**The Reluctant Exhibitionist**by Falcon

**PROLOGUE - Saturday in the Park**

It's a little after 8:00 AM on a beautiful Saturday morning in late May. The day is already fairly warm despite the early hour. Joggers, bicyclists, and others out just for a morning walk are beginning to fill the streets and sidewalks. Traffic is light, as the unfortunates who must work are already on the job, and most of the rest of the populace is enjoying a lazy weekend morning.

A dark blue four-door sedan emerges from a residential street near the small college campus at the edge of the city, onto a major arterial leading into town. It travels several miles into the heart of the city, heading for a large park near the downtown area. The park is huge, nearly a mile square, bounded by thoroughfares on every side. The outer edges of the park all around contain tennis courts, playgrounds, soccer fields, and the like, which are accessed by short drives leading to parking areas. The interior of the park contains a mix of open areas, woods, and a network of hiking trails crisscrossing from one side to the other.

The sedan cruises slowly around the park, as if the occupants were surveying it for the first time, trying to decide where to stop and get out. Finally, the car pulls into one of the parking areas on the side furthest from the downtown area. This is a smaller parking lot; it serves no tennis courts or playgrounds but simply accesses one of the trails leading into the park. On this side, the woods come all the way to edge of the parking lot. The car parks at the curb on the edge of the lot, just a few feet from the woods and the beginning of the trail.

As soon as the car stops, the driver's door swings open and a woman emerges. She is in her early forties, slightly overweight, and rather plain looking overall. She is dressed in blue jeans and a gray sweatshirt. She surveys the parking lot and nearby woods, as if to determine whether anyone else is present. Satisfied that the area is deserted, she moves around to the other side of the car, opens the passenger door, and motions for the other occupant to get out. At first there is no response, but at the driver's repeated motions, first one bare leg appears, then another, then finally, and with apparent trepidation, a completely naked girl emerges from the passenger side of the car. The driver slams the door shut and with a remote control, locks all the doors. The girl initially tries to cover herself with arms and hands, but at a word from the driver, she lets her arms fall to her sides and stands next to car, facing forward, fully exposed. Her senses are at full alert - eyes darting furtively from side to side, ears straining for any sounds, in a constant effort to ascertain whether anyone is approaching.

The girl is gorgeous. She is in her very early twenties, about 5'6", slim and tanned, with straight brown hair in a cute Dutch-girl cut ending midway down her neck. Shapely, luxuriant thighs rise to a perfect bottom. Her breasts are not overly large but are full and rounded and match her frame perfectly. She doesn't sunbathe in the nude, so her breasts stand out in creamy white contrast to her tan, as does her bottom and pubic region. The latter boasts a lush triangle of rich, golden curls which contrasts nicely with the creamy flesh of her untanned lower tummy.

The driver steps back and surveys the naked girl for a long moment. Then, moving behind her, she produces a pair of handcuffs from the pouch pocket of her sweatshirt. The girl remains facing forward and doesn't see the handcuffs until the driver takes hold of one of her wrists. When she sees the cuffs she immediately resists and pulls her arms forward, away from the driver's grasp. The driver barks an order and the girl's arms return limply to her sides. The driver quickly cuffs her wrists together behind her back. She steps back and slowly circles the naked, handcuffed beauty. She pauses behind younger woman and gently reaches forward around her. She cups a full, round breast in each hand and teasingly rubs the nipples between thumbs and forefingers. The girl closes her eyes, but despite her best efforts to prevent the reaction, her nipples are soon hard and erect. The driver then stands beside her, gives her a playful slap across her bare bottom, and says, "Off you go now. Remember, don't be late - you don't want to miss your graduation ceremonies today!" The girl casts one quick glance back at the older woman, as if in hope for a reprieve, but then quickly moves to the edge of the woods and disappears down the trail. The driver stands smiling for several moments, then gets back in her car and drives away.

The girl's heart is pounding furiously as she moves down the trail. She is well aware of the rules of her "assignment" and she knows she has no time to waste. It's now a little after 8:30 AM. At exactly 9:00, the blue sedan will pull into one of three possible parking areas on the opposite side of the park. It will remain there for exactly five minutes, and no more. If she can find the car and reach the passenger door during the time the car is parked, she will be allowed back into the car. If not, the car will leave and return to the college, leaving the girl alone in the city, subject to the humiliating prospect of seeking help, naked and handcuffed, from passersby or the police. She will have to move fairly quickly even to reach the opposite side in the time allotted to her. She will then simply have to guess in which parking lot the car will appear, and if wrong, will have only five minutes to check the others. And she knows, from their earlier drive-by, that each of those lots, and indeed that entire side of the park, will potentially be crowded with people using the tennis courts and other facilities. She knows also that there are really no solid blocks of woods in which to take refuge, but only scattered trees, some hedges and other landscaping, and a few small buildings housing the bathrooms and maintenance sheds.

Ahead she sees that the trail enters a large, grassy clearing. As she approaches the opening, she silently curses the handcuffs placed unexpectedly on her at the last minute. Their effects are at least twofold, and each is insidious and inescapable. Most obviously, they deprive her of any ability of covering her breasts or pubic region during her ordeal. More subtly, they announce to any potential onlooker that she is not simply a silly college girl, getting some jollies out of the common prank of streaking through a public park. Whether an observer surmises she wears the cuffs willingly or unwillingly doesn't really matter; either way makes for a more humiliating interpretation of her predicament than simply a daring coed out for some harmless fun.

One further effect of the cuffs has also become apparent as she approaches the clearing. The limited time she has in which to reach the other side of the park and find the car means she must run much of distance. With her arms held uselessly behind her back, she is unable to prevent the inevitable, and considerable, bouncing of her breasts as she moves along. The effect adds greatly to her humiliation, and is physically most uncomfortable as well. She finds that if she leans forward somewhat as she trots, she can impart more of a swinging, as opposed to bouncing, motion to her bosom. This is more comfortable but only marginally less humiliating.

She reaches the clearing and stops to survey the situation. The opening is large, several hundred yards wide and about 100 yards across to the next patch of woods. The trail leads directly across, and the girl believes that is her most direct route to her destination. She figures she is now about a quarter of the way across the park. She is relieved to see that no one else is in the clearing, but she immediately realizes she faces a horrible dilemma. She wants to stay close to the woods, to be able to seek quick refuge should anyone else enter the clearing. But the clearing is far too large for her to skirt the perimeter to get around to the other side - she would lose too much time. But if she goes directly across, she loses the refuge of the woods. She has no way of knowing if or when someone may emerge from the opening in the woods on the other side - the very opening she is heading for. It could happen at any moment, and if she is part way across, she would be fully exposed and helpless.

The girl feels the panic begin to rise within her as she confronts her decision. But she's been in similar situations before. She fights back the feeling and faces the situation rationally. Going around the perimeter means certain failure - there simply isn't enough time. Even taking the direct route, she cannot afford to waste any more time. She takes several deep breaths both to catch her wind and to calm herself, and then heads into the clearing running at as fast a pace as her swinging, bouncing breasts will allow.

**Nancy's Trap I**

I know what you're probably thinking - an unbelievable story, right? I can't blame you, and I sincerely wish it weren't true myself. You see, I'm the girl in the story, the naked girl. My name is Wendy, and the other woman - the driver of the car - that's Nancy, who I guess you'd say is an acquaintance of mine. I can't really say she's a friend, or ever was, considering our personal history and the things she makes me do. Things like embarking on the little "adventure" you just read about. But at the same time, I don't really hate her anymore, either. She has some serious problems which I suppose aren't really her fault, and she's found a way to deal with them. Unfortunately for me, I happen to have a major role in her self-designed therapy, and it's a role about which I have no choice, as you'll understand as you read further. But finding myself in this predicament is to a certain extent my own fault, and Nancy has not overly abused her power over me. I don't know what my response would be if she did - that's a bridge I hope I won't have to cross, because it could present an almost impossible choice. But enough of this rambling; let me tell you how this all started, so you'll understand why a young woman would allow herself to be handcuffed and then run naked through a public park. Lord knows I didn't want to be there that morning.

I first met Nancy when I started attending the college mentioned in the story. I didn't know her well. She was quite a bit older than the rest of us, having attended the same school some years before. She seemed to be one of those people who after graduation never quite broke free of the college-town life, but continued to hang around, partying with students and living the carefree life. Someone told me she worked on campus in some job in the administration building, but I never really knew what she did, nor cared. After all, I had my studies and my own social life to worry about.

Ironically, though, if I had paid more attention to my studies, I never would have gotten into this situation with Nancy. It was coming up on spring break of my freshman year, and most of the students were making big plans for trips to all sorts of fun places; but not me. Unlike everyone else, I still had a term paper to write, and had resigned myself to spending the break working on it. Then, with one week of classes remaining before break, I made the bonehead move which changed my life. One of the older students in my little social circle, who I really didn't know very well, after hearing how I was planning to spend the break, convinced me to pull one of those prewritten term papers off the internet and submit it as my own work. You can imagine the arguments: "everyone does it," "just make a few changes, no one will ever know". . . and so on. Anyway, to make a long story short, although I had never done anything dishonest in my life, I went for the idea and was able to spend the break partying it up along with everyone else.

When I got back, a letter from the college was waiting for me. It instructed me to report immediately to the Office of Academic Affairs, and was signed by one Nancy Johnson, Assistant to the Dean. I didn't connect it was the same Nancy I knew until I was shown to her office by a secretary. I greeted her cheerfully but she gave me a big frown and motioned for me to sit down. "Miss Wilson, we have a most serious matter to discuss. Please look at this." I thought it bizarre that she addressed me so formally - after all, we had always been on a first name basis before. But I didn't have time to think about it as she was pushing a manila envelope across the desk at me. I took it and pulled out the term paper I turned in before leaving on spring vacation. My heart began to sink. She went on, "Part of my duties are monitoring academic honesty. I examine at random certain numbers student papers every year. I check for plagiarism and other violations. Miss Wilson, I am aware that you copied this paper and turned it in as your own work. I've even visited the website where you got it; you must understand that someone with my duties is very familiar with such sources. Miss Wilson, what you have done is an offense for which the penalty is permanent expulsion from this school."

I was in shock and couldn't find words to speak. I cursed myself silently for ever agreeing to cheat on the paper. No vacation would ever be worth the trouble I was in now. But then Nancy spoke again, in a softer, almost sympathetic tone. "However, I'm aware of the pressures on a young woman in her first year of school, and I know this is your first slip of any kind. I'm also aware of your background and the disgrace this would bring on your fine family. So far, I'm the only person who is aware of the situation. If I alert the Dean, as is my duty, your expulsion will be finalized in a matter of hours. But I'm willing to give you a chance to avoid that outcome. Tomorrow is Friday, and I'm taking the day off. Be at my house at 2:00 and we will discuss this matter further. If you don't appear, I will begin expulsion procedures first thing Monday morning. That is all." I tried to say something but she waved me off, saying, "Tomorrow at 2:00. That's your only chance. Be there." I rushed out of the building, my head spinning. I went straight home, locked myself in my bedroom, and tried to figure out what was going to happen to me.

For the next 24 hours, I was an absolute wreck. I hated myself for what I had done, and I was terrified of the possible consequences. Expulsion. Disgrace for me and my family. I thought about my parents, how proud they were of me, and how they expected me to fulfill their expectations. I thought about all the money Dad was spending to send me to this exclusive college (not that he couldn't afford it). I thought about my older sister and brother, who had both attended the same school and graduated with honors and were now pursuing successful careers. I remembered their graduation parties which my parents had hosted, with all the local friends and socialites invited to toast the new graduates. I reflected bitterly on the shame and disgrace which would follow the explanation of why young Wendy was no longer in school, and couldn't get into any other decent school. To even contemplate the possibilities was absolutely unbearable. My life would be completely ruined.

**Nancy's Trap II**

At 2:00 the next day I was at Nancy's front door. She let me in, saying "Oh, hi Wendy. Thanks for coming." Both her tone and dress were casual - more like the Nancy I knew - a far cry from the formal, all-business Nancy I had seen yesterday. I followed her to the kitchen table, where she motioned me to sit down. Without asking, she poured me a glass of wine, then one for herself, and sat down across from me. I saw the manila envelope containing my term paper at the edge of the table and my anxiety started to rise. I don't normally drink during the daytime but I was grateful for the calming effect. I took a big gulp and looked at Nancy. She glanced at the envelope and said, "We'll get to that in a little while, Wendy. But just to reassure you, let me say right now that I have no doubt we can reach an understanding which will ensure that this little incident is put behind us and never goes beyond the two of us. Does that make you feel better?" It did. I nodded vigorously and took another drink of wine.

"What I'd like to do right now", she went on, "is just talk a little, you know, one girl to another. We really should get to know one another better, shouldn't we?" I nodded and smiled, willing to talk all day long if it would help get me off the hook. But as it turned it out, Nancy did just about all the talking. She wanted to tell me all about her past: her upbringing, everywhere she had lived, details on all her past boyfriends (including the sexual component, which I didn't really care to hear), her days as a student, her job, and so on. It went on and on, and it became difficult for me to feign interest after awhile, despite my overwhelming desire to not upset her or anything.

She must have noticed my growing boredom, however, because she suddenly changed the subject matter. She had been droning on about how underpaid she was when she paused for a moment and said, "Let's talk about sex some more. There's something I'd like to confide in you." She looked at me for a moment, and then seemingly out of the blue, she asked, "Have you ever had any exhibitionist fantasies, Wendy?" I was taken aback by the question, and before I could say anything Nancy went on, laughing, "Don't worry, you don't have to answer. It doesn't matter anyway. But let me tell you, I have. Intense fantasies. In fact, you could say I'm obsessed with the whole idea, and have been since I was a teenager. You know the dream when you're naked at school or some other public place? I think everyone has that dream, and for most people its sort of a mild nightmare and they're relieved when they wake up. Not me. I want that dream to go on and on. And when I do wake up I'm usually so turned on I have to bring myself off right then." I was getting uneasy with the direction this was going, but I had no choice but to sit and listen.

Nancy went on, "Awhile back, these fantasies became so powerful they threatened to completely take over my life. I realized I had to do something to get them under control, and the only thing I could think of was to act on them. I mean to actually go out and expose myself in public or something. I thought maybe actually doing it would make the need for me to fantasize go away. So I made a plan, set everything up, and resolved to go forward with the experiment, if you want to call it that. But then I ran into a major problem. Two problems, really. First, I know I'm not the most beautiful woman on earth. So showing off in public wouldn't be all that attractive to whatever audience might be out there. But that alone didn't stop me. What stopped me was that, when the big moment arrived, I discovered I couldn't do it. The details aren't important, but suffice to say, when I began to actually take the first steps toward acting out the fantasy, I was so nervous and wound up I got physically ill. My knees shook out of control, I was short of breath, and I felt like I would pass out. I tried several different times and places, but it was always the same. Physically, emotionally, I just flat out could not do it."

Nancy paused and sipped her wine. I was getting very uncomfortable with the whole conversation, and finally decided to speak up. "I can understand all that, Nancy. Fantasies probably never turn out like you expect if you actually try to fulfill them. You shouldn't feel bad about it. But to be honest with you, I don't understand what any of this has to do with me." Nancy smiled softly at me and said, "I'm getting to that, dear." She sipped her wine, gazing at me intently. "Anyway", she went on, "I still hoped that maybe having made the attempt would make the problem go away. But it didn't. In fact it got worse, because the fantasies were stronger than ever, but now I knew that I would never be able to fulfill them. It started to really get to me, and I seriously believe I was in danger of losing my mind. But then, I came up with another idea. It seemed like an impossible situation - just thinking about the fantasies wasn't enough, yet I couldn't act them out. It finally occurred to me that maybe a compromise solution existed. A solution where someone else, following my instructions and with my assistance, would act them out for me. I would get the satisfaction of planning and observing, while someone else would experience the excitement of actually fulfilling them. Someone young and beautiful, preferably with that fresh-faced, wholesome, girl-next-door charm that I never had." She paused and looked directly into my eyes. "Someone like you, Wendy."

**Nancy's Trap III**

It took a few moments for me to realize exactly what she was suggesting, and even when I did, that's how I took it, as just a suggestion. I guess I forgot for a moment the circumstances which brought me to Nancy's house in the first place. I burst out laughing, and then caught myself. "You want me. . . you think that I would. . . uh, I don't think so, Nancy! I mean I'm flattered you think I'm pretty and all, but really, I've never been into anything like that. . ." I trailed off, not knowing what else I could say. But she seemed to expect more from me, because she just sat there, looking at me. "I'm sorry, Nancy," I said, "but I just don't think I could ever do anything like that." She kept looking at me oddly. "I think you could do it, Wendy", she finally said. She looked towards the edge of the table, and I followed her gaze to the manila envelope.

