**The Reluctant Exhibitionist**

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**The Reluctant Exhibitionist Ch. 01**

Hello again. I don't know if some of you will remember me or not but my name is Wendy Wilson and I've written in the past here in great detail about my time under the control of one Nancy Johnson, Assistant to the Dean at my college. I know it's been awhile since you've heard from me but I guess it's been more difficult than I thought putting all of these experiences down in writing. It's been cathartic in a way but it's also forced me to relive memories and emotions from those adventures that have been largely buried up until now.

"Adventures" was Nancy's word for my nude outings, certainly not mine, but sometimes I find myself unconsciously thinking in her terms even now. I guess that's what happens when you spend so long under another person's complete control...you inevitably start seeing the world from their perspective. I know that Nancy desperately wanted to see the world from my point of view. That was the whole point of the self-prescribed "therapy" that she invented to help herself deal with her obsession with public exhibitionism: to live vicariously through me as I experienced what she so badly wanted to experience herself, but couldn't. It didn't matter at all to her that I wanted no part in her therapy and had to be blackmailed into doing it; that only heightened the experience for her.

I still remember vividly sitting in my car that Saturday afternoon about a block from Nancy's house where I'd pulled to the curb to help calm my nerves and think things over. It was just fifteen minutes until I was supposed to meet Nancy for the first of my assigned "summer jobs" and I didn't know if I could actually go through with it. As much as I tried to convince myself that my previous experiences would help get me through it my stomach still felt like the Cirque du Soleil had moved in for a matinee performance and my heart was racing at a hundred miles an hour. Would this ever get any easier? I didn't know.

I do know that a lot of my anxiety that day had to do with the fact that any hopes I had that this would never really go as far as Nancy had always promised had completely evaporated the previous weekend. That's when I'd actually walked completely naked through two crowded stores at Nancy's command. And that was supposed to be just the beginning of a new phase of my training!

I guess what was also getting to me that day was that it was the first time since being trapped in Nancy's little game that I knew beforehand I'd actually be exposing my nude body to an audience. In all of my previous experiences there'd always been the hope that no one would see me that day. Through all of the naked car rides and t-shirt training sessions no one other than Nancy had actually seen me totally nude. Even during my first true public exposure at Sinful Delights in the mall I hadn't known beforehand that it was going to happen. And even as late as the previous week I'd convinced myself that I was through playing Nancy's game, but as I sat there in my car I knew there were no longer any illusions about what was going to happen that day. Lots of people were going to see me very naked in a very public place.

It's difficult for me to describe to you what my state of mind had been that week after my nude strolls through the supermarket and home improvement store. I guess shock is the best word to describe it - I just couldn't believe what I'd done! Even worse, Nancy had laid out her plans for my summer and they included much more of the same. Not only had she enrolled me in summer classes at the college without my knowledge but she'd set me up on a "summer jobs" program where every Saturday afternoon I'd be expected to complete an assignment that I would pick out of a jar at random. None of them would involve wearing any clothes, of course.

I'd been in a daze for the first few days after that. Summer classes wouldn't start for another two weeks and all of my friends had left town for the summer break so there was nothing to distract me from my own thoughts and fears about the future. After the initial shock had begun to wear off I started thinking things through for about the thousandth time. There just had to be some alternative other than becoming Nancy's nude little show girl for the rest of my college years! I knew, of course, that there were ways out of it - lots of them, in fact. But the problem with all of them was that there was one inescapable fact that I just couldn't avoid: I had cheated on my term paper. I didn't know at the time that Nancy had entrapped me into doing it, but it wouldn't have mattered if I had known. I'd taken the bait so I was guilty, guilty, guilty, and any plan that involved exposing Nancy's perverted blackmail scheme would also expose my plagiarism and lead to my expulsion from college. Sure I could probably get Nancy fired in the process but that still wouldn't have spared me from the consequences of my own actions and the shame I'd feel in admitting to my family that I was a cheat and a failure.

As angry, bitter, and mortified as I was by Nancy's blackmail scheme I had to reluctantly admit to myself that I'd been offered a choice that any other student caught cheating wouldn't have gotten. Anyone else would have simply been kicked out of school months ago. I know I have my faults but one of them isn't blaming others for my own mistakes. Ultimately it had been my decision to pull that term paper off of the internet and turn it in as my own work, just as it had been my decision to submit to Nancy's demands to avoid expulsion. Whenever I'd taken off my clothes at her command it had always been my choice. I knew it always would be.

As each minute brought me closer to my one o'clock appointment with Nancy, I knew my window of opportunity for escaping from her was closing. When Nancy had first revealed her plans for me all she'd held over my head at the time was a plagiarized term paper. Of course that had been bad enough, but the price for refusing her demands had already risen dramatically. She now had nude photos of me on her computer that were just one click away from being e-mailed to my friends and family and, on top of that, my potential problems with my college had also increased. I knew that Nancy had falsified my grades in order to increase my incentive to continue on with college (and her own plans for me) and my school's strict honor code required me to report this to the administration. I couldn't do it, of course, without the plagiarized term paper coming to light, but that didn't really matter. I was still violating the school's honor code by not turning Nancy in. Like it or not, she was drawing me even deeper into academic fraud.

I'd thought that I'd made the final decision the previous Saturday to give in to Nancy but the naked store walks and the revelation of her plans for my summer had come as a jolt. It was far beyond what I'd expected given my previous level of "training" and her promise to ease me into my new role gradually. It had forced me to rethink my decision. I knew that if I was ever going to escape from Nancy's grip I had to do it very soon. The consequences would only become greater with each passing week, month, and year, and as those consequences grew so would Nancy's demands.

It was nearly one o'clock by then and I had two choices before me: continue on as Nancy's naked little puppet or drive right on past her house and regain control of my life, no matter what the cost. Unfortunately, I couldn't imagine bearing the cost of either decision.

I started up my car engine that day still not sure which path I was going to take in the next couple of minutes.

**NANCY JOHNSON**
Nancy Johnson sat at her kitchen table and stared at the half-full glass of wine in front of her. She took a sip and looked up anxiously at the clock on the wall. It was 12:45 - just fifteen minutes until the lovely young girl would be showing up for the first of her assigned "summer jobs." At least Nancy fervently hoped that the girl would show up...and that was the source of her anxiety.

Last weekend had been like a dream come true for Nancy. Watching as Wendy walked completely nude through the door of that supermarket had been as thrilling as she'd always dreamed it would be. She knew that it had been her patient but firm training that had given the girl the fortitude to do something that she never could have imagined doing on her own and Nancy was proud of both the girl and her own plan that had made that moment possible. But last weekend's experience also made Nancy very, very nervous. This wasn't about a one time thrill – she desperately wanted and needed a reluctant but obedient girl who would publicly exhibit her nude body anywhere and at any time that she demanded. All of Wendy's previous training had been pre-scripted and carefully designed to move the girl slowly, but steadily, toward that goal. But last weekend had been different...it was the first time that Nancy had deviated from her patient plan and she was terribly afraid now that she might have blown it.

Nancy hadn't really intended on pushing Wendy to take such a big leap last weekend, especially after the long break in her training. Her original plan, after ensuring that Wendy was once again on the hook, was to have the girl take a nude stroll through the same park where she'd done her t-shirt training. It would be an incremental step for her – there probably wouldn't be that many people around and Wendy was familiar with the park and had already walked through it wearing nothing but a t-shirt. She'd even been naked there for a few minutes while convinced that some boys might be spying on her from the trees. Asking her to stroll through the same park, but without the t-shirt, would have been a relatively small, but important step in her training. But that plan had gone out the window when Nancy, in the heat of the moment, had suddenly upped the stakes.

The seeds of the idea had been planted earlier last Saturday morning while Nancy had been out grocery shopping. It'd become common now for her to envision a reluctantly nude Wendy in whatever setting that Nancy happened to be in at the time – a bar, a mall, a busy city street, a bowling alley - and the further Wendy progressed in her training the more intense those visions were becoming. That morning imagining Wendy walking naked through the grocery store had sent such an intense shiver of excitement and arousal through Nancy that if she hadn't had a shopping cart for support her legs might have buckled beneath her. She did manage to collect herself and finish the shopping, but those intense feelings and images stayed with her even as she prepared for her meeting that day with Wendy.

And that's when her carefully crafted plans had gone out the window. Instead of a gentle nudge Nancy had suddenly, and on a whim, shoved the girl out of the nest and forced her to fly. She still couldn't recall the exact moment when the plan had changed in her mind and, in fact, could barely believe the instructions herself as they came out of her mouth. But once out, Nancy knew she couldn't take them back or alter them. She could never give Wendy any reason to believe that her demands were negotiable or that she ever had any option but to obey them.

And it had worked! Within the hour Nancy was experiencing the very same fantasy she'd only been dreaming about earlier that day! The rush was so incredible that she'd upped the stakes again by ordering the girl to walk nude through a large home improvement store. And then, still giddy with excitement, Nancy had pulled out the job jar that she'd been intending to use later in Wendy's training.

For the next 24 hours Nancy had been on an incredible high. This was all she had dreamed it would be, and more, as she had plotted, planned, fretted, and sweated about how to get the girl to this point. But she also knew now that any hope that all of this would cure her of her intense nude-in-public fantasies was fading. If anything, they were growing stronger. Now, though, she had a beautiful young girl to experience those fantasies for her and Nancy had discovered that living vicariously through Wendy was intensely exciting. She would have given anything to be able to trade places with Wendy – to be young, beautiful, and forced into public exhibitionism against her will. But since she could never have that, this would be the next best thing.

Any time she felt a pang of guilt about controlling the girl's life she reminded herself of all the advantages that Wendy had that she never did, and never would. Besides her pretty, fresh-faced looks, Wendy was smart, personable and born into a wealthy and influential family. Nancy rationalized that she was actually doing the girl a favor by teaching her about the hard realities of life. She was Wendy's mentor. The girl might hate their every moment together right now but someday she would thank her for all of this. She would look back on this as the most exciting time in her life - a time when she learned life lessons that couldn't be taught in any classroom and discovered intense feelings and desires she didn't realize existed. Yes, she was doing the girl a big favor.

But once the initial high of that day started to fade, Nancy began getting very nervous. She'd deviated from her patient plan and had taken a big risk in doing so. Had she pushed Wendy too far, too fast? Would the girl, now that she understood more fully what her life would be like until graduation, decide that being expelled would be the lesser humiliation? It was one thing to agree to Nancy's demands in the heat of the moment, but what would happen after Wendy had had a full week to think things over? If the girl suddenly bolted then last weekend's triumph would be a disaster. Damn it! It had been a mistake to push her so hard and then give her a full week to think about things before her next training session!

Nancy thought back to the lessons she'd learned from her father, an avid fisherman. She hadn't really liked fishing that much but it had taught her patience, and it had taught her the importance of setting the hook. If done properly the fish would have little chance of escape; but if attempted at the wrong moment the fish would be lost. Nancy knew she'd yanked the line hard last weekend but wouldn't know for sure that the hook had been set until Wendy walked in the door today and removed her clothes.

Nancy drained the last of the wine and looked up at the clock. It was one o'clock. A shiver of fear knifed through her body.

Then she heard the knock at the door.

**WENDY AND NANCY**
"Hello, dear," Nancy said brightly as she opened the door. "Come on in."

I followed her into the house and stood nervously in the living room. As usual Nancy had that cat-that-ate-the-canary look on her face and I wondered if she realized just how close I came to driving by her house without stopping. Does she ever have any doubts about how deeply she has her hooks in me? Probably not.

"Well, here we are again," she said. "So how was your week, hon?"

"It was terrible," I replied. "I can't believe I actually did what I did last week and that I have to keep doing it. I almost didn't come today."

The smirk disappeared and a look of concern flashed briefly across her face that she tried to hide. "Yes, but you did come," she said. "Anyway I thought we'd settled all of this last week."

"So did I, but I'm not so sure anymore that expulsion might not be better than what you're putting me through. Last week was too much, Nancy. You said that you were going to bring me along slowly and then all of a sudden you've got me walking naked through a supermarket? And that was after a month without any training at all!"

"What I said was that I wasn't going to have you do anything that you couldn't handle, and I didn't. You handled it beautifully, dear," she said. Nancy was attempting to maintain her air of confidence but a hint of nervousness had crept into her voice. "Besides, you'd already been nude in front of a crowd in Sinful Delights in the mall so was the supermarket that big of a leap? I don't think so."

"I think it was," I said. I knew I was pushing my luck by confronting her but I was determined to not just automatically cave in to her every demand. Last week had been traumatic enough for me to seriously consider the alternative, as awful as that would be, and I needed her to understand that. "Nancy, I'm here for the summer and I'm willing to continue my training. It's just that I'd like you to maybe tone things down a bit for awhile. You'll still have me naked in public settings, just not quite so public. That'll give me more of a chance to adjust to my new status and prepare for more challenging scenarios." I was intentionally using Nancy's own language to attempt to make my case to her. God knows what I was suggesting wasn't exactly my idea of how I wanted to spend my summer but right now I'd prefer taking naked car rides all day long to doing Nancy's summer jobs program. Besides, any delay in the progress of my "training" would push the ultimate humiliations I knew that Nancy had planned for me further into the future. At least it would buy me some more time to figure out a way to get out from under her thumb without ruining my life.

Nancy stood there quietly for a few moments and I thought I might have actually gotten through to her for once as she pondered what I was saying. I had no doubt that she'd have me separated from my clothes this afternoon but maybe, just maybe, I'd be able to do something a little less awful than what she had planned for me today. "Wait here a minute," she said finally and turned and walked out of the room. She soon returned with an envelope and removed some photographs from it.

"More blackmail pictures?" I said. "I've already seen plenty of them. A few more isn't going to make any difference."

"Just take a look at these," she replied and handed them to me. I expected to see myself nude in some setting or another but I was surprised to see that I was very much clothed in these photos. They'd been taken at the Dean's honor banquet where, as the top student in my class (thanks to Nancy's manipulation of my grades), I'd been one of the guests of honor. Nancy pointed to a picture of my beaming father with his arm around my shoulders. "Doesn't your father look happy and proud in these pictures?" I had to admit that he did. "And you might want to read this, too," Nancy said as she handed me a newspaper clipping. It was from my local newspaper and it announced the academic honors received by local girl, Wendy Wilson. God, it hadn't taken long for Mom to get that into the paper.

"Look at me, dear," Nancy ordered and my heart sank as I saw the uncompromising look in her eyes. "Wendy," she said, "at this moment in your life you're at a very big crossroads and you need to understand that. At this moment you're a top student and your family is rightfully proud of you. That's not going to change unless you make it change. You'll graduate from this college with high honors and will be able to write your own ticket after that. Your future will be assured. It's all yours for the taking but it's going to come at the price I've asked." Nancy reached out now and placed a firm grip on each of my shoulders looking directly into my eyes. "Or, you can tell your parents that this was all just a big, fat lie and their little girl is really a fraud and a cheat. You can explain to them that you've been running around naked in public to avoid expulsion and then ended up getting expelled anyway and can't get into another decent school now." She then spun me around in the opposite direction facing away from her. "There's the door, Wendy. Use it if you want to, but there'll be no more discussions or negotiations. If you're going to go, then go." I checked back a sob and just shook my head. She turned me back around to face her again, a little more gently this time.

"The training wheels are off, Wendy, and we're not going to put them back on. You're not a novice anymore. We've moved on past the naked car rides and t-shirt training and you're ready for the next step. You've already proven it. You're not going to like it, and I don't want you to, but you're perfectly capable of doing what I'm asking and we both know it. And by the end of the summer you'll be capable of even more than you are today. Now are you in or are you out, Wendy?"

I bit my lip as a single tear rolled down my cheek. "I'm in," I said quietly.

A slight smile appeared again at the corners of her mouth. "Then I want you to take off your clothes for me now, Wendy. Every stitch."

**ON THE ROAD**
Nancy glanced over at the lovely nude girl squirming nervously in the passenger seat and couldn't help but smile despite the worried thoughts swirling through her mind. She thought back to Wendy's first naked car ride and how the terrified co-ed had curled up into a ball on the seat and cried her eyes out. It seemed like a long time ago that Wendy had taken that first tentative step out of her comfortable world and toward a life of naked-on-demand public exhibitionism, but it had actually only been a few months. Wendy had progressed much faster than Nancy could have guessed that first day. She'd underestimated the girl's fortitude, but Nancy also knew that she'd overestimated her own ability to maintain a patient course in bringing Wendy along. While that had helped accelerate Wendy's progress, it had been at great risk to the long-term prospects for her plan.

Twice now Nancy had taken a chance on the spur of the moment and pushed Wendy farther than originally planned and twice she'd gotten away with it, although not without consequences. Besides last week's nude store walks there'd been the last-second decision at Sinful Delights to have Wendy model the open-bust teddy for the crowd. That had led to her first true public exposure - an important hurdle to clear - but it had also resulted in a month's break in training as Nancy gave the girl time to recover psychologically in order to keep from losing her.

So the last two times that Nancy and Wendy had been together she'd deviated from her plan on a whim and this worried Nancy terribly about her ability to pull this off over the long run. It was very important to maintain a pace that ensured that Wendy was continually progressing but could also handle her assignments without thinking that the alternative might be better. But the increasing intensity of her fantasies had caused Nancy to make mistakes and right now it was too close a call in Wendy's mind for comfort. The whole plan was balanced on a knife's edge.

The safest course of action today would've been to do what Wendy had asked: tone things down a bit for awhile to allow the girl to get back into something of a comfort zone and then start turning up the heat on her again like the proverbial frog in hot water. She'd seriously considered doing that for a few moments but then ultimately rejected it for a couple of reasons. The first was that it would set a dangerous precedent and give the girl the idea that her demands were negotiable. Nancy couldn't allow that because some of her plans for Wendy down the road were truly outrageous and she couldn't let her think that she could balk at them and get away with it.

The second reason for rejecting it was purely selfish: last week had been thrilling for Nancy and she wanted to experience it again and again – not return to milder exhibitionist excursions. Eventually Wendy would become more accustomed to the relatively brief but intense assignments planned for this summer but for now they'd be pushing her to her current limits. Because of that, this was a very dangerous time.

The prospect of further verbal confrontations with Wendy didn't bother her much; she knew she'd prevail in any face-to-face encounter with the girl just as she had today. It was the fear that the girl would just suddenly bolt town that had her worried. If that happened she didn't know what, if any, action she could take to get her back. If push came to shove Nancy doubted that she would actually follow through with her blackmail threats. She'd grown fond of Wendy and didn't really want to ruin her life; she just desperately wanted her cooperation for a few short years. Besides it would threaten Nancy's own career if the blackmail scheme ever came to light, especially now that she'd been manipulating Wendy's grades. If Wendy ever called her bluff she'd probably have no choice but to let her go. She could never, ever give the girl the slightest hint of that, though.

This had always been the weak spot in Nancy's plan and one that had worried her from day one: could she possibly carry off a bluff for more than three years? Maybe, but it was no slam dunk and Nancy couldn't afford any more missteps. Wendy was a smart girl and might eventually figure out that Nancy couldn't afford to have the plagiarized term paper come to light any more than Wendy could. Her threat to e-mail nude photos to Wendy's friends and family might keep the pressure on her for awhile, but since Nancy planned on eventually exposing her to friends and family anyway that wasn't a permanent solution either. What she needed was more leverage to use against the girl that would guarantee her continued participation indefinitely. Finding that leverage would have to be a priority.

Nancy was still mulling things over as she turned down a street running through a quiet residential neighborhood and pulled to the curb in front of one of the houses. Wendy had been silent since leaving the house, lost in her own thoughts, but now she spoke up. "Nancy, what are we doing?"

"We're picking someone up. Be a dear and run to the front door and ring the bell, will you?"

"What? Who is it?"

"It's a friend. You'll recognize her. Now go."

Wendy began to open her mouth to object and then thought better of it. Nancy forgot her worries momentarily as she watched the nude girl look around nervously and then open the car door and scamper across the lawn to the front door.

**MARGARET**
"Oh, Jesus, you're naked already," the woman blurted out with a short laugh. I recognized her immediately...it was Margaret, the owner of Sinful Delights where Nancy had forced me to put on an impromptu lingerie fashion show for mall shoppers. I guess I should have known she was in cahoots with Nancy in all of this, especially since she'd provided her with photos of me in various states of undress taken by hidden cameras in her changing room. I stood outside the door not sure exactly what I was supposed to do or say and looked around nervously again for prying eyes from the neighborhood. The woman poked her head out the door to check for the same thing and then pulled me by my arm into the house. "Get in here before my reputation in the neighborhood is totally ruined," she laughed. "My neighbors already think it's scandalous enough that I run a lingerie store without them seeing naked girls showing up at my doorstep." I got the feeling from the way she said it that she wasn't really all that worried about the prospect of scandalizing the neighborhood.

Margaret was middle-aged – a few years older than Nancy but more attractive. It was obvious that she'd been a beauty in her younger days but, to her credit, she hadn't tried to mask the graying hair with dye or the lines around her eyes with excessive makeup or plastic surgery. "Well, I guess Nancy does have you well trained, doesn't she?" she said. "I didn't expect you to get naked until we got there." Her eyes pored over my body as I stood skittishly with my arms crossed just below my breasts. "I'd forgotten how perfectly proportioned your body is," she said. "You could have a career as a lingerie model."

"No thanks," I snapped. "Been there, done that."

"Probably not for the last time, though," she chuckled. "I've given Nancy an open invitation for you to give us a repeat performance anytime. You actually boosted my sales quite a bit that day."

I didn't really want to contemplate repeating that scenario and tried to change the subject. "So why am I here right now anyway? Nancy says we're picking you up?"

"Didn't Nancy tell you? I'm coming along with you today."

"No, she didn't. But then she doesn't exactly keep me informed about all of her plans for me."

"She probably figures it's better for your psyche that way. I'm going to be your official photographer today. Well, videographer, to be more precise." She walked to the sofa and picked up a nylon tote bag from the end table. "I guess I'm ready to go," she said as she pulled a digital video camera out of the bag. "I'd like to get started on the way out, though. I'm going to film you walking back to the car." Of course. God, I hated this but I assumed I had no say in the matter. She poked her head out the door again looking around for nosy neighbors, pedestrians or cars passing through the neighborhood. I could hear a lawnmower running in the distance but apparently there was no one nearby. At least I hoped so. "Okay, the coast is clear," she said. "Go for it."

I took a deep breath and stepped out the door retracing my steps back across the front lawn aware that Margaret's camera had a prime view of my naked backside as I walked. "Hop into the backseat, dear," Nancy said as I opened the passenger door. "Let Margaret ride up front." I sighed and opened the rear door just as I caught a glimpse of a car hood turning a corner towards us a couple of blocks away. I crawled quickly into the backseat and shut the door, not sure if I'd been seen or not. I sat upright in the seat without attempting to cover up which was how Nancy typically made me sit while riding in the car. "Get down," Nancy hissed from the front seat.

"What?"

"It's a cop. Get down."

I ducked down and slid onto the floor of the back seat, my heart thumping like crazy in my chest. Oh my god, this had always been one of my biggest fears! What was I going to do if he'd seen me and stopped to investigate? I could hear the car drawing nearer and I closed my eyes and held my breath as if that would help keep me hidden. The car slowed down as it pulled alongside our parked car, just inches from where I laid on the floor. I could hear the sound of tires rolling along the pavement as it cruised slowly past us, but thankfully it continued on down the block without stopping. I don't think I breathed again until I was startled by the sound of the front passenger door opening as Margaret slid into the front seat. "Holy shit, that was close," she said as she looked back at me lying on the floor. "This whole thing is starting to make me nervous, Nancy."

You're nervous? Try trading places with me you bitch, I thought to myself. I was ready to strangle them both. "It's just part of the excitement," Nancy replied. "Right, Wendy?" I cursed her beneath my breath but didn't reply. "Hop back up into your seat, dear," she said. "He's gone."

I reluctantly complied looking down the street just to make sure of it myself. "I wonder if one of the neighbors saw Wendy and called the police," Margaret said.

"I doubt it," Nancy replied. "Otherwise he would have stopped. I think it was just unlucky timing on our part. Or maybe we should call it lucky timing. If he'd turned the corner a few seconds earlier he would have seen our little girl in all her glory."

My heart was still racing from the close call and I decided to confront her with something that had been on my mind more than once. "Nancy, what am I going to do if I ever actually run into a cop?" I asked.

"Well, if it's a straight male or a gay female, which covers about ninety-seven percent of the cops in this town, they'll be more likely to ask you for your phone number than arrest you."

"I'm serious, Nancy."

"So am I. A man is much more likely to be arrested for indecent exposure than a woman. I researched it when I was still trying to force myself to get naked in public. It's much easier for a female to get away with public nudity, especially for a girl who looks like you." Nancy turned around in the front seat and looked back at me. "But if you do encounter a police officer - and I'm sure you will at some point - then just be polite and promise to put some clothes on. Do that and you should be fine. Whatever happens, though, don't you dare say anything about me."

I'm not sure I was really comforted by that answer but I guess there was probably some truth in it. Still, the idea of actually being confronted by a cop or even arrested was terrifying to me. I mean, I wasn't exactly raised in the 'hood so the most experience I've had with the law was saying hi to the security guard who worked at my Dad's country club.

I know I must sound like a spoiled rich kid to you, born with a silver spoon in her mouth and all that. I guess I do come from a privileged background, but I really don't think I'm spoiled or anything. My parents were stricter than a lot of my friends' parents were and they didn't always give me everything I asked for, although I certainly didn't go without either. My family is very achievement-oriented, though, and my parents expect a lot out of their kids. I'm the youngest in my family and my older brother and sister had already graduated from college and launched successful careers. The same was expected of me and my parents would be absolutely devastated if I was kicked out of school. I don't know if I could ever look them in the eye again if that happened. Of course they wouldn't exactly be thrilled if they found out I was running around town without any clothes on either so I don't know how I'd be able to explain that to them if it ever came to that.

I guess coming from such a sheltered background hadn't really prepared me for what was going on in my life right now or in dealing with someone like Nancy. More than a few times I've thought I was being dumb and naïve for going along with Nancy's demands. I mean, wouldn't she get in trouble too if she tried to have me expelled and I told the administration about her blackmail scheme and the altered grades? Probably, but I didn't get the impression that she cared all that much about her job anyway. At least she doesn't seem to care about it as much as I care about the possibility of getting expelled. I wasn't willing to take the risk that she was bluffing and wouldn't really follow through on her threats. Not yet anyway.

I knew there was no doubt that I was going to go through with Nancy's awful assignment that afternoon. Nancy was right about one thing: the naked store walks had proven that I could bear the humiliation and do it when the time came. The inevitability of what lay ahead sent a shiver of fear, anxiety, and anticipation knifing through me. I knew my body was also exhibiting unwanted signs of arousal and I felt flushed as I looked up and saw Margaret pointing the video camera at me. "She's so cute, isn't she?"

Nancy nodded with a smile as she put the car in gear and pulled away from the curb, beginning the final leg of the journey to my ultimate destination for the day.

**LAKE RUTHERFORD**
My heart sank as we pulled into the parking lot and drove slowly past the rows of cars, trucks, and SUV's parked there, killing any hope that the lake wouldn't be as crowded as I feared. It probably wasn't as packed as it would be during the dog days of July and August but it was plenty crowded enough for my tastes, considering Nancy's plans for me.

Lake Rutherford was located about a thirty mile drive north of town and was a popular destination during summer months for swimmers, sunbathers, boaters, and fisherman. It had taken about an hour to get here from Margaret's house, which had given me plenty of time to work myself into an even higher state of anxiety. Ever since reading the assignment card drawn from Nancy's summer job jar last Saturday I'd been anxiously watching weather reports hoping for a cool or rainy day that would hold crowds down on the beach. No such luck, though – it had turned out to be a warm and sunny day.

I'd been to the lake once previously last September, not long after starting school. Some classmates had talked me into coming here one day after class to get a swim in before the weather turned cold and we'd partied on the beach until the sun went down. That had been a fall weekday so there weren't that many other people at the lake that day. I figured it would be a lot more crowded on a June weekend and, by the looks of the parking lot, I was right. Thinking back to that day reminded me of when I'd been just another carefree co-ed looking forward to the fun and excitement of her college years. That already seemed like ages ago and that girl was long gone now.

One of the many worries tumbling through my mind on the ride over was about the possibility of running into someone I knew during my nude stroll along the beach. Nancy had told me that this phase of my training would involve relatively brief nude outings in front of anonymous strangers, but I wasn't really convinced that this assignment assured my anonymity. I mean, I'd been here with fellow students before, hadn't I? The lake wasn't really a big college hangout or anything, and a lot of students were out of town for the summer, but it wasn't outside the realm of possibility that someone I knew would be here. At least the odds of it were greater than they had been last week at the two stores located all the way across town from campus.

Nancy continued cruising until she reached the far end of the parking lot where relatively few cars were parked and pulled into a spot on the edge of the lot. She shut off the engine and turned around to face me in the backseat. "Well, here we are, dear. Are you excited?" I didn't answer her but shifted nervously in my seat. "I think she is," Margaret laughed. "She's on high beam." I looked down at my nipples and knew my body was betraying the fact that the closer I got to my fate the more aroused I became. When I looked up I saw Margaret pointing that damn video camera at me again.

Nancy grinned and nodded. "Wait until you see her in front of a crowd. She really has to struggle to contain her arousal." God, I hated listening to them talk about me like I was some kind of exotic zoo specimen. Ladies and gentlemen, please observe the physiological responses of this female of the species named Wendy Wilson as she's taken out of her natural environment and exposed to unusual external stimuli. Curiously, her body responds to humiliation by exhibiting physical changes normally associated with the mating ritual.

"Well, I'm sure she's anxious to get this over with, so let's get started," Nancy continued. "Hop out, Wendy, and I'll give you the details of the plan."

I looked around the parking lot and didn't see anyone nearby so I shoved the door open and stepped out onto the pavement. Although I still hated it I noticed that it was getting somewhat easier for me to get out of the car now at Nancy's command: just another small sign that Nancy's incremental progression plan was working all too well. I shut the door and waited as Nancy and Margaret exited the car. I was shielded by the car from the rest of the lot and behind me were woods, so I half-expected Nancy to order me out into the open. She didn't, though, as she came around the car and looked me over. She then reached into the tote bag that Margaret had brought along and pulled out a small clear bottle of some type of liquid. "The sun is bright today, Wendy, so I think we should protect your skin. Why don't you rub this lotion on your body before we get started?"

"That's okay," I said. "I won't be out here that long, right?"

"That's true, but we don't want to take any chances with that gorgeous skin of yours. Go ahead and put it on."

I took the bottle from her and looked it over. There was no label on it but it didn't look like sunscreen to me; more like some kind of body oil. I sighed, knowing I didn't have a choice in the matter, and poured some into my hand and began rubbing it on my shoulders. Whatever it was didn't really absorb into my skin but instead left an oily sheen on my body that made my skin glisten. Margaret was taping all of this, of course. "Make sure you don't miss any part of your body," Nancy said. "If you can't reach a spot I'll be glad to help you," she chuckled.

"No thanks," I replied as I rubbed the lotion across my breasts, down my stomach and over my thighs. I knew the show I was putting on for Margaret's camera would produce a video as embarrassing as the one of my nude stroll through a public beach - maybe more so. I finished oiling up the front of my body and reached around to begin rubbing it on my back. Nancy motioned for me to turn around and I complied, giving Margaret's camera a clear view of the process. I arched my back in order to reach the upper areas of my lower back and then began rubbing it on each of my rear cheeks. When it came time to get the back of my legs I had no choice but to bend over at the waist and give Margaret's camera a full rear view that had to be very revealing. When I finally finished the embarrassing show I handed the bottle back to Nancy. "There, are you satisfied?"

"Almost," she said. "There's a spot on your back you weren't able to reach. I'll get it for you." She poured some oil onto her hands and came around behind me and began rubbing it across my back. Then she reached around and began kneading my already well-oiled breasts teasing each of my nipples with her fingers until they stood out even more prominently than before. She finally gave me a sharp slap across my butt. "There we go," she said. "All done."

I looked down at my body and saw that it glistened with an oily sheen that would accentuate my nudity and add a humiliating new dimension to my walk. Nancy smiled broadly as she looked me over. "I think you're good to go. Are you ready to hear the plan?"

God, no, I thought to myself.

**THE LONG WALK**
Okay, Wendy, you can do this. You've done this kind of thing before and gotten through it. This'll all be over in just a few minutes and you'll be on your way home. It really won't be that bad.

I knew, though, that my body wasn't buying the internal pep talk that my mind was giving: my trembling arms as I grasped a tree for support were dead giveaways.

