as she was handed the bag.

“Just going over what we know. As far as we know, she’s not been processed yet, she shouldn’t have been. She should be held in an office somewhere. Speak to Duty Sargent Smith. You’re trainee Dr. Isabella Martinez who’s collecting Rachel on behalf of Dr. Dominico Di Soto. Get her out as quickly as possible, with little interaction as possible.” Finishing off, “oh yeah, before I forget, here’s the keys to the SUV. Don’t touch anything in here. Once she’s out just get her home.”

“What about her things in the locker?”

Cal searched for a few items from the trunk. Put them in a bag, slung it over his shoulder. “The locker? I guess she’ll have to retrieve those things herself. I need to do some extra things for Sarah. Not Rachel related.”

With that Cal closed the SUV’s trunk, gave Malia the ‘You can do this’ speech and walked to get a taxi. Malia, left on her own now, wondering if she could pull this off without being arrested.

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