Okay, I know what you're thinking, and I suppose you're right. I was a little slow to catch on to what Nancy was up to. But the possibility had simply never occurred to me. I innocently assumed that I would be required to rewrite the paper, maybe do some extra credit work or something, to get back into academic good graces. I had never dreamed Nancy would use her position to pull off some corrupt, perverted blackmail scheme. As the true nature of what she intended hit me, it was like being kicked in the stomach. I think I went more or less ballistic with outrage, but I don't really remember what I said. I just remember stomping off toward Nancy's front door, intending to get the hell out of there. Then I heard her call out sharply, "Walk out that door and you'll be bounced out of this school by noon Monday!" That stopped me in my tracks, and the whole unbearable expulsion scenario replayed itself again in my head. Then she said, more softly, "At least come back here and consider your options before you do anything rash." Slowly, I turned around and walked back to the table and sank back into my chair.

I stared miserably at my wine glass for a few moments. "What. . . what exactly would you want me to do?" As soon as the words were out of my mouth I felt faint. I couldn't believe I was actually considering going along with her, but what choice did I have? "It won't be all that horrible, Wendy, I promise. Look, I know this seems like a shocking and outrageous idea, and you'll need a little time to think about it. But you know what expulsion means. I've deliberately given you a day to mull that over. And I'll ease you into this new role very gradually. It won't be very demanding at all at first. I'm not a sadistic or perverted person, and I have no intention of asking you to do anything you can't handle. After all, if I did, you could simply choose expulsion as a preferable alternative. You'll always have that choice. That sort of puts a cap on what I can expect you to do."

"But I still don't understand what you want. I mean, going out and flashing my tits all over town or what?" "Oh, you might do some flashing like that from time to time, probably on an impromptu basis when I see a good opportunity. But flashing doesn't really provide the drama and excitement I'm looking for. It's over too quickly, and the flasher has too much control - she can pull her shirt back down in an instant. No, my plans for you generally involve more prolonged, more challenging scenarios. But not right away. Like I said, I plan to start you slowly. At first we'll do things where you might not be seen at all, by anyone. The excitement will come from just the possibility of being seen. But I don't want to mislead you either. As time goes on, as you gain experience, you'll get more daring in your exploits. Eventually, when I feel you're ready, I intend to exhibit you in public completely naked. But I think you'll find the progression to be tolerable. As I become more demanding, you'll be less of a novice and will find fulfilling my requests remains within your fortitude. And there's another reason the passage of time will favor your continued obedience. As graduation approaches, you'll realize how much effort you've invested in your education. The thought of losing it all at the last moment will make expulsion an even greater threat then than it is now. Consequently, you'll find yourself capable of doing things you can't even imagine today."

My jaw dropped about a foot. "Graduation?" I exclaimed. "Nancy, that's three years away! You can't expect me to be your little show girl for. . ." She cut me off. "I do indeed expect it, Wendy. I'll return your paper for now to your professor, and you'll get your grade. But I can revive the issue at any time - I'll just claim the problem was only recently brought to my attention. And should you decide to drop out of school, or try to transfer, I'll make the whole scandal public, a permanent stain on your record which will prevent you from getting into any other school. But Wendy, it really doesn't have to come to that. I'm not going to turn you into a whore or make you do anything perverted. I imagine you'd opt out if I tried to do that, and besides, I have no desire for it. Instead, I want us to have lighthearted adventures. I want our relationship to be playful and fun."

I exploded. "Fun for you, maybe! What about me? Why in hell should I have to act out your fantasies? You don't even have the guts to act them out yourself! How do you expect me to be able to do it?" I was angry, but I knew she had me. I couldn't believe what was happening but I couldn't see any way out. "I know it seems terribly unfair, dear, but I really must address my own problem, and I'm confident this will work. I'm also confident you'll find the wherewithal even when I couldn't. After all, you have a special incentive." Her fingers were drumming on the manila envelope. I was numb. I turned and stared out the window at the beautiful spring sunshine outside.

She just let me sit there for what seemed like a long time. But at length she broke the silence. "Well, now that we've gotten all that out of the way, I think its time we got started. I believe it will be easiest for you if we just plunge straight ahead, so I've planned a very mild introductory excursion for you this afternoon. It's the classic semi-public, semi-safe exhibitionist adventure, otherwise known as riding naked in a car." My head jerked towards her, but I said nothing. She continued, "I'm going to be waiting in my car in the driveway. I'm taking the envelope. Your instructions are as follows: you will undress in the house and leave all your clothes right there on the table. Every stitch. In five minutes, you will walk out the front door to the driveway and get in the car with me. Before exiting the house, you may scan the street and wait for any passersby or cars to pass before you come out. That's a luxury you won't always have. If you aren't in the car on time, I will drive straight to the Dean's office with the envelope." Before I could say a word, she turned and quickly strode to the front door. Before disappearing from view, she turned and said brightly, "Wendy, I'll toot the horn when you have one minute left. And please lock the door on your way out." Then she was gone, and a few seconds later I heard a car door open and then slam shut.

I honestly don't remember the next five minutes, well four minutes I guess I should say. I think I just sat at the table unable to think or do anything. I was totally overwhelmed by the situation. But then I heard the horn, and it abruptly brought me out of the trance. I panicked, as she knew I would, at the thought of her driving off without me to the Dean's office. And so I actually did it. I don't really remember stripping. I just remember standing naked at Nancy's front door, shaking in apprehension. Then she started the motor. My knees went weak, but I opened the door, hunched down and covered myself as best I could, and raced to the passenger side of the car. I flung myself into the front seat and slammed the door. Nancy was beaming. Then she leaned towards me, threw her arms around my neck and kissed me on the mouth. "I'm so glad you've decided to be sensible, Wendy. We have nothing but wonderful adventures ahead of us!" And with that, she pulled out of the driveway and drove off down the street.

Well, there you have it folks. That's the story of how Nancy was able to turn me into her exhibitionist pet for the remainder of my college years. She confided later that it was no accident I ended up being her naked little toy. She had been looking for a "recruit" for some time, and I fit the bill perfectly. She needed someone with my prestigious family background so that the disgrace of expulsion would be an enforceable threat. She monitored my academic situation carefully to look for any opportunities. And, when the situation arose with my term paper, it was her ally in the student body who made sure I knew about the website. Of course, she had no assurance I would take the bait, but if it hadn't worked that time, Nancy assured me, she would have gotten something on me eventually. It seems as though I never had a chance.

And she followed through with the "progressive" program she talked about that day in her kitchen. She was absolutely right about my willingness to accept slight, incremental increases in the stakes with each new adventure. If at any point I had cashed it in, and let her force me out of school, it would have meant that all the scenarios I had acted out for her up to that point would have been for nothing. I would have suffered the humiliations and ended up with nothing to show for it. And so like the classic investor who doesn't know when to get out of a falling market, I stayed in her little game right to the end, right up to graduation day (oh, by the way, I did make it to the car on time that morning - but considering what I had to do at the ceremony itself, I think I might have been better off staying in the park all day). If you'd like to hear more detail about some of my adventures, let me know and maybe I'll get around to writing about them.

**First Ride**

Not for the first time, and not for the last, Wendy Wilson pounded her pillow in a mixture of anger, frustration, and fear. She was in the middle of a sleepless night, the night following what had been, up that point, the most bizarre day in her life. The anger came from the utterly outrageous ultimatum forced upon her by Nancy Johnson, assistant to the Dean at the prestigious college Wendy attended. The ultimatum to submit to a lifestyle of public nude exhibitionism, or be expelled from school based on the cheating Nancy had caught her at left her frustrated because she couldn't see a way out of the trap. That left her with the awful known choice of academic humiliation, ruin of career and family name, and lifelong disgrace, arrayed against the horribly unknown, never-before-contemplated prospect of public, naked humiliation. And finally fear: gut-wrenching fear that she was going to be taken down the latter road by events and demands completely out of her control.

She had reason for that fear, because she had already submitted to Nancy and obeyed her first demand. She had stripped off her clothes and had allowed herself to be driven naked through the city and countryside. For the umpteenth time, she replayed the day's events which had led her to that unfathomable behavior. First the lengthy discussion in Nancy's kitchen, during which Nancy disclosed her price for silence on the copied term paper. Then her maddening description, in general terms, of what lay in store for the remainder of Wendy's college years. Followed by the irresistible demand that she agree to the naked car ride, or face immediate commencement of expulsion procedures. And finally, the terrifying ride itself.

Wendy was not the only one who replayed, over and over, the day's remarkable events. Some hours earlier, Nancy Johnson had drifted off into a contented, deep slumber, but not before pleasuring herself as she, too, relived the memories of the beautiful coed's introduction to her new life of nudity-on-demand.

After Wendy had dashed naked from Nancy's house, she curled up into a tight ball on the passenger seat as the car headed off down the street. Nancy let her stay that way at first. Things had happened so fast, with the ultimatum and five-minute deadline to strip and get in the car, that Wendy hadn't had any time to really think about what she was doing, or what the consequences would be. She just knew the alternative consequences were worse, or she thought they were. But after a few minutes of driving ever further from Nancy's house and her clothes, the wild reality of what was happening began to overwhelm her. One hour earlier, "exhibitionist" had hardly even been part of her vocabulary. Now she was naked in a car, with a woman she hardly knew, being driven through busy city streets. Nancy kept looking over at the terrified girl, smiling and peering at her curled up body. Wendy was horribly ashamed and embarrassed to be naked in front of her, even though she knew she had no choice in the matter. And she was terrified she would be seen by strangers. What if they ran out of gas or the car broke down? What if she was ordered out of the car? As the feelings of shame and fear grew, so did her growing appreciation of the outrageousness of what was being done to her. Her emotions started to spiral out of control, her heart pounded so hard in her chest she felt it would burst, her ears roared from the rush of blood, and she was short of breath.

She blurted out, "N - Nancy. . . I don't want to do this. I can't do it. You've got to take me back to the house!" "But we've hardly begun! It's too nice a day to be cooped up at home, dear." "No, I mean it. I can't handle this. It's like how you said it was for you when you tried. You've got to take me back." Nancy frowned but said nothing. Then she turned down a side street lined with residential houses. Wendy felt some relief because she thought maybe Nancy was actually going to head back towards her house. But instead, after a few blocks, she pulled over and stopped the car at the curb. This was a ritzy neighborhood, with large lots and large houses set far back from the street, and no sidewalks. She stopped at point midway between two houses, so there was actually little chance of being seen unless someone came out of a house and right up to the car.

"Now calm down and get a hold of yourself, dear. Nobody can see you, and probably nobody will. I'm not going to make you get out of the car today. I just want you to start to get used to the feeling of being naked in a new setting. You're an absolutely gorgeous girl, and you have nothing to be ashamed of." "But I can't stand it, Nancy! I've never done anything like this. I've never wanted to. Please, let's go back. I'll do anything else you want, just not - this." Nancy just looked at her for a few moments. "Now dear, we're not going reopen the negotiation. There's nothing to negotiate. You have exactly two choices, and you always will. Sure, we can go back. But that means you'll be making a very, very big decision. Are you sure that's what you want?"

Wendy just looked at her, pleading with her eyes. Nancy didn't yield. Suddenly the audacity and cruelty of what was happening broke the younger girl. She burst into tears, sobbing, "No, that's not what I want!" From there she dissolved into a blubbering mass of tears, crying like a baby in a way she hadn't done since she was a little girl.

Nancy sat and watched her, content to let her have a good cry. Probably for the best anyway, she thought. For her part, Nancy was barely able to contain her own excitement over how things were going. This was a day she had dreamed about, and the fact that things were actually unfolding according to plan gave her an absolutely delicious thrill. The first, and biggest, hurdle was already crossed. Exactly how she would get Wendy to take the awesome first step, to unwillingly strip naked, leave her clothes in the house, and get in the car in the driveway, had worried her ever since she had conceived this plan. Even under the threat of expulsion from school, it was such an outrageous demand that she knew she risked the girl's refusal if she gave her too much time to think about it; thus the high-stakes, high-pressure ultimatum to force her choice. And it had worked perfectly. The gorgeous but innocent girl-next-door was now naked in her car. And having stripped once, it would be all the easier for Wendy to convince herself she had to do it again, the next time Nancy demanded it.

But from now on, Nancy knew the situation called for a gradual approach. Let her grow accustomed to her new status in a safe environment for awhile, away from leering eyes for now. Only when she had reached a state of relative comfort with her nakedness would she be asked to do something slightly more daring, and only once that bridge was crossed, whatever it was, would she be asked to do more. A series of gentle nudges, though firmly applied, and paced slowly so as to allow the girl to gain experience and courage. And with one concern paramount: that the next incremental step would always be easier for Wendy to accept than the dark abyss of expulsion and family disgrace. A slow, delicate, and fragile process, but one leading ultimately to the outcome Nancy so urgently desired: an obedient, exhibitionist plaything. Nancy thought ahead to the day when she would order the girl to walk stark naked through a crowded public square, and she would willingly obey. Well, not willingly perhaps, but she would do it nonetheless.

It was many minutes before Wendy began to calm down and the tears began to subside. "There, that's probably just what you needed. Sometimes a good cry is just the trick for getting all the pent-up emotions released." Wendy did feel better. At least the uncontrollable panic had become manageable. Nancy kept talking, "Look, Wendy, I know this isn't going to be easy for you. But I'm not going to rush you. I'm going to give you all the time you need to get used to this, within limits of course. I think you may have already crossed a major threshold, just now. But you also need to understand that I'm not going to waiver from my objective in this either. And I won't have constant objections or arguments from you along the way. At all times, the choice will be yours. You're either in, or you're out. Nothing in between. Now, tell me, shall we continue the drive?" Wendy was still catching her breath. She couldn't bear to look at Nancy. Looking out the window instead, she murmured a faint "yes." "Very good. But before we do, I want you sit normally, and leave your arms at your sides. Don't try to cover yourself." Sighing deeply, Wendy obeyed and sat fully upright, feet on the floor, arms at her sides. She could feel Nancy's eyes boring into her naked body. "God, you are a beautiful girl, Wendy. The world will thank me for what I'm going to do with you!"

She started the car and pulled away from the curb. She headed immediately back to busier streets which took them further from Nancy's house. It was all Wendy could do to sit still and resist the urge to cover herself, even though, for the most part, all anyone could see was a fleeting glimpse of bare shoulders. Nancy decided not to press things, and steered the car towards the outskirts of town and eventually onto country roads with little traffic. After some time of just driving around the countryside, she eventually returned by a different route to her own neighborhood, and before Wendy even fully realized where they were, was pulling back into her driveway. Wendy looked at Nancy with the fearful expectation that she would be ordered out of the car. But Nancy laughed, and instead reached for the remote control which automatically opened the garage door. Once the car was inside and the door safely closed again, Nancy led the naked girl back into the kitchen. Nancy was amused to see Wendy's clothes strewn wildly around the room, indicating the panicked state of her first commanded strip. She watched thoughtfully as Wendy slowly gathered her garments and got dressed. She suddenly felt tremendous affection and empathy for the beautiful girl whom she had so abruptly jerked from her former innocent existence. As a woman herself, and one who was obsessed with her own exhibitionist fantasies, she knew all too well what the young girl was going through. Not that it changed anything, of course. Nothing would dissuade her from her ultimate objective. But it gave her a calm and patient perspective on the project, which she knew, in the long run, would only help ensure success. "Things are going to be alright, Wendy," she said softly, as the girl pulled on her socks, "You'll see." Wendy didn't look at her. She slipped on her shoes and headed for the door, without asking permission. Nancy made no effort to stop her. "I'll be in touch, dear," she said. Wendy went out the front door and ran from the house.

**T-Shirt Training, I**

It was about three weeks since that first day in Nancy's kitchen, and later naked in her car, and once again I found myself riding around the city in the nude. It had been the most unreal three weeks of my life up to that time (although of course later events would make that initial period seem totally tame by comparison). I had lost track of how many naked car rides I had been forced to go on, but it seems like that's just about all I did, apart from school, during those weeks. So many rides that I was beginning to be able to control somewhat the panic, fear, and embarrassment that completely overwhelmed me that first day. Not that any of those feelings had gone away, but they were less capable of rendering me a complete emotional wreck. I knew my "progress" was apparent to Nancy, and that had me worried. It meant she might decide I was ready for something more daring. Because, so far, despite being constantly separated from my clothes while in her company, she hadn't yet subjected me to any grand public humiliations. And I didn't really know if, when push came to shove, I'd be able to go through with that kind of thing. It was weird because I was terrified both of actually doing it, and of not being able to do it, and facing the consequences if Nancy decided to follow through with her blackmail threat.