Margaret had gone down to the lake to find a good spot to begin filming from while Nancy had driven the car to my ultimate destination – a smaller parking lot about a mile away - leaving me naked and alone. I was hidden now in the woods just beyond the parking lot trying to build up the courage to do what I knew I had to do. "It's just a little walk from Point A to Point B," Nancy had said. "What's so hard about that?" "Oh, I don't know Nancy, maybe the fact that there are dozens, or probably even hundreds, of people between A and B and I'm totally naked and oiled up like a pole dancer." "Yes, there is that," she'd replied with that maddening little smirk of hers.

It wasn't just a simple walk from A to B anymore anyway. Nancy had thrown in a little task I was to perform along the way that would add to both the time I was exposed and the humiliation factor. It was my "punishment" for having challenged her earlier today. I guess I had no choice but to follow Nancy's instructions to the letter, though. If I didn't she'd promised to march my naked little ass through a store on the way home.

I thought again about the bizarre turn my life had taken to find myself in the position I was in now: totally naked and miles from my home or my clothes and a mile's walk away from the only transportation I had to get back to either. Why me? Why was I the one who had to live out the naked-in-public fantasies of some manipulative nut job? There are plenty of girls who love exposing themselves for nothing more than a set of cheap plastic beads so why couldn't one of them be here in my place? I knew the answer, of course: it was precisely because I wasn't a Girls Gone Wild type that Nancy wanted me for this. The more uncomfortable and embarrassed I was about displaying my nude body to an audience the more she got off on it.

My instructions were to wait about ten minutes before starting out so Nancy and Margaret could get into position. I didn't have a watch, obviously, but I knew my time had to be almost up so I peeked out of my hiding spot into the parking lot. On the other end of the lot a young couple lifted a cooler from the bed of a pickup truck and I watched as they disappeared down a set of stairs that led down to the beach. The lot was empty now, but not likely to remain that way for any length of time. If I was going to do this now was the time. I took a deep breath and tentatively placed one foot onto the parking lot pavement and then the other. I stood for a few moments on the edge of the lot trying to compose myself and work up the courage to start, the internal pep talk starting up again. But it wasn't words of encouragement that finally got me moving but Nancy's threats of what would happen if I didn't. I began walking.

The first few moments of being fully exposed nude in a public setting would always be the most surreal for me. No matter how many times I did it my brain would always scream "What are you doing? You're naked! Someone will see you!" I guess it's probably like that whenever skydivers exit that perfectly good airplane; the mind immediately protests that you're doing something you really shouldn't be doing. With each step I took away from the relative sanctuary of the woods the more exposed and vulnerable I felt. I was committed now, though; once I started there was to be no hiding or covering up. The only way out of this was through it.

As I walked past the rows of parked cars I tried to put out of my mind that the people from these vehicles were all in the direction I was heading. My senses were fully heightened now and I was keenly aware of the warmth of the sun on my naked skin, the scrape of the pavement on my bare feet, and the slight bouncing of my breasts with each step I took. As I walked the feelings of helplessness and utter vulnerability washed over me and with them came the anxious excitement and unwanted sexual arousal that always accompanied those feelings. How could I hate this so much yet still get off on it? Did I really have a submissive streak like Nancy said?

The parking lot was on a hill overlooking the lake and just ahead now were the stairs that would take me down to the public beach area. As I descended the sound of people enjoying a sunny day at the lake began wafting through the trees ahead, although my view of the beach was blocked. At the bottom a narrow dirt path led through the woods and as I walked along it the lake began emerging from the trees. Several boats came into view now and I stopped for a minute to gather myself. This was the last relatively shielded area and in a few more steps I'd be fully exposed. I stood there for maybe a minute, unable to move forward but knowing the consequences if I tried to go back. It was finally the sound of voices coming from the parking lot behind me that got me moving. I began walking again and emerged from the wooded area into view of the boats on the lake and the beach area up ahead.

The dirt path continued along the edge of the lake on my right with the side of the hill on my left leaving me with nowhere to hide without diving into the lake. I kept my eyes glued to the ground ahead of me unaware if I'd been spotted yet but just trying to maintain a steady pace. I kept hoping that the auto-pilot that had helped me get through some of my previous assignments would kick in, but no such luck today; I was fully conscious of my nudity as I walked. I heard the sound of voices directly ahead and I looked up briefly to see a family of four walking toward me. "What the hell...?" the woman said as I walked past them, my face burning in shame. Okay, you've been seen, Wendy. Just keep going and get this over with.

The main beach area was still maybe fifty yards ahead and I kept moving steadily forward. There was still no sign of Margaret but I knew she had to be up ahead somewhere, video camera at the ready to capture my naked stroll in living color. A loud whistle pierced the air followed by a whoop and I knew I'd been spotted again. God, this was so humiliating!

The area between the lake and the hill began to widen now and the recreational area just ahead featured a grassy area with picnic tables and barbecue grills on the left. To the right was the beach itself, a narrow strip of sand that was maybe thirty feet wide. The path I was on divided the picnic area from the beach which meant there would be people on each side getting an eyeful of a very naked me as I passed through.

"Damn, check this out!" I heard an excited voice say. I looked up to see three teenage boys approaching me. "Man, she's hot!" "What are doing anyway?" another asked. "Did you lose a bet?" I just bit my lip and nodded hoping they would go away and deathly afraid that they would try to touch or grab me. They didn't try anything, though, but I could hear them walking along behind me, talking to each other about my "perfect ass." I was at the beach area now and I glanced up briefly again to see dozens of people nearby looking at me, some of them with cameras already out. On my left I spotted Margaret capturing my little stroll on her video camera. As I walked I heard laughter at my expense mixed with remarks that ranged from shocked to catty to indignant to amused. I'm sure my face was flaming red by now and the oil on my skin glistened in the afternoon sun. I didn't think it was possible for this to be much worse than my two store walks last week, but it was. And I wasn't even halfway through it yet!

That's when my worst fear came true.

"Wendy? Wendy Wilson? Is that you?"

My head snapped around in the direction of the voice and I saw a middle-aged woman sitting with a teenage boy and girl at one of the picnic tables. I recognized the woman immediately – it was Mrs. Clayton, one of the professors at my college! She'd been my teacher for two of my business courses this past year and I would have her again for a Business Statistics course that Nancy had signed me up for this summer.

My arms came up instinctively to cover myself but then my training, and Nancy's warnings, kicked in and I let them drop to my sides again. I resisted the almost overwhelming urge to run and walked timidly toward the table. "That is you, Wendy," she said as I approached. "What on earth are you doing?"

"M-Mrs. Clayton...I...um, I'm..." I couldn't force any more words out and didn't know what to say even if I could.

"Are you doing some kind of stunt or dare?" I just nodded my head. "I suppose that's why you're oiled up like a stripper, too. Good Lord, Wendy, you didn't seem like the type."

"I'm not," I blurted out. "I mean I don't normally do stuff like this. I'm just...." My words trailed off again not knowing how to finish.

"Who put you up to this, anyway?"

"No one. I mean just some friends. As a dare." I looked over at the teenage boy and girl sitting at the table with Mrs. Clayton. The boy had a grin on his face and his eyes roamed over my body. The girl's eyes were throwing daggers at me.

"Jason!" Mrs. Clayton barked at the boy. "You're with your girlfriend for god's sake." The boy averted his eyes and looked down sheepishly at the picnic table. My teacher turned back to me. "This is my son Jason and his girlfriend Melissa. They're starting college in the fall so you'll probably be seeing them around campus." Great. Just fucking great. This was getting worse and worse. "I saw that you signed up for summer school so I'll be seeing you in class in two weeks, Wendy. If you have something you need to talk to someone about please stop by my office, okay?" Her voice was sympathetic and she obviously sensed that I didn't want to be out here making a spectacle of myself. Not that it took any great insight or powers of observation to figure that out.

"I'm fine...I'm okay," I told her. "This is just a lark. I need to go, though." I turned and stumbled back onto the path, dazed and humiliated from the encounter. God, one of my favorite teachers thinks I'm a total flake now! And with her son and his girlfriend starting college in the fall how long would it take before the whole school knows about this? The girlfriend especially looked like she couldn't wait to ruin my reputation on campus. So much for the anonymity Nancy promised for this phase of my training.

I continued down the path just aching for all of this to be over with and trying vainly to block out the rude comments, laughter, and catcalls that followed me. If all I had to do was finish walking to the car that would be bad enough, but I still had one more task to complete that would make things even worse for me than they already were. It was Nancy's punishment for challenging her this morning and I was damn tempted to say the hell with it and go back and ask Mrs. Clayton for some clothes and a ride home. I couldn't, though...all of this would have been for nothing if I did. I'd come this far so I was going to finish.

I was nearing the end of the beach finally and up ahead I could see the stairs that led up to the parking lot and Nancy's car. I also spotted Nancy for the first time staring at me with a shit-eating grin on her face, her own digital camera in hand. And at the very end of the beach I saw the place where I'd be performing my final humiliating task: an open-air beach shower.

The teenage boys were still with me as I approached the shower and I'd picked up a few more followers along the way as well, including a middle-aged woman who kept running ahead of me to take pictures, giggling incessantly the whole time.

The shower was just a pole planted in a concrete base with a single shower head and an unobstructed view from the beach. I turned the shower handle and put my hand under the stream of water emerging from the shower head. It wasn't freezing, thankfully, but it wasn't exactly warm either. At the base of the shower pole I saw the plastic bottle filled with body soap that Nancy had told me would be there. I was supposed to wash my body thoroughly to remove all traces of the body oil - couldn't have the stuff messing up the interior of Nancy's car, you know. I had to get all of it or Nancy promised I'd be doing a very public car wash before we got home.

I stepped into the shower and gasped as the cool water streamed over body. I stuck my head under the water to wet my hair and then picked up the body soap and squeezed out a handful. A crowd was gathering now to watch the show, many with cameras and video recorders. Both Nancy and Margaret were there, too, and for a moment a flash of anger went through me as I thought about what they were forcing me to do. I'm not a hateful person at all but I have to confess that there were times I couldn't help but wish that something bad would happen to Nancy that would prevent her from continuing on with our little games. Nothing that would permanently hurt her or anything like that. Maybe just a mysterious lingering illness that lasted only until I was safely graduated and far away from her.

I rubbed my hands together to form a soapy lather and began washing my face and neck. The crowd murmured as my hands moved down to my breasts and began lathering them, my nipples feeling like hard little nubs from the cool water and the arousal that was building inside of me. God, I was getting turned on by this and I hated it! Why did my body react like this to having to perform such a private act in public? I knew by now that there was no way to control the way my body reacts to public exposure but I just hoped my arousal wasn't apparent to others. But the feeling of utterly feminine sexual vulnerability kept growing inside of me and when my soapy hands reached my inner thighs I let out a gasp. I had to stop for a moment to collect myself and I turned my back to the lustful eyes but it did me no good – the shower was completely surrounded by people now. I put my face into the stream of water and let it run down my body rinsing off the soap. I was dangerously close to orgasm and hoped that the cool water would help me calm down, but the thought of all those eyes poring over every inch of my body kept stoking the fire. I stood under the water for maybe a minute before I had calmed down enough to continue. I have to get this over with, I thought, or I'll be out here forever.

I continued soaping every inch of my body in front of the crowd, always on the edge of climax it seemed, but able somehow to keep from going over the precipice. It had to be obvious to the crowd, though, what I was going through and the humiliation only added to the intensity of the experience. When I was finally certain that I'd washed off all of the oil I turned off the shower. As I rubbed the water from my eyes some of the crowd began to applaud. I looked down and saw beads of water running down the goosebumped flesh of my breasts and my nipples were rock hard.

Okay, Wendy, you've done everything Nancy asked so it's time to get the hell out of here. You've got to get away from all of these eyes. The crowd parted to let me through and I walked back onto the path to finish the last leg of my journey. I was afraid some of the people would follow me all the way to Nancy's car but it seems like they knew the show was over and only a few stragglers trailed behind me. By the time I climbed the steps and reached the parking lot even the teenage boys had returned to the beach. I spotted Nancy's car nearby and walked to it. On the roof was a towel she'd left for me and I toweled myself off before getting into the unlocked rear door.

I was shaking still from the intensity of what I'd just been through and realized I was still intensely aroused. I checked out the window, seeing no one in the parking lot and no sign yet of Nancy or Margaret. I let my hand slip down into the moist region between my thighs and began rubbing my clit. Oh God, I can't believe I'm doing this, I thought, but there was no going back now. I closed my eyes and began moaning audibly as the vision of all those eyes on my nude body kept replaying in my mind. I kept stroking faster and faster as my left hand caressed my breasts, a wave of arousal coursing through my body. I don't think my body had ever felt this alive and sensual and when the wave finally crested I arched my back and a loud guttural moan escaped from my lips. I slumped back into my seat as my breathing began to calm and I opened my eyes. Standing outside my window was a beaming Nancy. Alongside her was Margaret with her video camera pointed at me.

Oh my God! How long had they been out there? How much of this did Margaret get on video? There's no way I could ever allow anyone to see that tape!

The front door opened and Nancy slid into the front seat. She turned back to me with a huge grin on her face. "I own you now, Wendy. You know that don't you?"

I collapsed into my seat in exhaustion and despair. What did I just do? She did. She did own me now!

**The Reluctant Exhibitionist Ch. 02**

**The Reluctant Exhibitionist – Family Reunion**

"I'm surprised you decided to take summer classes instead of traveling like you were originally planning," my brother David said to me.

"I don't know, I guess things were going so well for me in the classroom that I just wanted to keep it going," I lied. "And anyway this'll give me a chance to take a couple of fun electives like acting that I couldn't squeeze in during the year."

"Well, I guess you're more dedicated than I was when I was your age," he said. "Spending your summer going to college instead of Europe sounds kind of boring to me."

"I guess I'm just your boring little sister Wendy," I replied. At least when I'm not parading around places like grocery stores in the nude. I didn't say that last sentence out loud, of course.

If David only knew that less than 24 hours ago I'd taken a long naked stroll at a popular lake, showered in front of a crowd of people, and then masturbated in the back seat of a car in the parking lot. Or that I'd be doing more things like that all summer long so some crazy woman could get her jollies. What would he think about my boring plans for the summer then? And what would he think of me?

Last week after Nancy informed me of her scholastic plans for me for the summer I'd called home to tell my mom, minus any mention of the naked summer jobs I'd be doing, of course. She insisted that I come home for a few days before classes started so, after a plane flight this morning, here I sat in my parents' back yard at a barbecue with tons of friends and family here to see me. I was trying my best to pretend that I was the same girl they sent away to college last fall but the more my mom and dad bragged about my academic achievements the more I felt like a total fraud. These people all think they know me, but they don't. Not anymore.

Don't get me wrong, I love my family and was genuinely happy to see them again, it's just that I was no longer sure I deserved their love and respect in return. Deep down I knew they'd love me no matter what, I just believed now they were destined to be disappointed in me no matter how this all played out. I mean, with all the things that Nancy had planned for me for the remainder of my college years how long could I keep my secret life a secret? Little did I know how soon I'd find out.

I tried to put all of that out of my mind and forced a smile onto my face as I made the rounds of the party my parents were throwing for me. Maybe it was the wine but after awhile I started to loosen up and was genuinely having a good time. After visiting with friends and family for awhile, my favorite cousin Becky and I separated ourselves from the rest of the gathering and huddled together in a corner of the backyard.

Becky was my age and we'd been playmates and best friends ever since we were little kids. She was going to a different college and we hadn't seen each other since Christmas break so we both started gabbing nonstop in order to catch up. After awhile the conversation drifted around to my social life. "So no boyfriends, Wendy?" she asked.

"Not really. I guess I've been spending too much time in the library." That wasn't exactly the truth; I'd done my share of partying and dating for most of the year but ever since Nancy had gotten her hooks into me it'd pretty much killed off my social life.

"You mean to tell me you haven't been doing anything…interesting?" She emphasized the word "interesting" and had a coy look on her face as she said it.

"Not really," I replied hesitantly.

Becky smiled mischievously and pulled her phone out of her purse. It was one of those new smartphones that had a bunch of different functions and she started playing with it until she found what she wanted. "I want to show you something," she said as she handed it to me and I think all of the blood must've drained out of my face when I saw the photo on the screen. I looked up quickly to see if anyone else was watching us and then down at the photo again. It was a picture of me modeling lingerie at Sinful Delights. That had been the day of my first true public exposure by Nancy.

"Where the hell did you get that!" I said in a forced whisper.

"There's more," Becky giggled. "Just keep watching." I stared in numb horror as she scrolled through picture after picture showing me displaying various embarrassing outfits and varying amounts of skin. These weren't the photos that Margaret had taken in the dressing room; they must have been taken by someone in the crowd that had gathered to watch. I was hoping that the pictures would end before they got to the most humiliating part of the show but I knew they wouldn't. She scrolled through at least a dozen pictures before I saw myself in the open-bust teddy with my bare breasts displayed for the crowd. And in the next photo there was Nancy slipping the teddy off of me; and in the next I'm standing in front of the crowd in all my naked glory; and finally one last photo of my naked backside as I stomped back to the dressing room. Oh. My. God.

"Put that away, Becky," I hissed as I grabbed her hand and dragged her into the house away from prying eyes in the back yard.

**Behind Closed Doors**
Becky and I both sat on the bed in my bedroom as I scrolled through the pictures again. Maybe I was hoping that they weren't really as bad as I thought at first glance but no such luck. They weren't as high quality as the ones Margaret had secretly taken of me in the dressing room but they were plenty good enough to see my face, along with every other inch of my body. "Where the hell did you get these, Becky?"

"My boyfriend found them on the internet," she replied. "He recognized you and showed them to me."

"Where on the internet?"

"I don't know, wherever it is that guys always find this stuff. He said they've been floating around the internet for awhile."

"You don't care that your boyfriend is surfing the internet looking for pictures of naked women?"

"Wendy, they all do it. Guys' brains are just hard-wired that way so I'm not going to get too worked up over it. Anyway, this isn't about me and my boyfriend so don't change the subject. Do you have something you want to tell me about, cousin?"

I guess I shouldn't have been surprised by this. It seems like everyone has some kind of digital camera with them these days so I should've known that some of my naked exploits would end up on the internet. One of the things that counselors at our college warned the girls against was providing nude photos and videos of themselves to boyfriends because they inevitably wind up on the internet. Don't allow any picture to be taken that you wouldn't want friends and family to see, we'd been told. Well, this was living proof of that. I wondered now how many pictures of my naked stroll at Lake Rutherford just yesterday were already on the internet?

"It was just a modeling job at a lingerie store that kind of…um, got out of hand," I said finally.

"No kidding," Becky responded. "Who's the woman who's peeling the teddy off of you?"

"It's, um…just some woman I know who set this up for me."

"Wendy, this is me you're talking to and I know damn well you're not telling me everything. You look embarrassed as hell in these pictures. What's going on?"

I sighed and started rubbing my throbbing temples with the tips of my fingers. The old Wendy would've broken down in tears in this situation but the new Wendy was stronger and more resilient. I guess I have Nancy to thank for that, I thought. All I felt now was a weary resignation that this was all spinning out of control much sooner than I'd hoped. Just yesterday I'd run into one of my professors at Lake Rutherford and now my own cousin knew about Sinful Delights. And this was still supposed to be the early phases of my training where my "relatively tame" assignments – by Nancy's definition anyway – were allegedly designed to insure my anonymity!

"Oh Becky, I wish I could tell you everything right now, but I just can't," I finally responded. "It's just that everything at college is a total mess right now."

"It can't be that bad. I mean, you're the top student in your class, right?"

I blurted out a short laugh. "Yeah, well….I guess there is that," I said sarcastically. I desperately wanted to tell Becky everything but I didn't dare, did I? Nancy had warned me over and over again about what would happen if I told anyone about her and her blackmail scheme.

"Are you doing nude modeling for money?" Becky asked. "Or doing something worse?"

I shook my head. "No, nothing like that. My parents give me plenty of money." I sat quietly for a minute mulling things over before I finally made a decision: I just had to tell someone! Keeping quiet about everything that'd been happening to me was eating me up inside.

"Becky," I said finally. "You have to promise, promise me you won't tell anyone about what I'm about to tell you."

Becky nodded. "I promise."

**Confessions**
Becky sat in silence for a couple of minutes thinking about everything I'd told her. And I'd told her about everything: the plagiarized term paper, the naked car rides, the t-shirt training, Sinful Delights, my nude strolls through two crowded stores, the summer jobs jar, Lake Rutherford, Nancy's manipulation of my grades…everything. I can't really blame her for needing time to digest all of that; I'd have trouble swallowing it myself if I hadn't lived it.

"Wow," she said finally. That was all she could manage before falling silent again.

I have to admit that it felt cathartic to finally tell someone about all of this but it was still terribly embarrassing for me to tell my own cousin. I trusted Becky implicitly or I never would have done it, but I couldn't help but wonder what she thought of me now. I couldn't imagine her ever getting mixed up in something like this herself.

She finally spoke up again. "So they actually caught you masturbating in the car? Why would you do that if you knew they'd be along with a video camera at any moment?"

"I don't know, Becky. I've asked myself that about a thousand times already since yesterday. Nancy says it's because I subconsciously wanted to get caught. She thinks that she's uncovered a submissive streak and deep down I really want to be forced to do this, so I'm closing any doors to escape."

"Do you think that's true?"

"I don't know…maybe. All I know is that I'd do just about anything to keep people from seeing that masturbation tape and Nancy knows it. I just have so many conflicting emotions about all of this that I really don't know what I think anymore. I really, really do hate what she's making me do but at the same time it is kind of an incredible feeling to be the only one naked in a public place. It's hard to describe what it's like, but I guess I can see now why some women are into that kind of thing."

I thought back now to that first conversation at Nancy's dining room table when she described her obsession with thoughts of public exhibitionism and how she needed me as part of her self-designed "therapy." I guess I could sympathize at least a little bit now with what she'd been going through because I'd become obsessed with the same thing myself. I thought about it constantly and just about everywhere I went now – every store or park or restaurant or campus building - I'd wonder if someday I'd be forced by Nancy to be naked there and imagined what that would be like. I guess my sympathy for Nancy only went so far, though, knowing I was the one who had to act out her intense fantasies.

Becky interrupted my thoughts. "It's not really that strange that you'd get turned on by it, Wendy," she said. "I mean, being naked in public is a pretty common fantasy, isn't it?"

"Yeah, I guess. It just seems weird to feel so exposed and vulnerable and humiliated, but at the same time so aroused by it."

"You know, Wendy, I've been skinny dipping with some friends in college and I have to admit that I liked it," Becky said a little sheepishly. "I've even fantasized about what it would be like if the police showed up while I was skinny dipping and I was forced to run away without a stitch of clothing." Becky began to blush. "I even got kind of hot just now listening to your story and imagining that happening to me."

I was a little surprised to hear all of this. My rather shy, reserved cousin had an exhibitionist streak herself. "Becky, it's one thing to fantasize about something like that and maybe even experience it in small doses, but what I'm being forced to do goes way beyond that."

"I know and I wouldn't want to be in your shoes. Well, if you were wearing any shoes," she giggled. "It's just that I think Nancy may be right. Deep down maybe you really don't want to get out of this. You have to know that Nancy could get into a lot of trouble herself if this got out and I think most people would have called her bluff by now."

"I know," I replied. "And I've thought about that many times. It's just that I really did cheat on that paper so if this became public I'd still get kicked out of school. And now she has a bunch of nude photos and videos of me that she'd make sure to send to everyone I knew."

"Yeah, but didn't you say she plans on exposing you to friends and family someday anyway?"

"Yes, but at least I'd be able to graduate and eventually move on past all of this. If I got kicked out of school now and everyone saw all of these embarrassing photos and videos anyway it would be the worst of both worlds. And I'd just die if anyone saw that masturbation video!"

"Maybe it's not that bad."

I shook my head. "I've seen it already. When we dropped off Margaret at her house we went inside and she hooked the video camera up to the TV. It goes on for two or three minutes and you can see everything. I was totally oblivious to the camera." The images from that video flooded back into my mind and I remembered how mortified I'd been as I watched it in Margaret's living room. "And worst of all, Nancy says that someday she wants me to repeat that performance in front of a crowd."

"What? I thought you said she promised not to force you to have sex."

"Unwanted sex," I corrected her. "She says that I can hardly claim now that this is unwanted sex and besides I won't have a partner."

"Wow," Becky said again.

"I know…wow." We both fell silent for a minute before I spoke again. "I guess I have discovered some things about myself that I never realized before. You know what I've been thinking about at night for the past month, Becky? There's a small park about five or six blocks from my apartment back at college and I've been wondering if I could sneak out in the middle of the night and make it there and back naked without being caught."

"Really? After everything you've been forced to do over the past few months you'd want to go out and expose yourself on your own?"

"I just think that it'd be different. The things that Nancy's forced me to do have been so…overwhelming…and I guess that's the whole point of it for her. Whenever I start to reach a certain comfort level she's going to keep pushing me to the next level. I remember how terrified I was when I first started the naked car rides but now I think I might actually like doing them if I knew that was all I had to do. But the naked car rides were just a starting point to prepare me for the next phase where I'm overwhelmed and terrified again. If I could do something milder where I was in control…I don't know, I think it might be kind of fun and exciting."

"I guess I see what you mean," Becky said. She looked like she was mulling something over in her head before she finally blurted out, "Let's do it tonight, Wendy."

"Do what?"

"Let's go streaking! Let's see if we can make it to the lake and back naked!"

"Tonight? From the house here?"

"Yes, from here. Both of us naked!"

"No, Becky. No way. I just exposed myself to like two or three hundred people yesterday…"

"But this might be our only chance! I know your parents will let me stay over tonight if I ask and I could never do it on my own. But this would be easy for you. Let's do it!"

"No," I said again less convincingly and Becky continued to press her case. Was I really considering doing this after everything I'd been through? I know I told Becky I was thinking about trying something like this from my college apartment, but this was different. I wouldn't dare try something like this from my parents' house in my own home town, would I? But even as I tried to talk myself out of it I felt the first stirrings of arousal and knew what my eventual answer would be.

"Okay, Becky," I said finally. "If you really want to do this, I'll do it."

**A Warm Summer's Night**

I could hear Becky's heavy breathing as she slept next to me in my bed and I looked over at the clock on my bedside table. It was 1:48 a.m.…just twelve minutes before the time we agreed to do this. I reached over and shut off the alarm knowing I wouldn't need it. I was surprised by how nervous I was about this, especially considering some of the things I'd done under Nancy's command. This might seem tame compared to walking stark naked into a supermarket but it wasn't without risks either. The lake was nearly a mile's walk away through residential neighborhoods and we'd be a long way from any clothing if anything went wrong. This was a very wealthy neighborhood and not exactly party central at night but you never know for a certainty that there won't be anyone looking out of a window or arriving home late. And since this was where I grew up the odds were pretty good that if we were caught it would be by someone I knew. And the fact that my parents were asleep in the house unsettled me a little, too.

The more I thought about this the more I thought it was a really bad idea and was tempted to forget about it and just let Becky sleep. Then I heard Becky stir and roll over. "What time is it," she asked sleepily.

"It's almost two," I replied.

"Oh my god," she said as she sat up in the bed, "it's almost time!"

"Becky, I don't know if we should do this," I said. "We might get caught."

"I know that, Wendy. That's part of the excitement. We just have to do this!"

"Okay," I said. "But let's at least carry some clothes with us just in case."

"No way. Please, Wendy, if we're going to do this let's go all the way. No lifelines."

I sighed and nodded in agreement. I watched as Becky jumped out of bed and peeled off her t-shirt and panties. She's a petite girl with long black hair that spilled over her shoulders, dark eyes and a very tight, lithe body with small but perfectly shaped breasts. I was surprised to see that she was shaved completely bare down below and she blushed a little as she saw where my eyes were focused. "My boyfriend talked me into that," she said a little sheepishly. She looked adorable in the moonlight shining through the window.

I climbed out of bed and peeled off my own t-shirt and panties. "Alright Becky," I said, "let's do this."

I opened the bedroom door and we tip-toed down the hallway until we reached the sliding glass door that led to the backyard. I turned off the alarm system and slid the door open and we stepped outside into the warm summer air. It was a cloudless night with a full moon and it was surprisingly bright outside even in these early morning hours. The night won't be much of a cover for us, I thought. I slid the door closed behind us and we walked stealthily around the side of the house until reaching a gate that led to the front yard. I unlocked the latch and after we'd both stepped through it I let it swing shut and lock behind us. "Aren't we locked out now?" Becky whispered with a hint of panic in her voice. "Yes," I responded, "but I hid a key out here so we could get back in."

Becky smiled with relief and we started moving again toward the driveway in front of the garage. We hadn't gone more than a few steps when a light snapped on above the garage. We stood frozen momentarily beneath the light before scurrying across the driveway to crouch behind some bushes on the other side. "Did your parents turn those on?" Becky whispered.

I shook my head. "Motion detectors turned it on automatically. Damn it, I forgot all about that. Sorry. It'll go out in a minute." I looked through the bushes at the house across the street. If anyone had been up over there the light might have drawn their attention, but the windows remained dark.

"God, we're not even out of the front yard yet and I'm already a nervous wreck," Becky said. "I don't know how you do this."

"I'm nervous, too," I said truthfully. It's weird, but in a way this seemed even more difficult than some of the things Nancy had been forcing me to do. There was no one here tonight to command me to do this and no consequences if I decided to back out. Yesterday I'd known ahead of time that people – lots of people – were going to see me naked. Tonight, though, I didn't know what was going to happen. We might be able to make it all the way to the lake and back without being seen, but then again we might not. The prospect of the unknown ahead of us tonight sent a shiver of excitement through my body.

"Maybe we should go back," Becky said and I shook my head. I knew now that I wanted to go through with this. The light over the garage snapped off and I grabbed Becky's hand and pulled her from the bushes. We walked past the end of the driveway and stepped naked into the street that led past our house.

**An Early Morning Stroll**
"I can't believe I'm doing this," Becky said as she held my hand in a death grip. I don't know how many times I've said those same words to myself over the past couple of months as Nancy's naked little puppet, and here I was a thousand miles away from her and separated from my clothes once again. What the hell is wrong with me?

We were about a hundred yards down the street from my house now and all the reasons why this was a very bad idea came back to me now. These were my neighbors' houses – people who knew both of us – and we were very exposed out here in moonlight. There was no sidewalk here and the perfectly manicured lawns ran all the way to the street leaving very few places to find cover if we needed to in a hurry.

My senses were on full alert as I watched and listened intently for anything out of the ordinary and I looked over and saw Becky's eyes darting back and forth doing the same. I also that her nipples, like mine, were on full alert and guessed that she was feeling the same strange brew of excitement, unease, vulnerability, and arousal that had become so familiar to me. The scrape of the pavement beneath my feet and the slight bouncing of my breasts with each step were constant reminders of my nudity.

So far there'd been no signs of life in any of the houses we passed and we still had about a hundred yards to go to the street that led down to the lake when we heard the sound of a car engine. We froze in our tracks as the sound got louder and I looked at our surroundings. We were in front of Dr. Johnson's house and there were no good hiding spots anywhere nearby. Up ahead a pair of headlights began turning the corner and I pulled Becky by the hand and the two of us scampered onto the lawn. "Lie down," I hissed and we pressed ourselves flat on our stomachs about ten yards from the street.

The car rolled slowly up the street toward us and I knew that it was bright enough in the moonlight that if the driver looked in our direction he'd see a couple of full moons here in the grass. I held my breath as the car approached but it continued to roll past us without slowing down or stopping.

"Whew," Becky said. "Did you recognize the car?"

"Yeah," I said. "It's one of our neighbors from down the street. I don't know his name, though." I looked over at Becky. "So do you want to keep going?"

"Yes," she whispered, "this is too much fun."

I had to admit that for the first time since starting my new life as a naked-on-demand exhibitionist I was really enjoying being out nude in public myself. It's amazing what a difference it makes to have some semblance of control over my situation without a psycho bitch pushing me to the limits. "C'mon then," I said, "we still have a long way to go."

We made it to the end of the block without any further incident and then turned right down the street that led down to the lake. This street had a sidewalk and provided more cover to hide in but it was also more likely to get traffic and had the added problem of being lit by streetlights. Every step we took led us further from home and any access to sanctuary or clothing and this just heightened my feelings of exposure and vulnerability.