But today would prove to be a significant new challenge, at least from my novice perspective. It started out with the now-familiar routine of arriving at her house at a specified time. Once again I stripped inside, and left all my clothes in her house when we left in the car. The only difference from that first day was that we departed from within her garage, so I didn't have to dash outside naked. She assured me that that was only for her own reputation in the neighborhood rather than any consideration for my modesty. We drove around for awhile, subjecting me to the increasingly familiar feeling of being just inches away from being fully exposed to hundreds of strangers. Increasingly familiar, but no more comfortable or desirable.

My discomfort went way up when she pulled into the parking lot of a park not far from campus. I'd been by it many times before, but had never stopped to explore it or anything. I didn't know it then, but I was to become quite familiar with this park, and every other park in the area, over the next three years. She cruised slowly through the lot, which not too surprising for a Saturday afternoon was fairly crowded with cars. Most were empty, but here and there were groups of mainly teenagers hanging out, leaning on cars and idling away the afternoon. We drove right past one group of guys who looked like they were probably seniors in high school. I wanted desperately to sink down out of sight in my seat, but I knew Nancy wouldn't allow it and would probably react by making me do something even more unpleasant. So I stared straight ahead, afraid to make eye contact with any of them, or to see if they noticed or could tell a naked girl was riding by.

Nancy pulled into a parking space at the far end of the lot, next to white van which, thankfully, appeared to be empty. I sat frozen in my seat, still staring forward, terrified at what might happen next. I was afraid to look at Nancy, and afraid to ask her what she wanted me to do. She seemed quite pleased with herself, humming softly and with that maddening, smug little smile that just about drove me crazy. "Sit tight for a minute, dear, while I get some things ready." She got out of the car and went around to the rear, opening the trunk. She got something out and then walked to my side, opening my door wide until it almost touched the side of the van. "Get out, please, Wendy," she said. I was frozen, unable to move, I was so terrified about being naked so close to so many strangers, and now being forced to get out of the car. "Please, Nancy, not yet. . ." "Now, Wendy." I took a deep breath and slowly swung my legs out until my feet were on the pavement. Covering myself as much as possible, I rose to my feet and stood naked between the car and the van, which was the only thing screening me from the rest of the parking lot.

Nancy closed the car door and locked the entire car with a remote key-lock on her keychain. I was absolutely petrified with fear she was going to order me out from the refuge of the van. She smiled broadly at me and said, "Don't you think it's a perfect day for a picnic in the park?" She turned around and picked up the picnic basket she had retrieved from the trunk. "Oh god, Nancy, I'm not ready," I began, but she broke in, saying "Don't fret, Wendy. Actually, I quite agree. So I brought along a little something for you to wear." Then she reached into the basket and pulled out a wad of white cloth and tossed it at me. I caught it with one hand while keeping myself covered with the other, and shook out the garment. It was a plain white, cotton t-shirt. I looked at Nancy; sure she must also have some shorts or something else for me to wear. Reading my thoughts, she laughed and said "I'm afraid that's all dear. It's that or nothing, you decide." Glumly I pulled the shirt on and stretched it down as far as it would go. Just as I thankfully realized it was long enough to fully cover my bottom and crotch with a couple of inches to spare, I also noticed the fit was quite snug around my backside and across my front. I could see the contours of my breasts clearly defined, and my nipples pressed firmly into the soft cloth.

Nancy said, "You're going to wait here for a few minutes. I'm taking the path that leads past the bathrooms and on into the park. I'll be waiting for you a few hundred feet in. But don't follow for at least five minutes." She walked quickly away then, carrying the picnic basket, and leaving me locked out of the car, standing behind the van. To get to the path, I'd have to walk back down the sidewalk running along the edge of the parking lot to the bathrooms near the entrance to the lot. Right past all the guys hanging out by their cars. My heart started to pound. I snuck a peek around the corner of the van, thinking I might call out to Nancy, to try to call her back. But I only caught a glimpse of her disappearing down the path. It seems mild now, but forcing myself to come out from behind that van and walk right towards those guys, wearing only a t-shirt, was the hardest thing I had ever done. But as Nancy predicted so well, I was able in fact to do it. Thinking about it later, I realized the whole set-up was the result of Nancy's careful planning, and followed a pattern she often used to ensure my "success" in those early days. Get me to a state of relative comfort with one level of daring, and then, before I realized what was going on, force me into a make-or-break scenario with higher stakes, with very little time to decide and no opportunity to discuss.

And so, heart pounding and stomach churning, I came out and headed down the sidewalk. I just tried to stare ahead and walk quickly towards the path, but as soon as I was out in the open this dizzying feeling of near panic welled up in me, and I had to go slow to steady myself. At least I jiggled a little less that way, but it seemed to take forever to get down the sidewalk. By the time I got near the guys, I was completely flushed and nearly shaking. Even covered by the t-shirt, I had never come close to doing anything remotely like this in public before. But I pressed ahead and moved on past them, more than a little relieved that no one jumped out and grabbed me. But there was no avoiding the comments and whistles, or knowing that they could see every curve in my body as I walked past. I found the trail and walked as quickly as I could to get out of sight of the parking lot. After a few hundred feet I spotted Nancy up ahead, at a spot where the woods ended. As soon as I saw her I felt a surge of hatred for what she had just made me do. Now, I'm not really a hating person, and even with Nancy, as time went on I got to a point where I didn't really hate her. But in those early days, when everything was so new and uncomfortable, I sometimes couldn't help myself. She smiled as I drew closer, and took my wrist when I got near enough. I realized she was checking my pulse, which was still going about a mile a minute. She laughed and said, "I thought you'd find that exciting."

She headed further along the trail for a while, with me following behind. Eventually she turned and headed into a small grassy clearing. It was neatly mowed, about a hundred feet wide and long, with a steep embankment rising up to more trees and hedges at the back end. She headed all the way to the back and spread out a blanket on the grass right at the base of the embankment. She opened the picnic basket and began to remove the various items within. I just stood there, more or less waiting for her to tell me what to do. "Have a seat, dear," she said, motioning toward one side of the blanket, "but first, I'm afraid you'll have to give me your shirt." I had figured that was coming. I looked around to make sure no one was in the clearing or on the trail and quickly pulled the t-shirt over my head. Just as quickly I sat down where she motioned and sat with my knees pulled up tight to my chest. Nancy smiled and stuffed the t-shirt into the picnic basket, which she placed on her other side, out of my reach. She proceeded to pour wine and spread out various items to eat. I was pretty hungry and didn't mind at all having a nice picnic lunch. But having it naked in a public park made it a little hard to enjoy.

We ate in silence for awhile, but after a bit I got up the courage to say a few things. In the previous weeks of riding around in the nude, I had discovered that, as long as I was obeying whatever the current instructions were, I could engage Nancy in a discussion of my "status", despite her prior warnings about "no debate." And that day in the park, which was before Nancy had thoroughly "outed" me naked in public, I still held out hope that I could convince her not to carry things any further. So I tried again.

"Nancy, can't we please make this the last time I have to do this? I mean, look at me; I'm naked in a public park. Isn't that enough? Isn't that what you wanted? I think I've done my side of the bargain, haven't I?" "Well, you've done everything I've asked so far," Nancy responded, "and I'm very pleased with you as far as that goes. But you know perfectly well we're just getting started. No one's even seen you in all your glory yet." "Those guys saw me." "All covered up with a shirt, yes they did. Imagine taking that same walk without the shirt. And stopping to talk with them for awhile. That's the goal we're working towards."

"But Nancy, this is just too bizarre. And with all the times I've had to do this in the past few weeks, I don't even have a life anymore. I can't keep up with school or do anything else. Please, Nancy, can't we just call it good right now?" "Well, I admit I have been a little overly demanding of your time, and I promise it won't always be this frequent. It's just that right now I think it's very important to get you used to your new role as quickly as possible. I think that approach is best for you, really. Once you're fully up to speed, we'll taper off on the frequency a bit." I didn't say anything for a few moments. I think I was trying to avoid imagining what "fully up to speed" would mean, and part of me didn't really want to hear the answer to my next question. "How often?" I asked. "I should think only one or two major adventures a month, once you're ready to spend a full day naked in public. Maybe less in winter, maybe more in spring and summer. I intend to keep it manageable for you. After all, it certainly won't serve my purposes if you flunk out of school. But you have to understand, I've had an enormous amount of time to fantasize these scenarios. And I intend for you to experience as many as we have time for."

"I can't imagine even being able to stay in school, having to do those kinds of things. Don't you understand, Nancy? A girl only gets to go to college once. It should be the most exciting time of her life. Do you really think this is how I want to spend my college years?"

"I suppose not, although I promise you'll find our time together exciting. But you have me to thank for being able to stay in school at all. Anybody else in the Dean's office would have bounced you, no questions asked. I'm giving you a chance I don't have to give, and in doing so I'm actually putting my own job on the line. If my price seems high, just remember no one else would even give you the choice, and you don't have to pay anyway." I hated to admit it, but what she said actually made some sense. She almost made me feel like a bad little girl who deserved to be punished. At the time, I still didn't know she had actively set out to trap me into this situation. For all I knew, it was sheer coincidence that I had been caught cheating by a woman who happened to have a fetish for making young coeds go naked in public. She was still talking. "And I'll do my best to make your school life bearable. We'll plan your adventures away from campus, at least at first, until you're relatively comfortable. I can't make any promises for later, though. I should think some of the most delicious experiences will be in front of people you know."

I decided to try another tack. "Why don't you find some girl who's into this sort of thing? I mean, there must someone out there, maybe even at our school. You wouldn't have to screw around with all this training and blackmail and everything else." Nancy sat up and looked right at me. "Well, you know Wendy, I thought of that myself at first. I even went to a couple of wet t-shirt contests and amateur strip clubs to see if I could find someone. But watching those girls, I realized I would never get any satisfaction from them. The fact that they were willing, and a little on the wild side to begin with, would spoil it for me. It made me realize something about my own fantasy, and what it would take to fulfill it. When a person has that naked-in-public dream, they're absolutely mortified and want more than anything to get out of the situation. I finally realized it was no different for me in the dream; it was just that it turned me on to think about it. When I tried to act it out in public myself, I instantly discovered that, no way in hell did I really want to do it for real. But virtually my next thought was what it would be like if I had to anyway, if somebody could force me to do it. That was such an awesome thought I knew right away I had to find someone, not to force me, but that I could force, and watch. But the girl had to be innocent and absolutely unwilling. It was a dream come true when I happened to turn up your copied term paper."

I glared at her, unable to think of anything else to say. We were both silent for several minutes while she finished eating. I wasn't hungry anymore. Finally she spoke again. "Wendy, you just need to accept the fact that it's going to happen. You're going to become an exhibitionist. People - lots of people - are going to see you naked. I know converting you to this lifestyle is an outrageous thing to do, especially for one woman to do to another. And it's not something I take lightly. There's a part of me that absolutely understands what it's going to be like for you, and that part of me feels horrible about making you do it. But you have to understand that the other part of me finds such a wicked delight in the prospect that I can't pass up the opportunity. The more outrageous and audacious it seems on the one hand, the more delicious and irresistible it becomes on the other. So I'm afraid appealing to my sisterly understanding is actually counterproductive for you. The appeal of having you romping around naked for the enjoyment of others far outweighs the remorse, and the more I'm reminded of your trepidation, the stronger the appeal becomes. Maybe that makes me crazy, I don't know. But it makes you naked, when and where I say."

**T-Shirt Training, II**

I just stared at her, starting to realize just how nuts she really was about this whole thing. And the state of denial I had been able to keep myself in, the denial that it was ever really going to get to the point she threatened, began to be harder and harder to maintain. "It's so unbelievably cruel, Nancy! And god, the things you're talking about - it's going to be so humiliating!" I realized with shock I was actually beginning to face the prospect of being seen naked, and to think about what it would be like. "Well, dear, that's the whole idea, I'm afraid. But look at the progress you've already made. You don't even think twice about riding in the car naked anymore. And today you hopped right out, when for all you knew I was going to make you go past those guys naked. But enough talk for now. I've got some practice exercises planned for you for the rest of the afternoon."

She put away all the items that had come out of the picnic basket. Then she made me get up and go up a few feet on the embankment, and lay down on my back, with strict orders to keep my arms at my sides. Because of the steepness of the bank, the effect was to raise my body up into view of anyone who might come by on the trail or come into the clearing. Nancy folded up the blanket and put in the basket. Then she came up and sat near me, a few feet away. "Just close your eyes, Wendy, and try to relax a little. This is just a little low-risk practice at being naked in public. But I want you to think about something for me. Remember those guys you walked past in the parking lot? Don't you imagine they probably followed us? I mean, when a girl goes into a park wearing only a tight t-shirt, I would think any red-blooded guy would want to see what she's going to do." I gasped at the thought, which of course made terribly too much sense to me. I instinctively reached to cover myself, but she ordered my hands back to my sides. "I'll bet they're hiding in the trees right now, staring at you, at your breasts, and your pussy. You're in full view, after all, and completely naked."

Like I needed reminding. My pulse was racing again, I was breathing rapidly, and I had a case of stomach butterflies like never before. I was sure she was right, and I wanted nothing more in the world than to get up and run for cover. Instead I had to lay there without moving. "Now, I want you to move your legs apart, and raise your knees a bit, but keep your feet on the ground." "Nancy!" "Do it, Wendy. Give them a good show, in case they really are there. Or I'll go find them for you." I obeyed, totally aghast at the view of my vagina now being offered to the lustful male eyes I was certain were staring at me. It was absolute torture to have to lay there without moving. But it was about to get worse. After letting me lay there for about ten minutes with my legs spread, Nancy had a new idea. "Now, Wendy, I want you to get up and take a little walk. I want you to go around the edge of the clearing all the way out to the trail. Go slowly, nonchalantly, as if you're admiring the flowers planted along the edge. And pretend all those guys are hiding in the brush, admiring you." "Oh for god's sakes, Nancy, please. . ." "Come on now Wendy," she said sternly, "just one little naked stroll and we'll be on our way. Wait for me on the bench next to the trail and I'll let you put your shirt back on. Otherwise it's naked all the way back to the car for you."

I got up slowly and did as she said. I didn't have to be told to leave my arms dangling at my sides as I went. As I went along, I had never felt so naked and vulnerable in my entire life. I was sure the guys were there, and even if they weren't, anybody could show up on the trail at any moment. But I realized Nancy was right about one thing. I had made progress. I thought back to my terror that first day in the car, and compared that to my emotional state now. It was a constant effort to fight back the panic, and to keep myself from suddenly hunching over and running for cover, but I was able to do it. Some little part of my mind enabled me to detach myself from the awful reality of what was going on, just enough to let me continue. And as I did, an awesome feeling of utterly feminine, sexual vulnerability began to grow inside me. To be out there, naked and helpless, was unlike anything I had ever experienced before. And the knowledge that I was being forced by someone else to do this, against my will, added a dimension to the overall feeling that I can't really describe, except that it magnified my feeling of helplessness ten times over. I blushed at my own feelings as much as at the thought that people might be watching me, and the anxious excitement in my stomach threatened to spread lower and transform itself into a different form of excitement altogether. With a sudden shock I realized my nipples were hardening. I couldn't believe body's reaction, but it was nothing I could control. These feelings were horribly unwanted, but I couldn't deny that it was some bizarre form of arousal. I looked back at Nancy, hating her again for what she was putting me through. She just waved cheerily. Cursing her under my breath, I continued on until reached the bench. I sat down and folded my hands in my lap, waiting for her to catch up. I had neither seen nor heard any sign of the guys. If they were nearby, they were well hidden. But then I had to sit there, terrified that at any moment someone would come along and see me sitting there naked.

But nobody did, and finally Nancy came walking up with the picnic basket in the crook of one arm. She stopped and just looked at me for a few moments with a mischievous smile tugging at the corners of her mouth. I couldn't bear to look her in the eye; I was so embarrassed at the scene in general and at my body's uncontrollable reaction especially. She motioned me to stay seated and, setting the basket down, moved around to the backside of the bench behind me. "Close your eyes again, Wendy. Just imagine you're sitting here with a hundred people staring at you." Then I felt her reach down from behind me and lightly press a fingertip right on each of my nipples, confirming for herself their rock-hard condition. She chuckled softly and proceeded to finger them gently, teasing them out to an even more prominent appearance. I sat there with every muscle in body tensed, hating every second of it. She let out a sigh, and said, "Darling Wendy. You are going to be ever so much fun. More than I ever dared hoped for." "Fuck you, Nancy. I... I can't help this - what's happening to me. I hate it!" "Of course you do, dear. But I love it." She gave each nipple a final little tug and then moved back around to the trail. She pulled the t-shirt out of the basket and tossed it to me. I stood up and put it on as fast as I could. "This time you go first, dear. Wait for me at the car. I won't be long." I headed back down the trail towards the parking lot. Now I dreaded even more the prospect of walking past those guys, if they were still there after all, instead of in the woods spying on me. My nipples could probably be seen from a mile away now. But when I got to the bathrooms, I could see they were gone, although some of the cars were still there. I had no way of knowing if they had left in one or more of the cars or if they were in the park. At that point I was beyond caring. I hurried on and stood by Nancy's car, which now was alone at the far end of the lot. At length she came into view, strolling slowly along as if she didn't have a care in the world. When she got close she clicked the door locks and trunk with the remote, and I started to get into the passenger seat. "Not so fast, dear. I'll be needing your shirt again." I looked around the parking lot. There were a few people at the end near the entrance, getting into their cars, and a couple holding hands, heading for the trail we had just returned from. Nobody seemed to be looking our way, so I stripped off the shirt and gave it to Nancy. For a few seconds I was naked outside the car, this time with no van to shield me. I quickly got in, and sank as low in the seat as I knew Nancy would allow. She slammed the basket - and the t-shirt - in the trunk, got in her side, and we pulled away.

I had recovered my composure somewhat and actually felt relieved to be back in the car, even though I was naked again. She had been right again - I was actually getting used to this. A situation that had me terrified the first day now felt like a refuge of safety. I was too overwhelmed and confused at the time to fully appreciate her careful planning and gradual ratcheting up of the stakes, but it was playing out just as she said it would. Every little decision I was faced with was easier than choosing her threatened alternative. But at that moment, I was just glad I survived another day under her control, without a total public humiliation as yet. But unfortunately, the day's adventure wasn't quite over. When I realized she was driving further from, rather than back to her house, I asked her what was going on. "Now don't worry, dear. This is still just a practice day. But since we're out I'm going to give you a chance to model your t-shirt a little more. I need to do some shopping, and I'll need your help to carry some of the bags. I think the Heritage Mall has everything I need."

**Shopping, I**

For the next week I was pretty much a constant nervous wreck. The growing realization that I was under the control of not just a person with a silly little fetish, but someone who seemed more and more to be seriously unbalanced, was beginning to threaten my own sanity. Sometimes, in the middle of the night, I would bolt upright in bed, shocked out of sleep by the stark reality of knowing that there was another person alive in the world who had the power to force me to strip naked whenever and wherever she chose. Somehow in the loneliness of the night that reality would seem so bleak and outrageous I would just sit there and pound the mattress over and over, as if that could change things. Things always seemed a little better in the morning, but not much. I could always tell myself that it wasn't the end of the world; that it could be much worse (like being forced into sex), and that lots of girls actually liked to do the kinds of things Nancy planned for me. But it was all just a mental defense made possible only by the distractions of going about my daily routine. It would all be laid bare again the next time I woke in the wee hours.

And so the next Saturday, when I responded again to her summons, I was just about beside myself with anticipation. And when we began the usual car ride in a most unusual fashion, with me completely clothed for a change, I began to think she might intend for today to be the day. This was the first time I had ever been in her car with clothes on. If today's adventure was not to be riding naked in the car as usual, then it could only mean Nancy had something else planned. And that something else could well be the event she kept assuring me was coming, my first true naked exhibition with people watching. The past few weeks had been so nerve-wracking that I think part of me almost wanted it to happen sooner than later, just to get the waiting and dread over with. But riding along that afternoon, I wanted desperately to delay the inevitable a little longer.

Instead of following her usual pattern, when I was naked, of driving around aimlessly, Nancy seemed to have a specific destination in mind. Soon I saw the Heritage Mall again up ahead and realized that was where she was headed. The same mall where she had forced me to accompany her shopping, wearing only a t-shirt, after my naked picnic in the park. Once again, she parked out at the edge of the lot, leaving us as long a walk as possible to the mall entrance. I stayed in my seat until she got out, came around to my side, and opened my door. Standard orders unless told otherwise. At her word I got out and stood by the car, waiting in dread for an order to remove some or all of my clothes. Nancy seemed to read my mind, because she laughed and said, "No, dear, I'm not going to make you go into the mall naked. Not today, anyway. The fact is, you've been such a good sport about things, I've decided to reward you with a little shopping trip of your own. I feel badly we didn't buy you anything last week, so we'll make up for that today." She turned and headed for the building. I didn't trust her, but of course had no choice but to follow along.

Once we got inside, she again seemed to have a specific destination in mind, unlike last week when we had wandered the mall for over an hour during my t-shirt training session. This time, she headed directly for an escalator and then down one of the upper level corridors. As usual for a Saturday, the mall was fairly crowded with shoppers. I mean nothing like the Christmas rush, when you can hardly move through the crowd, but still with a very steady stream of people moving in all directions. Finally, at a point about halfway down the corridor, Nancy paused outside the store which was her destination. I gulped when I saw the name and product line. "Sinful Delights" a lingerie boutique.

"Here we are, Wendy. I promised you some gifts to reward your progress, and I always keep my promises." "Uh, really Nancy, if it's all the same to you, I think some new CDs or something would suit me just fine," I said, knowing it wouldn't get me anywhere. "Well, you know, some dance music might just come in handy for you some day, so I'll give that some thought. But for now, we're going to start here." I decided to keep my mouth shut. Nancy went into the boutique, and I followed her.

There were no other customers inside, and only two people working. The store had racks of various types of lingerie going down each wall to the back, and additional portable racks in the center, also from front to back. One middle-aged woman was working about midway back along one wall, checking the merchandise or something. She glanced at us briefly but then returned to her task. The other employee was much younger, probably still in high school, I guessed. She had straight, stringy blond hair, way too much make-up, and projected a rather sluttish appearance overall. I remember thinking that working in Sinful Delights was probably her idea of the dream summer job. She was chewing gum, and to top off her image, she had that annoying habit of loudly smacking and popping it when she wasn't talking. She approached us, asking "Can I help you?" Smack smack. Nancy spoke. "Well, my friend here would like to see something in the way of sexy nightwear. I think a teddy is what she has in mind." Gum Smacker led us to the back of the store, near the changing rooms. She pulled a wad of black lacy fabric off a shelf and held it up. "This is one of our best sellers," she said. I looked at it. I had never owned any lingerie of this type and now I remembered why. The garment looked like it could never contain a woman's anatomy, and wasn't meant to. But Nancy exclaimed, "Oh, that's adorable! Wendy, I must see it on you. Be a dear and slip it on in the changing room. It won't take but a minute, I'm sure." "Oh, Nancy," I said, "this really isn't what I had in mind for shopping-" "Well, it's exactly what I had in mind," she said, with just enough spark in her voice to make it clear that argument was not only useless, but dangerous. I rolled my eyes, but I took the teddy from Gum Smacker and headed for the changing room. It was in the back corner of the store, screened from the main area by a rack of clothing oriented sideways to the wall, creating a narrow walkway about four feet wide leading to the door.

Once inside, a feeling of dread and unease settled over me, despite being alone and in the privacy of the changing room. Once again, I found myself undressing at Nancy's behest and that alone was enough to remind me that anything could happen. Once I was naked, I struggled to fit myself into the lacy garment. With a start, I realized it had only a thong for the rear. The front wasn't much better, with only a narrow V of lacy fabric covering my crotch and then rising steeply straight up my tummy and not widening to go around my back until well above my hips and rear, leaving those areas totally exposed except for the thong. The fabric rose in front to fully enclose my breasts in form-fitting gauzy pouches with only minimal lace for modesty. As I stretched the shoulder straps into place, trying to keep my breasts from popping out of their ridiculously tight enclosures, I couldn't help but observe myself, from all angles, in the mirrors covering three of the four walls of the changing room. I gasped at the sight. In many ways this was worse than being completely naked. At least then, and especially in some outdoor setting, there was always the "nature girl" spin on the interpretation. In contrast, the girl in the mirror projected but one message, and projected it loud and clear: Fuck Toy. I blushed even in the privacy of the changing room. I tried to arrange the front to ensure my nipples were covered by patches of lace. Then I saw how my pubic hair poked out along both edges of the crotch V. I tried to tuck it back in, but with only partial success. I remember thinking that I'd be embarrassed to be seen like this even alone with an intimate lover. I tried to not even think about what future use Nancy might intend this little purchase for. As it was, I was just glad there were no other customers around, and that the dressing room was secluded at the rear of the store. It would be bad enough to have Gum Smacker leering at me.

I took a deep breath, opened the door, and went out, wanting to get Nancy's inspection over with as quickly possible. But when I got out, the narrow corridor formed by the clothes rack was empty. I had expected to find Nancy right there where I had left her. Just then Gum Smacker poked her head around the corner of the clothes rack. "Your friend's up near the front. She said for you to come up there." "What?" I said, I guess still mentally blocking out the obvious clues. Gum Smacker stepped aside and I looked around the end of the clothes rack, being careful to not place my body in view of the main store. The first thing I noticed was that all the garment racks which had previously filled up the center of the store had been rolled off to the sides, creating a wide open area running all the way from the back to the front. Then I saw Nancy. She was almost at the very front, looking through the racks on one side. "Nancy!" I called out in a shouted whisper. She looked up, and I waved frantically for her to come back to get her look at the teddy. I wanted to get the damn thing off and get back into my regular clothes. She laughed and shook her head. Still laughing, she raised a beckoning finger and motioned for me to come forward. And of course, then I finally understood the game. The teddy wasn't meant just for some future humiliation. There was to be a little show and tell right now. Because of course the store front, like any mall store, was completely open across the front. And just a few feet beyond Nancy, the endless stream of shoppers continued to pass by.

**Shopping, II**

I pulled back my head and stood behind the clothes rack with my eyes closed. I don't think I seriously considered disobeying her, at least not for very long. My head was spinning to fast for me to appreciate it at the time, but looking back later I realized the whole scene was just one more maddening little upping of the stakes. Last week I had been naked in the park, but with no one watching (at least as far as I knew). Then I had been barely covered by a t-shirt, with lots of people watching. Now I would again be seen by a lot of people, and this time just one tiny bit of lace away from being naked. But like I said, at the time I wasn't marveling over her cunning strategy. I was again fighting back the butterflies and the fear. But sometime during the last few weeks I had resigned myself to the fact that I had lost the immediate battle, that for now, at least, I was stuck in Nancy's web, and that I would continue to obey her if I could make myself do it. And here's where her "training" again achieved its purpose. Because while the fear and hatred of the very idea of walking out there was no less than the very first day, the panic factor was different. I was able to stand there and convince myself it wasn't going to be that bad. I wasn't really naked, only a few people were likely to glance over into the boutique, and all they'd see was a young girl trying on a somewhat revealing piece of nightwear. Of course the real me knew better, but I was somehow able to create an imaginary reality which kept the panic under control and enabled me to walk around the clothes rack and start towards the front of the store.

No sooner than I turned the corner, the store lights suddenly came up to at least double the brightness they had been previously. I saw the middle-aged woman at a bank of light switches on the side wall. She looked back at me, only partly able to hide her smile. I realized then this whole scenario must have been carefully planned, with the boutique's knowledge and cooperation. The owner must be some friend of Nancy's, I thought. I looked back towards the front, still walking forward. Then I saw people in the corridor staring at me. Not everyone - some hadn't noticed and were still moving along their way. But for some, the sudden brightening of the lights had no doubt caught their eyes and produced an automatic glance-over reaction from them. What they saw was shapely me, stuffed into a too-small scrap of lace walking toward them in a brightly lit, wide open store. My cheeks started to burn with red, and it was all I could do to resist the urge to run back to the changing room. But somehow my legs kept me moving forward until I reached Nancy. I stopped in front of her in a spot where she was between me and at least some of the onlookers, blocking their view. "Satisfied?" I asked in a voice too low for anyone else to hear. "I am," she said. "You look positively stunning. Now just stand there a minute and let me have a look at you." She moved aside then, fully exposing me to the mall corridor. I had to stand there facing outward, because the alternative would be to turn my bare rear to the corridor. I could feel my blush spreading down my neck as Nancy moved all around me and made a big show of inspecting me. Then she suddenly grasped my shoulders and spun me quickly around, showing my backside to the mall after all. "Nancy!" I hissed under my breath, "all those people are staring!" "I don't blame them. You have a perfect little bottom, and it looks absolutely delicious in that thong. Now, I want to see how the teddy moves with you. Take a few turns across the storefront for me." I glared at her, fists clenched at my sides. "Come along, dear" she said, "or I'll make it worse." I started to walk as she ordered, to the front corner of the store, then turning and heading back toward Nancy. For the first time, I became aware of murmurs from the oglers; male and female voices alike. "She's so cute!" "I wonder why she's doing this. . ." "What a little show-off!" It was too much to take, so I tried to shut the voices out, but it was impossible to completely ignore them. Nancy made me strut back and forth several times before she finally let me stop. "Well, I think we'll simply have to have that one, Wendy. It's just adorable on you." I ignored her teasing tone and allowed myself to be relieved that the humiliating modeling stint was about to end. I turned in anticipation of heading back to the changing room to get dressed when I saw Gum Smacker heading toward Nancy and me. She had another piece of lingerie.

"Is this what you had in mind?", she asked Nancy, holding up a white lacy babydoll ensemble dangling from one hand while the flimsy matching g-string dangled from another. "Oh yes, that looks quite attractive. Wendy, I'd like you to slip into this one for me next." "Not another one," I groaned, stunned at the letdown. "Yes, dear, and more after that. They have a wonderful product line here, and from what I've seen so far, it's meant just for you. Run along now, unless you'd like to do your changing right here." I didn't have to be warned twice. I took the new scrap of garment from a smirking Gum Smacker, and headed back towards the changing room. Part of me wanted desperately to cover my bare bottom from the leering eyes in the corridor, but another part knew it would actually add to my humiliation by signaling my shame and embarrassment. So they got to watch my cheeks jiggle all the way to the back of the store.

Then I got to continue my public lingerie modeling in the babydoll. As I headed back to the front of the store, I could see individuals and little groups of people lingering out in the corridor who had apparently decided it would be more entertaining to wait for my return than continue their shopping errands. Who could blame them, especially given the little preview from Gum Smacker of what I'd be wearing next. Other shoppers kept passing by, too, and many of them paused when they saw me walking up to the front of the store. My blush renewed itself tenfold, and as I passed a mirror near the front of the store, I couldn't help but notice the rosy red contrast with white lace. Nancy paraded me back and forth across the front several times, turned me around once or twice, and then it was back to the changing room to don another lacy scrap previewed for the onlookers by Gum Smacker.

The time in the changing room each time was almost as bad as the time spent parading for the growing crowd up front. Being surrounded by mirrors, each time I had to strip down and wriggle into another revealing outfit, I couldn't help but get a full eyeful of what, in a few moments, I'd be showing to all the strangers out in the corridor. And each time out, there were more people waiting eagerly for my next appearance. I started to notice camera flashes going off, and spotted at least two creeps with camcorders glued to their eyes.

After a couple more pieces of lingerie, it was bra and panties time. Gum Smacker really outdid herself in teasing the crowd, and taunting me, with an exaggerated flourish as she waved the tiny pieces of fabric about. But then Nancy lifted my spirits by saying, "OK dear, a quick romp in the underwear and I think we'll call it good for now." In the changing room, I stood a long time in front of the mirrors, staring back at the high French-cut panties with only the narrowest wedge of lace covering my crotch, and the push-up bra which instead of enclosing my breasts held them up as if on a shelf, with the lace coming high enough to only barely cover my nipples. It was all I could do to walk out one more time and face the crowd, which was now more or less a solid block of waiting onlookers just outside the storefront. The flashbulbs seemed to be going off constantly as Nancy turned and displayed me at all angles. Finally she said, "I think we better call it a day, dear. We may have a riot on our hands if we keep this up much longer. Run along now and change back into your clothes." I turned, practically ready to sprint back to the changing room. But just then I heard Gum Smacker's snot-nosed voice behind me, saying, "I found one more I think would look nice on her." I turned and saw her standing there with what looked like a bright red teddy wadded up in one hand. I turned back to Nancy, who was saying, "Well, I really think we better. . ." but then she stopped in response to something she saw behind me. I spun back to Gum Smacker, who was dropping her hands back to her sides after apparently signaling something to Nancy. Nancy's eyes widened for a fraction of a second. For several moments she just stood there, as if she was trying to make some decision. But then she smiled and said, "Well, I guess we have time for one more. Our hosts have been very gracious, Wendy. Let's show our appreciation by trying on one more piece." "But you said-" "Now, Wendy." I was furious as I turned and grabbed the red teddy from Gum Smacker, before she had a chance to flaunt it for the crowd. "Temper, temper," she called to me as I stomped off to the changing room. I realized I was making it clear to everyone in the crowd how I felt about my little modeling session, but at that point I was beyond caring.