Our pace quickened as we walked downhill and after a few minutes I was able to make out our destination in the distance: the small park that provided public access to the lake. I also saw the highway that lay between us and the park. It shouldn't be all that busy at this time of night but I could still see occasional beams of headlights passing by on it. The final leg of our journey would be the riskiest and was where we were most likely to be seen. To our right now was the park's overflow parking lot hidden from the street by trees. "Let's take a break," I said to Becky and I led her into the relative shelter of the empty lot and we found a patch of grass to sit on.

"God, this is so intense," Becky said. "Look at my hands." She held one up and I could see it was trembling. "This must be nothing for you, though."

"No," I laughed. "This is a long way from nothing." I had to admit to myself though that this was easier for me than it would've been even a couple of weeks ago before the nude store walks and Lake Rutherford. I really was progressing just as Nancy had promised I would at the beginning. I knew I was no longer the naive novice who'd sat at her table that first day. In fact, I kind of felt like I was mentoring my own novice right now and seeing Becky's reactions to all of this was kind of exciting for me. I guess I could understand better now what Nancy was experiencing as she guided me through the various "adventures" that she'd planned so meticulously. It also made me feel more than a little bit guilty about what I was doing to Becky, though.

Oh, I know that it wasn't the same…I wasn't forcing Becky to do anything against her will. It's just that I knew that she never would have done this without me and if we got into trouble tonight it would be my fault. I also wondered if maybe I was introducing her to something that might lead her into trouble down the road.

"God, it's bright out tonight," Becky said looking up at the moon.

"I know," I said. "Not exactly ideal conditions for a couple of naked girls, is it? Of course if Nancy was directing this I'd be doing it in broad daylight so it could be worse."

"Do you hate Nancy?" she asked.

I shook my head. "You know me, I'm not really a hateful person," I responded. "My feelings about her are…complicated."

"I don't know, she sounds like kind of a bitch."

"Well, she's definitely a very self-centered, manipulative person," I said. "But after these past couple of weeks I think I do understand better what drives her to do this. These experiences are pretty intense and I guess even experiencing them vicariously is a high for her. That doesn't mean I like her or forgive her for putting me through all of this, though."

"You remember how I told you I was getting kind of hot when you were telling me your story?" Becky asked. I nodded. "Well, it's kind of embarrassing to tell you this but after we went to bed I was thinking about you walking naked through that supermarket and I started imagining doing it myself. Well, you know, having someone make me do it because I could never do that on my own. And as I imagined it I started getting wet." Becky looked over at me with an embarrassed smile before continuing. "I was tempted to give myself a little rub but with you in bed with me that would've been too weird. I remember wishing, though, I could trade places with you. Is that crazy?"

"Yes," I laughed. "You're batshit insane if you want to be me! But since you let me in on your secret I'll tell you another one of mine. The same thing happens to me when I'm in bed and start to think about some of the things I've had to do. I start to get wet and have to, um…take care of it."

"Really?"

"Really," I responded. "I haven't had sex with a guy since this all started but I feel more sexually alive now than ever. I've started sleeping in the nude which I never did before, and sometimes I feel like my body has this kind of low level electrical current running through it."

"So Nancy has definitely pushed some of your hot buttons, huh?"

"I guess you could put it that way. And I'm sure the same thing has happened to her. I can just tell. I know she's becoming addicted to this and that scares me. She's going to push me as far as she possibly can."

We both fell silent again and stared up at the moon until the sound of a car passing by on the street next to us brought me back to the task at hand. "Becky, we've been out here too long already. We're almost to the lake so let's finish this and get back home."

Skinny Dipping

Becky and I hid behind a tree near the highway separating us from the park as we watched a pair of headlights coming toward us. After the car had passed and the taillights grew dim we dashed across the road to the other side. Up ahead I could see moonlight shining off of the lake. We'd made it!

"Race you, Wendy," Becky said as she started running. Even though the park was closed at this time of night I was still wary about running into someone here. Ah, what the hell, I thought to myself as I took off running after her. So much for stealth.

We ran a short distance down a paved path and then onto a grassy area with picnic tables and some playground equipment for kids. This was a popular area for families during the summer but it lay deserted now. Becky had gotten a head start and was too fast for me so I had a nice view of her naked little butt as we raced toward the water. After reaching a wooden dock that went about thirty feet out into the lake Becky kept going to the end and, without hesitating, dove into the water. I followed her and a shock went through my body as I dove under the surface. The lake was much colder than I'd expected!

We both surfaced and started laughing before I shushed her. "Shhh…let's not make too much noise."

"Brrr…this water's cold," Becky said, stating the obvious. "I thought it'd be warmer."

"I guess it's still too early in the summer," I said. "We should be heading back anyway."

"We've come all this way," she said, "let's swim out to the dock at least. It'll warm us up." About twenty yards further out in the lake was a small square dock that served as a favorite resting and sunbathing spot for swimmers. The two of us swam to the dock, then climbed onto it and sat down facing the beach that lay about thirty yards away, still shivering from the cold water. "We may have to have sex to generate some body heat," Becky joked and we both laughed.

Fortunately the still night air was warm enough that after a few minutes the goosebumps began disappearing. "When we were kids did you ever think that someday we'd be sitting on this dock totally naked?" Becky said.

"Nope," I said. "It never crossed my mind."

"And we're about a mile from our clothes!" she said. "That's the crazy part." Becky and I sat there talking quietly for a few minutes, basking in the exhilaration we were both feeling and taking in the peaceful, quiet beauty of the lake at night. It was such an amazing feeling that I didn't want to leave.

"What time do you think it is?" Becky asked after awhile.

"It's probably after three now. We didn't exactly set any records getting here and we've probably been out here at least thirty minutes now. We really should get started back."

"Spoilsport," Becky teased. "I guess I'm just not that anxious to dive back into that water."

"I know," I said, "but unless you have some water walking ability that I don't know about that's our only way back."

The shock of the cold water hit me again as I began a slow steady stroke back toward the shore. It took just a couple of minutes for us to reach the long wooden dock on the beach and I was ready to hoist myself up the medal ladder when I saw the glow of a cigarette in the distance. "Becky," I whispered, "someone's coming!" We eased ourselves around to the side of the dock, keeping it between us and the people we could now see in the moonlight approaching the beach. We silently pulled ourselves along the side of the dock until we reached shallow water and then peered over it. On the beach about thirty feet away was a group of teenagers, two boys and two girls.

"Let's go skinny dipping," one of the boys said.

"You wish," a girl replied. "I bet it's fucking freezing anyway." She kicked off a shoe and stuck a bare toe into the edge of the water. "Yep. I'm not going in."

The four of them settled down on the beach and cracked open some beer cans taken from a small cooler "You know who that girl is?" Becky whispered to me. The voice sounded familiar but I hadn't gotten a good luck at her face so I shook my head. "That's Pam Lynch," she said.

"Oh shit, you're right!" She was a girl we'd gone to high school with and I knew if she spotted us our exploits would be all over town by tomorrow. On top of that her parents were good friends with my parents. Why had we wasted so much time out on the dock? We could've been home by now!

As I listened to the group talking and laughing it was obvious that they weren't going to be leaving anytime soon. Becky and I were both shivering now and it was equally obvious that we couldn't stay indefinitely in the cold water. I started looking around for a way out and the only nearby shelter was a small wooden building that served as a snack shack during the day. If we could get to there then we should be able to escape from the park without them seeing us. About sixty feet of open ground lay between us and the building, though.

I told Becky my plan and she quickly agreed to it through chattering teeth. I waited until it looked like none of them were looking our direction and then, as silently as possible, we exited the water and started crawling slowly toward the building. I kept looking over at the group but fortunately they were too engrossed in each other to notice the two naked girls crawling on their hands and knees just a stone's throw away. After what seemed like an eternity we reached the relative protection of the snack shack and then huddled together to get some warmth back into our bodies. After a couple of minutes I glanced at our escape route out of the park and then around the building at the two couples who were cracking open another round of beers. As long as we were quiet we should be able to get out of here now without being seen.

I took hold of Becky's hand and we took a couple of tentative steps away from the shelter of the shack when I saw some movement on the path leading out of the park. I quickly pulled Becky back behind the shack as the figures drew closer, uncertain if we'd been seen. I peered around the corner of the shack and saw two flashlights snap on illuminating the faces of two police officers.

"What the hell do you guys think you're doing?" one of them said.

**Busted**
"Let's see some IDs," one of the cops said as the two police officers shined their flashlights on the four teens on the beach.

"We were just leaving," I heard Pam Lynch whine as the four teens handed over their driver's licenses. "Please don't arrest us."

"Well let's see what we've got here," the cop said as he shuffled through the four IDs. "You're all under the legal drinking age and are trespassing in a closed park. So we've got a little problem here, don't we?"

Becky and I barely dared to breathe as we hid behind the snack shack just a few feet away. I glanced over at Becky and saw the frightened look on her face and guessed that I probably had the same expression on mine. Please, please just arrest them already and get out of here!

The four teens kept pleading their case to no avail and after a couple of minutes the two cops started herding them toward the park exit. Becky and I held our breath as they all passed by on the opposite side of the small shack and I was almost ready to relax when it happened.

"Eeek!" Becky squealed behind me as I snapped around in disbelief. I saw her staring down at the ground where a small brown snake was slithering past her feet and into the grass. Becky then looked up at me in wide-eyed horror at what she'd just done.

"Who's there?" a voice cried out as the beams of two flashlights swung around toward our hiding spot. I grabbed Becky's hand and pulled her away from the side of the shack.

"Run!"

We took off flying across the grass at full speed as we heard the sound of footsteps pounding behind us. I took a quick glance over my shoulder and saw that one of the cops was chasing us while the other had stayed with Pam's group. We were running with no thought of direction and followed the edge of the lake as it took us further from home with each step. I'm not the fastest runner in the world but it's amazing what a little adrenaline will do for you and I was able to keep pace with Becky who had run cross country in high school. I glanced over my shoulder again and saw that we were actually pulling away from the cop chasing us.

We soon found ourselves running through one of the lake's parking lots and on the other side we came upon a walking path that led through the woods at the edge of the lake. Without hesitation we started running down the trail and soon the sound of footsteps began to diminish and eventually stopped. After a couple of minutes we stopped to catch our breath and listened intently for any sound of the cop approaching.

"I don't…think…he's chasing us…any more," I said in between heavy breaths.

"Thank God," Becky gasped. "What are we going to do now?"

I looked at the heavy woods surrounding us on each side and decided that leaving the path was no option for a couple of naked barefoot girls. We either had to keep going forward or turn back and I didn't like either choice. Behind us were the cops who, for all I knew, were still back there. But going forward led us further away from home and I knew where this walking path ended and it definitely wasn't a place where I wanted to be caught naked. Just then the thought occurred to me that if I knew where this path ended the cop probably did too and he could radio for another car to meet us on the other end while he waited behind us. We'd be trapped! We had to get to the other side before that happened.

"Becky, we have to keep going and get out of here fast," I said and we started running again, this time at a steadier pace. The bouncing of my breasts was becoming uncomfortable and I cupped them with my hands as we jogged along. It took us maybe five or six minutes to reach the end of the trail and when we got there I was relieved to see there wasn't a cop waiting for us. I knew that one could be along at any moment, though.

"Oh, shit," Becky said. "Look where we are!"

"I know," I sighed. We were right across the street from Lakeside Town Center, the largest shopping mall in the city. This entire area was well lit by streetlights and in the distance a pair of headlights was moving toward us. "Becky, we can't stay here," I said.

"Where the hell are we supposed to go?"

Across the street in the middle of the mall parking lot was a lone parked car. "C'mon," I said and we dashed across the pavement toward it. After reaching it we crouched down behind it and watched as a police car pulled up and stopped at the end of the walking path we'd just emerged from. A single cop got out of the car, flipped on a flashlight and started walking down the path. I looked around at our surroundings. We were stuck in the middle of a brightly lit mall parking lot with our only direct route home cut off.

"Okay Wendy," Becky said. "I'm officially not having fun anymore."

**Things Get Worse**
"Another cop!" Becky whispered excitedly. "God, do they think we robbed a bank or something?" I peered around the parked car we were hiding behind and saw a second patrol car cruising slowly past the walking path we'd emerged from shining a bright spotlight into the trees surrounding it.

"No," I replied, "they're probably just bored at this time of night. Looking for a couple of naked girls probably beats the hell out of whatever else they'd normally be doing right now." I also knew this meant they might keep up the search for awhile. This wasn't exactly a high crime area anyway.

At the far end of the parking lot was a bank with a large digital clock outside of it and I saw that it was 3:48 a.m. now. I'd thought this adventure would take us no more than an hour at the most but now it was going on two hours and we were a good two miles from home in the middle of a mall parking lot! When I'd been thinking about all of the possible outcomes of our nude excursion tonight I have to admit that I'd never imagined this scenario.

With our safest and most direct route home currently cut off I started thinking about an alternate route. The only other way to get home would be to walk north through a business district, take a left on a busy street that had traffic on it at all times of the day or night, and then another left onto the road that curved past the lake. And that road would be getting more and more traffic as time passed. There was simply no way to get home that way without being seen by lots of people even at this time of the morning. On top of that it would add at least another mile to our journey. I decided that we simply had to wait until the cops grew tired of looking for us and left so we could go back the same way we came.

I peered back around the car and saw that the second patrol car had now parked next to the first one. A cop emerged from the car, lit up a cigarette and then leaned against the side of the car facing the mall parking lot. There was no way for us to leave the protection of the parked car now without being seen. My legs were getting tired from crouching so I sat down on the pavement and pulled my knees up to my chest. "Might as well get comfortable, Becky," I said. "We may be here awhile."

Becky took a seat next to me. "I've decided that I wouldn't want to be you after all, Wendy."

"Me neither," I replied.

"Remember how I said I fantasized about being caught skinny dipping by cops and having to run away? Isn't it weird that that's actually what's happening now?

"So how does your fantasy stack up to reality?"

"I guess I'll tell you after all of this is over and we see how it turns out. Right now it sucks."

Lakeside Town Center was a large, very upscale open-air mall with dozens of stores, bars, restaurants, and a cineplex. Directly in front of us was a major department store and its interior was lit just enough by security lighting that we could see the women's clothing department through a window. Inside were rows and rows of women's clothing silently taunting us. "I'd give anything to be in there right now," Becky said.

"I know," I sighed.

The bank clock turned to 4:00 a.m. and I started worrying now about getting home before the sun came up. We had probably a little over an hour until sunrise and our way home was still blocked by the police. I peered around the car again and saw that the cop was walking lazily around the path entrance with no sign yet of the police officer who'd gone up the trail looking for us.

"Wendy!" Becky hissed. "Someone's coming!"

Emerging from the department store was a man wearing a janitor's outfit and after exiting the building he turned to lock the door behind him. The graveyard shift must be over, I thought, and it wasn't hard to guess which car was his. Becky and I scurried around to the rear of the car so the janitor wouldn't be able to see us as he approached but now we were within the cop's sightline. I looked over and saw that the second cop had emerged from the trail now and the two of them were talking with their backs to us. The sound of footsteps approaching grew louder and then we heard the car door open and close.

I guess in retrospect the smart thing to do would've been to ask the guy for a ride home but I wasn't exactly thinking clearly at the time. You can probably figure out what happened next: the guy started the car and pulled out away from us leaving us completely exposed in the middle of the parking lot. And the sound of the car engine drew the attention of the two cops across the street.

"Run!"

**Escape From Justice**

For the second time tonight Becky and I were on the run from the police, this time toward the entrance to the open air mall. We sprinted across the parking lot and then past the escalators that led to the second floor shops. The gap between the escalators and the stores on each side was too narrow for a car to get through so if they were going to chase us it would have to be on foot.

We kept running past a series of darkened shops and then through a small courtyard with a fountain and benches. I'd shopped in this mall many times and had worked here one summer as a teenager so I knew every square foot of it. I led Becky through a maze of turns until I felt it was safe to stop. We were breathing heavily again as we crouched down by the entrance to a video game store to listen for any evidence of the police officers. About a minute later we spotted one of them about fifty feet away. We held our breaths as he stopped, shined his flashlight around for a few seconds, and then headed off away from us.

I thought for a minute about where to go next and then decided on the path that would give us the best chance of escape. The two of us started walking as quickly and quietly as possible, listening intently for the sounds of footsteps. It wasn't just the police I was worried about; I knew there had to be at least one night security guard patrolling the area too. I can't describe just how bizarre it felt walking in the nude through this place that I was so familiar with but you can probably imagine it. This whole night felt like a weird dream that I just couldn't wake up from.

After reaching the east end of the mall I surveyed the area ahead of us. There was no parking lot to cross here, just a wide street. Directly across the street from us was a gated apartment complex, and about fifty yards to our right on the other side of the apartments was a small patch of woods. I knew there was a jogging trail that ran between the apartments and the woods that I'd seen when I'd worked here but had never actually been on it. That would be our new destination.

Just then I saw a pair of headlights moving slowly toward us. It was the second cop and he was shining his spotlight into the mall area as he cruised down the street we had to cross. We moved back into the shadows and he rolled past our hiding spot without stopping. After his taillights had disappeared we made our run for it, sprinting across the street and then down the sidewalk that led past the gates of the apartment complex. We were out in the open for maybe two or three minutes and after reaching the jogging trail we stopped and crouched down to see if anyone was following us.

"Well, at least I won't need to go to the gym today," Becky gasped, still breathing heavily. Maybe it was the stress or just the whole absurdity of the situation, but I started laughing and couldn't stop. Becky joined in and we both laughed until we were nearly in tears. Maybe we were laughing just to keep from crying.

"Oh, God," I said finally as I caught my breath. "This is just insane."

"I don't know," Becky said. "I think we're the ones who are insane." This got us both laughing again. If anyone had seen the two of us right then they really would have thought we were both a little crazy and not just because we were naked.

The moon had set now and it was actually much darker than when we'd first started, but I knew that wouldn't last much longer. Barring divine intervention, or at least some form of transportation, I knew we'd never make it home now by sunrise. We were still crouched down and watching the mall from the entrance to the jogging trail but there was no sign of the cops following us. We'd lost them, at least for now. "What are we going to do, Wendy?" Becky asked finally.

"I don't know, but I think we should keep going down this path. We need to put some distance between us and the police."

"But we keep getting farther from your house!"

"I know, but what choice do we have? We can't go back that way. We're going to have to find some clothes or a ride or something. Do you know anyone who lives around here?"

"No. Not close anyway."

"Me neither," I said. "Let's start walking and I'll see if I can think of something."

"Where does this path go anyway?"

"I don't know. I guess we'll see when we get there."

"Great. Maybe we can take a walking tour of the whole business district as long as we're out here."

I started laughing again. I just couldn't help it anymore.

Becky and I began walking down the jogging trail. It was bordered on our left by a ten foot iron rail fence separating us from the apartment complex in case we had any ideas of seeking help from there, and on our right were thick woods. Once again we were being funneled in a direction that led us further from home with each step and closer to sunrise with each passing minute.

As we walked my mind started weighing different options, none of them good. For safety reasons I didn't like the idea of asking some random stranger for a ride home. If we could get to a phone I guess we could call one of our friends to pick us up, but I didn't know anyone who'd do it without blabbing to everyone we knew about it. If we could find a taxicab I suppose we could talk the driver into giving a couple of naked girls a free ride home or paying him once we got there. I even contemplated catching a city bus home, as humiliating as that would be, but I had no idea where the bus stops were or if any of the busses even ran from this area to near where we lived.

We'd been walking for about five minutes when the woods on our right began to thin out and I thought I saw a light shining through the trees. "What is it?" Becky asked after I stopped to get a better look.

"Let's see what's on the other side of these trees," I said, and the two of us began making our way carefully through them. My bare feet were already sore from our long journey and the pine needles and underbrush we passed through weren't helping matters any.

"Next time we go streaking I'm wearing shoes," Becky said.

"Next time we go streaking I'm wearing clothes," I responded. I could see now that there was definitely a clearing ahead of us and after a few more feet we emerged onto soft grass. About ten feet in front of us was a sand trap and beyond that was a putting green. "I know where we are now, Becky," I said.

"Where?"

"Lakeside Country Club. My dad's a member here."

I'm not a great golfer but I'm not bad either and it's something that I take some pride in. My dad's an avid golfer and he'd brought me to play here many times so I was very familiar with this course. I even got a hole-in-one here when I was sixteen and my dad threw a party in the clubhouse for me afterwards.

There aren't a lot of good things about being stuck naked in your hometown but knowing your way around is definitely an advantage. We never could've gotten this far without being caught, especially back at the mall, if I hadn't been intimately familiar with this area. Now that I was back on familiar ground again a new idea began to form in my head. "I think I know where we can find a ride home," I said to Becky and told her my plan. It wasn't a good plan, mind you, it was just the least bad of the ones I'd thought of so far.

"I don't care anymore," Becky said. "I just want to get the hell out of here."

**Caddyshack**
The sky on the horizon was starting to brighten as Becky and I lay hidden behind some trees past the edge of the clubhouse parking lot. It wasn't much of a hiding spot but it was as good as we were going to find near the employees entrance to the club. I knew the club opened at six but the employees would start arriving before that and it was the caddies in particular I was interested in. They were usually college kids picking up an extra few bucks during the summer break and one of them would be our best hope of finding a ride home. I knew this was going to be embarrassing as hell but all of our other options were even worse at this point.

Becky was curled up into a ball beside me and had drifted off to sleep and I realized just how exhausted I was too. It wasn't just from the lack of sleep, but from the stress of the evening. Despite being under Nancy's nearly constant control for the past few months this was the longest I'd ever been out nude in public at any one time, even counting the naked car rides. What had started out as a lark tonight had turned into my most intense experience yet and it was still a long way from being over. If this plan didn't work I really didn't know what we'd do.

The first of the employee cars started rolling into the lot in front of us as the groundskeepers began arriving to prepare the course for the day ahead. These were older guys with real jobs and families to support and were less likely to ditch work even to give a couple of naked girls a ride home. I knew the caddies wouldn't be arriving until about opening time so I settled back in for the wait as the sky continued to brighten.

I started wondering again just what it was inside of me that Nancy had tapped into that led me to being in this situation. At least I could rationalize taking part in the nude exploits that Nancy demanded by telling myself that I desperately wanted to stay in school. And even though this had been Becky's suggestion I knew that it was really my own fault for agreeing to it, although I guess I could thank Nancy's "training" for providing the fortitude and desire to do this without her direction. I also knew that memories of tonight's adventures would fuel many orgasms in the coming days and even now I felt the unmistakable stirrings of arousal. Just like yesterday in Nancy's car, the urge to bring myself to orgasm right here was almost overwhelming and if Becky hadn't been lying beside me I might have done it. Maybe I do subconsciously want and need the type of intense emotions that public nudity arouses in me. Or maybe I just need a boyfriend.

The sound of a car engine interrupted my thoughts and I watched as a car rolled into the employee parking lot. A college-aged boy emerged from it and I began shaking Becky awake. "C'mon, Becky" I said. "This is our ride home." Becky sat up groggily as if she wasn't quite sure where she was. "C'mon," I said again and pulled her to her feet.

The boy had walked around to the rear of the car and was pulling a bag out of his trunk as we approached. The urge to cover myself was strong but I needed to do everything I could to entice him into giving us a ride so I let my hands hang at my side to insure he'd get a full view of my body.

"Hi there," I said. As embarrassing as this was I have to admit that the look on his face as he turned and saw us was priceless. I doubt he could've looked any more astonished if he'd seen a pair of leprechauns riding unicorns approaching. "I don't suppose you could give a couple of naked girls a ride home, could you?" I asked with my brightest smile.

His eyes darted from me over to Becky and back to me again. Then he threw the bag back into the trunk and slammed it.

"Absolutely."

The End of a Long Night

I had an odd sense of déjà vu as the car pulled out of the country club lot. Another day, another naked car ride. I was seated in the front seat and Becky was in the back as I told our driver my address. "Do you know where that is?" I asked.

"Yeah, I know the general area," he said. "You'll have to give me directions when we get close, though." I could tell he was trying to sneak glances over at me without being too obvious about it and I have to admit that I was still more than a little turned on. The fact that the boy next to me was very good looking didn't help matters any.

"So are you going to get in trouble for being late to work?" I asked.

"Naw, it's no big deal. So what's going on? Are you girls out streaking or something?"

"Something like that, although it kind of got out of hand."

"Where are your clothes anyway?"

"Back home," I said.

"You mean you came all this way naked? Holy shit!" he laughed.

"Local law enforcement provided some motivation," Becky said and began telling him the story.

"You guys ran naked through the mall? That's awesome! Have you ever done anything like this before?"

"Wendy has…lots of times," Becky said and I turned and shot a death glare at her. "Oops, I shouldn't have told you that."

"You're Wendy Wilson, aren't you?" he said to me.

"Yes," I sighed. "How did you know?"

"I've seen you at the club with your dad. You guys never use caddies, though, so I don't know if you remember me."

He looked vaguely familiar but I guess I'd never really noticed him there. "We carry our own bags," I said. "My dad has the notion that golf should be a form of exercise."

"Yeah, that's kind of a quaint idea these days. My name's Trevor, by the way. And who's this in the back?

'I'm Becky. I don't play golf so you don't know me but I probably would've remembered you if I did."

We continued the small talk as we drove and Trevor shot me a little smirk as we cruised past Lakeside Town Center. "Do you want to stop and take a stroll through the mall for old times sake?" he asked.

"No, thanks," I said. "Been there, done that, didn't get the t-shirt."

Trevor laughed. "You guys are pretty damned adventurous, I'll say that. And you've done stuff like this before, Wendy?"

"Sort of. I'd rather not talk about it, though." I shot another nasty glance back at Becky. "You're not going to tell my dad about any of this are you?"

Trevor shook his head. "No, but I was wondering if I could ask a couple of favors, though."

Uh oh, I thought. Here we go. "I don't know. I guess it depends on what they are."

"Don't worry," he said sensing my unease, "they're just requests. I'm not going to kick you out of the car or threaten to tell your dad or anything if you don't want to do them."

"Okay. What are they?"

"First, I was wondering if maybe I could get your phone number or e-mail address or something. Maybe we can get together sometime this summer. You can even wear clothes if you want, although I won't encourage it."

"I would," I said, "but I won't be here this summer. I'm taking summer classes at my college." I felt a twinge of bitterness over the control that Nancy had over my life.

"Ah," he said.

"I'll be here this summer," Becky piped in from the back.

"You have a boyfriend, Becky," I said.

"I know but he could ask anyway. You're not the only naked girl in the car, Wendy, and I'm feeling a little ignored back here."

We were coming up to the park by the lake now and it seemed like ages ago that we'd run past here and dived into the cold water. I gave Trevor directions to our house and sank down in my seat as we rolled past the familiar houses in my neighborhood. "Stop here," I said about a hundred feet before reaching my house. I didn't want to get out of the car in front of it in case my parents were up, although it wouldn't be much better if any of my neighbors saw us. Trevor pulled over and shut off the engine and I glanced at the clock on the dashboard. It was 6:23 a.m. We'd been gone for more than four hours.

"So what was the second favor?" I asked him.

"I was wondering if I could get a picture of the two of you. I promise not to show it to anyone." I thought again about the warning the counselors had given us about boys and nude pictures ending up on the internet but that horse was already out of the barn for me anyway.

"I don't care," I said, "as long as Becky doesn't."

"I guess so," she said. "We'd be out hitchhiking or something right now if he hadn't helped us."

"Do you have a pen and paper?" I asked. Trevor reached across me and opened up the glove compartment. He retrieved a pen and a receipt for an oil change and handed them to me. I wrote down my e-mail address and gave it back to him. "You can take the picture as long as you send me a copy of it."

Trevor smiled. "You've got a deal."

We looked around nervously for any signs of life in the neighborhood but everything still seemed quiet. The sun was peeking out over the cloudless horizon as the dawn gave way to a new day and we'd be in plain view now if anyone was watching. We exited the car as Trevor pulled out his camera phone. "Let's take it in front of your house," Becky said. "If we're going to get a memento of our adventure tonight we might as well do it right."

I glanced over to our house and saw that the curtains were still closed. "Alright," I sighed. "Let's hurry, though." We walked to the front of our house and Becky and I put an arm around each other and faced Trevor. "Hurry," I said nervously. We smiled for the camera as he took the shot.

"Maybe one more?" he asked. "Um…from the rear?" We turned to face the house and Trevor clicked off another shot. I'm so dead if my parents see these pictures, I thought to myself. "Awesome," Trevor said. "Thanks. I'll be in touch."

We thanked him again and then scampered off toward the hidden key to the back yard gate.

**Epilogue**
I stared through the early morning darkness at the ceiling fan above my bed hoping that the hypnotic motion of the slowly turning blades would help still my mind. My blankets were lying in a pile on the floor and a light sheen of perspiration covered my nude body, the damp bed sheet beneath me clinging to my bare back. It was going to be a scorcher today.

The now familiar feelings of fear, dread, and anticipation flowed through my body and I glanced over at the glowing numbers on the clock next to my bed for the umpteenth time in the past couple of hours. It was only 5:35 a.m. but I knew I wouldn't be getting any more sleep tonight. I was back in my campus apartment and it was Saturday morning which meant that in just a few hours I'd be surrendering myself once again to Nancy's demented control.

I crawled out of bed, walked over and sat down at my desk and stared numbly at the screen saver on my computer monitor for a few minutes. Finally I gave the mouse a flick and pulled up my e-mail. I had two new messages. The first was from Trevor and it contained attachments.

"Wendy, here are the pictures you asked for. I promise that I haven't shown them to anyone. Hope to see you again next time you're in town." I downloaded and unzipped the file and saw the first picture of Becky and myself posing nude in front of my house at the end of that crazy night last week. I bet Trevor likes this one, I thought after scrolling to the next one showing our naked backsides. I had to admit that those were a pair of fine asses. I saw that there were more pictures and I couldn't help but smile as I scrolled through another four pictures that Trevor had secretly snapped as we'd made our way through our front yard toward the backyard gate. Yep, he's a guy alright. They can never seem to get enough of naked women.

The second e-mail was from Becky. "Wendy, you've got to tell me everything that Nancy makes you do today. Call me or IM me tonight. Don't forget! Oh, and you know how I said I would never ever do anything like that again ever? I've changed my mind. I've decided we just have to go streaking again the next time you're home!"

That last part didn't surprise me much. I knew she was hooked, just like me. I clicked on reply and attached Trevor's photographs. "Maybe these will give you second thoughts about that, Becky. Or maybe not. I promise to tell you all about whatever happens this afternoon."

I had no idea what awful thing Nancy had planned for me today but I'd find out in about seven hours. I hit the send button and then crawled back into bed. It was going to be another long day in the very strange life of Wendy Wilson.

**The Reluctant Exhibitionist Ch. 03**

**The Reluctant Exhibitionist – Temperature's Rising**
Nancy Johnson was beside herself with anticipation as she scrubbed the countertop around the kitchen sink. The counter was already spotless and Nancy knew she was just burning off nervous energy waiting for Wendy's arrival this afternoon. Calm down, she told herself, or you're going to have a nervous breakdown before Wendy ever makes it to graduation.

Nancy put away the cleaning supplies and poured herself her usual glass of wine, then walked into the living room and sat down on the sofa to wait for Wendy's arrival. On the coffee table in front of her was the summer job jar she'd placed there earlier and her excitement began building again as she wondered which one of the eleven envelopes Wendy would choose for her assignment today. Ultimately it didn't really matter that much since they were all similar in nature and each task was designed to exhibit a fully nude Wendy to anonymous strangers for a relatively brief time. These summer "jobs" were intended as repetitive training to help prepare the girl for the next phase of her training in the fall. Still, the element of random chance provided another level of excitement for Nancy since even she didn't know yet what Wendy had in store for her this afternoon.

Nancy thought again about how far the young co-ed had already come under her tutelage. She was convinced now that Wendy had both submissive and exhibitionist tendencies although they'd been deeply suppressed until Nancy had unlocked them. She saw herself as a kind of archeologist who was patiently sifting through the layers of Wendy's psyche to uncover the secrets hidden beneath the surface. Watching the internal struggle between her conscious mind, which was genuinely mortified by her public nudity, and her subconscious, which got off on it and compelled her to obey, was absolutely delicious to watch. No, she really couldn't have chosen a better girl to act out her fantasies than Wendy Wilson.

Nancy picked up the remote and turned on the TV, then began watching once again the digital recording of last week's adventure at Lake Rutherford. There on the screen was Wendy, her body glistening with oil, walking nude along the beach as dozens of people stared. Nancy had watched this over and over again this past week, imagining herself as Wendy and bringing herself to numerous orgasms. She would've given just about anything to be able to trade places with Wendy…to be young and beautiful and compelled against her will to exhibit her nude body in public. Since that wasn't possible she had to settle for the next best thing: living vicariously through Wendy's exploits. That was still intensely exciting for her.