Slamming the door of the changing room, I resolved to get the final humiliating parade over with as quickly as possible. I stripped off the bra and panties and threw them in the corner. But now I was so flustered I couldn't seem to figure out the teddy how went on. It was all tangled and partly inside-out; and my shaking fingers couldn't seem to get it to hang quite right. It was almost like some parts were missing. Then I saw that the tag had a tiny photo which showed a model wearing the teddy. At first I didn't believe my eyes. I blinked several times. Then I slowly sank to my knees in horror as I realized what I held in my hands. It was an open-bust teddy. I couldn't figure out the breast coverage because there wasn't any. Instead, the lacy fabric ended just below the model's breasts, parting into narrow lacy bands which encircled and went between her orbs and rejoined above to become the shoulder straps. The effect was that the breasts, instead of being teasingly concealed, hung out proudly forward on prominent display.

Now I realized what gum-smacker had done to me. I should be getting dressed in my regular clothes right now, having to face the crowd again, yes, but for the last time and fully clothed. Instead, she had snuck the most humiliating garment of all into my hands, at the point when the crowd was at its largest. And thanks to my little fit of temper, they couldn't have any further doubts that I was a most unwilling model. I stared again at the tiny photo on the tag. Besides proudly displaying her bosom for the camera, the model beamed a broad smile directly back at me, almost as if she were laughing at me. I stared for a long, long time. At length, however, I came back to my wits and rose slowly from the floor. Moving slowly and deliberately, I found myself slipping into the teddy. Part of me was saying, "this doesn't mean you're really going to do it. . . just put it on and then decide. . . you can always decide not to go out there. . ." But the other part of me, the part that could let the autopilot take over, detached from reality just enough to continue, the part that had already gotten me through an outrageously humiliating lingerie show, somehow had taken full control. When I stood in front of the mirrors with the teddy on, I couldn't take my eyes off the image of my own breasts hanging obscenely out on full display. The room started to spin but somehow my gaze remained anchored on the reflection in the mirror. Then, with the real me screaming in silent protest inside my head, the other me, the one in detached control, Nancy's little trained prisoner, opened the door to the dressing room and walked slowly out into the store, closing the door behind me.

Shopping, III

Out at the front of Sinful Delights, Nancy spoke quietly with the middle aged owner of the lingerie shop. "Do you think she'll do it?" the older woman had asked. "I honestly don't know," Nancy replied. "But she's an amazing girl. I've already been impressed with her fortitude. I mean, look at what she's already done here today." But Nancy knew that walking out to the storefront bare breasted would be an enormous psychological step for Wendy, and one she wasn't sure the beautiful young coed was ready to take. She hadn't planned for things to go this far today. She had intended to let Wendy end her impromptu modeling session with the scanty underwear, and had even dropped her original plan to make her walk out to the car in the lacy panties and bra. She had been worried about pushing the girl too far, too fast, and decided to err on the side of caution. After all, there would always be other opportunities. But then that slutty little blonde clerk had come up with the open-bosom teddy, and it had taken Nancy only a few moments to cast caution to the wind, and to see if Wendy would really model it for the crowd of onlookers just outside the store. The uncertainty remained because Wendy, in a little fit of anger, had stomped off to the changing room without realizing the exact nature of the garment she had been ordered to don.

So Nancy wasn't sure what to expect, and had already resolved that she wouldn't react too harshly if it turned out the girl wasn't yet up to facing this level of public humiliation. In fact, Nancy had grown so affectionate toward Wendy that she doubted if she would ever really follow through with her threat to see Wendy expelled from school for failing to obey orders. Not that she would ever let Wendy know that, of course. The affection was based on heartfelt empathy for what the young woman was going through, but that empathy could never rival the delight Nancy derived from forcing her to do things like put on today's little show. All Nancy wanted was to be able to keep getting her to go along with the game, and actually expelling her from school would put an end to things way too soon. So she knew she would treat any failures or missteps with understanding, but with stern warnings about the next chance being the last.

Meanwhile, Wendy had finally exited the dressing room. She moved deliberately down the corridor towards the main part of the store. Without even hesitating at the corner, she made the turn and continued toward the front. Although she projected an almost calm, detached exterior, inside she was a seething cauldron of emotion. She was angry. She was embarrassed and humiliated. She was mortified at herself for what she was doing. And she was terrified, not only at the prospect being seen topless (and nearly naked for that matter) by all the many strangers in the mall corridor, but also by how she might be unable to control her body's reaction to this outrageous humiliation. For the ever-present stomach butterflies were fluttering ever lower down her tummy, and she recognized the sensation as the beginnings of a most unwanted form of excitement.

As she approached the storefront, her entire consciousness became consumed with the knowledge that her breasts were fully displayed for the crowd. She knew her breasts were well-proportioned to her body, but now, utterly uncovered in public, they felt enormously large. Every jiggle they made as she moved along seemed magnified a hundred times, as if she were jogging topless for the onlookers. She fought off a sudden urge to look down at her naked bosom, and instead kept her unfocused gaze leveled toward Nancy, Gum-Smacker, and the other woman, refusing to look beyond to the crowd.

The crowd had let out a collective gasp when Wendy first came into glorious view, and then had fallen nearly silent. Gum-Smacker and her boss grinned at each other and turned to watch the approaching beauty. Nancy smiled also, but more subtly and more from being pleased with her accomplishments with the young woman than from the cruel delight which inspired the other women. She was utterly amazed that the fearful young coed had come so far, so fast. But she also detected the flash of anger and defiance in Wendy's eyes as she finally reached the trio. She stopped again directly in front of Nancy, hoping to shield herself from at least a few of the onlookers. At first, Nancy just shook her head in silent wonder and admiration for the girl. Then she said softly, "Wendy, I'm so pleased with you. You just have no idea." Then, dropping her eyes to the girl's heaving, bare breasts, she went on, "Just stand where you are for a few moments. I promise this won't last much longer."

Then she moved around to Wendy's side and stood a few feet away, exposing her fully to the crowd. Wendy closed her eyes and tried to wish herself a million miles away from the unbearable spectacle. The crowd had begun to murmur suggestively, and a few whistles rang out. Wendy stood rooted in place while they stared at her breasts, and photographed and filmed them. And then the fear of the uncontrolled bodily reaction began to fulfill itself. As she stood there, cheeks burning, heart pounding, her awareness of her exposed breasts reached an even higher level. She could feel the tiniest of air currents moving across their curved contours and over her nipples. She could feel, in a way she never quite noticed before, the sensation of their considerable weight hanging on her slender frame. Once more she fought off the urge to look down. But the image she had so recently stared at in the dressing room mirrors filled the visual gap behind her closed eyes, and so she saw what all the strangers also stared at.

And then the inevitable happened, as her traitorous nipples began to harden just like the day in the park. Again her heightened sensations exaggerated the effect. Soon they were rock hard, erect, and throbbing, and they felt as if they had doubled in upright length. She imagined it was obvious to everybody (and indeed it was to those watching closely), and that knowledge fed ever more fuel to her humiliation. And in turn, her humiliation fed ever more fuel to her shameful, unwanted arousal, creating an endless, looping feedback of one emotion on the other. She felt as if she were on an unstoppable downward spiral, with the most utterly unimaginable state of humiliation at the bottom.

Nancy just stared, transfixed on watching Wendy deal with her continuing ordeal. This was the type of scene she had dreamed about, and it was turning out more satisfying and entertaining than she had ever imagined. Watching the girl try to cope with the outrageous humiliation being visited upon her was exactly what she had fantasized over for so many countless hours. She realized she had found a very special, very wonderful girl in young Wendy Wilson, and her thoughts flashed to the years of amusement which lay ahead. Then, emboldened by the situation, and by Wendy's remarkable performance, she decided to take one more momentous step. If she could get the girl past one more threshold today, there would be no stopping the two of them as far as future adventures were concerned.

And so, moving quietly up behind the already unbelievably humiliated coed, she gently placed a hand on each of Wendy's shoulders. She spoke very softly, so that only Wendy could hear, and said, "I'm going to slip it off you now, Wendy. Be strong for me just a little longer." Wendy hardly heard her from her place of detached reality, and could only manage a weak "What - Oh god. . ." as Nancy slipped the teddy's straps off her lovely shoulders. Slowly but deliberately Nancy pulled the lacy garment down Wendy's luscious form. Wendy stood frozen, unable to move, as she felt the last vestige of the scanty clothing slide over her hips and down her luscious thighs, ending up at her ankles. Instinctively, she stepped out of the lacy pile and stood naked in front of the crowd. Now her breasts shared the stage with her lush mound of golden pubic curls, not quite concealing the moist lips within. Time stood still as she stood there in red-faced nudity, until at last Nancy took her hand and led her back into the interior of the store. "You can get dressed now, dear. It's over." Being pulled away from her spot of rooted shame, and hearing Nancy's attempt at reassurance, had the effect of bringing Wendy out of the envelope of unreality which had enabled her to endure thus far. She returned enough to her normal self that she could no longer prevent the anger seething within from boiling over. With venom in her voice that Nancy had never heard before, she hissed, "Thanks so much, you fucking bitch. Are you sure you don't want me to just walk out to the car naked?" Nancy didn't take offense at the insult or her tone. She watched her retreat for the final time to the dressing room, too proud to run to the refuge, and so instead providing one more cheek-jiggling spectacle for the leering crowd. But as Nancy watched her disappear around the corner, giving the crowd one last glimpse of her bouncing breasts in profile, she couldn't help but think delightedly of the day when she would indeed have Wendy walk naked through the entire mall.

Wendy stormed into the dressing one more time, hardly noticing Gum Smacker passing her in the narrow corridor, going the other way. And failing to notice that the stringy-haired blonde carried a rolled up bundle under one arm. Wendy was certain beyond doubt that her ordeal had finally ended, except for having to walk out into the mall and face all the people who had just seen her naked. But alas, one final humiliation awaited our heroine. And although nothing could compare to the nude display she had been forced to provide to dozens of strangers, the fact that the game just wouldn't end made her pound the mirrored wall in frustration when she got inside the tiny room. For she saw at once that her own clothes and shoes were gone, replaced by a tiny pile on the little seat in the dressing room. A tight-fit, micro-mini skirt. A sheer, off-white, total see-through blouse. A pair of red, medium-heeled women's pumps with tiny-buckled ankle straps. That was all - no panties, and no bra. This time there was no drifting off into unreality as she wriggled into the new garments. That energy was spent, and now she just bit her lip, trying to control her anger as she got dressed in the revealing ensemble. All she wanted was to get out of Sinful Delights once and for all, hopefully forever, and it was either walk out nude or walk out in the clothes provided.

In the meantime, the mall security guards had arrived at Sinful Delights to determine what the disturbance was all about. After being reassured by the proprietor that all was well, they proceeded to disperse the crowd. There were numerous sighs of disappointment that the show was over, and numerous efforts to rearrange bulging crotches to adjust to the first steps away from the scene. Of course, many lingered at various places scattered down the mall corridor, hoping to get another glimpse of the beautiful coed, even if fully clothed.

Wendy made the walk to the storefront one final time. She came into view with her arms crossed tightly across her breasts, determined to shield them any further stares, even though she knew she signaled clearly that she did not wear the blouse by choice. But after taking several steps she discovered that her movements caused the mini-skirt, which barely covered her bottom, and obscenely tightly at that, to ride up her hips and rear, exposing her panty-less privates. She had to reach back with one hand to pull it back over her backside, only to have to repeat the effort a few steps later. The only way to keep the skirt down permanently was to hold the hem down on each side, using both hands. Which of course left her braless breasts visible through the sheer blouse. She settled on a compromise, keeping one arm across her bosom, while trying to control the skirt with the other.

Wendy was utterly relieved to see the corridor contained only the usual shoppers moving past the store. Gum Smacker and the owner were moving the garment racks back into place in the center of the store. Nancy was nowhere in sight. Wendy looked around, unsure what to do. Then Gum Smacker spoke up. "Nancy figured you could probably use a drink about now. So she's waiting for you in the bar down on the first level. She said to find her there if you want a ride home." Wendy just shook her head in resigned disbelief. The ordeal simply would not end. But she knew a ride with Nancy was her only hope of getting out of the mall without even worse humiliations, given her current state of attire. And besides, Nancy was right. She desperately wanted a drink. And so she kept moving right on past the two women and out into the mall, entering yet another gauntlet of staring strangers who marveled at the lovely girl's attempts to keep her scant clothing under control. As she left Sinful Delights, the owner called out, "Thanks for shopping with us, Wendy. Come again!"

**Raising the Stakes, I**

Nancy left me alone for nearly a month after that day at Sinful Delights. I think she knew I needed a cooling off period to come off the anger I built up. I regretted getting to that state, and cursing her the way I did, not because she didn't deserve it, but just because I hate being overcome by negative feelings and letting them run my life. But I have to admit, I was pretty much overcome by negative feelings after that day. I had never before been so mortified and ashamed at anything I had ever done, even though I kept telling myself I hadn't had any choice, and that I shouldn't blame myself. But I felt so sick about what had happened that I started to reconsider my choices in my situation with Nancy, from a new perspective. I had always considered the threat of being expelled from school, with the consequent disgrace and ruin of my future, as just totally unthinkable. So I had been willing to go along with Nancy's horrible alternative. It had been fairly easy to keep making that choice before Sinful Delights. Until it actually happened, I had been able to keep myself in a state of denial that she would ever really "out" me in public. Or that when she ever did actually force the issue, I would call her bluff, and refuse to go along. So the naked car rides, and having to wear only a barely long-enough t-shirt in public, were prices I could make myself pay to stay in school. But now I knew what it felt like to pay a significantly higher price. And I got so pissed off thinking about what I had done in front of all those people just so Nancy could get her perverted kicks that I told myself I would never, ever do anything like that again. For awhile there I decided to hell with the future, let her expel me, I didn't care anymore. I convinced myself that the next time she called, I'd tell her to go to hell, and let the chips fall where they may. And I think if she had called during that period, I really would have done just that, and the future would have turned out a lot differently.

But, in the long run, things ended up just like Nancy wanted them. For one thing, she didn't call. I think she must have sensed my state of mind and decided to let me mellow out some. And I did cool off somewhat as time went by. I mean, right after that day in the mall, I was afraid to even go outside my apartment, I was so sure I'd run into someone who had seen my little show. Everybody everywhere was potentially someone who had seen me naked, and I kept imagining smirks and comments behind my back everywhere I went. But of course, it was all in my head, and after awhile I realized I was probably never going to see any of those people again. Nobody at school seemed to know anything about it, and eventually I got back into the routine of classes and everything else without dwelling on the experience constantly. It remained a horrible memory, one that gave me pang of anxiety every time it popped up, but one I had survived and had moved on from. That gradual evolution in my feelings served to take some of the wind out of my sails as far as telling Nancy off went, but I still had myself convinced that I was done playing her game.

The real thing that brought me back into her grip was a cunning little ploy she pulled herself, right as spring semester ended. I just hadn't realized how devious she could really be, or what kind of strings she could pull on campus. It started when I played back my messages one day after getting home from school. There was one from my Dad saying, "I'm so proud of you, honey, I can't even tell you. I wouldn't miss the honors banquet for the world. I'll drive up tomorrow and pick you up around six." I didn't know what he was talking about until I checked my mail. Two things were in there I couldn't figure out at first. First were my semester grades, which shocked me at how high they were. I mean, I'm pretty smart and all, but I knew there was no way in hell I had done that well, copied term paper or not. Then there was another letter from the Dean's office, informing me I was ranked first in my class and therefore invited to the annual Dean's honors banquet, along with other top students, and our parents. But the banquet was tomorrow, and I had only just now received the announcement. Something was definitely fishy. Then I noticed that although the invitation letter was dated five days earlier, it was postmarked only yesterday. Two and two started to add up. Nancy Johnson, assistant to the Dean. Probably with an opportunity to tamper with grades. No doubt able to delay the Dean's outgoing mail. Definitely with a motive to involve me in a high profile honorary ceremony with the school and with my father, one of the wealthiest and most famous alumni in its history, and without giving me any time or opportunity to spoil her plans. I started to feel things slipping out of my control all over again, and I knew exactly who was responsible.

I won't bore you with too many details. I called home to see if there was any way I could hold Dad off, but it was too late. He had already canceled an important trip just to be with me. "And you know your Mother, Wendy. She's already arranged to have a write-up about you in the local paper's Society Page and in the Country Club bulletin as well. The whole family is just so proud." What could I say? Uh, sorry Dad, the whole thing's a sham, what really is happening is I got caught cheating by the Dean's assistant so I'm quitting school because she wants me to around in public in the nude. Yeah right. The banquet went off as planned, with lots of speeches and toasts and everything else. Dad was so beside himself he got up and announced he was making another special contribution to the alumni fund, in honor of me, the family's "next graduate-to-be." The worst part was that Nancy was there, and I had to pretend nothing sinister was going on, even as she kept smiling at me over her wine glass. And then at the end she had the nerve to come over and introduce herself to my Dad, and feed him a line of garbage over how lucky he was to have such a beautiful, studious daughter following in his scholarly footsteps.

"And will you be staying for the weekend?" she asked him. "No, I'm afraid I'll be heading back first thing in the morning. The business world doesn't stop for the weekend you know." She turned to me. "In that case, Wendy, maybe you and I would have a chance to get together in the afternoon. We need to go over the details of your summer study program, remember? Let's keep it casual. Say, my house at 1:00?" Dad cut in, "Well, I think that's just wonderful, how the members of the administration are willing to take weekend time to assist the students. It sure wasn't that way when I was here in school. Wendy, you keep that appointment. It sounds like it can only help your academic future." All I could do was nod slowly. If it were possible to kill with a look, Nancy would have been dead on the floor right then and there. But she just smiled and said, "Great! I'll see you at one, Wendy," and turned on her heel and walked off.

**Raising the Stakes II**

When Nancy opened her door at 1:00 the next afternoon, the first thing she did was hug me, and it really seemed to be with genuine affection. "Oh Wendy, it's so good to see you. Come on in." In a moment we were back at her kitchen table, just like that day that now seemed like an eternity ago when I first learned what she wanted from me. I spoke up before she had a chance to start first. "That was a rotten, underhanded thing to do, getting my father all pumped up and putting us both through that charade." She just smiled. "Well, sometimes one has to be creative in using one's position. I believe I've found a trick which means we won't have to worry about you flunking out of school, should your other activities get too... distracting. And I thought you might need a little motivational reminder on why it's so important for you to choose to stay in school. You have a very bright future, and I don't want you to forget that. But I've been worried about you, dear, I really have. How have you been holding up since, well, you know...?" "Like you care!" I snapped at her. "If you really want to know, it was the worst day of my life." "I do care, Wendy, I really do. And I want you to know that I never intended things to go as far as they did. I really meant for it to be just a little lingerie show. But, well, I guess I let things get a little out of control. And I'm truly sorry about that. But Wendy, you were magnificent! I never would have gone along with that open-front teddy if you hadn't been handling things so well. I was - I am - so proud of you. And in the long run, I think things turned out for the best anyway. You're much further along than I expected at this point. Think about it, Wendy! You've already had your first tiny taste of being seen naked, and you came through with flying colors. Doesn't it feel good to have that hurdle crossed?"

"It feels like shit," I said, "and I don't think I can do it again." There was an awkward silence for several moments. When she finally spoke again, there was a sincere earnestness in her voice, almost a pleading quality. "You can do it, Wendy. You must. You have such a bright and wonderful future ahead of you. I knew you'd need some time to reflect after your first real... experience. And I know you basically have to make your decision all over again, now that you have an inkling of what it's really going to be like. You can't blame me for doing whatever I could to tilt the decision in my favor. I may have padded your grades a little, but Wendy, the rest of it really is true. You really are going to be successful and wealthy and make your family proud. You were born to that, and the last thing I want to do is take it away from you. All I want is your cooperation for a few short years in helping me fulfill a lifelong fantasy. You've just got to think ahead to the day when this scene with me will all be over, and the rest of your wonderful life will await you. I promise you that day will come if you stay with me on this." I gradually felt the net of her trap tightening around me all over again. My resolve to tell her off was completely gone. And the reason was, I knew more strongly than ever that I desperately did want that bright future. It's not that I'm so materialistic or lustful for wealth and riches, but more that I really loved my father, and my family, and wanted nothing more than to make them proud. The prospect of expulsion and disgrace looked bleaker than it ever had, and Nancy was making the alternative sound almost hopeful. At least it would end some day. The other choice would last forever.

"You really are going to keep going with this, aren't you?" My voice was calm and direct. "Wendy. You know that I am. I am so sorry, but it's just something that I have to do." I sighed again, and looked down at the table. But something had changed in the dynamic between us. Something in the things she said about my future, how all the good things were still going to come true for me, if I played along, gave me a strength I hadn't had before. I no longer was anywhere near the weak and sobbing Wendy who could be broken down by her demands. I thought ahead to the day when it would all be over, when I would be wealthy and successful and a thousand miles away from her. It actually gave me a feeling of superiority over the woman across the table, at least to the extent that's possible when that woman could make me go naked at her whim. But I knew she was the sicko, after all, and I had nothing to be ashamed of. I also recognized that I had survived and moved on from the experience at Sinful Delights, and even though I knew that doing things like that over and over would be much tougher, I began to actually believe I had the strength to get through the next three years with my pride and person intact. And there was always the chance she would get enough jollies watching me run around naked and get tired of the game although I didn't hold out much hope for that.

As I sat there running all this through my mind, I realized I was facing the decision in a way I hadn't before. I mean, that first day in her kitchen had been no thought-out decision at all, but rather a panicked reaction to her immediate ultimatum. And later, during all the naked car rides and t-shirt sessions, I somehow believed I would never really have to do the real thing. Even at Sinful Delights, I was more or less tricked into a situation where I had to make a pressure choice to keep going along with her game, and I had only gotten through it by letting that detached, surreal mental state take me over. Sitting at her table now, there was no panic, no immediate pressure, and no feeling of unreality. Instead, I was facing my choice rationally and analytically, and the strength I was feeling now was not the strength to tell her off, but was instead the strength which allowed me to calmly contemplate agreeing to the unthinkable. Suddenly an awesome, awful moment came when I realized that I had made the decision, once and for all, to give in to her. I had to give her what she wanted. At that moment I somehow knew with certainty that I was really, truly going to act out her fantasies of public, naked exhibitionism. Immediately upon that realization, my heart started pounding in my chest so hard I swear you could hear it. And I can't deny that I also felt a sudden surge of horribly unwanted sexual excitement. I did my best to fight it back.

I looked up at her. "OK," I said, my voice quavering, "let's say I agree to keep playing along. Can't I at least have some say in what I have to do? You'd still get your kicks watching. I just would really like for things to not get too... outrageous." Nancy just laughed. "I don't think so, dear. Let's not forget whose fantasy this is, after all. You may be the lovely star of the show, but I'm still the director. And things will get pretty outrageous later on. I've told you that from the beginning. I have clear-cut goals for you, and I have a structured program designed to make sure you can achieve those goals. But I might entertain suggestions if you're actually starting to come up with your own fantasies." I decided to let it go. Her tone was beginning to switch back to her maddening, matter-of-fact, my-way-or-highway smugness. I think she sensed that she had me ensnared all over again. And I knew it was no use, that no matter how hard I begged for tamer adventures, I'd end up having to act out the scenes she already had spent so much time dreaming up. "Well, then can you at least start giving me some idea in advance what I'm going to have to do? I hate it how I don't know what's going to happen till the last minute."

"It had to be that way at first," she said. "I couldn't give you too much time to think about things, or you might not have been able to follow through. And that's still true for some of things you'll be doing later, things you're still not ready for. I don't think it would be good for your psyche to be brooding over the details too far in advance. But for some of your near-term adventures, I guess there's no real harm in telling you. I'm going to move you directly into Phase 2 of your training. All that means is that for now you'll have fairly easy assignments that build gradually on what you've already proven you can handle - brief outings in front of a few anonymous strangers. And if you're sure you really want to know, I'll tell you exactly what's going to happen this afternoon." Right away I wasn't sure I really wanted to know. Instead I felt a terrible sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. We had been talking so long I had begun to hope that she just wanted to talk things out today, that I wouldn't be forced into a new scene right away. That hope faded into a morbid curiosity as to what she was planning for me. As much as I feared hearing it, somehow not knowing would again be worse. I looked at her and nodded slowly. She glanced down at her watch, and then looked directly at me. "In about an hour from now, you're going to take a little stroll through what I expect will be a fairly crowded supermarket." She paused for several moments, holding my gaze. Then she answered my unspoken question. "You're going to be quite naked, Wendy."

**Raising the Stakes III**

I think my heart just stopped as I stared back at her. "C-completely?" She smiled and nodded. This was way over the line from what I had expected, especially given the long break in my "training." But the image of myself in such a spectacle flashed immediately through my head. The suddenness and bluntness with which she disclosed her plan made the prospect seem unreal and absurd, yet I knew with awful certainty that she wasn't kidding. And with even more awful certainty, I knew I was not going to revisit my decision. Somehow I knew and instantly accepted that it was really going to happen. Now my heart was pounding again, and another horrid wave of unavoidable arousal welled up in me.

"Oh God, Nancy... please not that... I mean, can't we start up again with something a little more... you know?" She didn't let me finish. "No, dear. It's important to push for more progress. Now you see why I'm in charge. It's the same reason people hire personal trainers for physical fitness. They need the external source of motivation and discipline. Of course," she went on, smiling, "in your case, I'm very happy to perform my function for free. And anyway, this is really a pretty tame assignment. It'll only last a few minutes-no shopping list this time." She chuckled. "And it's highly unlikely anyone at the store we're going to will know you or that you'll ever see any of them again. And you won't have to stop and actually interact with anybody. Pretty run-of-the-mill, I'd say." "Except for the little fact that I won't have any clothes on." She just laughed. "Yes, except for that little fact. That is the theme of our game after all - lovely naked Wendy and everyone gets to see her. But you wanted to know, and now you do." I just sat there, unable to prevent myself from imagining the upcoming scene. And I thought about the factors which Nancy claimed made the scene tame. The unavoidable implication was that someday I'd be doing scenes where some or all of those factors would be absent. I shut the thought out of my mind.

Nancy was quiet for a few more moments, but then, speaking softly but firmly, she said, "I want you to take off your clothes now, Wendy. Its time we got going." For several moments I just sat there, not saying anything. But at length I pushed my chair back and stood up. I began to undress slowly, staring right back at Nancy, but not really seeing her. Once again, almost instantaneously upon rising to my feet, I had become enveloped by that same giddy, surreal feeling of unreality which had taken me over in the dressing room at Sinful Delights, when I was changing into the bustless teddy. Autopilot to the rescue again, I guess. Or just as aptly, autopilot as the vehicle of betrayal and ruin to the real me. Either way, instead of focusing on Nancy's smiling visage, all I saw was an image of me, naked, in some crowded grocery store. I wasn't even really aware of stripping until I unfastened my bra and let it fall away. Then I pulled my panties over my hips and down to the floor. As I stepped out of them she rose also and just stood there, gazing up and down my naked body. I felt the new-found strength I had enjoyed only a few moments earlier begin to slip away. It's pretty hard to maintain your pride and dignity when you're standing naked in front of a person who just ordered you to strip. Then with a wry little smile, Nancy stepped forward and grasped one of my wrists. "Come along, beautiful girl," she said, "let's go have some fun, shall we?" Tugging gently, she led me across the kitchen and through the door out to the garage. The feeling of being led helplessly away, to such an awful fate, instantly caused the awful sexual excitement to nearly overwhelm me. It was a girl's worst nightmare, like being led away naked to a slave auction or something. Yeah, I know, it wasn't as bad as that, but the feeling couldn't be too different, and it was a nightmare all the same. But then, that nightmare was the essence of Nancy's whole game. Taking everybody's naked-in-public nightmare, and forcing me to live it for real. So, heart pounding, knees shaking, nipples hardening, I allowed myself to be led to the passenger door of her car. She opened it as much as if she were my chauffeur as my captor. As I lowered myself into the seat, she released my wrist and slid her hand across my breasts, chuckling as she felt the hard little nobs that my nipples had become. She got in her side and we pulled away.

As it turned out, she had chosen a supermarket about a forty minute drive away, in a far-flung suburb on the opposite side of the city from campus. She explained how this was solely for my benefit, to help ensure the anonymity of the experience. I suppose I was grateful for that, but the long drive over was just about unbearable, knowing as I did what was going to happen when we reached our destination. Now the surreal feeling had totally drained away, and the real me was left to cope with the terrifying reality of what I was about to do. I knew the tiny shred of hope I had that she wouldn't really make me do it was totally unrealistic. This was the real deal. I was strapped into the rollercoaster, climbing the giant hill, and I couldn't get off. It was like when you have to give a speech at school or in public and you're terrified at the prospect, so you're in a constant state of anxiety over it. Only this was way worse. The only way I could keep myself under control was to constantly remind myself that I had resolved I would get through these experiences, that I wouldn't let Nancy ruin my life for the long term. And I kept reminding myself that Nancy had already forced me once to stand naked in front of strangers, and I had survived that. But I kept coming back to the mental image of me, totally naked, walking into the store. It just about drove me wild.

Finally Nancy took an exit off the freeway we had been taking out of the city. Right away I could see a big, suburban-style shopping center up ahead the kind with a big parking lot, a mega-supermarket as the main store, and smaller stores on either side. Now I had the real destination to look at to replace the generic image I had been picturing in my head. She couldn't have chosen some small, sleepy Mom and Pop type place, oh no. This was as big as grocery stores get, and from the looks of the full parking lot, would be crowded with shoppers. Nancy pulled into the lot and found a space about a quarter of the way out from the store. She shut off the engine and turned in her seat to look at me.

"Well, Wendy, this is it: the next big step in your new career. Are you ready?" "I don't suppose there's any point in trying to talk you out of this." I had to try. "None. But Wendy, I swear this really won't be all that bad. It'll be over before you know it, and we'll be back in the car driving away." I wasn't reassured. She kept talking. "Now, here's the plan. I'm going in first, so I'll be able to watch you. Once you come in, don't acknowledge me in any way. All you have to do is walk in that door-"she pointed to a door in one corner of the store- "then walk down the outside aisle all the way to the back of the store. Go all the way across the back to the opposite outside aisle, walk back to the front, go out the other corner door and come back to the car. Leave the car unlocked so you can get back in, and I'll be out shortly afterwards. That doesn't sound so hard now, does it?" "It sounds absolutely horrible." "Well, all the better to get it over with then. I know you can do this, Wendy. I don't think anyone will give you any trouble, but if they do, just tell them everything is OK, that you lost a bet and you have to do this; that you don't need any help; or clothes." She giggled. "And Wendy, a nice, easy stroll is what I want to see. No rushing along and no covering up. Arms at your sides the whole time. OK?" I sighed and nodded, not looking at her. "Good. I'll be waiting inside. Don't take too long, dear." Then she reached over and brushed my cheek affectionately with her fingertips. I looked at her, pleading with my eyes, but she just smiled and got out of the car. I watched her walk across the parking lot and disappear into the store, through the same door I was supposed to take.

I really don't know if I can describe what happened next, other than to say that, yes, I actually did it. How it felt is pretty much beyond description, but I know each and every one of you can at least begin to imagine how I felt. Even now, even after all the later experiences Nancy put me through, I still wonder just what it is about the simple fact of being naked that can transform such a mundane everyday thing like going into a grocery store, into a such a humiliating nightmare. I mean, everybody knows what naked people look like, and anybody, if they want to, can imagine what any particular person looks like without clothes. Girls get pretty used to being mentally undressed by guys every time they go out in public. But to actually be naked out in public, when everyone else has their clothes on, has got to be one of the most incredible things in the world a person can experience. I guess that's why there are willing exhibitionists in the first place. But when a young, admittedly beautiful girl is forced to do it, without wanting to, well, the feelings and emotions are beyond words. So I'll just try to tell you what happened.