Nancy also worried constantly that something would happen to destroy what she'd so carefully and patiently created. She was playing a dangerous game and her own career and reputation were at risk if this ever became public. So the unexpected appearance of Sandra Clayton - one of Wendy's professors - at the lake last week could've been disastrous if she'd seen Nancy there encouraging or directing Wendy in any way. Fortunately she'd been far enough away that Clayton hadn't seen her but this reminded her that she needed to maintain a discreet distance while Wendy was out in public. This was also the reason she'd enlisted her friend Margaret to take pictures and videos since she was the owner of a lingerie shop and didn't give a damn if anyone from the college saw her playing a role in Wendy's nude excursions.

Nancy also knew that Wendy had gone home for a couple of days earlier in the week and this had worried her a little. She obviously couldn't prevent the girl from visiting home but the distance and a change of scenery might have given Wendy the opportunity to re-think things. But she'd returned a couple of days later and was preparing for summer classes to begin next week so Nancy was confident that the co-ed was still firmly on the hook.

Nancy glanced at her watch and saw that Wendy would be here any minute. She flicked off the TV, looked excitedly at the summer job jar and then glanced out the window at the bright sunlit afternoon. It was going to be a hot one today.

**Wendy**
I'm not sure how long I stood in front of Nancy's door without knocking but it must've been at least a couple of minutes. I raised my hand to knock several times but couldn't go through with it. All the resolve I'd built up from the pep talks I'd been giving myself all day had suddenly evaporated. The door opened just as I raised my hand to make another attempt. "Are you going to stand out there all day, dear?" Nancy asked as she stepped aside so I could enter.

The first thing I saw as I entered was the summer job jar sitting on the coffee table and my stomach did a couple of nervous somersaults. I stood in her living room waiting for my instructions but Nancy remained silent as if she expected me to say something. She finally spoke up. "What, no demands or pleas or attempts to bargain today?"

"No, Nancy," I sighed. "I'm here just like you wanted and I'll do whatever it is I have to do today."

"That's great news, Wendy," she responded with that maddening smirk of hers. "I think you've reached the acceptance stage now and that's an important step for you. Hopefully we can dispense with all of the nonsense now and keep things as lighthearted and fun as possible." Lighthearted and fun? I was tempted to say something snarky but thought better of it and kept my mouth shut.

"So," she continued, "I think it's time to establish a couple of new ground rules for you. First, from now on I want you to strip as soon as you arrive without being asked. There may be times in the future where you'll leave the house dressed, and I'll let you know if that's the case, but none of your assignments this summer are going to require any clothes." Nancy's imperious tone was briefly interrupted by a short giggle at that last remark. She stopped talking and stared at me expectantly.

I slipped out of my sandals and then slid the straps of my summer dress from my shoulders and peeled the dress down my body to the floor and stepped out of it. Nancy's eyes grew wide when she saw that I wasn't wearing anything underneath. I knew she'd take this as another sign of my obedience and she'd be right. There was no question about what was going to happen today and I didn't see the need to wear any extra clothing that I'd have to remove anyway. A broad smile spread across Nancy's face as she gestured for me to sit down on the couch.

I looked nervously at the summer job jar in front of me as Nancy pulled up a chair and sat down on the opposite side of the coffee table. "Before we find out what you'll be doing today I think I should tell you about the second ground rule." I knew I wasn't going to like whatever it was but I just nodded. "I've decided that all of your tasks this summer need to last at least twenty minutes. I think that's a fair amount of time considering where you are in your training. It's long enough to push you and insure that you'll continue to progress but not so long that it's beyond your current capabilities." I was glad that Nancy didn't know about my late night streak back home that ended up lasting over four hours or she might have decided that twenty minutes was much too short. It still sounded like an eternity to be out naked in broad daylight in the middle of the afternoon.

"If any of these tasks don't take the full twenty minutes," she continued, "then I'll have you do an additional store walk to make up for it. So keep that in mind, Wendy, if you're tempted to rush through your assignment today."

"Nancy, how am I supposed to know when twenty minutes are up? It's not like I'll be wearing a watch or anything. Will you let me know or give me a signal or something?"

"I'm afraid not, dear. I guess you'll either have to develop an internal clock or make sure you're well past twenty minutes to be sure."

"So even if I'm just a minute or two short I'll still have to walk naked through an entire store?"

"That's right. Some of the assignments, like the one at Lake Rutherford last week, will easily take twenty minutes to complete. But others you'll definitely have to stretch them out."

The thought of having to walk naked through a store in addition to whatever else I'd be doing today was more than a little unsettling. I decided that I'd better make sure that I used up the full twenty minutes on whatever crazy stunt I pulled out of the jar. "So Wendy, are there any other questions before we get started?" she asked.

"Yes. I asked you awhile back how often I'd be doing this kind of thing and you said that once I was ‘up to speed' it would only be once or twice a month. So when does that start happening? Because you've been getting me naked a lot more than once or twice a month so far."

"Well, dear, you've got to understand that you're still in training now and have quite a ways to go until you're fully up to speed. It's important that you make steady progress so that means maintaining a consistent training schedule." She made it sound like she was coaching me to compete in the Olympics or something.

"But, Nancy, how long do you think it'll take before I'm fully trained?"

"I don't have a set timetable for it, Wendy. It just depends on how quickly you progress. I'd say offhand that it would be by the beginning of next summer at the latest."

"So then I'll only have to do this once or twice a month, right?"

"Not necessarily," Nancy responded. "What I said was one or two *major* adventures a month. That means spending a full day – or longer – out nude in public. We'll get together more often than that for fun little adventures like we're doing today."

My jaw dropped when I heard that. "You consider this ‘little?'"

"Oh absolutely! And you will, too, by that time Wendy. Spending thirty minutes or so out naked in public will be a piece of cake for you by then. But like I said, that's what we're building toward so it'll be awhile before we get there. In the meantime we'll keep getting together every Saturday afternoon during the summer and if that works out well I may continue that routine after school starts in the fall."

Listening to Nancy describe my future – and barring something unforeseen happening I knew this *was* going to be my future – stirred up all the usual conflicting emotions inside of me. I shifted uncomfortably on the couch and stared at the summer job jar in front of me. Nancy let me squirm for a minute before speaking again. "So if that's it shall we pull out an envelope and see what we'll be doing today?" I hated when she used the word "we" to describe what I'd be doing as if she'd be out strutting around naked too. I hesitated for a moment before reaching for the jar.

"Ah, hold on," Nancy said and then picked the jar up and shook it to mix the envelopes up. "There you go," she said giddily as she placed it back in front of me. My hand was trembling slightly as I pulled an envelope out and began nervously tearing it open. I took a deep breath and then began reading what Nancy had written in big block letters on the card:

TAKE A NUDE STROLL THROUGH KEGLER'S LANDING

Kegler's Landing. I'd heard the name before but was only vaguely familiar with it. I knew it was some type of touristy place on the river on the north side of town but that's about it. I was certain that strolling naked through the place was going to be simply awful, though.

"Let me see it!" Nancy said excitedly and I handed her the card. "Oh, that's a good one! Have you ever been there before?"

"No. I'm not really familiar with the place."

"Well, I guess we're going to fix that today, aren't we?" she said with a bright smile.

**Three For The Road**
"I just the love the way her nipples are constantly erect when she's naked," Margaret said.

"I know," Nancy responded. "And the little man in the canoe comes out for air, too."

"I wonder if she'll masturbate in the car again? That was quite a show last week."

"I bet she'd like to even if she manages to restrain herself this time."

"You know, I'm right here," I said from the back seat. "I can hear everything you guys are saying." God I hate when they talk about me like this. Nancy chuckled from the driver's seat and they both kept talking. I guess Margaret must be an official member of our little team now because we'd picked her up on our way to Kegler's Landing, and she'd brought a bag full of photographic and video equipment with her.

The conversation thankfully turned to the hot weather as Nancy's four-door sedan pulled onto the freeway on-ramp and began picking up speed. Today was the first ninety degree day of the summer and Nancy had the air conditioning cranked which only caused my nipples to become even harder. I stared out the window at the passing scenery and tried to mentally prepare myself for what was to come. I didn't really have an image of the place I'd be strolling through which wasn't necessarily a good thing since my imagination began running wild in picturing what it was going to be like. I tried to put it out of my mind but that was impossible. I finally spoke up during a break in the conversation up front. "Nancy, how long do you think this walk will take me if I go at a normal pace?"

"I walked it off when I was planning this and it took me a little over ten minutes," she said.

"Ten minutes! That's it? How am I supposed to stretch this to twenty then?" It seemed odd to feel disappointed that this wouldn't last longer but I really didn't want to add a store walk to today's humiliation fest.

"Well, you don't have to. There's a supermarket near Kegler's Landing that I'm sure would enjoy a naked visit by you today."

"I'd rather get this over with in one shot if I can," I said.

"Then I guess you're going to have to take your sweet time then, Wendy. Do some window shopping outside some of the shops or even go into one and look around. Or you can stop to pose for pictures by Margaret or maybe even some by the tourists and locals. I'm sure there are a few who'd love your picture as a souvenir. It's your choice." It sounded absolutely horrible.

"There's a beer garden if you want to stop in for a drink," Margaret said brightly, obviously enjoying this. "I doubt they'll serve you any alcohol without an ID but I'll spring for a soft drink if you want one."

"Thanks, Margaret, that's very generous of you."

"Ooh, she's starting to get a little bitchy on us," she chuckled and Nancy laughed along with her. I wonder how the hell these two managed to find each other anyway. I decided to keep my mouth shut and stared out the window, my anxiety building with each passing mile. Ever since going on that late night streak with my cousin Becky I'd been trying to convince myself that I must be an exhibitionist at heart and should just learn to enjoy this. It was a futile effort, though, and I was a bundle of nerves as I thought about what lay ahead of me. I don't see how I'll ever get used to this no matter how much I try to convince myself that I will or how often Nancy tells me that what I'm doing now will eventually be easy for me. I definitely didn't want to think about what she had planned for me down the road after I was "up to speed."

A few minutes later Nancy interrupted my thoughts. "We'll be there in a few minutes, Wendy, so I'll fill you in on how this is going to happen, okay?" I caught her glancing at me in the rearview mirror and I nodded. "This is going to be a simple A to B walk through the pedestrian area of Kegler's Landing. I'll drop you and Margaret off and after you get started I'll drive the car to the other end where you'll meet us. Pretty simple, really."

Pretty simple except for the stark naked part, I thought. "I don't know my way around there," I said. "How will I know where to go?"

"Margaret knows," she said. "She'll be with you taking pictures and videos. It's not really that hard anyway. You'll just go a couple of blocks down one street and then hang a right and walk for a couple of hundred more yards down a pedestrian pathway. It's not nearly as far as you had to walk last week at the lake which is why you'll need to stretch this out if you want this to be all you have to do today."

This new twenty minute rule that Nancy had cooked up really put a twist on things today. The idea of taking my time going through a busy tourist area sounded awful but so did having to add a second stop at a supermarket. I didn't know much about Kegler's Landing but I did know what it felt like to walk naked into a supermarket and I really, really didn't want to do that today. I thought of another option that was only slightly better on the awfulness scale. "Nancy, why don't you just leave the car parked where you drop me off and I'll walk to one end and then back to the car? That will take up a full twenty minutes, right?"

"I thought about that, Wendy, but I think I like this plan better. It wouldn't be as much fun to have you passing by the same people twice and I want to see how you handle this anyway. I'm curious about whether you're willing to take it slow at this point in your career or if you'll decide to walk at a normal pace and do a supermarket walk as well. This'll be an interesting experiment."

Career. Experiment. God, I hated some of the terminology that Nancy used to pretend that this was something more than just some perverted blackmail scheme she was using to get her kicks. As usual she was giving me a choice that was really no choice at all. Either way this was going to be a humiliating experience, which is exactly what she wanted.

"What about cops or security guards? I don't want to be dawdling if there are security guards patrolling the area." This was something I was really worried about after barely evading police the other night during my streak with Becky.

It was Margaret who spoke up now. "There are no security guards there, at least none that I've ever seen and I've been there quite a few times. I've never seen any cops either. It's just a fun little tourist area and there aren't usually many problems there."

So do I keep a nice steady pace or take my time to stretch it out to twenty minutes? I really didn't know yet what I was going to do. I decided to just play it by ear and see how bad this place was first.

Up ahead I could see the Kegler's Landing exit sign and as Nancy flipped on the turn signal I swear my heart was beating so loud that it must've sounded to other cars like a thumping bass was coming from Nancy's car speakers.

**Kegler's Landing**
"Just go up to the corner and hang a left," Nancy said. "Keep walking and Margaret will let you know where to go from there."

We were parked in front of a house about half a block down from an open air café that I assumed marked the beginning of Kegler's Landing. Margaret had already exited the car in order to get into position to photograph me getting out to begin my nude walk. Nancy had adjusted the rearview mirror so she could see me in the back seat and her eyes were staring intently at me. "What are you feeling right now, Wendy?"

"Nervous," I said truthfully. "Very, very nervous."

"And aroused?" she asked.

"Yes." There was no point in denying it since my nipples were fully erect and the towel that she'd placed in the backseat for me to sit on was growing damp.

"I can smell your arousal from up here, Wendy. It smells delicious." I shifted uncomfortably in my seat hating the fact that I couldn't control my body or my reactions to this. "Someday you'll thank me for this, Wendy, you really will. You'll miss it when it's over." I let out a short bitter laugh.

Nancy continued staring at me for a few moments before she spoke again. "You can go at any time, Wendy, and the clock will start as soon as you're out of the car." She reached over and opened the glove compartment and pulled out a cheap digital watch. "Here, I've even got a stopwatch that I'll use so you don't think that I'm trying to screw you. Give me twenty minutes and we'll call it a day. Any less than that and we'll be making another stop."

I didn't see anyone nearby and began doing my internal pep talk. Just get this over with, Wendy. It's just twenty minutes out of your life. You've done this kind of thing before and you can do it again. I took a deep breath, pulled on the door handle and swung my bare legs out of the open door. After exiting the car and closing the door behind me I heard the lock click shut. Nancy was beaming at me from the driver's seat. She raised the watch to the window to show that she'd started the stopwatch and then wiggled her fingers as a goodbye wave. I turned and began walking toward the café.

The first immediate sensation came from the heat of the pavement on my bare feet. After riding in an air conditioned car I'd forgotten how hot it was out today and I was forced to move at a brisk pace. There was no way in hell I was going to last twenty minutes out here if the pavement was this hot the whole way.

The weird sensation of being nude outside in a public place also hit me just as it always did. My entire body tingled as if there was an electrical current running through it and my senses were on full alert. I stared down at the ground in front of my feet as if diverting my eyes would somehow keep others from seeing me. As I approached the corner I glanced up and saw that the café was actually one of those specialty coffee shops and some of the people sitting at the tables outside had already taken notice of me. I turned left at the corner as Nancy had instructed and passed through several short metal poles planted in the pavement to prevent cars from passing. I was now on a pedestrian street.

Each side of the street was lined with trees and the tree cover provided shade which also made the pavement considerably cooler here. To my right an older couple stared wordlessly at me from one of the park benches that lined both sides of the street and I hurried past them. I passed by several shops selling souvenirs and clothing but there weren't many people on the street in front of me so I decided to slow down and get my bearings. I walked over to one of the park benches and sat down.

I knew I couldn't have done this in the past when it'd been all I could do to keep myself from running to get away from staring eyes. I guess this was just another sign of my "progress" and even though I was still terribly nervous and embarrassed I could control it better now. I surveyed my surroundings and saw that there weren't many people nearby, but down the street where I'd come from were some gawkers. So far they'd been mostly middle-aged and older couples and I wondered if maybe this was a place that didn't appeal much to younger people. I tried to mentally calculate just how long it'd taken me to walk this far but it was already such a blur that I really had no idea. It might've been two minutes, it might've been five. I looked back to where I'd started from and saw that I really hadn't come very far at all yet. Maybe a little more than a block.

Since it was fairly quiet where I was sitting I resolved to burn off a little time since this was marginally better than walking through a crowded supermarket anyway. That's when I saw Margaret stroll up to me and snap a picture. I'd almost forgotten about her although I knew she must've been nearby this whole time.

"Having fun yet, Wendy?" she smiled.

"No," I said as I saw a middle-aged couple staring at me as they walked by on the other side of the street. "Where do I go from here anyway?"

"Well you have to hang a right up there unless you want to go for a swim." I looked down the street and saw she was right; the street ended in less than a block and I could see sunlight reflecting off the river. Margaret pointed her digital camera at me again and snapped another picture. "Spread your legs for me, Wendy," she said.

"No fucking way, Margaret."

"Yes fucking way, Wendy. You have to obey me the same as you do Nancy or we'll have you doing another lingerie show in my store this afternoon. There aren't that many people on this part of the street so as long as you're sitting on this bench I want those legs spread wide."

"Fine," I snapped and got to my feet and started walking again. It was bad enough when I had one psycho bitch giving me orders and now I had two of them. Nancy, at least, kept her distance while I was out in public.

I was determined now to spend the full twenty minutes out here because I'd be damned if I was going to walk naked through a supermarket today if I could help it. I kept walking toward the end of the street at as slow a pace as I could manage but as I turned the corner I stopped dead in my tracks. Just up ahead was a group of six teenage boys walking toward me.

They were about college age with athletic builds and looked like they might be part of a team or something. I was worried for a minute that they might even be from my college until I saw the name of a nearby rival college on several of their t-shirts. One of the boys spotted me and a grin spread across his face as he nudged the guy next to him and pointed. The group came to a sudden halt and I saw a dozen eyes staring at me.

I lowered my eyes to the pavement and began walking again, fighting the urge to cover up or run. This pedestrian pathway was considerably narrower than the street I'd been on so I had no choice but to pass by within a few feet of them. I was waiting to hear rude remarks or catcalls but they just stared silently as I walked by until one of them said, "Hey, what's your name?"

"Wendy," I replied, not knowing why.

"Wendy, you're gorgeous," he responded.

I wish I could describe to you the many emotions I was feeling knowing these six good-looking boys my age were drinking in the sight of my nude body as I walked by just a few feet away. Yes, I was deeply embarrassed but I have to admit now, if I'm going to be honest, that it was thrilling too. My breathing became shallower as the familiar feelings of arousal started building. I looked back over my shoulder and expected to see them following me but they'd stayed rooted to the same spot, still staring at me with smiles on their faces.

To my left was a souvenir shop with some t-shirts, sunglasses, and trinkets on display outside. I walked over and pretended to look them over, standing in plain view of the boys just twenty feet away. I'm just taking my time because I have to, I told myself, but I kept sneaking peeks over at them. I knew what kind of show I was putting on and I rationalized that I might as well do it in front of them as some middle-aged tourists down the street. I was still a little shocked by what I was doing, though.

I was becoming incredibly turned on now and began fighting off the intense feelings washing over me just as I'd been forced to do last week while taking the open air shower on the beach at Lake Rutherford. I'm going to come one of these days while doing this, I told myself. Please, please don't let it be today! To my right I spotted Margaret with her video camera filming the whole thing and this was enough to jar me into action again. I took a deep, calming breath and began walking again.

**Keggers Landing**
Up ahead I saw Nancy's car parked on the street and Nancy watching me from a nearby bench with a big shit-eating grin on her face. How long had I been out here now? Twenty minutes? Fifteen? Less than that? I really didn't know. Time seemed to stand still while I was doing this kind of thing and it was impossible for me to accurately measure it. It wouldn't do me any good to ask someone the time either since I didn't know what time I'd started. I'm sure that'd been Nancy's intention.

After leaving the boys behind I'd kept a steady pace past various shops and cafes and now found myself standing near the beer garden that Margaret had talked about earlier. I could already hear the buzz coming from it as the patrons began noticing the naked girl standing on the street outside. The reception I'd gotten from the people I'd passed so far had been mostly positive and this had helped my fragile psyche a little. I guess this was the kind of place where people came to relax and have fun so they weren't inclined to get too tweaked about the sight of a nude girl. This had made it slightly easier for me and I decided that since I'd lasted this long I was going to make sure that I was well past twenty minutes before I got back into Nancy's car. That meant killing at least another five minutes or so, but where was I going to do it? Nancy's car couldn't have been more than twenty yards away and I didn't just want to stand here for that long. There was no shade here anyway and the pavement was already starting to cook my bare feet and my skin was glistening with perspiration.

I guess Margaret must've sensed my dilemma because she walked up to me with a couple of dollar bills in her hand. "My offer's still good if you want to go in for a drink," she smirked. I looked over at the beer garden and back at the bills in her hand. Was I really considering doing this? I was hot, thirsty, and my feet were burning up but could I really walk naked into a beer garden full of people and order a drink? I looked back again and saw the name above the entrance: Keggers Landing, an obvious play on the name Kegler's Landing. It seemed like everyone in the place was already staring at me anyway. I grabbed the bills from her hand and headed for the entrance.

The beer garden was larger than I expected with about fifty or so picnic tables and a view looking out over the river. Rows of large canopies sheltered the drinkers from the hot sun overhead and I immediately felt cooler once inside. It also looked like this was the most popular spot in Kegler's Landing and the tables were filled with a younger crowd than I'd seen before.

To get to the bar required walking down a central aisle all the way to the rear and I immediately regretted doing this the moment I entered, but for some reason I kept going. I guess the autopilot had kicked in and I just kept putting one foot in front of the other as cheers and whistles came from the crowd. There were a couple of twenty-something bartenders behind the bar – a male and a female – and both were laughing as I approached. There were also several people in front of me in line and I was forced to wait until it was my turn. I couldn't have felt more awkward or embarrassed as I stood there as flashes from cameras started popping around me. God this was stupid, I told myself, but I was committed now. At least this was much cooler than if I'd been out on the street and I actually was pretty thirsty. Those were the reasons I told myself why I was doing this, anyway.

When it was my turn the female bartender looked at me with a crooked grin on her face. "Let me guess, you lost a bet?"

"Yes," I lied.

"Well, I'll need an ID and you don't look like you have one on you," she laughed.

"I just want a bottle of water," I said wondering if I should just turn around and flee before this got any worse. She turned to the other guy behind the bar and said, "What do you think, Todd? Should we serve her?"

Todd shrugged and smiled, his eyes roaming up and down my body. "Sure, why not? On a hot day like this a girl's gotta keep cool."

The girl behind the bar retrieved a bottle of water and plunked it down in front of me. "That'll be a buck fifty," she said and I put the pair of dollar bills that Margaret had given me on the bar. "Keep the change," I said and then started back up the aisle toward the front until I saw an empty table. I sat down on the bench with my back facing the table top and took a sip of my water. I was sitting right in the middle of the crowd and everyone was looking at me.

This whole thing had become completely surreal now and so unlike anything the old me would've ever done that I almost felt like I could leave my body and observe myself from a distance. The buzz from the crowd continued to get louder but the sound felt muted and very far away now. I lowered my eyes to avoid the stares of those around me but it was no use; I was completely exposed to dozens of people on every side of me. Blood was pounding through my head and my feelings of utterly naked vulnerability and humiliation were fueling another wave of arousal. This had been a very, very bad idea.

I put the bottle of water on the table and attempted to get to my feet but my legs felt as wobbly as a new born calf's and I couldn't seem to move. I grabbed the edge of the bench with both hands to steady myself and tried to fight off the wave that was getting ready to crest, but I knew there was no stopping it this time. I closed my eyes, shook my hair over my face, and bit my lip as my body shuddered with an intense orgasm.

I held my breath for a few moments before exhaling deeply but I was sure that the people surrounding me must have known what had just happened. I kept my eyes closed, not wanting to see the faces or reactions of the people around me, and wished more than anything that I could transport myself to some other place and time. I don't know how long I sat there with my eyes closed…probably no more than a minute…but it felt like an eternity.

The strength began returning to my legs and I leapt up from the picnic table bench and fled from the beer garden, not stopping until I reached Nancy's car. Thankfully it was unlocked and I pulled open the back door and crawled inside, then curled up in a ball and began sobbing. Moments later Nancy entered the front seat and turned back to me. I looked up at her through the tears and without a word she held up the stopwatch to answer the question that I hadn't needed to ask. The seconds were still ticking off and Nancy pushed a button to freeze it. It read 19:32.

"So close," Nancy said. "So close."

**Late Night Reflections**
Nancy Johnson lit the candle she'd placed on her coffee table, turned off the lights, and then sat on the sofa and began staring at it. This was a form of meditation she used to help calm and focus her mind and she needed that right now. Her mind had been racing at about a million miles an hour ever since the events this afternoon at Kegler's Landing and she needed to calm down if she was ever going to get some sleep tonight. She'd viewed the video and all of the pictures that Margaret had taken today and had already brought herself to several orgasms tonight, yet thoughts about Wendy's adventure kept racing through her mind.

Staring at the flame did help calm her mind to an extent but she wasn't able to completely put aside thoughts of today's events. After about ten minutes she gave up and began reflecting on them again. The unpredictable Wendy had once again surprised her and Nancy needed to think about what this meant for the future.

Nancy had really thought that the girl would choose to walk through Kegler's Landing as quickly as possible and then do the supermarket walk, but Wendy had apparently been hell-bent to avoid the second nude walk. That in itself wasn't as surprising as the ways she'd chosen to slow her pace: by pretending to look at trinkets just a few feet away from a group of gawking college boys and then going into the beer garden and ordering a drink. This helped to further confirm her belief that Wendy was really an exhibitionist, no matter how much the girl wanted to deny this about herself or how reluctant she was to participate in these nude games. At the very least the girl was becoming a true exhibitionist through experience and training even if she hadn't started out as one.

Nancy smiled again thinking about Wendy's orgasm in the beer garden. Margaret had caught the whole thing on video and Nancy must have watched it a dozen times already. The girl had done her best to try to suppress it and hide it, but it would've been obvious to anyone sitting nearby what had happened. The beer garden had been a bridge too far for Wendy at this point in her career and it had reduced her to a puddle of tears for a few minutes in the car. The remarkable thing, though, was that it had been Wendy herself who had pushed herself to her limits and then beyond. Going into a bar in the nude and ordering a drink was one of the things that Nancy had planned for Wendy in the future but only after the girl had gained a lot more experience. But Wendy had taken the leap herself today with only a little prompting from Margaret. Amazing!

And even after breaking down in the car, Wendy had quickly regained her composure and did the nude walk through the supermarket without hesitation. Nancy could tell that she'd already lost some of the fear and trepidation about it since the first time and had marched resolutely through it like she was on a mission. Wendy's progress from even just a couple of weeks ago was remarkable.

Wendy had done so well today that Nancy had even briefly considered moving her ahead into the next phase of her training, but quickly rejected that idea. Now that the beautiful co-ed was able to go fully nude out into public at her command there was no need to rush things, and there were quite a few fun little tasks for her to do in the summer job jar anyway. Just relax and enjoy this summer, Nancy told herself. I'll up the ante in the fall.

Nancy thought again about how remarkable it was that Wendy had been able to stretch a ten minute walk to at least twenty-three minutes or more. She wasn't exactly sure herself just how long it had taken. You see, the lovely, adorable, but naïve Wendy hadn't thought about the fact that a digital stopwatch has a pause function.

Nancy smiled and blew out the candle.

**The Reluctant Exhibitionist Ch. 04**

**THE RELUCTANT EXHIBITIONIST -- BACK TO SCHOOL**
It's Saturday morning again which means that all-too-familiar brew of dread, excitement, fear, anticipation, and arousal is beginning to course through my body. Just another Saturday in the crazy life of Wendy Wilson, which means another afternoon meeting with Nancy Johnson and whatever humiliations she had in store for her naked little puppet today. In many ways this would be no different than the past twelve Saturdays, with one big difference: summer is over and Nancy's "summer job" jar is empty. Believe me, I have no illusions about what that means.

I made myself a cup of tea and walked out onto the balcony of my third floor apartment and sat cross-legged in the armless chair I'd placed there. In the distance, beyond the trees, I could see edge of my college campus and I knew it would be buzzing with activity today. You see, the fall semester was about to begin which meant the relative summer calm on campus was over. I thought back again, for the umpteenth time, on the deal I'd made with Nancy to keep from being expelled after turning in a plagiarized term paper, and I shuddered to think what kind of plans she might have for me in the coming school year. As humiliating as things had been up until now, I knew they could get much worse. In fact, Nancy kept telling me that they would.

Nancy had started me off slowly with naked car rides and "t-shirt training" where I'd be exposed to crowds wearing nothing but a thin, body hugging t-shirt. The whole idea was to push me slowly but firmly toward her goal of living vicariously through a reluctant young co-ed who'd be forced to live out her exhibitionist fantasies for her. Nancy's plan had worked all too well and "Phase 1" of my training eventually culminated with nude walks through a supermarket and a home improvement store, which I couldn't have imagined doing in my wildest dreams just a few months earlier.

And after that day of naked store walks and the introduction into "Phase 2" of my training, it was full speed ahead with the program. Each Saturday afternoon I would show up at Nancy's house and draw one of a dozen envelopes out of a jar containing nude-in-public scenarios that Nancy had dreamed up for me. Even though there was some randomness to the process, they were all designed to get me used to exposing myself to strangers for brief periods in a variety of situations. There were more nude store walks, walks through sections of parks, walks down a few blocks of residential streets, walks through tourist areas and so on. Later I came to realize that these were all pretty much the classic scenes that real exhibitionists indulge in, but it was all so new and outrageous and unimaginable to think that I was doing these things myself.

And as the summer wore on, at times the bizarreness of my predicament would just overwhelm me. Having to do this was just so unexpected, something that no girl ever worries about happening to her. I mean, it's different that way from a girl's fear of being raped. Every girl knows, at least in the back of her mind, that being raped is a real possibility. Not that you dwell on it or live in constant fear of it, but you know it can happen, even though nobody thinks it will happen to them. At least its something you've contemplated and dealt with and filed away in your mind someplace.

This was so different. I mean, in my wildest imaginings, it had never, ever occurred to me that the possibility existed that someday someone would force me to go out in public totally naked. Or that they would make me do it over and over again. Oh sure, I had the naked-in-public dream on occasion, just like everybody else does, but when you wake up from that you know its just a silly nightmare, and that its not something that really happens to anybody. But it really was happening to me, and I knew it was going to keep happening. And the knowledge that another woman was choosing this for me, and was forcing me to do these things with no choice whatsoever on my part, was always part of my consciousness. It became a source of humiliation separate and distinct from the humiliation which came from actually being out in public naked. That humiliation would end -- temporarily - once the particular scene was over, although of course the memory stayed forever. But the humiliation of being her helpless toy was always with me.

And she loved to tease me about my predicament, which of course made things ten times worse. I could always sense her smug amusement and satisfaction as she forced me through scene after scene of public nudity, and she in turn seemed to know exactly how it was for me to have to do it. I guess that shouldn't be too surprising, since after all these were her own fantasies I was acting out. The fact that she herself was so consumed by the nude-in-public fantasy, and had actually attempted to act it out herself, only to back down when she realized the true awfulness of the reality, I think gave her a full awareness of just how awful it was for me. But instead of engendering sympathy from her, the vicarious thrill and excitement she got from forcing me to do it just made her want to make it even worse by taunting me.

But I've got to admit that, as bizarre as it was, I still reached a level of acceptance as my training progressed that summer. I really didn't have a choice. After I decided once and for all to go along with her, and after I realized she wasn't going to relent in any way, I more or less resolved to just accept my assignments without protest. Now, don't get me wrong, I never, ever, became a willing participant in any of it. But it was just that I knew that if I agonized over the decision each and every time, it would eventually drive me insane. Not that I was at all assured of keeping my sanity as it was. But I was somehow able to put aside my rage at the big picture of what was being done to me, and instead just focused on getting through the scenes, one by one, as they were thrust upon me.

And in a sense, Nancy actually kept it fairly manageable for the first part of the summer. For awhile she didn't make me go beyond the pattern of fairly quick excursions in front of unknown strangers; people I'd hopefully never see again. She always took me pretty far from campus, a lot of times even out of town. She was always careful to not put me in a situation where I might get hurt or where I might get caught and get arrested for indecency or something. And I was always amazed how, just like that day in the grocery store, people just tend to let a naked girl do her thing. And although I never got over the anxiety or stomach butterflies or dread of what I was having to do, after she had made me do it enough times I really did get to a point where I could more or less just obey my orders automatically. Once again, she had successfully conditioned me to accept a new level of humiliation. It was around this time that I really started to understand what she meant by all her talk about training and step-by-step progress in pursuit of turning me into a real exhibitionist. I could look back now with amazement on the few months she had been blackmailing me, amazement at how she had been able to get me to do the things I was doing. And with what I now know was incredible naiveté, I believed that watching me on these types of naked excursions would satisfy her perverse fantasies. Surely this was all she would want - I mean, I was doing exactly the things she herself had fantasized about - being naked in public settings. As the summer went on, and as I got ever more used to doing it, I let myself hope, and believe, that it wouldn't get any worse. Boy was I ever wrong.

Early in the summer Nancy had told me that she expected me to spend at least twenty minutes out naked in public on whatever scenario I drew out of the summer jobs jar; anything less than that and she'd add another excursion for me to do on our way home. After a few weeks I realized that no matter how long I thought I was out, the time always magically came in at just under twenty minutes. When I finally confronted her on this she ended the farce and told me that I was doing so well that there was no reason to limit my training to only the task I'd drawn out of the jar. After that she chose things for me to do that were often worse than whatever "job" I had drawn that week.

For instance, she'd deliberately choose a convenience store with a full parking lot, so she knew there would be lots of customers inside. Somehow she would always pick one with only one clerk working, so there would be a long line at the cash register. And of course, I'd have to buy something and therefore wait in the line. That could take ten or fifteen minutes, which may not sound like much, but when you're the only one naked, and everyone is just staring at you, believe me, it seems like forever. I was usually instructed to use the "lost bet" explanation in those days, if an explanation was needed. And once people heard that, it seemed like it made them feel free to make the most of my situation. Silly girl got herself into this, we might as well fully enjoy her mistake. There would always be some moron who would try to strike up a conversation with me, all the while letting his eyes rove unrestricted up and down my body. And while I had to deal with him, all the other bystanders would feel free to partake fully in the visual feast too. Under orders from Nancy, I was never allowed to cover up at all, so I always just had to stand there naked while they all watched me trying to act like everything was normal.

But my exhibitionist assignments weren't the only requirements Nancy had placed on me this summer. She had registered me for summer school to keep me around for more "training," and had also enrolled me in an acting class ("it will help you handle your public performances, and with some of the role-playing you'll be doing later"), and in an aerobics class ("we have to keep that fabulous body of yours in top shape, dear"). Even though controlling my life in this way paled in comparison to my forced public nudity, it added tremendously to my feelings that I was becoming a complete slave to her fantasies. For her part, however, she acted more like a doting, obsessed stage mother rather than a perverted dominant mistress or whatever you'd call it. She would fuss over my hair and makeup before each assignment, and praise me over and over for my beauty and courage afterwards. An obsessed stage mother all right, but one who forced me into performance after performance that no mother would ever dream of for a daughter.

I took another sip of tea and thought about that paper I used have to write back in grade school at the beginning of fall classes: "What I Did On My Summer Vacation." God, what a potboiler that would be now! My final summer assignment last Saturday had been a nude car wash at one of those self-service car washes. After I finished washing Nancy's car in front of a crowd, she had me wash the guy's car in the next bay over, using my breasts as sponges. The girl who was able to do something like that was so far removed from the rather naïve girl who started school here just one year ago that she may as well have been a different person. In many ways she was.

After we got back to Nancy's place that day she poured me a glass of wine and toasted the end of Phase 2. "What comes next?" I'd asked nervously, not really sure I wanted to hear the answer. "The next part," she answered coyly.

The next part. Whatever that means it starts today and I have a sick feeling that someday I'll look back on this past summer as relatively tame by comparison.

**II**
Nancy gave me her usual cheerful greeting as she let me in. She led me into her living room where to my surprise, and immediate unease, two other women were already seated on the couch. I recognized them at once -- both were students on campus. But unfortunately my familiarity went well beyond that. Nancy handled the introductions.

"I understand you girls all know each other. Wendy, Taylor and Cindy stopped by for a little visit, and it's just so fortuitous you were planning to come by, too. We've all got a few things we need to discuss." I wondered momentarily what she might be talking about, but I didn't think about it for long. Instead I was remembering, without any fondness at all, my past acquaintance with Taylor. She was from my hometown, and we had never gotten along too well growing up and in high school. Her dad was in a business competing with my dad, and there had always been sort of a rivalry between our families. Nothing too hostile, just one of those silly country club socialite clique things. It had carried over to the kids, so Taylor had been in rival social circles all through high school. She was always jealous of my better looks and figure, but I just generally had tried to not let those things bother me.

The other girl also brought an unpleasant memory. Cindy was the one who showed me the website where I got the term paper last spring. I hadn't seen her since. As I recalled, she was a couple of years older than me, which meant she was about to start her senior year. As I sat down, I remember thinking, girl, if you only knew what your "advice" had led to. I wondered what connection she had with Nancy, but then I remembered we had all been at some of the same parties my freshman year.

As usual, Nancy had a bottle of wine open. The others already had glasses, and Nancy poured one for me. They engaged in idle chit-chat for awhile, but I didn't really have much opportunity to join in. I was finding it hard to focus, given my usual concern over what Nancy may have cooked up in the way of a new adventure, so I hardly even followed the thread of the conservation. It was something about the excitement of getting back to school, but somehow I couldn't really empathize.

But at length the conversation died down, and Nancy took the opportunity to bring me back in. "Well, now's as good a time to broach the subject as ever. Wendy, Cindy and Taylor have something they'd like to discuss with you," she said. For a moment it was quiet, as the two girls seemed uncertain how to begin, but then Cindy leaned forward and began to speak.

"Well, Wendy, Taylor and I are both members of the Sigma Pi sorority. Taylor's a new pledge. Every fall, when all the students get back into town, we host a back-to-school bash at our house. It's probably not the biggest party on campus, be we always try to make it one of the best. We usually invite a couple of the fraternities over and basically just make it an all-day bash with food, a few kegs, games, and so on..."

She went on to earnestly and enthusiastically describe the event in more detail, as if I cared the tiniest bit about it, which I didn't. She finally concluded, "Anyway, the party's next Saturday, and we were wondering if you ..." Then she trailed off, as if she were uncertain what to say next.

"Well, what?" I asked, not knowing where this was going. The two girls looked at each other, and exchanged giggles.

"Maybe you better explain to her," Cindy finally said, looking to Nancy.

"I suppose so," Nancy said. She turned and just looked at me for several moments. Then she spoke, "Wendy, Cindy and I go back quite a ways. She's done some enormous favors for me in the past, including one involving you. You see, it was no accident Cindy showed you that website last spring. She did it on my instructions. It was kind of a team effort which brought you and I together, you might say." She paused to allow me time to fully appreciate the import of her words.

With growing shock at the revelation, I turned toward Cindy, fury in my eyes. "You! Why you little..." Lifting a hand, Cindy cut me off.

"Hey Wendy, nobody made you cheat on that paper," she said sharply. "That was your decision." She was right, of course. I could only stare are her, furious. Then I realized with sudden horror that Cindy, and probably Taylor too, and God knows who else, must know all about my new little "career" with Nancy. The one decent thing Nancy had done so far was to schedule most of my adventures far away from campus, so I could at least lead a somewhat normal life at school. The thought that some of my fellow students might know about it after all made me want to crawl away and hide. I flushed bright red and squirmed uncomfortably in my seat, breaking off my glare at Cindy to stare instead at the floor.

Then another horrible thought began to take form. What was this little meeting all about after all? What was this about their party - and me? I desperately stopped my mind from imagining any more, but I couldn't stop a sudden, icy chill from beginning to settle over me.

Nancy had started talking again. "Anyway, Wendy, when Cindy called to remind me of their big party, it occurred to me what a marvelous opportunity it would be for you and I to further your development. I've brought her and Taylor up to date on what you've been doing this summer, and I've taken the liberty of offering them your services for their party, if they felt they could use them. I must say," she went on, winking at the other two mischievously, "their response has been most enthusiastic."

Cindy picked up the cue. "All too happy to help you with your new career, Wendy. Taylor and I are in charge of arranging the entertainment for our party, and we think your 'talents' could be put to good use!"

All I could do was groan inwardly in agony. I had been through enough with Nancy by that point that I was beyond the outwardly obvious, outraged reaction to this kind of news. But inside, in my head and in my guts, it remained as bad as the first day, and I knew it always would. I looked from Nancy, to Cindy, to Taylor, hoping to see even a faint hint of sympathy from any of them, any sign this was just a cruel joke. But I saw only the three of them smiling broadly back at me. Then Nancy got up and poured me another glass of wine. Nobody spoke for a long time. I think I just sat for awhile with my face in my hands. But even now, the strength I had built up over the summer didn't leave me.

Finally I looked up and sighed. "Get on with it," I said, calmly. "What do I have to do?" Cindy spoke up earnestly, obviously relieved the awkward moment had passed, "Well, to tell you the truth, Wendy, we haven't actually finalized the details of your part yet. We just know we'd like to make use of some of the talents Nancy has been helping you develop. Some of the things she's told us about sound really exciting. We wanted to go ahead and let you know about it today, just to make sure your schedule's free, and to give you some time to think about it." Her tone was one of feigned friendliness, as if she were planning the party arrangements with an equal, like one of her sisters in the sorority.

Nancy cut in. "Yes, her schedule is free, and of course she'll be willing, if not overjoyed, to ensure the party's a smashing success." She turned to me, eyes twinkling. "Now Wendy, just to reassure you, I've outlined some ground rules, so you don't have to worry about being asked to do anything beyond our regular bounds. And I'm personally planning many of the details myself. But apart from that, I'm giving Taylor full authority over you for the day. I expect you to treat any instructions from her as if they came directly from me. Do you understand?" I felt as if I'd been kicked in the stomach, but I nodded slowly. "Very good. Of course, I'll be there to enjoy the show, but I plan to stay in the background for the most part. Taylor will be in charge of the moment-to-moment details."

Cindy and Taylor made their departure then, all smiles as they informed Wendy they would pick her up at her apartment on the day of the party. "See you on Saturday, Wendy ... all of you!" Taylor giggled as they went out the door.

Nancy and I sat in silence for awhile, until at length Nancy spoke. "There's a few things I'd like to talk over with you. I know this seems like an especially difficult assignment, and it will be. But it's an important step in your development, as I'll explain in a moment. But first, I want to give you a few more details about what you'll have to do. Those girls weren't being completely honest about how far the planning for the party has progressed."

"I'm not sure I want to hear any details right now," I said.

"Well, you probably won't like what I have to say," Nancy said, "but I think it's best if you have some idea what's going to happen. So here's the deal. This annual party of the Sigmas usually includes the traditional final initiation of the new members from the prior year. They usually have a drawing in which six girls are chosen at random out of the new group. Then those girls have to play a strip game in front of all the partygoers, guys and girls alike. I don't know exactly how the game is played -- I think they draw names from a hopper or something like that, but the details aren't important. Anyway, it's really pretty tame -- the game ends as soon as the first girl is topless, and then she and the others are allowed to get dressed, and it's on with the party. They don't really want to put their new members through too much humiliation, you know. Well, this year it seems Taylor just doesn't want to risk having to show her tits that way. I guess she has a fair amount of money, and she's gotten Cindy and the other seniors to agree to let her and the other new pledges off the hook in return for a sizable contribution to the sorority's treasury. But that left them with a problem. The strip game, needless to say, is a major part of the day's entertainment. They couldn't just cancel it without something to take its place. That's where you come in."

Nancy paused to sip her wine and I sat in sort of a state of morbid fascination. Part of me dreaded hearing any more, and hated affording Nancy the pleasure I know she derives from her matter-of-fact description of the details. Yet somehow not knowing the rest would be worse. "Well?" I said.

"It's a quite simple solution, really. They decided to not cancel the game at all. Instead, it will go off as planned, only with you presented as a new initiate who must compete. But I'm afraid the outcome will be rigged, dear girl, so that you will be the unfortunate loser."

I almost felt relieved. Compared to some of the other things Nancy had made me do, briefly baring my breasts in front of a few dozen people seemed almost innocuous. True, it would be in front of fellow students, as opposed to anonymous strangers, but it was no worse than what the typical sorority pledge had to expect anyway. For a moment I considered the sad irony of my situation: I'd always felt complete disdain for the girls who would submit to such rituals just to be part of the social elite, and here I was being ordered to suffer the humiliation in their place, without even the reward of membership at the end. Not that I wanted any part of such a group. I was also a little surprised by how calmly I accepted this news, and what it said about what I'd become in just a few short months of Nancy's training. "I guess it could be worse," I said, finally.

Nancy just looked at me for a few moments, as if debating inside whether to say anything further. I guess she decided she'd better tell me everything. "Well, actually, I'm afraid it is worse, dear. You see, Cindy and I agreed that since you aren't really going to be a member of the sorority when this is all over, there was no reason not to liven up the entertainment a little." Nancy paused and I could feel my heart pounding, waiting for the other shoe to drop. "Wendy, I want you to know that this was my idea. I want this for you because it's such a logical next step in your development, and I truly believe you're ready for this."

"Ready for what?"

"All right, if you insist on knowing the details. Wendy, they're going to continue the strip game until you're completely naked. And then they're going to keep you naked, at the party, for the rest of the day. I'm not sure exactly what they'll have you do once you're in your birthday suit -- those are the details they're still working out. But I think you can count on them to come up with various ways to keep you creatively displayed. Those girls can be quite devious when they want to, and I'm helping them with the planning on that part as well. Cindy will be pretty busy just running the whole show. That's why I've decided to give Taylor direct charge of your activities. So after the strip game is over, and you're naked, you will follow Taylor's instructions for the rest of the day." She smiled as she gazed into my eyes. My cheeks burned as I contemplated the prospect of the promised humiliation. Not just promised, but guaranteed.

"There's a little more I want you to know, Wendy. I'm quite aware of the past that you and Taylor share. I know what a little cunt she is. God knows, I've hated bitches like that my whole life. You can imagine how girls like her treated frumps like me back in the day. I know you must be absolutely mortified at the prospect of her, well . . . you know."

I just looked at her. What was I supposed to say? Of course Taylor even knowing about my predicament with Nancy was awful enough, but for Nancy to give her some say in the matter was too horrible to even think about. But as Nancy watched me rolling through the possibilities, the familiar smile spread across her face. "Wendy, letting her in on our secret, and giving her carte blanche authority over you for a day, was just too delicious an opportunity to pass up. You know me by now -- the more horrid the idea is on the one hand, the more delicious it is on the other. And you know that delicious always wins. Depending on how things go on Saturday, I can easily envision loaning you out to her on a regular basis."

I gasped when I heard this and started to respond before biting my tongue. Once upon a time I would have angrily lashed out at Nancy but I knew from experience that this was not only futile but counterproductive, and usually only made things worse for myself. I was her naked little puppet now and if she wanted to loan me out to Taylor there was very little I could do about it. Maddeningly, and without warning, my nipples hardened into little rocks. I let out a heavy sigh. "So I guess this is Phase 3 now?" I asked.

"No, dear, there is no Phase 3. Your training is over."

I'll admit that I was a little taken aback by this. I was expecting a new phase of training involving maybe longer and more involved scenarios, but not this. "I don't know, Nancy, I'm not sure I'm ready for some of the things you expect me to do, if half of what you've hinted at is true."

"Oh, I agree. I'm not saying that you won't continue to build on your experiences in order to gain strength for some things I have planned for you down the road. I guess in that sense your training will continue indefinitely."

"Then what are you saying?" I asked.

"What I'm saying is that you're not a novice anymore, Wendy. You've shown your naked body now to hundreds of people in a variety of situations and you've proven that you have the fortitude to keep doing it whenever and wherever I ask. I've thrown you into the deep end of the pool this summer and you've learned how to swim. No matter how much deeper the water gets I see no reason now why you can't stay afloat."

"But this time it'll be in front of people I know! Can't I work up to that more gradually?"

"Why? You were already seen by one of your professors and her son and his girlfriend at the lake and you survived that. Besides, I've told you all along that this day would come, and now it has. It's not that you can't do it, it's that you don't want to." Nancy had shifted now into that maddening supercilious tone of hers where she simply dictated what was what, and I could like it or lump it.

"Listen Wendy," she continued, "I know the experience of being naked in front of your friends and fellow students for the first time will be difficult for you but you've proven that you can handle it, and I expect you to. This will be your coming out party, so to speak, as an exhibitionist. This will also help lay the groundwork for some of the things I'll be asking you to do in the future on and around the campus. You're not the same scared little girl who broke down crying in my car during your first naked car ride. You're an exhibitionist now, Wendy, and this is going to be your life until you graduate."

I buried my head in my hands and Nancy remained silent for awhile to allow me to contemplate the unthinkable prospects of what lay ahead. When I finally looked up at her she broke into a broad smile and spoke again. "Well, now that we've got that out of the way let's not forget what you're here for this afternoon, dear," she said cheerfully. "Take off your clothes and let's go out and have some fun!"

**III**
The Saturday of the party came all too soon and I kept pacing nervously back and forth waiting for Taylor and Cindy to pick me up. The party didn't start until 1:00 pm but they were going to pick up me up at 10:00 am so I could help with the preparations, whatever that meant.

The past week had gone by in a blur. Classes wouldn't start until Monday but the previous week had been filled with registration and orientation meetings. As I saw some old friends and lots of new faces during the week I couldn't help but wonder how many of them would soon be seeing me naked and humiliated. Even if they weren't at the party I'm sure most of them would hear about it soon enough. As bad as things had been before at least when I was on campus and away from Nancy's control I could pretend that I was still the same old Wendy Wilson even though I knew that was a façade. After today that was all going to change. After today the real Wendy Wilson would be laid bare, both literally and figuratively. Whatever most people thought of me before, they were going to think something different come Monday morning when fall classes begin.

Unlike my summer classes, Nancy had let me choose my own schedule this time with two exceptions: the aerobics class and the acting class. I guess I really didn't mind taking either one, though. Call it vanity or narcissism or whatever, but I decided that if everyone was going to see me naked I wanted to look good, and the aerobics class had helped me avoid the notorious "Freshman 15" weight gain. And I'd really learned to like the acting class and my teacher said I was a natural. It even helped at times when I was in one of Nancy's nude-in-public scenarios to pretend I was playing a role in a movie or something. I was hoping that this would help me get through the party today because I don't think I've been this nervous since the early days of my naked car rides when this was all new and terrifying to me.

One of the things that really worried me was the idea that Taylor would be in control of me today. Not only did we have a somewhat contentious history together but I had no idea how she would react to having that kind of power over me. With Nancy, at least, I had some idea of the boundaries and what she expected of me. Taylor was a wild card, though, and it made me feel a little better knowing that Nancy would be there and had some hand in planning this, as strange as that sounds. Better the devil you know than the devil you don't, and all that.

The sound of the doorbell startled me out of my thoughts and my heart nearly jumped out of my chest. I took a deep breath to calm myself before opening the door.

"Hi Wendy!" Taylor and Cindy said in unison, broad smiles on their faces. "Are you ready to go?" Cindy added.

"I guess so," was all I could muster in response.

Taylor looked me over. "Is that what you're going to wear?" she asked. I was dressed casually in sneakers, blue jeans, and a dark t-shirt with the college logo on it. I nodded and half expected her to march me back inside to make me dress up in something slutty or revealing. Instead she just shrugged. "I guess it really doesn't matter does it?" she said with a smirk and Cindy let out a laugh.

I followed the girls out to the parking lot and was surprised to find them driving one of those big four-door extended cab pickup trucks complete with large off-road tires. Cindy crawled behind the driver's wheel while Taylor rode shotgun. I climbed into the backseat.

After we rolled out of the apartment parking lot Taylor turned to me and began talking. "I guess for starters we should tell you how the game is going to go today, Wendy. It's going to be a trivia contest. It'll be totally fair and aboveboard except for the fact that the other girls will know all the answers in advance while you're going to give the wrong answers." She pulled a folded sheet of paper out of her pocket and handed it to me. "Here are the questions you'll be asked and the answers you'll give."

I unfolded the sheet and read it, then shook my head. "Uh, uh. No fucking way!"

Taylor glared at me while Cindy glanced back in the rearview mirror. "Yes fucking way, Wendy," Taylor said sharply. "You're supposed to do as you're told today."

"Listen, I'm going to get naked and I know I don't have a choice in that. But you're not going to make me look like a dumb airhead while doing it. I'm smart and I'm good at trivia and I know the answers to all of these questions. In fact, these are the type of simple trivia questions that Howard Stern asks to some Playboy bimbo to show how stupid she is. There's no way in hell I'm going to pretend that I don't know who the Vice President is or what the capital of my own state is."

"You're going to do what we tell you to do, Wendy, or I'll get Nancy on the phone right now," Taylor snapped.

"You do that," I shot back. "And please ask her how it's going to look for me to be unable to answer even common knowledge trivia questions when she's been inflating my grades to make sure I'm an honor student."

Taylor and Cindy looked at each other when I said that and I knew immediately that this was something that Nancy hadn't told them. I really didn't care at the moment, though. It was going to be humiliating enough for me today without allowing them to make me look like some dumb bimbo. For some reason I knew this would be a bigger blow to my ego than being forced to strip and it was a line I wasn't going to cross.

Cindy finally spoke up. "Listen, Taylor, it really doesn't matter what the game is as long as Wendy gets naked, right? We'll think up another one."

"Fine," Taylor replied, but I could tell she was pissed. We drove the rest of the way to the sorority house in silence. The day wasn't off to a good start.

The Sigma Pi sorority house is a large immaculate brick building that's about as far from the Animal House image as you can get. When we walked into the front door it struck me that it didn't look at all like a place that was about to host a party. There were some girls preparing food in the kitchen but there didn't seem to be anything set up that would indicate a party was taking place here in a few hours.

"Um, when is this thing supposed to start again?" I asked.

"One o'clock," Cindy replied.

"Really?" I responded. "This place doesn't look ready at all for a party."

Taylor turned to me with a smirk on her face. "Oh, I'm sorry Wendy. Didn't we tell you that the party's been moved?"

"What? Where?"

"Since I donated quite a bit of money to the sorority so I wouldn't have to take part in the strip game they were able to afford to stage a much bigger party than we originally planned. We rented the big party tent at Woodland Park and merged a couple of other fraternity parties into this one."

I think the blood drained out of my face when I heard this which only spurred Taylor to continue tormenting me. "And since we don't have to worry about noise there we were also able to hire a band and will be able to party much later into the night. It's going to be a massive rave. Everyone will be there."

Taylor glared at me for a minute, enjoying my reaction, and I could tell she was still pissed off about the trivia contest. I finally collected myself and responded. "Fine. Whatever."

Cindy put her arm around my shoulder and steered me away from Taylor. "Wendy can help me load the truck and take some of this stuff to the party site," she said.

"Alright," Taylor replied. "You'll need to stop by the store on the way and pick up a few things. I've got a list."

Cindy and I spent the next few minutes loading the back of her truck with boxes full of food, paper plates, plastic silverware and other things for the party. I was just glad to be away from Taylor and doing something to keep my mind off of what lay ahead. After we'd finished loading the truck we hopped in and pulled away from the sorority house. Once we were on the road Cindy turned to me. "Sorry about Taylor. I know she can be a little bitch sometimes but I think she's almost as nervous about this party as you are."

I let out a short, bitter laugh. "I doubt that."

"Yeah, probably not," Cindy smiled "You were right about the trivia contest, though. That wouldn't have been fair to you to make you look so dumb."

"Thanks," I mumbled, and we rode in silence for a couple of minutes. Maybe it was because I was grateful that she stepped in and helped me get away from Taylor but I decided it wouldn't do me any good to be unfriendly to Cindy, so I started to make some small talk. "Where are you from, Cindy?"

"I'm from a small town a couple of hours from here and I'm sure you've never heard of it. I grew up on a farm and I'm a corn fed country girl, born and bred."

This didn't really surprise me much, especially after seeing her truck which looked more suited to mudding than commuting on city roads. She also had a slight twang in her voice. It wasn't a heavy drawl by any means, but it was noticeable. Cindy had a lean, lithe figure and a very pretty face highlighted by wavy strawberry blonde hair and green eyes. "You remind me of Jennifer Nettles of Sugarland," I told her.

"Really?" she said surprised. "Well, I'll take that as a compliment. I think she's very pretty."

"So do I."

"I'm surprised an upper-class blueblood like you listens to country music," she said.

"Well, I like her anyway."

Cindy smiled at me. "Me too."

She turned the truck into a supermarket parking lot and shut off the engine. "We have to pick up a few things here for the party, Wendy. So go ahead and take off your clothes and we'll go on in." I'm sure you can imagine the shocked look on my face when she said that and Cindy managed to keep a straight face for a few seconds before bursting into laughter. "I'm just kidding, Wendy. C'mon." She opened her door and stepped out and with a sigh of relief I got out and followed her.

"You've done that before though, right?" Cindy asked as we walked toward the store. "Walked naked through a busy supermarket like this one?"

"Yeah," I replied. "Quite a few times, actually."

"Have you been naked in this one before?"

"No, not yet. But I'm sure that day is coming since it's pretty close to the campus."

Cindy let out another laugh. "Oh my God, that is so crazy. I mean, who does that? I can't imagine anyone actually doing that."

Unfortunately, not only could I imagine it, I had lots of vivid memories of it. I was just thankful to be clothed right now as we walked though the store's automatic sliding doors. Cindy grabbed a shopping cart and we began rolling through the aisles looking for items on the shopping list. As we walked Cindy kept glancing over at me and smiling until I finally had to say something. "What?"

"Oh, nothing," she replied. "I was just imagining what it would be like if you were walking naked through the store right now. I mean, you would've done that if I'd insisted, right?"

"Yeah," I replied nervously. "But you'll be getting me naked soon enough at the party."

"Oh, I know," she replied. "I'm just getting incredibly turned on right now thinking about it, though." Cindy flashed me another smile and I started to get worried that she might ask me to strip right here in the middle of the store. But the moment passed and we kept rolling through the aisles with me somehow managing to keep from being separated from my clothes.

The two of us loaded the shopping bags into the back of her truck and hit the road again, this time heading toward the party site. We rode silently for a couple of minutes before Cindy began to speak. "Hey Wendy, I know you think I'm a major bitch for showing you that term paper website but I really didn't know what Nancy had planned for you. I mean, I knew she had kind of a weird fetish for exhibitionism, but I guess I didn't put two and two together."

"Well, like you said, no one made me cheat on that paper. You didn't hold a gun to my head. So are you and Nancy good friends?" I asked.

"Good friends? Um, no. We've partied together a few times but that's about it. I mean, she must be forty at least and a member of the administration but she's still hanging out at college parties like she's twenty? I just think that's a little pathetic." I was starting to warm to Cindy and I was glad to hear that she and Nancy weren't as close as Nancy had claimed. "Nancy was pretty drunk the night she told me about her exhibitionist fantasies," Cindy continued, "and it kind of weirded me out. I was afraid she might take her clothes off or something and I really didn't need to see that."

We both laughed and I was starting to loosen up a little and felt like talking. "I think she's totally nuts," I said. "Seriously. Can you imagine what it's like to be under the control of a crazy woman like that?"

"Tell me," she said.

"I don't know, but I'm just so on edge all the time, especially when I know I have one of my 'assignments' coming up soon. I'm just a bundle of nerves and emotions."

"Like right now?"

"Yes, exactly! I mean my stomach is churning right now and I've got all this adrenaline running through my body. I feel like I could jump right out of my skin knowing what I'm going to have to do in a few hours."

"Does it make you horny?" she asked with a wry smile.

"Yes," I sighed. "That's another thing. I get incredibly aroused and I just can't help it. I hate it but it's just the way my body reacts."

"You make it sound like a bad thing," Cindy said. "That sounds kind of exciting to me."

"That's because you're not the one having to humiliate herself all the time. I don't know, it's just embarrassing, especially when everyone can tell that I'm turned on."

Cindy's GPS interrupted us as it told her to make a turn. She guided the truck onto a road that led to the edge of town and remained silent for a minute before speaking again. "Wendy, I know what I did was a shitty thing to do, but I'm glad you're the one who Nancy chose. I know that sounds awful but I can't help it."

I didn't know how to respond to that so I stayed silent as she continued. "Wendy, you're gorgeous and you have nothing to be ashamed about by showing your body. You're one of the prettiest girls on campus and everyone says so."

I blushed a little when she said that. "Um, thanks, I guess. I think you're beautiful, too."

"No," she replied. "Taylor is cute, I'm pretty, and you're beautiful. There's a sliding scale here and you're at the top of it. I think that's part of the reason that Taylor has such a problem with you. She's jealous."

"Are you?" I asked her.

"No," Cindy replied. "I'm very comfortable with my looks. In fact, I think I'm really, really attracted to you." She eyed me quickly and then turned her focus back to the road. "You don't have to respond to that, Wendy. I know we never really talked to each other much besides that one party where I told you about the website, but I definitely had noticed you around campus. The thing is, though, that once Nancy got her hooks into you, you kind of turned into a hermit. You completely disappeared from the social scene. I totally understand that now but I think it made some people think you were standoffish and aloof, like a stuck up rich bitch."

"But I'm not!" I blurted out. "I just didn't know how to handle this whole thing with Nancy!"

"I know," Cindy replied. "I understand that, especially now that I know what Nancy's been making you do. But I want to see the fun-loving Wendy back again. What's going to happen today is inevitable but being miserable about it doesn't have to be. Just try to make something positive out of this and have fun with it."

"You mean turn lemons into lemonade," I retorted sarcastically. "You just don't understand what this is like, Cindy."

Cindy didn't speak again and a couple of minutes later we turned into a gravel parking lot. In the distance was a large canvas tent and some fraternity boys busy setting up for the party. Cindy shut off the engine and turned to me. "We're here, Wendy," she said. "At least think about what I said."

**IV**
I wandered around outside through the growing crowd trying to keep my nerves under control but my stomach was tied up in knots. I didn't know what was worse, the anticipation of knowing what was about to happen or actually going through with it. I had no idea what time our little sorority "initiation" was going to take place but part of me wanted to hurry up and get it over with, while another part of me wanted to delay the inevitable for as long as possible.

As I walked around I'd occasionally run into friends and acquaintances, but I was too nervous to engage in small talk and after a few minutes I'd find an excuse to wander away. No wonder people think I'm aloof, I thought to myself, but I just couldn't help it.

As I wandered through the area I decided that if you were going to throw a big bash, this was definitely the place to do it. This was where the town's annual Oktoberfest festivities were held and since it was just outside of town it was both easily accessible yet far enough away from residential neighborhoods that there were no worries about complaints by the neighbors. The site featured a large permanent canvas beer tent which had a stage, bar, dance area, and wooden tables. I guessed that the tent could probably hold a couple of hundred people but the field surrounding it was large enough to hold many times that. A classic rock band was playing on the stage inside but since the music was being piped out on loudspeakers, most people so far had chosen to stay outside in the sunshine. I chose to stay outside mainly because I really needed the fresh air to keep from throwing up.

I guessed there were probably at least two hundred people here already and more were showing up all the time, paying a $20 cover charge which helped cover the costs of the food, alcohol, and entertainment. This was a long way from the few dozen people I originally imagined when I first heard about the sorority party, and way beyond the relatively brief exposure to anonymous strangers that I'd become accustomed to. This wasn't going to be an incremental step in my career, as Nancy liked to call it -- it was going to be a giant leap. I guess I shouldn't be surprised since Nancy did the same thing after my first true public exposure at Sinful Delights in the mall. After building up to it slowly with weeks of naked car rides and t-shirt training, she then moved me into Phase 2 of my training by having me walk completely naked through that crowded supermarket! When Nancy decides that I'm ready to handle more she doesn't screw around.

As the crowd continued to swell I had to resist the almost irresistible urge to bolt; to just walk away and never look back. Every time I thought about it, though, the consequences kept flooding through my mind. Not only would Nancy have me expelled from school for cheating on my term paper but she now had a large collection of pictures and videos of my exploits, including a humiliating masturbation video, and she constantly reminded me that she could flood the internet with these at any time. That's how Nancy kept me on the hook -- by making sure that the pain of not carrying out her demands always exceeded the pain of doing them.

I remained mostly on the periphery of the party as the afternoon wore on. All that Cindy and Taylor had told me was that they were going to wait until the party was in full swing before I did my thing, and it sure looked like it was getting close to that point now as the sound of partygoers and music continued to build. For the first time I spotted Taylor in the crowd as she made her way toward me. She was wearing a sleek party dress and looked like she had spent hours on her hair and makeup.

"I hope there's no booze in that," Taylor said pointing to the plastic cup in my hand. Taylor had forbidden me from drinking any alcohol tonight. She wanted me stone cold sober for this experience.

"It's just ginger ale," I said. "You look really pretty, Taylor," I told her, meaning it.