I remember the hardest part was just getting out of the car in the first place. With almost everything else Nancy had made me do up to that point, she was right there, issuing her orders, usually with no time for me to do anything but automatically react like her little puppet on a string. But this was different. I was all alone in the car, and had to somehow find a way to force myself to get out and go into that store in the nude. Something my former self would never have dreamed of doing in a million years. I longed for the surreal autopilot to come back, but I couldn't get that to work for me now. Several times I squeezed the door handle, thinking I would just push boldly ahead, only to let it go again without opening the car door. I guess I just needed the irresistible command to get me going. Like with the public speaking thing, at least when they call your name and it's your turn, you know you have to get up and do it. But after several false starts, I knew I was going to have to act. I started to panic that she would come back out, angry with me for delaying, and ready to force me to do something even worse. That thought was the kick that finally got me moving. At a moment when there seemed to be no one in the parking lot, at least not nearby, I took a deep breath, opened the door, and trying to blank my mind of all thoughts whatsoever, I got out and headed for the store.

It's so strange how when you're out naked in a situation like that, you become so acutely conscious of every little thing about your body. All your senses and sensations become so intense. The tiniest breezes and air currents swirling around my body, and the tiniest bounces of my bottom and my breasts as I moved along seemed so exaggerated. Those sensations just overwhelm you and make the fact of your nakedness the only thing you're even capable of being aware of. And then the whole reality that I was being forced to do this flooded my awareness again, and those damn feelings of submissive arousal came back too. My nipples pricked up and, as much as I hate to admit it, I actually started to get wet. My cheeks were burning and my ears were roaring with pounding blood by the time I got to the door, but I didn't hesitate when it automatically swung open, and I walked right in, naked as the day I was born.

I immediately became aware of gasps and double-takes as people looked over and saw me. I tried to ignore everything and just headed down the aisle like Nancy had instructed. I think I just stared straight ahead, refusing to focus on anything and avoiding making eye contact with anybody. My ears were roaring from all the blood pounding through my head, so I could almost pretend I was deaf and blind to everything around me. But there was no escaping my own awareness of my body's exposure, or the knowledge that everybody in there was staring straight at me. I had to constantly fight the almost irresistible urge to hunch over, cover myself, and run. Most of all I wanted to cover my face. But I remembered Nancy's warning, so I just walked slowly along, with every inch of flesh on nude display. The slow pace made it seem like it was going to take forever to get through the store. I spotted Nancy down near the end of the first aisle, grinning from ear to ear as she watched me approach. I looked away and didn't make eye contact with her again.

But she had been right about one thing - nobody tried to stop me. As my many later experiences would confirm, a funny thing happens when a naked girl suddenly shows up in a setting like that. People just tend to get out of your way. I guess most are too shocked to do anything else, or to have time to think about what they should do. Even the scumbags who know instantly what they would like to do with you are held back by the public setting. So everyone just tends to step aside and let you do your thing, although they certainly don't mind enjoying the visual feast as you go by. So by the time I made the last turn and started down the last aisle back toward the front door, I realized I was going make it through. By then I was just one big blush, I think, and all the eyes on me made me more or less tingle all over, but especially down around, well, you know where. Finally I reached the door, and had to fight all over again to keep myself from sprinting to the car.

Once I was back in the car, I slid as low in the seat as I could and still see the parking lot and storefront. I wanted to make sure no one followed me, and I wanted to watch for Nancy. Some people came out pushing their carts full of groceries, shaking their heads and laughing - just some of the dozens of people who had just seen me naked. I realized I was shaking from the experience as I sat there waiting for Nancy. Finally she emerged from the store and started heading out to the car. As she got closer I could see that she was just beaming. She caught my eye looking at her and then broke into a quick trot for the remaining few feet to the driver's door. She practically threw herself into the car and slammed the door. She looked right at me, just beaming with that giant grin, and then just shrieked with delight. "Woo Hoo!! Oh, Wendy, that was just too good! You were wonderful! Oh my god, you should have seen some of the looks!" She went on and on. I had never seen her carry on anything like this before - I mean, she was just giddy and silly with excitement over my little outing. "Wendy, when you walked through that door, I swear I think my heart just stopped!" She threw a hand over her heart. "I mean, it was just wild! It was just like I hoped it would be!" "Well, I'm damn glad one of us enjoyed it!" I snapped. Her carrying on like this was absolutely maddening, but she hardly slowed down. "Oh, I'm sorry Wendy! It's just that you were so - great!" "Can we please just get the hell out of here?" "Of course, dear. Whew! I'll try to calm down."

She started the car and we pulled out of the parking lot back onto the frontage road running alongside the freeway. Then she got back on the freeway, but instead of heading back towards campus and home, she continued further the other way. "I just feel like driving and talking for awhile longer, if you don't mind," she said. "So now you've got tell me, Wendy. Tell me exactly what it was like for you to do that." The last thing I wanted to do was talk about it, but I knew she wouldn't be satisfied unless I tried. "Well, you can guess, since it's your sicko fantasy to be forced to go naked in public in the first place. It's everything you think it is. It's horrible. It's the most awful and humiliating thing a girl could ever do." Her eyes glowed as she looked back at me, smiling. It was moments like these that she was at her most insane, I think. Watching me in the store, and then hearing me describe how awful it was, fed the need she so urgently craved to be satisfied, and she couldn't hide her satisfaction, even if she wanted to. "But wasn't it exciting for you? Come on, Wendy, admit it. You got the thrill of a lifetime out of doing that."

I knew there was no point in arguing with her. "Well sure, it was exciting, if you call being terrified and humiliated exciting. It wasn't any kind of thrill anybody wants." "Now, you know that's not what I'm talking about, dear. I mean that other kind of excitement, you know, something a little more sexual?" Her tone was teasing, and she looked over at me, letting her eyes rove over by body from my breasts down to my crotch. "Just a little bit excited that way, Wendy?" she giggled. "Stop it! You know that's not anything I can help! I hate that part most of all!" It was true, though, and I knew that she knew it. I blushed and turned away from her. In many ways that really was the worst part. For my own body to betray me with such a traitorous, uncontrollable animal reaction could deepen my humiliation to an incredibly horrible degree. It hadn't been that bad in the store because I just kept moving and I doubt if anyone really noticed. But I could imagine other scenes where it would be obvious to everyone, and I would just have to stand there and endure it. I looked back at her, with a sudden anger based solely on her willingness to subject me to this special brand of humiliation, and then to tease me about it. But I kept my voice calm. "You can't even begin to imagine how awful that part is. Nobody in the world would ever want that kind of humiliation."

She was quiet for a few moments, but then she said, "I want it, Wendy. I want it for you. Because I want to watch a girl undergo the most profound humiliations imaginable. It just turns me on to no end to watch you do this. You are so perfect for me. I mean, think about a real submissive, a girl who actually seeks out humiliation. She gets satisfaction, but the depth to which she can be humiliated, in her own mind, is limited by the very fact that she likes it and wants it. It can never be that outrageous for someone who wants to do it. You're different. We've uncovered a little submissive streak you didn't know you had, or at least a little part of you that can't help getting excited in those circumstances. But with the real you still there hating every second of it, that excitement can add so much to your experience. I think the real submissives of the world would be very envious of your predicament. You can experience something they never can."

She was just so crazy when she talked like this. Like I would really want to hear her detached, clinical analysis of how wonderfully I was suited to her purposes. Like I was such a lucky girl, that other weirdo women would envy the experiences she planned to put me through. I know in her own mind she saw these conversations as her just being fully open and honest about her motivations for what she was doing to me. But hearing it spoken out like that always just made my heart go cold. But now at least she seemed to be done talking. After a few minutes of silence, I said, "Nancy, can we please just go home now?"

She didn't answer right away. We were between exits anyway, with the signs saying the next one was about five miles ahead. I had calmed down quite a bit from the shakes I had developed after coming out of the store. Now I was in that almost euphoric state one gets after a nerve-wracking experience is over, after all the anxiety has drained away and you can relax again. You also realize at that point that you're physically drained from the experience. I was actually thinking about putting my head back for a nap when Nancy suddenly spoke up again. "OK Wendy, time for round two." At first I didn't know what she what was talking about. I looked over at her. She was hitting her blinker and merging over into the exit lane. "W-what do you mean?" "Now, don't hate me dear, but we're not done yet for today. My plan was that if you made it through your first assignment unscathed, I'd move you right ahead and do another one. So you're going to do it again, in a different store." I was totally shocked out of my reverie and sat bolt upright in my seat, spinning towards her. "No!" I shouted, "that's not fair! One is enough, dammit!" "Now, I'm not going to take no for an answer, dear. I think you're ready for this. Although this one will be a little more demanding than the last one. I'm going to have you walk a few more aisles this time. And this one will probably be a bit more of a guys' scene than the supermarket." She looked over at me with a mischievous smile. "One of those giant home improvement stores awaits your lovely naked charms, Wendy."

**Home Improvement I**

As the sedan pulled into the crowded parking lot I could feel the dread and panic returning in even greater force than before. The store was one of those huge chain home improvement stores and it looked like the building took up half of a city block. I could feel my heart pounding as Nancy pulled into a space toward the rear of the lot even though I could see open parking spots closer to the store. "Oh God, Nancy, please. I just can't do this again today. My nerves are still frazzled from the walk through the supermarket."

"Wendy, you handled the supermarket beautifully and this won't be much more difficult."

"The supermarket was horribly difficult, Nancy, and I'm just not ready for anything more today," I pleaded, knowing it would get me nowhere.

"I think you underestimate yourself, Wendy. You've come so far in such a short time and this is only a minor nudge from what you've been able to accomplish already. But I will keep pushing you, dear, you know that. I wouldn't ask you to do this if I didn't think you could handle it." My heart sank as the realization began sinking in that I would have to walk naked through yet another large store. Still I decided to try to salvage something out of the conversation. "Nancy, I'll do this, but only if you promise this will be the last one today."

A stern look came over Nancy's face and I knew that I was risking pushing her too far and receiving an even worse assignment as punishment. "Wendy, you know this isn't a negotiation. You either do things my way or you don't do them at all. There is no middle ground here. You will always have those two choices, but you know what the consequences will be if you refuse." I nodded meekly, the unthinkable prospect of expulsion from college and the shame and disgrace it would bring hanging over my head as a constant threat. "To tell you the truth, Wendy, I was planning on taking you home after this but I may have to re-think that if you're going to start making demands. There's a large computer store just up the road that I'm sure would enjoy your lovely presence after we're finished here."

I gulped and meekly said, "I'm sorry," fighting the overwhelming feelings of helplessness as the sight of the huge store filled the window in front of me. I had no control over the situation and we both knew it. "I'll tell you what Wendy. If you do exactly what I say without further argument or discussion we'll head home after this. But if you deviate in any way from my instructions we'll do it again at another store. And again after that if we have to." I nodded silently.

"That's much better. Here's the plan this time, Wendy. It's really not much different from your first adventure today but a little more challenging nonetheless. I want you to walk through the main entrance door and make a nice little stroll around the perimeter aisles of the store just like last time. Only this time I want you to walk up and down at least four additional aisles before you exit." I almost blurted out the word "four!" before thinking better of it and biting my lip. "I'll let you choose which aisles but it has to be at least four. If you can do that we'll call it a day. If you do any less or don't make it around the entire store; or if you hurry or cover up in any way we'll try it again at another store." I nodded again silently.

"One more thing, at the supermarket you took quite some time before coming into the store. I was very patient with you because I knew how difficult it would be for you to get started on your own in this new phase of training. But you've now had the experience of doing it Wendy, so I won't be quite as patient this time. As I walk through the entrance I'm going to check my watch. I'll give you five minutes after I enter the store to walk through that door and begin your little stroll. If you haven't come through the door by then we'll be making another stop after this. Those five minutes includes the walk across the parking lot which I'm guessing will take at least a minute, so you'll have to take that into account. Do you understand Wendy?" "Yes", I muttered knowing that any further arguments would be both futile and dangerous.

"Oh, and if for some reason you haven't entered the store within ten minutes I'm going to return to the car and leave you here to look for another way home." That sent a jolt through my system as thoughts of the naked 45-minute ride across town to reach this suburb flashed through my mind. I looked at her pleadingly and said "Nancy, please don't do that." Nancy's voice began to soften a bit. "Don't worry Wendy, that's not going to happen. I have confidence in you, dear. You'll be wonderful." A smile spread across her face. "Naked and wonderful. Just do as I ask and we'll soon be on our way back to my house. And your clothes," she giggled. With that she leaned over and planted a kiss on my cheek and began exiting the car. Just before shutting the door she leaned in and said cheerfully, "Don't forget that the clock will be ticking as soon as I enter the store, dear."

**Home Improvement II**

As I watched Nancy crossing the parking lot toward the store I wasn't at all sure I'd be able to get out of the car and do it. If anything, the previous nude walk through the supermarket had made things harder for me rather than easier. Walking naked through a crowded store was no longer just some abstract imagining but was now a humiliating reality that I had already experienced once today and didn't want to experience again; especially not right now. But I was trapped and no matter what choice I made now it would lead to humiliation. As I watched Nancy stop at the entrance, glance momentarily at her watch, and then enter the store I could feel my heart pounding in my chest and the adrenaline surging through my body. I looked around the parking lot hoping it would be quiet but there seemed to be a steady stream of shoppers and cars moving around the lot. I closed my eyes and struggled to gain control of the panic that was building inside of me. After several minutes I had gained some control but the thought of the clock ticking down soon had the panic welling up inside me again. If I was going to do it I had to go without any further hesitation. It was the thought of being stranded naked miles from my apartment that finally forced me to pull on the door handle. "Oh, God," I whispered as I closed my eyes, opened the door and stepped out of the car.

I could hear the traffic on the busy street behind me and in the corner of my eye a pickup truck was pulling out of a parking spot, but I tried to block them out as I focused on the store entrance. The feel of the asphalt beneath my bare feet made me even more aware of my nakedness and with every step I could feel my breasts jiggle and sway. The cool breeze felt like a thousand fingers on my bare skin. As I approached the store entrance a woman exited and stopped in her tracks gawking in disbelief. I turned my eyes from her and walked through the entrance.

As I walked in the swivel of heads in my direction was unmistakable. I turned along the front aisle past some riding lawn mowers and walked toward the right side of the store. The gardening section was ahead of me and there I saw a grinning Nancy behind some house plants. I averted my eyes and slowly but steadily moved past her, turning left on the outside aisle and walking toward the rear of the store. A store employee who had been helping a customer turned toward me and for a moment I was sure he was going to grab me and demand to know what I was doing; but as I walked past he made no attempt to stop me.

As I reached the rear of the store I turned left and then left again down the next aisle walking back toward the front. Thankfully there was no one in the aisle itself but ahead I could see several people near the front of the store moving into position for a better look. Nancy, of course, was one of them and the beaming pride and exhilaration in her face was obvious. I locked my eyes on the floor ahead of me and kept moving steadily forward. As I reached the end of the aisle I could see that all business activity had ceased at the nearby cash registers as customers and employees alike turned to look at the astonishing sight of a young woman exhibiting every inch of her flesh inside a crowded store. I quickly made another turn into the next aisle and as I did I heard a loud whoop and a "yeah!" from a man behind me.

Keeping my eyes glued to the floor I began moving into the interior of the store. I continued walking until a quick glance up brought me to a halt. Up ahead was a ladder bolted to a large rolling base blocking almost the entire aisle. On the ladder was a male employee wearing a pair of khaki shorts struggling to get a large box onto an upper shelf. I stood for a few seconds pondering whether to backtrack and take the next aisle over or try to squeeze by the ladder. As I stood there motionless and naked in the middle of the store the feelings of exposure and vulnerability began to overwhelm me and I quickly began walking again up the aisle. As I reached the ladder I could see only a narrow space between it and the shelves behind to squeeze through sideways. I grabbed each side of the ladder, took a long awkward step past the base and attempted to slide past. As I did my breasts brushed first against the back of the bare legs of the man and then the metal edge of the ladder. "What the hell?" I heard the man gasp from up above as he looked down to discover a naked girl beneath him. I continued to push through without stopping, my breasts bouncing as I stumbled past the ladder in full view of the crowd that had begun gathering at the end of the aisle. The double sensations of bare flesh and then cold steel against my naked breasts sent a shiver through my body and I could feel my face flush and the undeniable feelings of arousal down below. For a moment I thought I was going to lose control and begin running for the exit but somehow I managed to gather myself and continue on steadily toward the crowd, praying they wouldn't try to stop me or talk to me. As I passed by them into the rear aisle I heard a "very nice!" from a grinning man but no one made any attempt to interfere with my progress.