"Thanks," she responded with a quick smile. For a moment there seemed to be a crack in her hostility toward me since our argument about the trivia contest, but then she reverted back to a controlling, dominating attitude. "You know, the pledges were supposed to dress up for this party."

"No, I didn't know that," I replied. "Nobody told me."

"Well, like I said I guess it really doesn't matter anyway. You're going to be losing your clothes soon enough anyway."

"When is this supposed to happen?" I asked.

"Soon," she replied. "Cindy's making the final preparations right now."

"What kind of game are we going to be playing if we're not doing that trivia contest?"

"I have no idea," Taylor said coolly. "Cindy says she has another plan but even I don't know what it is. She said we really didn't need to know in advance."

I'm not sure I liked that since it added yet another degree of uncertainty to what was about to happen, but I suppose it was better than that dumb trivia contest that Taylor had designed to make me look like a fool.

"Well, I'm going to go mingle," Taylor said. "Stay close because we should be doing this soon. Cindy will come get you when we're ready." As I watched her walk away my anxiety raised a couple of more notches.

A few minutes later I spotted Nancy making her way toward me with her friend Margaret in tow. Margaret was the owner of the Sinful Delights lingerie shop where I'd had my first public exposure and she had become Nancy's unofficial photographer/videographer of my nude exploits.

"There you are, dear." Nancy said cheerily as they approached. "How are feeling about your upcoming performance?"

"Awful," I said and I turned to Margaret. "I guess I shouldn't be surprised that you're here with your camera bag."

"Nice to see you, too, Wendy," Margaret laughed. "Charming as always."

"Wendy, you knew we couldn't let this event go by without a record of it," Nancy said. "I've got to say that Cindy and Taylor really outdid themselves, though. This is much bigger than I expected."

"Yeah, it's way beyond what you were expecting me to do so you're here to tell me I don't have to go through with it, right?" I said sarcastically.

"Let me think about that for a moment, Wendy. Um...no. What I am here to tell you, though, is that you're going to love every moment of this, or at least pretend to."

"I am, huh. What makes you think I can do that?"

"Why do you think I insisted you take that acting class? And by all accounts you're very good at it. A natural, I'm told. So tonight think of yourself as an actress playing the role of an exhibitionist who really, really loves being the only one naked in a large crowd."

"I'm not sure I'm that good of an actress," I retorted. The anxiety had really put me on edge and I responded to Nancy more forcefully than I normally would've dared.

"Well, you'd better become one," Nancy shot back, a little angrily. "Because if I see that sour, miserable look on your face at all tonight I'm going to tell Taylor she can keep you naked all day tomorrow as well and give her carte blanche to do whatever she wishes with you." Hearing that stunned me back into understanding the precariousness of my situation.

"I'm sorry, Nancy," I told her, lowering my eyes to the ground. If she wants an act I'll start by acting contrite and apologetic even though I didn't feel it. "I'll do my best."

"Good girl," Nancy replied. "I want to see a smiling, laughing, sexy, outgoing exhibitionist tonight, Wendy. I don't care if you hate every second of this, you're going to look like you love it. Have I made myself clear?"

I nodded obediently. "Crystal."

Just then Cindy walked up to me and tapped me on the shoulder. "It's time, Wendy. We're going to get started now." Then she took me by the hand and began leading me through the crowd toward the tent.

"Break a leg, Wendy!" Nancy shouted behind me.

**V**
"Hey everybody, how y'all doing!" Cindy yelled into the microphone and the crowd cheered in response. The band was on a break and Cindy and her six pledges had now taken the stage. Well, five pledges anyway and one fake pledge -- me. Taylor stood beside me and the other four girls were dressed to the nines just like she was. In my blue jeans and t-shirt, I was the only one of the six wearing casual clothes. People were pouring into the tent from outside now -- mostly males but some girls as well - and I recognized some of the Sigma Pi sisters I'd seen at the sorority house. I wondered if they were in on what was about to happen. As the crowd in front of the stage swelled, my anxiety ratcheted up to an even higher level and I did my best to calm myself down. Wendy, you're just an actress playing a role, I told myself and I did some deep breathing and other techniques I'd learned in acting class to prepare myself. Cindy began introducing the pledges to the crowd and when she said my name I put a bright smile on my face like there was nowhere on earth I'd rather be than right here on this stage.

Cindy took the microphone off the mike stand and began working the crowd. "So this is the part of the evening that I know a lot of you have been looking forward to, am I right?" Cindy shouted into the microphone to loud cheers. "We have six hot, sexy Sigma Pi pledges up here and I know some of you guys are wondering what they look like without these dresses on! (more cheers) And you're thinking that maybe, just maybe, you'll even get a brief glimpse of a pair supple, firm Sigma Pi tits! (louder cheers) Because you know that Sigma Pi women have the supplest, firmest tits on campus!" (raucous cheers with a few good natured boos from the non-Sigma Pi women in the crowd).

The crowd was really getting into it now and as Cindy paced back and forth on the stage like a fundamentalist preacher I was thinking how good she was at this.

"Well, normally this is where we play a little game to get some of these girls out of their clothes but I'm afraid we're not going to be able to do that this year," she continued, this time to relative silence and a few scattered boos. "Unfortunately we have a problem. You see, the girls were supposed to dress up for you tonight in their sexiest evening wear. Now I won't mention any names -- Wendy Wilson -- but one of them chose not to do that."

Every eye in the place was fixed on me now and I almost wished that we'd done the trivia contest instead. I mouthed the word "sorry" to the crowd and Cindy turned to me and gave me a wink. "Now normally," Cindy continued, "this would be grounds for disqualification for a pledge to become a member of our sorority because we only select the best of the best, the cream of the crop, the sweetest fruit on the vine on to become members of our sorority. And, of course, the girls with the supplest, firmest tits. (laughter) So Wendy begged me to be given a second chance. She told me she would do anything -- anything -- to make amends. I said, 'I don't know, Wendy, you've been a very bad girl and you need to be punished.' So what do you think guys? Do you think Wendy needs to be punished?"

The place erupted now in whoops and cheers and I'm sure my face was totally crimson. An embarrassed smile spread across my face that was part acting but mostly real. "So here's what I think Wendy needs to do to make amends," Cindy said as she looked me up and down. "I think she needs to lose those clothes. (cheers) And I don't mean just down to her bra and panties. I don't even mean down to just her panties. I mean she needs to lose every stitch right down to her birthday suit!" (massive cheers)

It was all I could do at this point to hold myself together but I kept the embarrassed smile on my face as if I was willingly going along with this. You're just playing a role, Wendy, I kept telling myself over and over.

"But you know what?" Cindy continued. "Even if Wendy loses those clothes we still have a problem. She was supposed to wear a dress tonight and she doesn't have one to change into. So I'm beside myself. I just don't know what to do. I mean, I can't just allow her to put those clothes right back on because that would defeat the whole purpose of the punishment, right?" (Yes!) This is a real conundrum and I'm not sure there's a solution," Cindy said, scratching her head.

"Make her stay naked!" someone shouted from the crowd to raucous cheers.

"Make her stay naked?" Cindy asked as if the idea had never occurred to her. "But the party's barely getting started so that would mean she'd have to stay naked for hours! (cheers) Are you guys telling me you think that Wendy should party naked for whole the rest of the night? (Yes!) Wow! I guess that would be a solution to the problem. What do you think, Wendy? Would you be willing to do that for the opportunity to become a member of Sigma Pi sorority?" she asked me, putting the microphone in my face.

"I'd do just about anything to join Sigma Pi," I said and the crowd erupted into the loudest cheer of the night.

"Well, alrighty then," Cindy said. "It looks like we have a solution to our dilemma. So I guess there's just one more thing I need to know. How badly do you guys want Wendy to join our sorority? (massive cheers) Well then, I'm going to give you the opportunity to prove it. You see that Sigma Pi donation jar over there on the bar? Yeah, it's that big empty jar that has like four dollars and change in it, and I know that two dollars of that I put in myself to get it started. Well, I'm going to give you guys the opportunity to express just how badly you want Wendy to join our sorority by filling that jar up with dead presidents. And I'm not just talking about George Washington either you cheapskates. Yeah, I'm looking your direction, Kappa Alpha. (laughter) So guys, you're going to have to give up some dead old white men to get a beautiful live naked girl in return. I think that's a fair trade!" (cheers)

As the crowd lined up to put money into the Sigma Pi jar I turned and glanced at Taylor standing next to me. To my surprise I saw no signs of hostility or smugness in her face, just a sense of excitement. She gave me a quick smile and a nod that almost seemed like encouragement.

Cindy replaced the microphone back onto the mike stand and walked over to me with a broad smile on her face. She leaned over and kissed me on my cheek and began whispering in my ear.

"It's showtime, Wendy."

**VI**
Cindy led me by the hand through the crowd to the center of the tent, then pulled me up onto one of the sturdy wooden tables. She held me close and whispered something into my ear that I couldn't quite make out in the noise, then waved her hand as a signal to the band which was back onstage now. Then she stepped off the table and returned to the floor leaving me alone, surrounded by people on every side.

I closed my eyes briefly and tried to go deep within myself. You're playing the role of an exhibitionist, Wendy, and these people are just extras. This is your movie. You're the star. The opening guitar riff to the Rolling Stones' "Start Me Up" filled the air. Lights, camera, action!

My eyes popped open, I put a seductive smile on my face and began moving my body to the driving beat of the song.

If you start me upIf you start me up I'll never stop

I bent over at the waist to untie my sneakers, then slid them off using my toes and let them drop to the ground at the foot of the table. Then I pulled my socks off and did the same.

I've been running hotYou got me ticking gonna blow my top

My body continued to move to the music and I slowly began unbuttoning my jeans as the crowd cheered me on. The tent was filled to capacity now and I could feel eyes in every direction locked onto my body as I slid my jeans down my thighs and stepped out of them.

If you rough it upIf you like it you can slide it up, slide it up

I crossed my arms in front of my waist and grasped each side of my t-shirt, lifting it up just enough to give the crowd a glimpse of my panties and bare midriff before lowering it again. I did this several times as my hips swayed to the music, then finally pulled it over my head and let it drop to the floor. The roar from the crowd continued to build with each piece of clothing I removed and I felt like I was in the eye of a hurricane as I danced now in just my bra and panties.

Don't make a grown man cryMy eyes dilate, my lips go greenMy hands are greasyShe's a mean, mean machine

It felt like my body was being fueled by pure adrenaline as I reached around behind my back and unclasped my bra. I teasingly pulled the strap off of one bare shoulder and then the other and then let the bra hang loosely on my breasts as I continued dancing to the grinding beat of the music. Then, suddenly, I pulled it off and replaced it with my left arm covering my breasts. I let the bra drop to the floor and then quickly covered each breast with a hand, preventing my audience from getting a glimpse. The roar continued to build in anticipation until I finally let my hands drop to my sides, revealing my bare breasts to the crowd.

You got to never, never, never stopNever, neverSlide it up

I had only one small piece of fabric remaining protecting what was left of my dignity but I was too deep into playing my role to stop now. I pulled each side of my panties down just far enough to reveal bare hips to the crowd.

Love the day when we will never stop, never stopNever stop, never stop

The song was winding down now and I'd waited as long as possible for the inevitable. I bent over at the waist and slid my panties down my thighs, undoubtedly giving anyone standing behind me a good view of my pussy lips. I stepped out of them and the crowd exploded in cheers as I straightened up and twirled them around on my index finger before letting them drop to the floor with the rest of my clothes. I was now completely nude in the middle of what seemed like a sea of camera phones aimed in my direction as I continued to dance to the conclusion of the song.

You, you, you make a grown man cryYou, you make a dead man comeYou, you make a dead man come

When the music ended the spell I was under seemed to lift and it sunk in now that I was standing very, very naked in front of a crowd of my fellow students. I wasn't sure what to do next, until a beaming Cindy stepped up to the table and helped me down. Then she led me by the hand through the packed crowd.

**VII**
The rest of the evening seemed to go by in a swirl of sight, sounds, and emotions. It's almost impossible to describe the awesome feeling of being the only nude person in a large crowd. I felt frightened, exhilarated, aroused, and humiliated, all at the same time. This was far from the first time that I'd been naked in front of an audience, of course, but these were people who knew me and who I'd be seeing constantly throughout the rest of the school year, not anonymous strangers in some supermarket across town.

Cindy stayed close most of the evening, providing moral support to help me through it and acting as a kind of bodyguard to help keep the wandering hands of drunk frat boys away from my body. She kept a tight hold of my hand which helped give me more strength to deal with this crazy situation I'd been thrust into. She also did a lot of the talking, telling people how proud she felt knowing that I was willing to do this just to become a member of her sorority. I spotted Nancy occasionally but she chose to keep a discreet distance from me, probably because as an employee in the Dean's office she couldn't be seen taking an active part in this. I knew she was watching, though, and I kept a smile on my face as if I was thoroughly enjoying myself.

There were cameras everywhere and it seemed like everyone wanted their picture taken with me. After awhile Cindy decided that this might be another way to milk more money out of the crowd so she enlisted Margaret and her expensive camera gear and set me up in a corner of the tent where she started charging people $5 to have their picture taken with me. Computer geeks were my most frequent customers but there were also jocks, frat boys, stoners...you name it. Also a surprising number of girls lined up as well. For each picture I'd put an arm around them and a big smile on my face while Cindy stood by to make sure their hands didn't wander too far from the vicinity of my waist.

After awhile we ended the picture taking sessions and I told Cindy that I needed some fresh air. We walked out of the tent into the dimming evening sunlight and I was shocked by the size of the crowd outside. I guess word had gotten out on campus about what was happening at the party and people were still flooding in. One of the fraternity guys helping out with the party told Cindy they were making an emergency run to the liquor store for more kegs.

Everywhere we went I was the center of attention. I was also in a constant state of arousal and my nipples stuck out like pencil erasers only adding to my embarrassment. After awhile I couldn't take it any longer. I told Cindy I needed to go to the bathroom and she led me to the outdoor port-a-potties.

Now there are probably few places less erotic than the inside of a port-a-potty but at this point I just had to relieve the pressure that'd been building up inside of me. Since this was likely the only place I'd ever get any privacy tonight it would have to do. My right hand slid down and began rubbing my clit as I caressed my breasts with my left hand. I had to bite my lip to keep my moans from being heard outside and it was all I could do to keep from screaming when I reached my climax minutes later. I waited a couple of more minutes for my body to get back to something close to an even keel before stepping out into the crowd once again. I could only hope that what had just happened wasn't too obvious.

Cindy continued to stay close as I mingled outside in the crowd. The response I got was almost universally positive, which wasn't actually too surprising. This was a drunk, raucous college crowd after all, and I doubted anyone here was likely to be offended by the sight of a naked girl. That actually helped me relax and loosen up a little bit, as did Cindy's support. This wasn't like where Nancy would send me out somewhere naked and would get her kicks watching from a distance. Cindy's presence helped give me strength and encouragement.

As the sun went down over the horizon some fraternity guys started a bonfire in a fire pit and the crowd began migrating around it. It felt good standing in its warmth and after awhile I became mesmerized by the flames. I looked down and saw the flickering light dancing on my bare skin and it struck home that I was actually doing it...I was living the life that Nancy had promised that first day at her dining room table when she mapped out my future for me. That seemed like ages ago now and at the time it seemed impossible that I'd ever actually be able to do the things she described. Yet here I was now totally nude in front of what seemed like half of the student body of my school, and I knew this was just the beginning. I wondered now how many times this kind of scene would play itself out during the remainder of my college days. God knows that Nancy's thirst for this kind of thing seemed to be insatiable, and now with Cindy and Taylor thrown into the mix there seemed to be no end to the possibility of being ordered out of my clothes. And I knew now that my training, for all intents and purposes, really was over. If I could spend hours naked in this setting and with these people then there really no longer seemed to be any limits to what I was capable of doing. I had become what Nancy had dreamed of -- a naked doll she could wind up and march in any direction she chose. This realization sent yet another wave of unwanted sexual excitement pulsing through my body.

Inside the tent the band had played its last set and someone said they were packing up. I hoped this meant that the party was winding down, but minutes later a DJ began pumping out loud, thumping modern rap, pop, and rock music and the party kicked up another notch. And in the parking lot I could see cars still continuing to arrive. This wasn't going to be an early evening.

After awhile Cindy whispered in my ear, "C'mon, hon. Let's go inside and dance." She pulled me through the crowd, which parted like the Red Sea for us, and a cheer rose as I entered the tent.

And then I danced, and danced, and danced some more. At first I danced with Cindy but then with anyone who asked. Guys, girls, it didn't matter. Sometimes I wasn't even sure who I was dancing with, I was just dancing with the crowd. I allowed the music to wash over me and I let myself go.

It seemed as if the bonfire, the music, and the conflicting emotions that had been pulsating through my body all evening had filled me with a kind of primal energy. My nude body glistened now with perspiration and I moved effortlessly in perfect rhythm to the music. I could no longer tell if I was still putting on an act or if this was the real Wendy Wilson. The actress had become one with the character and they had become indistinguishable from each other.

And as I danced I could feel my arousal building like steam inside a boiler until I was on the verge of exploding. I knew I was way past the point of being able to find any privacy so all I could do was hope that the writhing dancers surrounding me and thumping music would help mask what was about to happen. I shook my hair over my face and did my best to muffle my moans as my body shuddered and I had a thunderous orgasm right there in the middle of the dance floor.

**VIII**
It was deep in the early morning hours before the last of the party goers departed and were replaced by a cleaning crew that'd been hired to clean up afterwards. They kept stealing glances at me as I sat, still naked, on a wooden bench. I hadn't seen Taylor in hours and even Nancy and Margaret had disappeared awhile ago. Only Cindy was left and she sat down next to me now.

"How ya feeling, hon?" she asked me.

"I'm so tired," I said. I was totally exhausted -- completely mentally and physically drained - and I leaned against her and rested my head on her shoulder. She put an arm around me and pulled me closer.

"That's understandable," she said. "You've had quite a night, Wendy. This was an epic party and people will be talking about it for years."

"That's what I'm afraid of," I mumbled sleepily.

"I saw your orgasm on the dance floor."

"Oh, God. Was it that obvious?"

"I'm afraid so. Taylor saw it, too. "

"What happened to Taylor, anyway?"

"She's probably on her back somewhere with her ankles around her ears would be my guess," Cindy replied.

"Oh. I thought she was the one who was supposed to be in charge of me today but you were the one controlling everything."

"Well, she had a couple of things she wanted you to do tonight that you definitely wouldn't have liked. She's just a pledge, though, and I'm a senior and a sorority officer so I pulled rank on her to keep things from being too bad for you."

"Thanks," I mumbled and snuggled closer to her. "Don't you feel bad for making me get naked, though?"

"Nope. I'd keep you naked forever if I could." We sat there silently for several minutes and I was on the verge of falling asleep when she pulled me to my feet.

"It's time to take you home, girlfriend."

"I don't know where my clothes are, Cindy."

"I'm sure they're long gone, hon. You don't need them anyway. If there's anyone who doesn't need to wear clothes, it's you."

Cindy walked me out to her truck and helped me into the passenger seat. We stayed mostly silent on the drive home and I could see the first sign of light on the horizon as she pulled into the parking lot of my apartment complex. She shut off the engine and turned to me. "Do you have a key, Wendy? Will you be able to get in?"

"I hid a key outside," I said. "I didn't bring anything with me that I was afraid to lose."

"Smart girl," she said.

The early morning songbirds were serenading us as Cindy led me by the hand up the stairs to my apartment. There were apartments nearby where someone might be looking out a window but I was way beyond caring by this point as I reached under the mat to retrieve my apartment key.

Cindy and I stood facing each other just outside my front door. "You were totally amazing tonight," she said as the tips of her fingers moved lightly across my bare skin. "You're so beautiful, Wendy," she said as she leaned over and pressed her lips against mine. I began trembling and pulled away.

"I..um..I'm not a..."

"Shhhh...." Cindy said and pressed a finger against my lips. "You're not a lesbian? That's okay. Neither am I. This is just a college thing. I think every college girl should try it at least once." Her hand continued to move across my skin and my trembling increased as she began caressing my right breast. Then it began moving down my stomach and Cindy turned her gaze downward. "I love your little golden bush, Wendy. It seems like everyone shaves bare down there these days. I'm so glad you don't." I felt her fingers move through my pubic hair and I shuddered as they brushed lightly against my pussy lips.

I looked up into her pretty face and green eyes as she moved in closer again. "I won't make you do this if you don't want to, Wendy," she whispered. Then she pressed her lips against mine again, but this time I didn't pull away. I closed my eyes and melted in her arms.

"I want to," I gasped when she finally pulled away.

Cindy took the key from my hand, unlocked the door, and led me by the hand through the door.

**The Reluctant Exhibitionist Ch. 05**

 ***THE RELUCTANT EXHIBITIONIST - MEREDITH***
Traffic grew progressively heavier as I stared out the passenger side window at other cars and their inhabitants. People of different sizes, shapes, ages, genders, and ethnicities on their way to somewhere in their busy lives. I'm sure each of them had their own set of problems and challenges yet I couldn't help but feel a twinge of envy for all of them. You see they all possessed something in common that I currently lacked. Clothes.

Once again I found myself in the company of Nancy Johnson, Assistant to the Dean of my college, and without a stitch of clothing on or even any access to any. If you're not familiar with my story or how I ended up in this situation don't worry, you'll be up to speed soon enough. Let's just say that spending my college years under the control of a crazy woman who holds the power to force me to exhibit my nude body in public at her whim wasn't exactly my idea.

As I stared out the window I wondered how many girls in the world were in my predicament. Oh, I don't mean riding around naked in a car or exposing their bodies in public because I know there are women who do that for fun or profit. God knows that Nancy had showed me enough photos and videos of nude women in very public settings during my initial "training" (while gleefully telling me I would someday do all of that and more) to know that this wasn't totally uncommon. I guess I was wondering how many were being coerced to do it against their will. Was I the only one? Probably not. Hell, there might be a relatively large fetish for this type of thing for all I know. Maybe it's common enough for some fortyish women to want to live their naked in public fantasies vicariously through a younger woman that there's even a slang term for them. You know, like a Cougar except less common and with a nastier, more predatory image. Jackal maybe? Still, it sometimes feels like I'm the only one in the world experiencing this and that's a lonely feeling, especially since I can't talk about this with friends and family.

Every now and then I'd catch someone in a nearby car sneaking glances over at me. I doubt they could see much more than bare shoulders but maybe it was enough skin to make them wonder what I was wearing. Or not wearing. I knew if Nancy caught me slumping too far down in my seat she'd force me to flash my breasts out the passenger side window, so I sat up straight in my seat with my arms at my side and hoped the people in the other cars couldn't see too much.

Today we were doing something Nancy liked to call "hit and runs." We would take off without any real plans and Nancy would drive around until she found some random spot she liked where she would force me out of the car to display my naked charms to whoever happened to be in the area at the time. Then I'd jump back into the car and we'd drive somewhere else and do it again. Rinse and repeat until Nancy had had her fill. Today, judging by the direction we were headed, that "random" spot was going to be right in the middle of downtown.

I stared nervously at the office buildings up ahead as our destination began to become obvious and the usual mixture of fear, excitement, and arousal began swirling through me. My body began exhibiting the tell-tale signs as my nipples began to swell and I felt the dampness between my legs in anticipation of what I knew was about to happen. I know these sensations are the reason that some women are into public exhibitionism, but for me it was utterly humiliating. Yet the more humiliated I felt the more sexually aroused I became, and the more sexually aroused I became the greater the humiliation. Nancy, of course, loved this and the more humiliated and aroused I became the more she got off on it, and the more she got off on it the more she wanted to make me do it again and again. It's like being trapped on a roller coaster ride with no way off, and as we pulled into a vacant parking spot right in the middle of downtown I knew I was about to take another steep and scary plunge.

"Yeah, Nancy, downtown at five o'clock on a Friday afternoon," I said sarcastically as she shut the engine off. "I'm sure this is totally random."

Nancy smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "I'll admit this has been a long-time fantasy for me but I really hadn't planned on this today when we left the house. It's just that it's such a beautiful day and you were going to do it sometime, so I started thinking why not today?"

I could think of about a million answers to "why not today?" but I knew better than to try to talk her out of it. It was an argument I would lose and was more likely to make things worse. This was going to happen and the mental image of me walking naked through downtown city streets made me squirm in my seat. Nancy shut off the engine and sat silently for a minute, probably waiting to see if I was going to argue or plead with her. I kept my mouth shut, though, and after a bit she began giving me my instructions.

"You see that street down at the end of the block, Wendy?" I nodded. It was nearly a full block away. "I want you to walk down there and cross the street at the light. Then take a left and cross the next street. Keep doing that until you circumnavigate the intersection and get back to the sidewalk on this side of the street. Then you can return to the car and we'll be on our way. Piece of cake, right?"

I simply nodded. It sounded like anything but a piece of cake but my latest tactic was to try to pretend that this no longer really bothered me. I figured that if she believed I was becoming jaded about public nudity that maybe she'd lose interest after a while, although I didn't really hold out much hope for that. Anyway I knew my body was constantly betraying how nervous, excited and aroused I really was and there was little I could do to control that. And even though Nancy tried to play it cool, as if this was no big thing (just a little naked stroll, piece of cake) her eyes also betrayed the excitement and anticipation she felt for what was about to happen. I knew she hungered for these moments and as long as that was the case the roller coaster ride would continue. I took a deep breath, pulled on the handle, opened the door and stepped out of the car.

No matter how many times I do this, the first few moments of public nudity feel incredibly surreal. I guess it's like the initial shock of diving into a pool of cold water; it takes your mind and body a minute or so to adjust to the new environment. As I stood completely naked on a busy sidewalk in the middle of downtown during rush hour a sense of unreality washed over me, as if my mind couldn't quite grasp what I was doing or why. I was no longer a novice at this type of thing and although each experience is different I had a general idea of what lay ahead of me. The only way out of this was to put one foot in front of another and get through it. I began to walk.

I was right in the heart of downtown and the sidewalks and streets were packed with people and traffic, many of them business people pouring out of the office buildings surrounding me to get a start on their weekend. There was just a hint of chill in the fall air and I felt the scrape of the sidewalk beneath my bare feet. I tried to silence my mind, focus on the ground in front of me, and block out the stares, whistles, and laughter that had already begun. That worked for maybe a minute or so until an inadvertent glance into a mirrored office window provided me a glimpse of my nude body and the full reality of what I was doing hit me. "Are you nuts, Wendy? You're walking naked downtown!" my mind screamed at me. So much for the quiet mind approach.

I reached the end of the block just as the light turned red which meant I'd have to wait to cross the street. If there's anything worse than walking naked in a crowd it's standing naked in a crowd, and the inevitable crop of smart phones popped out to record my adventures. Once upon a time when a person did something stupid or crazy in public they only had an audience of whoever happened to be present to witness it. These days it would probably end up on the internet, sometimes within minutes.

"Why are you doing this?" someone asked.

"I lost a bet," I replied and this seemed to satisfy the crowd. That was my standard response to this question and it always struck me as odd that this was usually accepted as a reasonable reason to be stark naked in a public place. I waited nervously for the light to change as my heart thumped heavily in my chest.

"Hey can we get our picture taken with you?" a woman wearing office attire asked and I nodded. She handed her phone to a man to snap the shot and she and another woman put their arms around me, giggling like schoolgirls. I put a smile on my face and pretended I was enjoying the attention. Posing with people was something else I found to be a frequent request after I began my naked outings and once someone broke the ice more requests were sure to follow. Fortunately the light finally changed just as I finished posing with the two women and the crowd began crossing the street.

The wait was shorter at the next corner as the lights were now synced in my favor and the crowd thinned out slightly as I crossed the next street and then began another wait for the light to change. A couple of cars honked as they passed and one car almost got rear-ended as it slowed down to get a look. I guess I'm lucky I haven't caused an accident yet.

I was now as far from Nancy as I was going to get on my journey and her car was out of sight, so the feeling of being alone and naked right in the heart of the city began to overwhelm me. I took several deep breaths to calm myself and was almost grateful when a couple of guys asked to pose for pictures with me since it helped to break the tension. Two more green lights and two street crossings later I finally found myself back on the sidewalk where I'd started. I began to relax a little even though I still had a full block to walk back to Nancy's car. When I finally crawled back into the passenger seat of the car Nancy beamed at me with excitement.

"Wendy, you are getting so good at this!"

I shrugged my shoulders in response, continuing my jaded act. "It's nothing I haven't done before."

Nancy laughed and reached over and tweaked one of my hard nipples. "Well, it's good to hear this is becoming so easy for you, dear, because we're going to find another spot and do it again. And maybe again after that!"

**II**
It was twilight by the time I reached the parking lot of my apartment complex near campus. I was fully clothed now since Nancy hadn't yet required me to drive nude to her house, although she hinted that day might be coming. Mentally I was drained but my body felt electrified after my nude strolls around three different downtown intersections. As much as I was horrified and humiliated by what Nancy was forcing me to do, I had to admit that it had awoken sexual feelings in me that were more intense than anything I'd ever experienced before. And since my life as Nancy's naked plaything made it difficult for things like a normal social life or a boyfriend I knew my night would end with an intense masturbation session. My last sexual experience had been with Cindy after the big college party where I'd spent the night nude in front of many of my fellow students and I guess I was still trying to process how I felt about sleeping with another woman.

As I walked up the steps to my apartment I noticed a light on inside. I didn't think much of it since I occasionally forgot to turn one off, but when I entered the door I was startled by movement in the kitchen.

"Mom!" I cried out in surprise as I recognized who was in my kitchen.

"Hello, sweetheart," she said as she walked up and gave me a hug. "I'm sorry if I startled you."

"Um, no, I was just, um...I didn't know you were coming. How did you get in?"

"Well, my name is on the lease so I just asked the apartment manager to let me in."

"Oh yeah, of course," I said as I hugged her again. "I guess I was just surprised to find you here. It's good to see you, Mom!" And it was good to see her again, although her sudden appearance was a little unsettling considering what I'd just been up to. Did she know something?

"I just made myself some tea, hon. Would you like some?"

"Sure," I responded, thinking I could probably use something a little stronger right about now, though.

We sat down in the living room and exchanged some small talk and I admit I was still wary of her reason for showing up out of the blue, but she showed no signs of anything being wrong. After a few minutes I began to relax as we caught up. She filled me in on what was going on back home and I talked for awhile about school, leaving out the part about my naked escapades, of course. She just smiled and nodded as I talked about my classes.

"Well, Wendy, I have to say I'm really surprised by how well you've been doing lately," she said. "Better than you ever did in high school."

"Yeah," I nodded and then remained silent, but that remark set me on edge again knowing that my grades had little to do with hard work or study.

"So what were you doing this afternoon?" she asked and now alarm bells were really going off in my brain. When I was growing up Mom would often ask us questions that she already knew the answer to in order to see if we'd lie about it. I knew I had to tread very lightly in my responses.

"Um, I was just downtown. Walking around."

"Doing some shopping?"

"No, not really. Just walking around."

"That's nice. Did you go with anyone?"

"Just someone from school," I responded as my sense of foreboding increased. So far she didn't show any visible signs of being anything other than a mom curious about her daughter's activities, but I couldn't shake the feeling she knew a lot more than she was letting on. I hadn't actually lied to her yet, I was just leaving a whole lot out.

"So what was her name?" Mom asked.

"Um, Nancy."

"Nancy Johnson?" she asked and I just about fell out of my seat.

"Um...yeah. How do you know her?" I tried to keep my voice steady but I was nearly in a state of panic now.

"Your father met her at the honors dinner last spring, remember? He said she was taking a special interest in your academics."

"Oh, yeah. Yes, she has been," I nodded hoping that would be the end of it. I tried to read her face but she just looked at me curiously as if I might have more to say about it. "She works in the Dean's office," I added, hoping that would be enough to satisfy her.

"Well, Nancy must be doing wonders for you because your grades have really come up. How did she choose you to put under her wing?"

Oh my god, she knows something! She has to! I pondered for a moment how to respond to this. "Well, I kind of knew her from seeing her around campus and I guess she read a term paper I submitted and that sparked her interest in me." Mom just nodded and smiled and took another sip from her tea. And then she stabbed me with a verbal dagger that went straight to my heart.

"So tell me, Wendy, when you were walking around downtown today with Nancy were you wearing any clothes?"

My head began spinning and I struggled to calm myself. I pondered for a brief moment about lying to her but I knew that would be futile and stupid. My mouth opened several times but no words came out. Finally I managed to speak. "Y-you know?" was all I could mutter.

"Not everything, Wendy. Not yet."