I looked ahead at the next leg of my journey and was shocked to see the distance to the far end of the building past what seemed to be an acre of different departments on each side the aisle. Departments featuring lamps and tools and washing machines and carpets and bathroom fixtures and almost anything else you could think of buying for your home improvement needs. Inside I was an emotional wreck, my face was a glowing red and my nipples had become hard. Worst of all the horrible, unwanted feelings of arousal continued to wash over me. I still don't know how I was able to contain my shame and panic and keep myself from dashing for the exit but onward I marched toward the far wall, avoiding eye contact with the shoppers as I passed them by. After what seemed like an eternity I finally reached the lumber supplies at the far end of the store. "Just a little further, Wendy" I told myself as I turned down the much shorter side aisle back toward the front of the building and the stretch run back to the exit. By now I was sure that all shopping had come to a standstill as customers and employees alike moved into position to see the beautiful young girl who was inexplicably walking nude through the store.

As I reached the front aisle I could thankfully see the exit and my salvation in the distance. As I neared the cash registers again I suddenly realized with a start that I had walked only two additional aisles! For a moment I considered the idea of just continuing on out of the store hoping that Nancy would be satisfied, but somehow I knew she would carry through with her threat to march me through another store. With a deep sigh I turned into an aisle and began walking back into the interior of the store away from the exit.

As I walked those final two aisles my senses seemed as focused and attuned as they had ever been. I could feel the sway of my breasts, the hard cold cement floor beneath my feet. I could hear every snicker, every rude comment and could feel every shocked look, every lewd stare. But as I reached the back of the store it all started fading away and that surreal feeling of detachment and unreality finally began taking over as I had hoped it would. I was beyond caring anymore about the people staring at me and it was as though I had become a witness to this little drama rather than the star. The panic and embarrassment and arousal were still there but it was like they had been placed into a furnace and were fueling an intense buzz that was now sweeping through my entire body.

I knew now that I was going to make it through unscathed and as I approached the front of the store once again I saw that I would have to pass through one of the checkout lines to reach the exit beyond. I continued without hesitation past the customers and the cashier and walked toward the exit. As the exit door slid open I heard a man shout "Thank you, and please come again!" amidst laughter and I stepped out into the bright sunshine and open air of the parking lot beyond.

**Summer Program I**

On the drive back to Nancy's house, after the home improvement store, I think I just stared out the window most of the time, trying to come to grips with what had just happened. I really couldn't believe what I had just done. At her command, I had actually walked through two crowded stores completely in the nude. And only the day before, I had convinced myself I wasn't going to play along with her game any longer. But as I sat there, I thought back to the decision I made earlier in the day, that I really would have to do these things for her after all, and I realized the inner strength which had allowed me to make that decision was still there. But it just seemed so bizarre, now that she was moving so boldly ahead with her plan, and I was actually obeying her. And I knew with an awful certainty that it was going to keep happening. She had gotten me to this state of ability so frighteningly quickly that there was no telling what she would ask for next. And I think the scariest part was my realization of how much intense pleasure she got from watching me live out her exhibitionist fantasies. People who get that much pleasure out of something don't stop. They push further and further, trying to make the next time even more enjoyable than the last. I could see that, for her, it was already becoming an intense addiction. I realized that I was under the power of a madwoman, for whom my own naked humiliation was the thing she craved. For me, that could only mean the humiliations would get ever more outrageous. She had said as much, on the very first day. But now that I was actually well down the road she promised me, the real fear of the unknown took hold of me.

When we got back to her house, she opened the garage door with the remote and drove inside. I got out as quickly as I could, without quite running, and went into the kitchen to find my clothes. But she was right behind me, and as soon as I had picked up my panties, she stopped me. "Don't get dressed yet, dear. We have a few things to discuss, and I want you to stay naked for the time being." She led me into the living room and had me sit on the couch. I waited while she disappeared back into the kitchen, returning a few moments later with the inevitable bottle of wine and two glasses. After pouring, she stood over me for a few moments, gazing at me. Then she lifted her glass in front of me and said, "Here's to your new life of naked fun and adventures." I didn't react. It wasn't a toast I was particularly enthused about. But she just stood there, and finally said sternly, "Humor me, dear." I sighed and lifted my glass and clinked it with hers. We both drank. She smiled and sat in her chair. I just wanted to shrink back on the couch. Even though I had just been seen naked by dozens or even hundreds of strangers, I still felt totally self-conscious and vulnerable in my nudity even within the closed doors of her house. I know she wanted it that way for the discussion and disclosures that followed.

After a few moments, she began to speak. "Wendy, I want you to know that I am very, very pleased with your progress and cooperation today. I had never expected you to be this far, this soon, and I know it's only possible because you possess such uncommon strength and courage. I had inklings of that early on, but all doubt was removed from my mind at Sinful Delights. After your performance that day, somehow I knew for certain things were really going to work out the way I wanted. And I also realized that we could speed up your program. I know what you had to do today must have seemed like shock treatment, especially given the long time between assignments, but that's how I intended it. I was confident you could handle it, and you didn't disappoint me. So for starters, I just want to tell you how proud I am of you."

I didn't really know how to respond to her, so I just sat there and sipped my wine. It was always so bizarre when she tried to be friendly and affectionate like this, as if we had a normal relationship instead of the awful reality she was imposing on me. But even more bizarrely, her words actually caused me to feel a pang of pride at what I had accomplished. Again, it was like the public speaking thing, after it's all over, and you realize you survived and it's something you're actually able to do. Although of course you'd just as soon never do it again. Only a few weeks earlier, if somebody had floated the idea that I would walk naked through a store, I would have replied that, not only wouldn't I ever do such a thing, but that I wouldn't even be able to. But now, thanks to Nancy, I had the awesome knowledge that I was fully capable of doing it. The anomalous feeling of accomplishment was yet another representation of the uncontrollable internal conflict that the whole situation was creating in me, similar in some inexplicable way to the horrid, unwanted arousal that being naked in public could cause in me.

Nancy continued. "But you need to understand that I'm going to keep pushing you. I think we reached a point earlier today where you've gotten past all your denial about what's going to happen, and you've more or less accepted your status. I'm hopeful that your success today confirms your commitment. Am I right about that?" I looked at her and nodded, feeling simultaneous pangs of fear and excitement of what lay ahead. The most disconcerting thing was my full appreciation, and acceptance, of the utter power she now had over me. I could no longer try to deny that I really was becoming her naked little show toy, to be exhibited whenever and wherever she wished. It was really going to happen. "Excellent. But just to strengthen your commitment even further, there's something I want you to see." She reached down beside the chair and picked up a large photo album I hadn't noticed before. She set it on the coffee table in front of me. At first I just stared at it, unable to imagine what might be in it. Then she said, "Open it, Wendy."

I opened the cover and gasped when I saw the first page of photos. They were photographs of me, when I was in the dressing room at Sinful Delights. The first page was a sequence of me when I first entered the dressing room, taking off my regular clothes to change into the first teddy. The pictures were all crystal clear, well-lit, top quality prints. They captured every detail of the changing sequence, and every detail of my naked body, and of my face. I looked up at Nancy in horror.

"Where in the hell did you get these?" I said in a shouted whisper.

Nancy smiled broadly and said, "Where do you think? Now, if it's any consolation, let me tell you that Margaret has photo sets of every girl who's ever been in her changing rooms. Of course, not many girls spend as much time in there changing as you did. And I doubt that any are as beautiful as you are. Keep looking, dear. Look at every page."

I hurriedly flipped through the album. There were sequences of every one of my changes into every piece of lingerie I had been forced to model that day. Every stage of undress, every part of my body, and most of them fully showing my face. Many of the shots showed me completely naked. The last page contained a single, enlarged print of a full frontal shot of me in the bustless teddy, breasts hanging proudly forward, my eyes wide as I stared at the mirror. I stared back at it for a few moments, and began to experience the spinning room, just as I had that day wearing the teddy. I slammed the album shut.

"Margaret uses top-of-the-line digital cameras and video recorders. I've got all these shots, and more, as computer files. Internet ready." Nancy paused and sipped her wine, watching me as the import of her words hit me. "In fact, I've already posted a few, just for practice." My eyes grew wide with horror. She laughed and said, "Don't worry, dear. I blurred out your face completely. Of course, if there's anyone out there who's intimately familiar with the rest of your anatomy, they might recognize you. And any of the images can be sent as e-mail attachments, too. So I've taken the liberty of assembling a list of the addresses of most of your friends and family, and I've prepared a most revealing set of messages, all queued up and ready to go. You're just a mouseclick away from a new level of intimacy with just about everyone you know, and you always will be."

"You wouldn't dare!" I shouted at her.

"I sincerely hope I never have to, Wendy. But you needed to know that it's not just your academic future at stake anymore. We're going forward with a very aggressive program after today, and it's going to require your complete obedience. I'm going to show you naked whether you stay in the game or not. The live action will continue to be in front of strangers for now. But if at anytime you falter, it won't be just strangers drooling over you. I just wanted some insurance that your decision is final."

I stared at the closed photo album for a few moments, and then looked up at her. "It's final," I said. "Look at what I did for you today. You didn't have to do... this." I gestured at the album.

"Probably not," Nancy agreed. "But its something I wanted anyway. And there will be a great deal more photography and videos, Wendy. I'm going to keep my promise that I won't force you into unwanted sex. But apart from that, your nudity, your nakedness, is going to be mine to command."

**Summer Program II**

"There's something else I need from you, Wendy. I wasn't entirely kidding when I told your father we'd be discussing your summer academic plan today." She handed me a sheet of paper which I recognized to be a registration form for summer classes. I hadn't turned one in because I hadn't planned to attend summer school. Instead I planned to return home, and maybe do some traveling over the summer. I looked at the form. It had my name on the top, and listed several summer courses for my enrollment. Nearly a full load. "Sign it, please, dear," she said, laying a pen on the coffee table in front of me. I immediately understood how she done this, with her position in the Dean's office, and what she was up to. All kinds of arguments flashed through my head, about how I had never planned to stay in town for the summer, that I had other plans, that she couldn't make me do this, that it wasn't part of the deal, how it wasn't fair to completely take over my life this way. Somehow I hadn't seen this coming. I had somehow assumed that my duties for Nancy would be dependent on my otherwise being in town and available. But all the arguments came and went, without my ever opening my mouth. I knew enough by then that argument was useless. I could feel all my wonderful summer plans fading away, and being replaced with the horrid prospect of being under Nancy's constant control.

I looked up at her. She was smiling. "We're going to spend a great deal of time together this summer, Wendy. You must understand I couldn't let our first summer together go by without continuing your training. Summer is such a wonderful time to be naked." I looked back at the registration form. She had signed me up for several business classes which would actually count towards my degree. But there were a couple of others Nancy had obviously chosen for some purpose of her own.

"Why in the hell am I signed up for an acting class?" I demanded.

"You'll learn several useful things with that, I believe. For one thing, they teach techniques for controlling stage fright and anxiety, which should serve you well. I think it will also help you with some of your later assignments that might involve a certain amount of role-playing. Basically, it's just something I want you to do. And as for the aerobics class, well, it's very important to me that you keep that fabulous figure of yours in top condition."

For a while I just sat there, staring down at the coffee table but not really seeing it. Then I think I buried my face in my hands, just trying to make everything go away. I wasn't anywhere close to crying -- it wasn't like that. I was just weary and I wanted everything to stop so I didn't have to think about it anymore. You have to remember I had just been marched naked through two crowded public stores. I had just seen a photo album fully showcasing my naked body. I was still naked in her living room. I had just traded my own summer plans for what would certainly be a summer of frequent, outrageous humiliation. I felt all my free will slipping away in the face of the awesome power Nancy now wielded over me -- the power I had already surrendered to earlier in the day, and which I now knew was even stronger with her possessing both the academic and photographic blackmail. But damned if even as the waves of utter helplessness and vulnerability washed over me, then that horrid, horrid feeling of excitement started to grow again in the pit of my stomach. In moments my heart was pounding, my cheeks were blazing red, and the excitement was growing in my loins as I thought about the prospect of being forced to go out in public, naked and against my will, over and over and over again. And as always, Nancy seemed to be fully tuned in to my feelings. She just sat there and smiled.

"One last thing, and then I'll let you go, dear. I want to spend a bit of time outlining your training program for the rest of the summer. I'm a firm believer in steady progress and a structured, regimented program to achieve it. I also think some regularity to your assignments will help you adapt mentally to your situation. So we're going to get together every Saturday at 1:00 for the rest of the summer. You won't have to constantly worry about when I'm going to call next; you'll simply know that each Saturday you'll be going on a little assignment. That way you can focus on your studies during the week, and Sundays you can have to yourself."

I just let the news roll into me and felt my feelings of helplessness magnify even further. I still didn't argue, and I still didn't complain. I let my emotions run wherever they would, allowing myself to just wallow in the feelings of female sexual vulnerability and helplessness. Every Saturday. Naked. At her command. I looked up at her and whispered, "When does it end, Nancy? When will it ever be enough?"

"It doesn't end until you graduate, Wendy, and only then because I've made a decision that I won't run your life forever. But until then, I don't think I'll ever get enough of watching you. I had more fun today than I ever thought possible. Watching you try to cope with being naked in front of other people has got to be the most delightful thing I've ever seen. I want to watch you like that over and over again, and so I'm planning to do just that. And I know things seem to be moving very quickly now, but that's only because you've shown such fortitude. You won't have trouble handling the rest of your training assignments because they won't be any harder than what you did today. Our goal for now is to get you to a mindset where you can handle today's kind of outing without hesitation. I don't expect you to ever like it, or to ever be completely free of your anxiety and excitement, and I don't want you to. Those emotions are what make it fun. But we do need to move you ahead in your comfort level so you'll be ready for what comes later. And it really shouldn't be that difficult. I mean, you were only in the home improvement store for about ten minutes, and even less than that in the grocery store. Remember how terrified you were at first, of just riding naked in the car? And now you think nothing of it. By the end of the summer, you'll be just as comfortable walking naked through a store like today."

"And then what? What comes later?" I asked, fearful of the answer.

Nancy just shrugged. "And then it will be on to new things, more difficult but also more exciting and satisfying. But we'll cross that bridge then. Right now, I've got one more surprise for you." She walked over to a cabinet on the other side of the room and opened one of its doors. When she turned around she was holding a fairly large clear glass canister, like the kind you keep flour or sugar in on your kitchen counter. Only this one didn't have any flour or sugar. When she set it down on the coffee table in front of me, I could see that it held numerous small pink envelopes, like the kind wedding invitations come in. All the envelopes were sealed.

"What's this?" I asked.

"Just think of it as your summer job jar, dear." I think I just gave her blank look. Then she seemed almost embarrassed to explain it to me. "Well, I know you'll think I'm being a little obsessive with everything, but I went to the trouble of planning and writing out all your assignments for the next twelve Saturdays. Each envelope has a card describing one or two tasks. It really doesn't matter what order you do them in. Remember, this is just repetitive training to get you to your next level. And so here's the fun part." A broad smile spread across her face. "Each week you'll draw one envelope, and that will be your assignment for the day. This way even I won't know what you'll be doing on any particular Saturday, until just before you do it. Won't this be fun?"

"I can hardly wait," I muttered.

"Well, neither can I," she said brightly. "Now, our usual practice will be for you to draw the envelope after you get here each Saturday, and then we'll go off and have you do your assignment. But just this once, I can't wait to know. So I want you to draw next week's envelope right now."

I really didn't want to play along, because this little twist just added a new source of humiliation to an already-humiliating game. Now my naked exposures would be subject to an element of random chance as well as Nancy's planned control. I could already foresee the delight she would derive, week after week, from watching me open each envelope and read the details of my next humiliation. But I knew there was no use arguing, and so I reached towards the jar.

"Oh, wait," she said, grabbing the jar before I could reach it. "I want to make sure this is really by chance." She shook the jar vigorously for several moments, making sure all the envelopes flew around inside and were thoroughly mixed. "Okay, dear," she said, setting the jar back down in front of me. "Now draw one." She was almost giddy with excitement, like a little girl watching a drawing where she hoped to win a prize.

I reached into the jar and pulled out the first envelope my fingers touched. My heart started pounding in my chest as I tore it open with fumbling fingers, and turned the card over to read it. For several moments I just stared at the words, and it was several more moments before I could calm down enough to actually read and understand what they said. Then I just moaned and sat back in my chair, eyes closed. "I thought you said things wouldn't be any harder than today!" I said, tossing the envelope onto the coffee table. I was vaguely aware of Nancy picking up the card to see which one I had drawn, followed immediately by her squeal of delight and ensuing giggles.

"Oh, this is one of my favorites!" she announced with enthusiasm. "This was one of my original fantasies I actually wanted to do myself. Now what makes you think it will be so hard? All you have to do is walk from point A to point B."

"Dammit, Nancy, I've been there. I know what it will be like. It'll be crowded as hell on a Saturday, and that beach has got to be a mile long!"

Nancy's eyes just sparkled in anticipation.