I looked into her face searching for signs of anger, disappointment or shame but all I saw was that same calm look. I tried to speak again but was overcome with emotion and I began to cry like I hadn't cried since that first naked car ride. I cried out all of the pent up emotion that had been inside of me for so long and I hoped and wished that my Mom would come over and hug me and tell me it was all going to be alright now. Instead she patiently waited for me to cry myself out in a way that was eerily similar to how Nancy had handled my crying jag in her car that first day. It was only after I finally began to compose myself that she spoke again.

"Are you ready to talk now Wendy?" she asked. I sniffled and nodded my head. "Then I want you to tell me everything. From the beginning."

And I did. Everything. All the way up to my nude walk downtown that very afternoon. She asked an occasional question but she mostly just let me talk.

"Thank you, Wendy," she said after I'd finished, still looking amazingly calm and composed. Then she looked me in the eye.

"Now you're going to introduce me to this Nancy Johnson. Right now."

**III**
For the second time that day I found myself on my way to Nancy's house, this time in the passenger seat of Mom's car. Unlike my previous trips, though, I knew this one wouldn't end with me being naked. In fact, I knew that this was probably going to be the last time I made this journey. For better or worse my life as Nancy's naked show toy was about to end, I was certain of that.

I probably should have been relieved but my stomach was tied up in knots as I nervously pondered what this might mean to my future at the college and my relationship with my mom. I'd kind of come to terms with how my life would be until graduation, but now my future was uncertain and I felt more than a little scared.

I should probably tell you a little about my family. My father is a wealthy and successful businessman - the chairman of the board of a large corporation that he'd helped to found - but in many ways it's my mother who is the power behind the throne. When it comes to his family, my dad is a softy who would spoil us silly if given the chance. My mom rarely gave him that chance. She was determined that her children weren't going to become entitled brats like she'd seen of so many other children of wealthy parents.

It's not as if we were ever really deprived of much or lived a Spartan existence or anything like that, it's just that she always tried to make us understand that nothing in this world is free. She always insisted that we get our homework done before doing anything else and when we were old enough we had to get jobs to earn spending money. She had tried to instill high standards and a strong work ethic in her children, with varying degrees of success. I could only guess how disappointed she must feel in me right now, although she'd yet to show any signs of her true feelings.

Mom is also a very savvy businesswoman in her own right and often takes the lead in negotiating contracts in my father's company. She's known as a very tough negotiator who demands honesty and fairness in coming to terms and is ruthless with those she feels are dishonest or trying to hide something. I had little doubt she was going to eat Nancy alive in our upcoming confrontation and I guess that gave me a little sense of satisfaction anyway.

After riding in silence for a few minutes my curiosity got the best of me and I finally found the courage to speak. "Mom, can I ask how you found out about Nancy and...this? Who told you?"

"Wendy, you're not the only person from our hometown that goes to this school. Did you really think you could go naked at a college party and I wouldn't hear about it? God knows my friends with kids in school here couldn't keep me in blissed ignorance about my daughter's extra-curricular activities."

Of course. I should've known I couldn't have kept this stuff from getting back to her. But then a thought occurred to me. "What about Nancy? They wouldn't have known about her?"

Mom gave me a quick glance. "Wendy, this wasn't the first evidence of your naked activities. There was a picture my sister showed me that she found in your cousin Becky's room. I'll bet you know which picture I'm talking about."

I knew. It was the picture of me and Becky standing naked in front of my house taken by one of the boys who had given us a ride home after a late night streak had gone very wrong. I also knew now how Mom had found out about Nancy. I had told Becky everything.

"I was willing to let that pass as a silly youthful indiscretion until I found out about your naked college party," Mom continued. "Then I confronted Becky about it."

I had sworn Becky to secrecy but I doubt she'd been able to hold out for more than about five seconds once Mom began pressing her about it. That explained all I needed to know about the reason for Mom's sudden unannounced appearance. I stared glumly out the passenger window as we passed through a residential neighborhood I'd become all too familiar with. We were nearing Nancy's house now.

"Can I ask what you're going to say to Nancy?" I asked.

"I don't know yet. We'll see how it goes."

**IV**
Nancy looked a little surprised to see me when she opened the door but that turned to wide-eyed shock when she looked over my shoulder to see my mother. She quickly tried to cover it up with a nervous smile. "Hello, Wendy. What brings you here today?"

"Nancy, um...this is my mom. She wanted to meet you."

Nancy plastered a fake smile on her face. "Of course. Mrs. Wilson, it's great to meet you. Come on in."

My mom had an equally bright smile on her face as she reached her hand out to Nancy. "Likewise, but you can call me Jennifer."

We soon found ourselves sitting at Nancy's dining room table with a glass of wine in front of us in a scene that was eerily similar to the day Nancy had revealed her blackmail scheme to force me to act out her nude in public fantasies. I stared glumly at the table and waited for the explosion I knew was inevitable as the two women exchanged pleasant small talk. Finally my mom laid the trap for Nancy.

"So I understand you've become a mentor for my daughter? You've been spending a lot of time with her and helping her with her grades?" I knew this was her ploy to get Nancy to start spinning her lies that my mom would patiently but relentlessly unravel. I'd seen her do it a million times with us kids. She would never reveal at first what she knew, just let us dig our own graves with our responses which inevitably made our punishments worse than what we would have gotten for our original misdeed. It was also one of her favorite tactics during business negotiations to learn how honest the person across the table was being with her. I could almost hear the wheels spinning in Nancy's head trying to figure out how much my mom knew and how to answer.

"Yes, that's true," Nancy replied.

"Do you mind if I ask why you chose Wendy to spend time with?" Nancy stared into her wine glass for a minute before speaking. When she finally did her response surprised me.

"I chose Wendy because she's young and beautiful and was the ideal person to act out my naked in public fantasies for me." Nancy then smiled brightly as she picked up the wine bottle and topped up my mom's glass. "Oh, and she turned in a plagiarized term paper," she added.

I think my mom was also taken aback momentarily by this response. She hadn't expected this either. "You mean the term paper that you had another student suggest she pull off the internet? Aren't you the one who planted that idea?"

"Yes. I didn't think that Wendy would be a willing volunteer to my plans so I wanted to make sure she had sufficient motivation to go along with them. I think in the business world you call that 'leverage.'"

Mom snorted at that. "Leverage? You mean blackmail, don't you? You entrapped her."

Nancy shrugged her shoulders. "Call it whatever the hell you want but your daughter is the one who took the bait. She didn't have to, you know. She committed a breach of ethics that would've gotten any other student at this school expelled if caught. I simply gave her an alternative."

"An alternative?" Mom said incredulously. "Humiliating herself in public is what you consider an alternative?"

"Absolutely! I've never held a gun to your daughter's head to make her do anything. Turning in that term paper she copied off the internet was her choice, just as every time she's taken off her clothes and stepped out of this house has also been her choice. Wendy and I reached an agreement that would allow her to stay in school and get her degree. I admit that I did everything possible to swing Wendy's decision in my favor, but it was still her choice and it always will be."

"And you've been falsifying her grades so you've also been a party to academic fraud yourself, isn't that right?"

"Yes it is," Nancy replied. She wasn't denying anything.

"So what's to keep us from going to the Dean and telling him what's going on? He'd fire you on the spot."

"Of course he would, but then he'd expel Wendy about two seconds later."

"Are you so sure of that? My husband and I know Dr. Amundsen well and have donated a lot of money to this college."

"If you know the Dean well then you know that he would. I've never seen anyone who is more inflexible about cheating. I'm sure he would apologize profusely to you and maybe even offer to refund all the money you've donated, but then he would kick Wendy's cute little ass right out of this school."

Mom leaned back in her chair and stared at Nancy. "Yes, I believe you're right. I think that's exactly what he would do. But are you willing to lose your job over this?"

Nancy leaned in toward my mom. "Jennifer...if I can still call you that, I don't give a flying fuck about my job. This house is rented and there's nothing in it or in this town that I'd miss if I had to pick up and leave. Nothing but Wendy and her naked adventures and I'm willing to do whatever I have to do in order to keep that going. How far are the two of you willing to go to preserve Wendy's future?"

I have to admit that I was stunned as I listened to all of this. I'd expected my mom to completely eviscerate Nancy but it was clear now that she wasn't intimidated at all and wasn't going to back down. Not an inch. I'd never seen anyone talk to my mom like that before and I'm not sure that she had either. I can't remember ever seeing her seem so uncertain about how to proceed. She drained her glass of wine and then slid it toward Nancy. "I think I'm going to need another one of those." A thin smile came to Nancy's face as she refilled her glass.

No one spoke for a couple of minutes as the three of us sat uncomfortably around the table. My head was spinning with all that I'd just heard. Before we got here I was certain that my days of naked public humiliation were over but now I didn't know what to think. Was it possible that Nancy would win this battle?

"You have pictures, right?" Mom asked finally.

"Of Wendy? Lots of them," Nancy responded. "And videos, too."

"I want to see them. All of them."

"Oh my god, Mom! You can't!" I pleaded.

"Wendy, before I make a decision on what to do I need all of the information. I need to see exactly what you've been doing."

"I don't want you to see me like that. It's humiliating!"

"Well, Wendy, if you didn't want everyone to see you like that you should've thought about that before making this deal."

Nancy stood up from the table. "Let's move into the living room, shall we? This will take a while."

**V**
I don't think I've ever been so humiliated in my life as I watched my mom scroll through picture after picture on Nancy's laptop. There I was naked in public parks, in supermarkets, in convenience stores, on the street. The high quality ones I recognized as Margaret's work but there were also many photos from sessions I knew that Margaret hadn't been present. "Where did you get those pictures?" I asked Nancy weakly at one point.

"On the internet," Nancy said. "Lots of people take pictures with their phones and post them. You've become very popular on certain websites." I wanted to sink into the sofa and disappear. How many people have seen me naked now? Thousands? Millions?

When she got to Margaret's video of my nude walk at Lake Rutherford I realized with a shock what she was going to see at the end of it. "Haven't you seen enough, Mom?" I asked pleadingly.

"Not yet, Wendy," she replied.

I glanced over at Nancy expecting to see that smirk on her face but she also appeared a little nervous about what Mom's reaction would be. The shower scene on the beach was bad enough but when the video approached Nancy's car and very clearly showed me masturbating furiously in the back seat I buried my head into my hands. Mom then closed the laptop. "I've seen enough now," she said.

She sat back on the sofa for a minute or so apparently contemplating on how to respond to all of this. I kept expecting her to explode in anger at me or Nancy or both of us, but she remained eerily calm. It almost felt like she was impressed by the way Nancy had set up this "deal" with me and had been honest and uncompromising about it with her in their discussion tonight. She spoke now like someone who was just looking for alternatives to a bad business deal.

"I think you have two options, Wendy. The best one is to call Nancy's bluff and simply stop participating in this nonsense and see if she'd really turn you in at the cost of her own career and reputation. I'm betting she won't."

"Mom," I replied, "believe me I've thought about that a million times but the more I've been around Nancy the more I think she just might be crazy and self-destructive enough to carry through with it. I don't want to take that risk."

"Alright then, the second option is to go to Dean Amundsen and self-disclose about the plagiarized paper and the falsified grades and throw ourselves at the mercy of the court, so to speak."

"I thought you said he was very rigid about cheating?"

"He is, Wendy, but these are exceptional circumstances and I doubt he'd want it getting out that his own assistant was engaged in a perverted blackmail scheme with a female student."

"I don't know, Mom, that sounds as risky as calling Nancy's bluff. Can't you just sue Nancy or pay her off or something?"

Mom shook her head. "If we sue her all of this would be made public in discovery. And I have no intention of paying her off. We've made that mistake in dealing with your sister's problems and I don't plan on repeating it."

I was stunned by this. "What? You mean Meredith?"

"Do you have another sister I don't know about?" Mom then glanced at Nancy and seemed to realize she'd said too much. "Never mind about her. I'm not going to buy your way out of this, Wendy. We're going to have to find another solution. You need to either call her bluff or we'll go to the Dean with this."

"There's a third option, Mom."

"What?"

"I stick to my deal with Nancy until graduation." I was almost surprised myself to hear this come out of my mouth, but I felt a grim determination coming over me now. I wasn't going to risk throwing everything away after having come this far.

"You can't be serious," Mom replied. "Jesus, Wendy, you've got photos of yourself naked all over town plastered on the internet."

"Yeah, and they'll still be there whether I graduate or not, and I'd much rather have a degree when this is all over. If I had to go through all this and then got expelled from school anyway that would be the worst outcome possible!"

Mom mulled this over for a minute and Nancy was smart enough to keep her mouth shut now and let things play out. "Alright," Mom finally responded, "for the sake of argument let's suppose I allowed this to continue. Would you really be able to keep up with this for nearly three more years?"

"I've come this far, Mom, which is much farther than I ever could have imagined when I first started. Believe me I've thought about your suggestions many times but if I wanted to take the risk of getting expelled I would've done it a long time ago. I've got so much more to lose now. Everything I've been through will have been for nothing unless I can get my degree." As I thought about it I realized how different I was now from that girl who showed up on campus her freshman year. Back then I saw college as a time of freedom from my parents and a chance to have fun and party. That girl was long gone now and in her place was a young woman determined to come out of this mess with her head held high and a chance at a bright future. As embarrassing as all of this would continue to be for me I knew that a lot of people did stupid crap in college and still went on to live successful lives, and I desperately wanted that opportunity.

Mom looked at me, then at Nancy, then back at me before responding. "Okay, hon, you're an adult now. You were legally of age when you came to this arrangement with Nancy so I guess you're old enough to decide to live with the consequences of it, if you think you can. I'll let it be your decision, but only after Nancy answers a few questions for me."

Nancy nodded. "Go ahead."

"For starters, Nancy, how can you assure my daughter will be kept safe? A naked woman in public? How the hell do you know she won't get raped or worse?"

"The public setting is what helps keep her safe," she replied. "It helps provide a layer of safety. Even if someone wanted to do something to your daughter there are too many other people around to risk it. The more public the setting the safer it is and I won't have Wendy wandering around back alleys in the middle of the night."

Nancy then got up and retrieved a fanny pack that she always carried when she was with me. She unzipped it and revealed a rape whistle, pepper spray, and some kind of electric stun gun. "I have no intention of letting anything happen to Wendy," she said. As she showed us this I couldn't help but think back to that very afternoon when I'd been standing naked in the middle of the city with Nancy nowhere in sight. I guess that was a situation where Nancy figured the very public setting would protect me. There were just too many people around for anyone to try anything. I don't know if my Mom would've considered that adequate protection but I decided to keep my mouth shut.

"But you're not always with her when she's out naked are you?" Mom asked.

"No, but Margaret, Cindy or Taylor or some combination of them will be and I'll make sure they're carrying similar protections."

"And how will you keep Wendy from being arrested? Wouldn't that end up being worse for her in the long run than getting expelled?"

"Well, technically, public nudity isn't illegal in this city," she responded.

"It's not?" I asked, surprised by this. "What do you mean?"

"It has to do with a state court case and issues of freedom of expression. They can't arrest you unless you're also engaging in lewd or sexual behavior. It's not well known but, trust me, I've done a lot of research on this. A couple of years ago there was a guy who used to occasionally take naked walks around his neighborhood and when the neighbors called the cops to complain they couldn't arrest him. If they won't arrest a middle-aged naked fat guy they definitely won't arrest a beautiful young coed."

"Why the hell didn't you tell me earlier then? I've been a nervous wreck all this time worried about being arrested!"

"That's exactly why I didn't tell you. It added another layer of tension and excitement to your experiences and that's what I crave." She then turned to my mother and spoke. "Wendy won't have to worry about being arrested except when I have her masturbate in public. We'll have to be careful about the time and setting for that."

"What?" I exploded. "You can't make me do that! You said you would never force me into unwanted sex!"

"Well I guess it depends on your definition of 'sex' doesn't it, Wendy? Personally I think it takes two to tango. Besides, I don't think you can claim that masturbating in public is unwanted sex after getting yourself off in the back seat of my car."

"Yeah, but that was in the car, not in front of other people."

"You knew that Margaret and I would be along any time with a video camera and that didn't stop you."

Mom finally intervened. "You can't seriously be talking about forcing Wendy to masturbate in public are you?"

"Oh, yeah. That's been part of the plan all along. I've just been patiently waiting for her to be emotionally ready to handle it."

"Patiently?" I blurted out with a sharp laugh. "Oh fuck you and your patience, Nancy!"

Nancy leaned in toward both of us now. "Listen, I'm putting all my cards on the table here and I'm going all in on this. I want this resolved tonight and I don't want there to be any false illusions among either of you about what's going to happen if Wendy chooses to continue. I won't force her into unwanted sex with other people but I will push her as far as I possibly can within the framework of our agreement. Make no mistake, what Wendy has done so far is only a taste of what's coming and if she does decide to continue I don't want either of you claiming in the future that I held anything back. So make your choice. Both of you."

I was shocked again by the ruthless honesty Nancy was using to lay everything out and my determination to continue started to waver as I imagined what she had planned for me. I thought I'd been through the worst of it but I realized now that I'd barely even started living out Nancy's fantasies. And as I thought about it an uncontrollable wave of arousal coursed through my body and I had to take a deep breath just to try to calm myself. Damn it, why does my body continually betray me like this? I knew that Nancy could tell what was going on but could my mother? I didn't dare even look at her right now. What's wrong with me?

Finally my mother spoke. "Wendy? It's your call. You're an adult and you said you wanted to make the decision so I'll let you."

I nodded, still trying to compose myself. I knew I had no real choice. "I want my degree, Mom. I want to keep going even if it means doing everything that Nancy is talking about." Nancy gave me a smile and I could detect a sense of relief in her eyes.

"Alright," my mom replied. "I'll respect your decision. But I do have one condition. No more falsifying grades. From now on you earn them."

"Agreed," Nancy said quickly.

"And by earning them," Mom continued, "I mean keeping them up at the level they are now."

"But Mom, Nancy gave me straight A's. I can't keep that up."

"Oh yes you can and you will. You've always been smart enough to be a top student you've just never applied yourself. From now on that changes because if it doesn't I'll pull the plug on this whole thing. You say you want your degree, Wendy, well you need to prove it.". Then she turned to Nancy. "And that means you can't dominate all of her free time with your naked games. You also have a vested interest in making sure she keeps her grades high."

Nancy nodded. "Agreed," she said again, although with a little less enthusiasm this time.

"And I want to see every paper and every test Wendy turns in to make sure she's earning her grades honestly. No more bullshit from either of you."

"Alright," Nancy said. "I'll find her a tutor if I need to. I'll even pay for it myself. And I'll make sure the studying comes first, then the naked games."

"Fine," Mom replied. "You've got her until she graduates and not a day longer. And if anything bad happens to her I'll have your head on a goddamn spike, do you hear me?" Nancy nodded grimly.

Mom then turned to me and spoke in a softer tone. "Let me ask you this, Wendy, has this experience cured you of the desire to try to cheat your way through life?"

"Oh god yes, Mom! I will never, ever do anything like that again, I promise you."

My mother gave me a quick smile and said "I believe you, hon." Then she went silent as if contemplating something. When she finally spoke again I was shocked by what she said.

"Nancy, I have another daughter."

**VI**
"Mom, are you out of your freaking mind?" I shrieked when we finally got into the car and began the drive back to my apartment. "You're going to allow that lunatic to get control of Meredith?"

"Once, and that's it. And I'm only doing that because I'm at my wit's end with her."

"What could she possibly be doing that you would even consider this?" Mom had been very vague with Nancy about her reasons for allowing her to control Meredith and her clothes on a one-time basis.

"Nancy," she had said to her back in the house, "I want you to put Meredith through the wringer. No incremental training with naked car rides and t-shirts, I want you to throw her right into the deep end and make sure she never, ever wants to be under your control again." Nancy, of course, had readily agreed to this.

"I'd love to, Jennifer, but how will I force her to do it?"

"Don't worry about that. I'll make sure she cooperates in every way."

Now, sitting in the car, I was absolutely incredulous that my Mom would even consider doing this. And now, as she started to explain, I was shocked with what I learned about an older sister that I'd looked up to and adored for so long. To me she was the smart, beautiful, accomplished person that I wanted to be while I had done nothing but screw up my life since getting to college.

"Wendy, your sister is a compulsive thief," Mom told me.

"What? You mean she's a kleptomaniac or something?"

"There are some similarities but she doesn't fit the classic definition of a kleptomaniac, according to her psychologist. She does it strictly for the danger and thrill of it."

"Psychologist?"

"Yeah, she's on her third one."

"Jesus, Mom, when did all of this happen? I didn't know anything about it."

"It's been going on for years, Wendy," she said. "She's been caught shoplifting three times but has gotten away with it many times. Apparently she's quite good at it."

I was stunned as I heard this. "How is it that this is the first I've heard of it?"

"Because your father used his money and influence to keep it quiet and keep Meredith out of jail. She's been in therapy and counseling off and on over the years and we thought she was past this now that she's older and working in the corporate world, but we recently found out that wasn't the case."

"Why? What happened?" I asked.

"She's been embezzling from the company she works for. Fake expense accounts and vouchers, that kind of thing. Very skillfully done, apparently. They were only discovered by accident during a forensic audit that was looking for other problems."

"Holy shit!" was all I could manage to say.

"The CEO of the company came to us last week and showed us the evidence. He's good friends with your father and promised not to take any action yet but made it clear that if she's caught again he will fire her and file charges. We haven't talked to her yet, and frankly we don't know what to do. All the money we've spent on shrinks apparently hasn't done squat."

"And you think that Nancy's brand of 'therapy' will scare her straight or something?"

"I don't know, but nothing else has worked so far. Maybe it's a Hail Mary play but I can't think of anything else. When you told me that this experience, as bad as it's been, has cured you of any thought of cheating I just thought maybe it might work with your sister."

"I guess as a form of shock therapy it might work," I said, "but I don't know much about that type of compulsion. I don't think I've ever stolen anything in my life."

"I know, hon, you don't have a dishonest bone in your body. That's why I was shocked by the plagiarized paper."

"I guess the way it was sold to me about how everyone does it and it's no big deal I just never really thought of it as cheating at the time. I know now that was dumb and naïve. I just didn't want to spend my spring break working on a term paper."

"You were looking for a shortcut," Mom said. "That does sound like you. In some ways you and your sister are polar opposites. Meredith has always been driven to succeed academically, athletically, and professionally yet she has this thrill-seeking mentality that compels her to try to get away with things like theft. You're someone who likes to play it safe and have always tended to skate by on your looks and intelligence without really pushing yourself. Maybe, in a crazy way, this experience with Nancy has been beneficial."

I rolled my eyes at that. "Yeah, how so?"

"Nancy has pushed you way beyond your normal comfort zone and I think you're stronger, more focused, and more driven than you used to be as a result. I can see it, I can see the change in you. A year ago you never would've wanted to fight through this type of adversity to get your degree."

"And a year ago I never could have dreamed I'd be capable of walking stark naked through the middle of the city during rush hour, but I just did that today. I guess that's progress, huh?"

Mom laughed. "Well that's not the way I would've chosen to help you find your hidden strengths, but I guess it's working, crazy as it may be."

"Yeah, I guess. And you think that will work with Meredith?"

"I don't know, but it's all I've got right now. And if it's going to work I need you to sell it to her."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I'm going to tell your sister that she has to do whatever Nancy tells her to do this one time and if she ever gets caught stealing again I'll turn her over to Nancy full time."

"You wouldn't actually do that to her would you, Mom?"

"Probably not, but she can't know that. She won't have time to build up to extreme public exhibitionism like you did so I'll need you to help her get through it and to convince her that she doesn't want to end up in your situation. Can you do that for me, hon?"

"I suppose so," I said. "But you don't think her reputation will be damaged by Nancy having her walk naked down Main Street or whatever the hell she has her do?"

"Probably, but I'd prefer that to her getting thrown in jail or being known as a thief. I guess that's why I'm going with the nuclear option here rather than sending her to yet another shrink."

We rode in silence for a minute or so before I spoke again. "Are you ashamed of me, Mom?"

"No, hon. Never. You made a mistake and you're paying a heavy price for it but you're going to get through it. You just need to be totally honest with me from now on about everything and I'll do what I can to help you. I wish you had come to me right away."

"I know. But it all happened so fast, Mom. Nancy hit me with that fake term paper and threatened to have me expelled and the next thing I knew I was riding naked in a car and I didn't want you or anyone else know about it."

"I understand. I have to give some grudging credit to her, she really planned this out. Oh, don't get me wrong, she's a sick, manipulative bitch but she came up with a plan and is sticking to it come hell or high water. She's more formidable than I expected."

This actually made me feel a little better about everything. I'd been feeling like a dumb, naïve girl for falling for her plan and it was good to know someone like my mom considered her a formidable adversary. "Do you think the Dean would have expelled me if we had gone to him right away?"

"Amundsen is a fanatic about academic integrity but if we had hit him with a perverted blackmail attempt by his own assistant I think he might have been willing to bury a single plagiarized term paper to avoid a scandal. But falsified grades for an entire quarter? No, I don't think he could let that go now. He would consider it part of the honor code for you to come forward about Nancy manipulating your grades."

"But I couldn't," I said. "Not without him learning about the term paper."

"Yeah, I'm sure Nancy realized that which is why she did it. To get you in deeper in academic fraud. She's not stupid, I'll say that."

We pulled into the parking lot of my apartment complex and Mom shut off the car and turned to me. "We're in this together now, you and me. From now on you tell me everything that happens and if you feel like Nancy is putting you in situations where you feel physically threatened you let me know right away, do you understand?"

I nodded. "I will."

"And I need you to help me with Meredith. I'm counting on you."

"I promise."

She reached over and kissed me on the cheek. "I love you Wendy. Now let's get something to eat. I'm starved."

**VII**
About two weeks later I found myself making the familiar trip to Nancy's house, familiar with one big difference: my sister Meredith was in the passenger seat staring quietly out the window. She had shown up on my doorstep yesterday looking nervous and shaken and bore little resemblance to the cool, confident big sister I'd known for most of my life.

I guess I should tell you a little about Meredith. She is what you would call a super achiever - a person driven to excel at everything she does. My sister was always at the top of her class academically, was an All-State volleyball player, and is an exceptional musician who plays the piano beautifully. She's also an adrenaline junkie who got into rock climbing, mountain biking, and whitewater kayaking after graduating from college. In her business career she was considered a rising star at her company, or at least had been until now. Now it was in danger of all collapsing and Meredith had been distraught as she sat on my sofa yesterday.

"Wendy, Mom's going nuts and threatening me with jail and cutting me off from the trust fund if I didn't come here and meet with you and some woman you know. You have to tell me what the hell is going on!"

"Is it true, Meredith? About the shoplifting and the embezzling and all that?"

She nervously ran her fingers through her hair. "Yes, yes. I have an illness Wendy. A compulsion. I've been struggling with it for years. But I told Mom that this time I've learned my lesson. I'm done with it now, I swear. But Mom said I have to go through this thing with you here anyway, whatever it is."

"So what exactly has she told you about the woman you're supposed to meet anyway?"

"Nothing. She just said I have to do everything that the two of you tell me to do or else. Who is this woman anyway?"

"Her name is Nancy Johnson and she's the assistant to the Dean here."

"Assistant to the Dean? I graduated from this college years ago. Why the hell would she have anything to do with me? Is she a therapist or something?"

I couldn't help but blurt out a quick laugh at that. "Oh she's constructed a therapy program alright but it's for her own benefit, not yours or mine."

Meredith gave me a puzzled look. "So what then? Why am I here?"

"It's a very long story, Mere." And then I proceeded to tell it to her. All of it. By the time I was done her nervous twitches had turned into a look of shock.

And now Meredith sat quietly as we drove toward our meeting with Nancy. I didn't know yet what Nancy had planned for us but my sister is a beautiful woman and I had no doubt she would take every advantage of this opportunity to show her off.

"God, I'm so nervous Wendy," Meredith said from the passenger seat. "My stomach is doing somersaults. Is this the way it is for you whenever you have to do this?'

"Yeah," I replied, "although it's not as bad as it used to be. I still get nervous every time, though. I am right now."

To her credit, Meredith had never threatened to not go through with this even after I told her that Nancy would be putting her through some type of nude in public scenario. She seemed willing to do whatever it took to save her career and get back into Mom's good graces.

Although I love my sister I can't say that we've been particularly close. She's eight years older than me and we each had our own lives. She had doted on her little sister when I was young but as she reached her teenage years she spent less and less time with me and more with her friends. I was still only ten when she left for college and after that we got together maybe a couple of times a year. To me she'd always been the smart, beautiful, perfect sister that I wanted to emulate but always fell short. Now I realized that I barely knew her at all. I had no idea how she would hold up to whatever scenario Nancy had arranged for her today.

We arrived at Nancy's house at five p.m. on a Saturday afternoon. As instructed, we each carried an overnight bag containing toiletries, make-up, hair dryers and related items. This demand was a new twist for me and I didn't quite know what to make of it. Notably absent from our bags was any change of clothing.

Nancy greeted us at the door and introduced herself to Meredith with a bright smile. She then led us back to the living room where I was dismayed to see my old high school rival Taylor waiting with a smirk on her face. "Hi, Wendy," she said brightly, "I've just been reliving memories of our party a few weeks ago on Nancy's DVR here. Care to watch?" On Nancy's TV were video images of me in the nude at the already infamous college party. I stifled a surge of anger, but couldn't completely prevent a blush at the memory.

"No thanks. I think I can remember it well enough as it is." I glanced over at Meredith who was watching the video with a mixture of horror and fascination on her face. Perhaps it was just sinking in what it was she was going to have to do.

Nancy grabbed the remote and shut off the TV. "We don't have time to waste anyway," she said. "We have new memories to create tonight." She proceeded to introduce Taylor and Meredith as if it were a formal occasion. "With two of you to keep up with tonight, I thought I might need some help so Taylor will be along to assist me." She then turned her attention to Meredith. "You do understand what's expected of you tonight don't you?" Meredith nodded. "Good. Your mother and I have an agreement. If you carry through with everything I ask of you this will be a one-time deal. If not..."

"I understand," Meredith said. "I'll do whatever you say." I'd warned her not to argue with Nancy because it would only make things worse so I'm glad she was taking my advice to heart.

"Wonderful!" Nancy beamed. "So let's get started. If you two lovely ladies would please get undressed now."

I nodded to Meredith and started unbuttoning my blouse while she hesitantly began to follow my lead. I'd warned her that while it was impossible to predict what Nancy would force us to do it was a certainty that it would be done in the nude, so she knew this was coming. Still, it's a powerful feeling the first time you're ordered to remove your clothes against your will and I thought back to my own gradual initiation into a lifestyle of forced exhibitionism. Meredith wasn't going to have that advantage, but she never hesitated in removing her clothing. Soon the two of us were standing together totally nude in the middle of the living room.

Nancy stood in front of us and drank us in with her eyes. "You girls are sisters alright," she said as her eyes roamed over our bodies. "The two of you definitely won the genetic lottery." A flash went off as Taylor took a picture of us and I noticed Margaret's camera bag containing her video and camera equipment sitting on the floor. "Margaret couldn't be with us tonight," Nancy said as she followed my gaze, "so she's letting Taylor use her equipment to record the festivities. So, let's get the show started, shall we? To the car girls, and don't forget your bags."

As the four of us headed off to the garage, I saw Meredith casting a forlorn glance back at her clothes. We were both all too aware that our overnight bags contained no replacements for our garments.

Once in the garage we were directed to put our bags into the trunk where I noticed another suitcase had already been placed. Then Meredith and I climbed into the back seat of Nancy's four-door sedan while Nancy and Taylor got in up front, and soon the car was traveling down the street in the late afternoon sunshine.

I kept glancing over at Meredith to assess how she was holding up. I remembered all too well the emotional wreck I'd been on my first naked car ride, but she seemed to be handling the strain well. I'd done my best to prepare her by describing my own experiences so maybe that was helping.

My thoughts then shifted to wondering about what Nancy had cooked up for us tonight. Despite all my experience I was never free from anxiety at this stage of the game. The anticipation of not knowing was almost worse than when the public scenario, whatever it turned out to be, actually commenced. I started paying close attention to Nancy's route trying to guess if she was headed to a familiar park, mall, or other setting which would give me a clue as to what was going to happen. To my surprise, Nancy took the thoroughfare which led directly to the main interstate freeway leading out of town. Soon we were traveling north away from the city on the main highway heading up the coast.

"Hope you two don't mind," Nancy called back to us, "but I just felt like getting out of town tonight to check out some new scenery for a change." I didn't mind at all. It meant the chances were much lower that I'd have an unwanted naked encounter with someone I knew. I'd learned I could handle being naked in front of strangers I'd probably never see again so I began relaxing a little, at least until a few miles down the road when I saw the highway sign that jolted me into realizing which direction we were heading. It said PORTSVILLE 150 MILES.

Portsville! Our hometown! The town that Meredith and I grew up in and where our parents still lived! Oh, god, surely not. Surely Nancy wouldn't be so cruel to Meredith as to expose her in her hometown on her very first naked outing. But then I thought, who are you kidding Wendy? Of course Nancy could be that cruel!

A general feeling of unease quickly replaced the relaxed feeling I'd been enjoying. I glanced over at my sister again to see if she showed any sign of similar unrest but Meredith was just blankly staring out the window. I decided not to say anything for now - better to not upset her unnecessarily. The miles flew by as we got closer and closer to Portsville.

But just as I'd convinced myself of the worst, Nancy put on her turn signal and took an exit marked "Crystal Beach." We were still twenty or thirty miles from Portsville so I allowed myself a big sigh of relief. Curiously, however, the maneuver had the opposite effect on Meredith. She had remained calmly staring out the window, but when she saw where Nancy was headed she suddenly became extremely agitated. "What the hell are we getting off here for?" she blurted out.

Nancy seemed surprised by the outburst. "Well, dear, pretending for a moment that it's any of your business, there's a beach town down here I'd like to check out. Any objections?" Meredith seemed nearly apoplectic but I couldn't understand why.

"Really, Meredith, it doesn't matter where they make us do this," I told her. "I mean this is better than back in town or in Portsville, for god's sake."

"Oh god, you don't know..." Meredith began but then cut herself off. She remained silent, but she was clearly upset by this turn of events. I could see Nancy glancing at her through the rear view mirror with the tiniest flicker of a smile tugging at the corner of her mouth and I wondered what in the world could be causing this reaction.

Nancy drove on toward the beach town. It was one of those small, trendy artist/tourist communities. I remembered coming here a few times as a child but didn't really remember much about it. As we reached the edge of town I began to wonder if we would be walking the beach naked, or perhaps the boardwalk, or even the sidewalk in front of the cafes and artist galleries. But Nancy just drove slowly around the small downtown grid, not saying anything, and not stopping. At length she said, "Well, I don't know if this little town is going to offer any interesting opportunities after all." The relief emanating from Meredith was almost palpable. But then Taylor spoke up.

"You know, I think they've just built a new hotel on the road going out of town the other direction. I wonder if we should see if they're having any special events out there tonight." She turned and leveled an absolutely wicked grin at Meredith as she said that and all the blood drained out of my sister's face.

"Oh, by all means," Nancy replied. "Perhaps there will be something for our girls to do tonight after all." That's when Meredith erupted.

"You fucking bitches, you wouldn't dare! Oh god, god...how the hell did you find out?"

Nancy rebuked her sternly. "For starters that's NOT the language I would be using to address someone who holds your future in her hands. Second, I certainly would dare - I will do as I damn well wish, and you'll do what I tell you to do. And how did I find out? I know a lot more about you than you realize, Meredith. I know you originally wanted to be here tonight so I arranged for you to get your wish."

Meredith lay back against the seat, her eyes closed, her face pinched into a mask of tense disbelief. I looked from her, to Nancy, to Taylor, and back again. "Would someone mind telling me what the hell is going on at this hotel tonight that is so damned important?" No one answered, though, and Meredith remained with her eyes closed tightly as if trying to make this all just go away. We travelled past the edge of town until we rounded a corner and the large beachfront hotel came into view. Outside there was a large sign by the road with the name "The Breakers" in large letters at the top and a marquee message board below. In a few more moments we got close enough for me to read tonight's message and the full evil of the plan that Nancy had concocted for Meredith suddenly became apparent.

"Welcome Portsville High School Ten Year Class Reunion."

**VIII**
Nancy pulled into the hotel driveway and stopped under the canopy outside of the front door. "I'm going to go check in and get the key," she said to Taylor. "You park the car and get our two beauties ready to go up to the room. I'll text you with the room number when I get it and you can meet me there." Nancy hopped out and Taylor slid over to the driver's seat and drove around to the entrance of the hotel's basement parking garage. She found a spot several levels down, not far from the elevators. Taylor got out, opened the trunk and removed all luggage. She popped open the suitcase and removed two white t-shirts neatly folded on top. Then she opened our door and ordered us out of the car.

As we emerged she handed us each a t-shirt to wear up to the room and we both quickly pulled them on. Each fit snugly but hung just low enough to barely cover our bottoms and vaginas. I was long accustomed to Nancy's t-shirt technique for being moved about in public without drawing too much attention, but still maintaining the feeling of being naked and vulnerable. I heard Taylor's cell phone buzz. "Room 707," she announced. Taylor put the suitcase back in the trunk, then Meredith and I each carried our own overnight bags as the three of us boarded the elevator for the trip to the seventh floor.

Nancy was already in the room when we arrived and as soon as we were all inside she ordered us out of our t-shirts. We pulled the shirts over our heads, handed them to Taylor, and again stood naked before our captors. "It's still a couple of hours before the festivities are scheduled to begin," Nancy said. "Taylor and I are going down for dinner in the restaurant and to see to a few details. That will give you both time to shower and prepare yourselves for the evening. If you're hungry, you can have some food sent up."

Nancy then went into explicit instructions about how we were to prepare ourselves. "Just do your hair and makeup like this was a formal night on the town," she said. "Nothing sluttish or overdone. Just your natural routine that brings out your wholesome beauty. Oh, and Wendy, you might do what you can to prepare Meredith for her performance. So long, ladies. We'll be back to fetch you soon."

After they left, Meredith collapsed onto the bed and put her head into her hands. "Oh my god, Wendy, this is a fucking nightmare. I can't believe this is happening to me. Why on earth is she doing this to us?"

I sat down on the bed next to her. "You said this was a nightmare? That's exactly right and is the point of her whole game. It's the old naked-at-school or naked-at-work dream that everybody has at one time or another," I explained to her. "She's absolutely obsessed with it and she loves to force women to experience it for real, with her in control and watching. That's just about all she lives for, I think." Meredith continued to keep her head buried in her hands as I spoke.

"Tonight's setup making you - and me - do your class reunion in the nude is just perfect for her sick little mind," I continued. "It's the next best thing to having us back in high school, naked in class. Maybe even better in her eyes. Anything that forces you to interact with people in a perfectly normal setting, except for the fact that you're naked and they aren't. And she loves it most when it's with people you know. That's why this whole reunion scene is just too perfect for her."

Meredith finally looked up and stared at me as her eyes grew wide. Slowly, painfully, she asked, "What in the hell do you mean 'interact'?" Aren't we just going to streak the ballroom or something like that?" I suddenly realized the naiveté with which my sister perceived the situation.

"Oh, god no, Meredith. Don't you understand? We're not going down there to streak. She's going to make us walk in there and stay. We're going in there just like there's nothing unusual at all about being there naked. We'll be there for hours, Meredith, for the whole evening. And she'll be there, too, to make sure we stay till the end, or until she lets us leave."

Meredith went silent, a mortified look on her face as the full realization of what lay ahead was finally sinking in. "I can't believe Mom actually agreed to this. Why?"

"I doubt she understood that Nancy would take it this far with you, but she's worried about you, about your compulsion to steal. She's afraid that it will ruin your life if you don't get it under control. She looks at this as a type of shock therapy. I know tonight will be difficult for you but just remember that if you can make it through this and stay out of trouble in the future this is the last you'll see of Nancy. For me, this is my life until I graduate."

Meredith put her arms around me and buried her head on my shoulder. "God, Wendy, you're so strong. So much stronger than I am." Those were words I never thought I'd hear from my big sister and I have to admit that it made me a little bit proud, but I also realized tonight would be easy for me by comparison. I thought about how hard it was going to be for her to have her very first naked performance witnessed by old friends and rivals she hadn't seen for years.

"I'm not really stronger, though," I said. "I've just had a long time to build up to this. You're being thrown right into the deep end." I lifted her head off my shoulder and looked into her face. "Meredith, you've got to stay strong. You can get through this - I know you can because I've done it. You just can't let it get to you, or let your feelings show too much or it makes it ten times worse. You've got to just carry yourself with pride, and try to act like you're in charge, and like everything's alright. I know it sounds crazy and it sounds impossible but it's the only way to get through it. You've got to get your head to a special place to where you can just let it happen."

Meredith looked up, blinking. "Wendy, I just can't imagine what it's going to be like. I mean, what do you say to people? There are going to be a hundred people I know in there!" She started to cry softly and I reached in and wiped her tears.

"You can't tell them the truth," I said. "Best to leave it as vague as possible, but with the spin that it's really okay, you're there by choice. Just stay close to me and follow my lead, I guess, but I'll be more or less winging it myself."

Meredith put both arms around me now and gave me a hug. "Okay, Wendy. I'm so glad you're here."

I kissed my sister on the cheek. "It's time for us to get ready now."

**IX**
I showered first. After I was finished I discovered that all the towels larger than hand towels had been removed from the bathroom. Nothing left a girl could use to cover herself, I thought. Not that it mattered. There was no point in trying to escape being miles from home without any clothes or money and Nancy held all the blackmail cards.

I'd just finished blow drying my hair when Meredith emerged from the shower. I then used a curling iron to lightly style my hair as my sister stood next to me drying her hair. After that I began running an electric razor over my legs and underarms making sure I was completely smooth. Then I began on my makeup as Meredith shaved next to me. I applied just the right touch of mascara and eyeliner to highlight my eyes, a light touch of rouge on the cheeks, and a conservative layer of maroon lipstick on my lips. I glanced over at my sis and she'd almost caught up as she applied a slightly brighter shade of red lipstick. When we were done we examined our faces together in the mirror and I have to admit that it would be hard to find two prettier faces more skillfully prepared for a night out. Just the right amount of makeup to highlight our features without overdoing it.

I grabbed Meredith by the hand and dragged her out of the bathroom to the full length mirror on the closet. As we examined our nude bodies realizing that they would soon be on display to a large crowd, I couldn't help but think the two of us together tended to enhance each other's individual beauty. We were so similar in face and figure, yet so different in complexion and hair. I was a tanned brunette while Meredith was a fair-skinned blonde with a fine-textured bush that confirmed blonde was her true color. Our breasts were nearly the same full size and shape although mine were accented with distinct tan lines while hers were a uniform creamy white. All four were crowned with the same reddish nipples with medium sized aureolas and tips. I blushed as I realized how closely I was examining my sister's nude body and comparing it to mine. I put my arm around her as we stood in front of the mirror. "More than mortal man deserves," I said and Meredith couldn't help but laugh in response.

Now that we were ready to go there was nothing to do but wait. We were too nervous to watch TV so we just sat quietly, each wrapped up in our own thoughts. I knew the reunion started at nine p.m. but the clock ticked past that without any sign of Nancy or Taylor. It was nearly nine-thirty and the waiting was becoming unbearable when the silence was finally broken by the door swinging open. The sound was surprisingly loud and the suddenness startled both of us. Meredith instinctively crossed her arms in front of her breasts but I didn't bother. Nancy strode into the room with Taylor following behind carrying the suitcase she'd retrieved from the car trunk. "Well ladies, it's almost showtime," Nancy announced brightly. "On your feet, please, and let's have a look at you. Arms at your sides, Meredith, and that goes for the rest of the evening, too.'

The two of us slowly rose to our feet. Nancy motioned us towards her until we stood side by side in the middle of the room. She appeared momentarily dumbstruck as she stared at us, her eyes roaming over our faces and then down our bodies. She moved around us to examine us from every angle before reappearing in front of us. "Wow," she finally managed to say. "Incredible. The world should thank me for what I'm doing here." Even Taylor seemed struck by what she saw.

Nancy finally regained her composure and started talking in her usual overbearing manner. "I think we've taken care of all the last minute details. I've spoken with hotel security and alerted them of your plans. They've indicated that since it's an adult private party they have no objections, as long as things don't get out of hand. So you won't have to worry about interruptions from them or the police. We'll take you down there in men's shirts so we won't create any disturbances along the way. We've brought a couple of nice white button-downs so you won't have to muss your hair."

Nancy paused in front of Meredith and reached forward to fondle her creamy white breasts. Meredith began to open her mouth to object then apparently thought better of it. "I need to tell you of a last minute change of plan, though," she said to Meredith, smiling. "My initial motivation was to pair you up with Wendy for a naked sister act, and we'll certainly still take advantage of that opportunity tonight. But after seeing the large turnout downstairs I realized that the spectacle of you romping naked at your tenth anniversary class reunion will be best enjoyed with no distractions for awhile. I want you to be the subject of everyone's undivided attention. So Wendy won't be joining you for another hour or so."

Meredith glanced over at me with a look of panic in her eyes but I quickly shook my head at her. There was no point in arguing with Nancy once she'd made up her mind about something. "Don't fret, Wendy," Nancy said as she turned to me, "I'll have Meredith announce your presence from the stage so you can have a grand entrance of your own. Any questions, girls?" We both shook our heads miserably.

"Great! One last little accessory for you both and Meredith will be on her way. Taylor?" Taylor opened the suitcase and pulled out two pairs of formal pumps. They were identical, with ankle straps and medium high-heels, except one pair was black and one was red. "I think red for the blonde and black for our tanned brunette," Nancy said. Taylor delivered the footwear and we set about putting them on. When we stood up again Nancy took several moments to enjoy the sight. Then she nodded at Taylor who pulled out Margaret's expensive digital camera and began taking pictures of us from various angles. "The reunion has hired a professional photographer with camera and video," Nancy informed us, "but like I said earlier, Taylor will also be there to make sure the evening is sufficiently recorded."

Nancy then reached into the small suitcase and pulled out a neatly pressed long-sleeved men's white dress shirt. She shook out the folds with a sharp snap and then held it open a few feet in front of Meredith. "If you would be so kind, dear."

Meredith looked at the shirt, then at Nancy without moving. Then she spoke. "Nancy, I'll do anything - I swear to god, anything in this world - if you won't make me do this. For god's sake, please, Nancy, have some sympathy, have some understanding." I held my tongue knowing exactly what Nancy's response was going to be because I'd heard it before to similar pleas I'd made to her in the past.

Nancy lowered the shirt, holding it in one hand at her waist and began speaking to Meredith. "You probably won't believe this, but there's a part of me that is very, very sorry for what you're going through. I understand your feelings and emotions completely. But another part of me just overwhelmingly wants to see it happen. The more horrible and outrageous it seems to the one part of me, the more delightfully, wickedly satisfying it is to the other. I've tried to explain this to Wendy and I think she understands." I'd definitely heard this speech before, or something similar, but I can't say that I understood it. She sounded crazy to me as she talked about different parts of her personality.

"Even your begging me right now," Nancy continued, "as much as it appeals to my sympathy, even more strongly delights my other side. The fact is, there's nothing in this world I'd rather have you do than get naked in front of your former classmates. I'm sorry, Meredith, I really am." Then she raised the shirt back up and held it open again for Meredith.

Meredith looked at me, sighed deeply, and stepped forward. She held her arms out to the sides so Nancy could work the sleeves onto them. Taylor buttoned the cuffs while Nancy worked the buttons up the front, starting at the bottom, and leaving the top three open. Meredith just stared forward, not saying anything, and allowed herself to be fitted into the shirt like a toy doll.

Nancy stepped back to survey the result. The tails hung low enough in both front and back to shield her private areas. However, at her sides between the tails, the cut was high enough over her hips that it was quite apparent she wore no panties. And the snug fit across the breasts, coupled with the neck open to her cleavage, made it equally clear she wore no bra. "A perfect fit," Nancy said with a smile. Then she took a trembling Meredith by the hand. "Well, dear, I'm afraid the moment of truth has arrived."

I sprang forward and embraced my sister. "Be strong, Meredith. And remember what I told you. You'll get through this. And I'll be there with you soon."

Meredith nodded and smiled weakly. "Touching," Nancy cracked and then tugged her again by the hand leading her into the hallway. Taylor followed and then they were gone, leaving me staring at the closed door.

**X**
I waited alone in the hotel room agonizing over what Meredith must be going through and how she might be handling it. No matter how hard I tried I couldn't contemplate a more humiliating scenario than being forced to go naked to one's class reunion. It was just too awful to even think about, and yet Meredith was living it out down in the hotel's ballroom at that very moment. Either that or she had broken and refused to go along with Nancy's demands with whatever consequences that might bring. I was dying to know what was happening and to be with my sister, even though I knew that meant that I'd be on display for the partygoers, too. The minutes just crawled by.

Finally the sound of the door opening broke into my thoughts and Taylor entered the room with a broad smile on her face. "Just about time for your appearance, sweetie. Ready to show your tits and ass to about three hundred people?" I ignored the taunt.

"What about Meredith?" I asked.

"Well," Taylor replied, "she's actually doing it. She's actually down there naked right now."

I felt simultaneous surges of both anguish and relief. "Oh my god, how is she doing?"

"Well she's doing, um..." Then Taylor stopped and began to laugh. "I think you'll just have to see for yourself." I tried to press her for more information but that was all she would give me.

"Well can you at least let me know what she's telling people about why she's doing it?"

"Yes, I'll tell you that. Nancy made her act out a little scene right at the beginning that took care of that. She let her keep her shirt on at first but told her that within the first twenty minutes she had to go up on stage to explain herself. And then lose the shirt."

"And...?" I asked when she quit talking. "So what did she say?"

"Well, Nancy told her everything she had to say. So after about fifteen minutes of trying to deal with people one on one she got up there and did her little act just like she was told." Taylor was starting to warm up to the re-telling of the story now and I could sense the excitement in her voice as she recalled what had happened. "She started by saying something like 'Hi everybody, yes it's really me, Meredith Wilson, and I know you're all wondering what I'm doing here dressed like this.' Then she said something like how she had had these exhibitionist fantasies for years and had finally decided she wanted to act them out and that the reunion seemed like the perfect place to really test herself and see if she really liked it. Then she asked if anyone would mind if she went ahead and took the shirt off for the rest of the night. God, she looked so gorgeous and sexy standing there in just that shirt it was almost a shame to see it come off. But off it came anyway." Then Taylor gave me that wicked little grin of hers. "And now it's your turn, Wendy."

I recognized the theme of what Meredith had been forced to say about her nudity - it'd been Nancy's own original plan to act out her own exhibitionist fantasies to get them under control. That is, until she discovered she didn't have the guts to act them out and decided to force other women to do it for her. How awful to make Meredith portray in full what was really Nancy's own perversion, even including the explanation to others.

Taylor opened up the small suitcase and I expected to see her pull a men's shirt out of it for me to wear but instead she produced a plastic bag instead. I groaned when I saw the name "Sinful Delights" on the side of it - the name of Margaret's lingerie boutique. My thoughts flashed back to the lingerie modeling I was forced to do in her store in Heritage Mall which ended with my first true nude public exposure.

"Oops," Taylor said as she placed the bag on the bed, "I guess we don't have another shirt for you to wear. I suppose these will have to do instead." Wearing the men's shirt down to the party would've been bad enough but that would have been preferable to whatever revealing garments I was sure were in the bag. "Go ahead, Wendy," she said nodding toward the bag, "time to start getting dressed."

I sighed and turned the bag over onto the bed, then lifted up the contents one by one to examine them. In the bag were a small black thong, a pair of sheer black hose, a black corset with garter straps attached to the bottom of it, and a faux pearl necklace. I began by stepping into the thong and saw that it covered my pussy but little else. Next I pulled on the sheer thigh high black stockings and discovered they looked and felt quite sexy and luxurious on my legs. Then I examined the black corset and was dismayed to find it was the under bust variety and would not cover my breasts at all. I wrapped it around my midsection fastening the clasps in the front and found it was snug but not constrictive. I attached the garter straps to the top of the stockings and then placed the double stranded pearl necklace around my neck which turned out to be long enough to hang down between my breasts. Finally I pulled the pumps onto my feet and fastened the straps.

When I was finished dressing I stood up and walked to the full length mirror to examine myself and the image I saw staring back at me was stunning. The ensemble was incredibly sexy and fit my body perfectly. My bare breasts hung prominently above the corset which also left the upper part of my back and shoulders, along with my bare ass, on full display. The effect of the material covering my body was to accentuate the parts of it left exposed. At the risk of sounding totally narcissistic I don't think I'd ever looked sexier or more desirable than I did at that moment. The message that this outfit was sending was unmistakable: "Please Fuck Me. Now." This would have been perfect in a private setting in the presence of a lover. In a crowded room full of people that wasn't exactly the message I wanted to be sending.

"I think I'd rather be totally nude than wear this to the reunion," I said to Taylor.

"Good," she replied. "That means that we made the right choice in making you wear it." There was something in the snotty tone of her voice that made me finally confront her about something that had been bothering me for a long time.

"Taylor, why do you hate me so much?"

She was a little taken aback by the question but then finally responded. "Hate is a strong word. I don't know that I hate you, Wendy, but I do love seeing you brought down a few notches."

"But why? What have I ever done to you that was so awful?"

"Bobby Hanson," was all she said.

"Bobby Hanson?"

"You do remember who he is don't you?"

"Bobby? Yeah I remember him from high school. I went out with him like twice in my junior year. What about him?"

Taylor glared at me malevolently for a few seconds before answering. "I liked him a lot and he liked me. You knew that and took him from me just because you could. You did it just to spite me."

I was about to protest my innocence when the whole thing came back to me and I realized she was right. I'd been mad at her for some dumb thing that I couldn't even recall now and decided to start flirting with Bobby just to get under her skin. We went out a couple of times but I wasn't really interested in him and broke it off. It was one of those stupid, catty things that high school girls sometimes do to each other and I'd quickly forgotten about it, but clearly Taylor hadn't. It had obviously been festering with her for a long time.

I put myself in her shoes and realized that if someone had done something like that to me when I really cared about a boy I would've been furious and bitter about it, too. The truth is I'd barely given a second thought to it since it happened and I wondered now how I could have been so horrible to her over some petty squabble.

"Taylor, you're right," I said to her apologetically. "That was a mean, selfish thing I did to you and it should never have happened. I was a dumb, shallow high school girl at the time but that's no excuse. I'm very, very sorry and if I could make it up to you I would."

"You are making up for it," she said, although her voice seemed to have softened slightly. "You're making up for it tonight and you'll keep making up for it for the rest of your college days."

"I know."

It struck me that once again my current situation was a direct result of my own bad decisions and mistakes. Karma, it seems, was one vicious bitch when it came to me and my life. I would be atoning for my sins for years to come.

"It's time to go," Taylor said, but the snotty tone had disappeared, at least for now.

I looked down at my outfit. "Am I going down there like this?"

Silently Taylor walked to the suitcase and pulled out one last item. It was a stylish long-sleeved black women's jacket. She held it open and I slipped my arms into it, then she stood in front of me and buttoned only the bottom two buttons leaving a plunging neckline that went down nearly to my navel. She tugged with both hands on the bottom of the jacket then backed away.

I examined myself once again and saw that the jacket covered my ass, but barely, and exposed a lot of cleavage. It was enough coverage to get me down to the ballroom but with the obvious intent of drawing every eye towards me on the way.

"Okay," I said, "I'm ready." Taylor led me silently out the door into the hallway and towards Meredith and my own fate.

**XI**
As Taylor and I exited the elevator and began walking through the crowded hotel lobby I could feel my unfettered breasts swaying beneath the jacket as heads swiveled in my direction. Now that the time was approaching for my entrance into the reunion party my nerves were on edge. I wasn't just nervous for what I knew I'd have to do, but also for my sister Meredith and what I'd find when I got there. I had no idea what her state of mind would be since Taylor had refused to tell me. As we walked, Taylor filled me in on my instructions.

"It'll be pretty much the same as Meredith had to do," she said. "You'll keep the jacket on for the first few minutes as you interact with people, but Meredith has been told to take you up on stage within twenty minutes and introduce you. Then the jacket comes off."

"What about the rest of my outfit?" I asked.

"You'll keep that on. You may lose some or all of it before the night is done, but that's up to Nancy. I think she kind of likes the idea of keeping Meredith the only one totally nude, but we'll see." The image of spending the night in the sexy lingerie I'd been given to wear was a little unsettling, probably even more so than being totally nude.

We turned now down a corridor and walked a brief ways until we came upon a sign for the Crystal Ballroom and a set of doors. Inside I could hear the thumping bass of music reverberating. Outside the door was a security guard checking the IDs and names of people entering against a list to ensure they were invited guests. When he saw the two of us his eyes roamed over me from head to toe, then smiled at Taylor. They'd obviously made some kind of arrangement with him and he opened the door to allow us to enter.

The party was well underway as we stepped inside. To my right was a stage with a DJ on it spinning tunes and a single microphone at the front of it where I knew Meredith would be introducing me in just a few minutes. Behind the stage there was a large projection screen where images from the high school days of Meredith's class were being shown with a new image being projected every fifteen seconds or so. In front of me was a large dance floor with probably about fifty or so people dancing on it. Surrounding the dance floor were tables that were only about half occupied as many of the party goers were gathered in groups along the edges of the dance floor talking and drinking. All in all I'd guess there were more than the three hundred people in the room that Taylor had claimed although I'm not exactly an expert at judging crowd sizes.

I didn't see Meredith at first which kind of surprised me. I guess I had this mental image of finding her in the middle of the room with everyone staring at her, but that wasn't the case. I searched through the crowd for her until I finally saw a flash of bare skin on the far side of the dance floor surrounded by a small group of people. I began making my way through the crowd in that direction.

People were beginning to notice me now and I could feel their stares as I walked through the room. I didn't really recognize anybody, but then I knew I probably wouldn't unless they'd been among Meredith's close friends.

As I approached Meredith's group a man moved just enough so that I finally got a full view of her and saw that she was entirely nude except for the pumps on her feet. Seeing a nude woman in a room full of normally dressed people was both shocking and exciting and I realized that for the first time I was seeing how I must have appeared from the perspective of other people who had seen me in similar situations. It's a sight that's so unexpected in the normal everyday world that I could understand why I received such strong and mixed reactions from people.

Meredith hadn't seen me yet and I stopped for a moment to observe her. She had a drink in her hand and her face was flushed, but she seemed excited and animated as she spoke to the dozen or so people surrounding her. Someone said something and she threw her head back in laughter. At first I thought she was putting on an incredibly brave act but as I watched further the realization struck me - she loves this, she absolutely loves it.

Just then Meredith spotted me and waved excitedly at me to join her. "There's my baby sis," she said as she hugged me and I could tell she probably wasn't working on her first drink. Meredith looked over my outfit and then spoke into my ear. "This isn't what I was expecting to see you wearing," she said.

"Me neither," I responded. "Another of Nancy's little surprises."

Meredith then introduced me to her group. "Hey guys, this is my sister Wendy. I invited her here tonight as moral support for my little, um...adventure."

Everyone said hello and a striking redhead spoke up. "Hey, Wendy do you remember me?" I saw immediately that it was Valerie, Meredith's best friend from high school. She'd been over to our house many times in those days.

"Of course, Val. Hi!"

"My god, Wendy, you were just a little girl the last time I saw you. You definitely aren't little anymore," she said as she stared at my outfit.

"Yeah, it's been a few years."

"Did you know your sister was planning this tonight?"

I nodded. "Yes, and I thought it was exciting and wanted to be here to support her."

"Well, I've got to say you're dressed pretty provocatively yourself. Are you planning on taking that jacket off tonight?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "We'll see," I said with a smile. "Hey guys, I need to steal my sister for a couple of minutes. I need to talk to her privately. I promise to bring her back." Then I grabbed Meredith's hand and dragged her to a quiet part of the room.

"So tell me, Mere," I said, "how are you really doing?"

"Oh god, Wendy, I've been dying to tell you about it. When I first came in here in just the shirt I was so scared and nervous. Everyone was looking at me like 'what the hell is she wearing?' I really thought I was going to be sick and I didn't know if I could go through with it. Then Valerie came up to me and said 'Girl, you look so hot! Are you wearing anything under that shirt?' I told her I wasn't and then decided to tell her what I planned to do. She thought that would be the greatest thing ever! I guess that's what gave me the courage to go through with it."

"So what was it like when you finally did it?" I asked.

"When the time came I went up on stage and told the DJ I needed to make an announcement. He said he would turn on the mike after the song was over so I had to stand up there for a couple of minutes waiting. I was just trembling and everyone was starting to stare at me. I came that close to running off the stage and out of the room," she said holding up her thumb and index finger about an inch apart.

"Wow," was all I could say. "That must have been hard for you."

Meredith nodded. "It was. But then I thought back to your advice about just putting yourself in a state of mind where you act like you're confident and in charge and I think that helped. I decided to just act like I was totally okay with all of this no matter what happened. Then the song was over and I had to do it."

I could hear the tension and excitement in Meredith's voice as she described the speech she gave about how she had fantasized about public exhibitionism for many years. It was pretty much the same as Taylor had described it. "You know I thought I did a pretty good job of sounding confident while I was giving the speech but I was terrified inside knowing what was going to happen next."

"So then it was time and my fingers were shaking so bad that I had trouble unbuttoning the shirt. I finally just grabbed the bottom of it and pulled it over my head and let it drop to the floor. And there I was standing totally naked in front of all my old classmates and it felt like I was living through the worst nightmare ever! I really didn't know how they would react. Would they be angry? Would they shout at me? Would they call me a filthy slut? Would they escort me out of the party and leave me naked in the corridor? I had no idea what would happen."

"So what did happen?" I asked. I was riveted by her story, especially knowing I'd be going up on stage myself soon.

"Well, nothing happened for a few seconds. They just kind of stared. But then this cheer started to go up. I mean, not everyone was cheering. I got some nasty looks and one couple got up and left, but most of the crowd was cheering and whistling and hollering and this huge wave of relief went over me. And not just relief, Wendy. I swear to god I started getting so aroused that I thought for a minute I might come right there on the stage! It was like nothing I'd ever experienced before. I finally had to run off the stage to try to calm myself down."

"I can definitely relate," I said as I thought back to the orgasm I'd experienced myself as I danced naked at that college party.

Meredith then leaned in and spoke into my ear. "Tonight is the biggest rush I've ever experienced in my entire life, Wendy. I had no idea it would be like this. I know it sounds crazy but I almost envy you for being forced to do this over and over again. I think I'd trade places with you if I could." I started to respond but then I realized that my sister was giving me a hint. More than a hint, really. Would it be possible?

Then Meredith grabbed me by the hand. "You know what has to happen now, don't you?" I nodded. "Then we might as well get it over with, sis." She smiled at me and then began dragging me toward the stage.

**XII**
Meredith spoke into the DJ's ear who turned to look at me. He then nodded at her with a smile and held up three fingers to indicate the number of minutes until the song was over. Meredith then pulled me to the center of the stage to wait for the song to end and the mike to go hot for our announcement. As we stood there the crowd began to notice, conversations stopped, and everyone began turning their attention toward the stage. I was surprised by how incredibly nervous I was right now. I'd been starting to think of myself as an experienced veteran of this type of thing but I'd never actually been on stage before to disrobe in front of a crowd of people. Standing on a table and stripping at the college party was the closest I'd been to this experience. In front of the stage I saw both Taylor and the professional photographer pointing their video cameras at us in anticipation of what was to come.

As we stood there Meredith began squeezing my hand harder and harder until I turned to look. I saw that her face was flushed, her nipples were fully erect, and she was struggling with her breathing and I knew immediately what was happening - she was trying to fight off an orgasm right there on stage in front of her entire high school class! She turned toward me with her eyes wide open and mouthed the words, "Oh my god."

I quickly leaned in and spoke into her ear. "Just think of Grandpa Wilson wearing a Speedo."

She looked into my face, then closed her eyes and pinched her lips together. Her body began shaking and I thought for a second she might be coming until her lips turned up into a smile and I realized she was giggling. Finally she threw her head back and laughed. "Whew. Thanks," she said finally. "That was close."

The song ended and we both turned to look at the DJ who signaled that the microphone was turned on and ready to go. We walked hand-in-hand up to the mike and Meredith leaned in and began to speak. She had the undivided attention of everyone in the room.

"Hey everybody," she said, "it's me Meredith again." This was greeted by some howls and whistles from the crowd. "I'm sure some of you are wondering who this beautiful girl is with me up on the stage. This is my baby sister, Wendy. She was probably too young for most of you to have known when I was in high school but as you can see she's all grown up now." (Cheers and whistles.)

"You know, I told you earlier that I'd had these intense exhibitionist fantasies for years but I'd always been afraid to act them out. Well, recently I found out that Wendy had gotten naked at a big party at her college with tons of her fellow students there." (Cheers.) "For hours!" (Louder cheers). "Well after I found that out I knew that I couldn't let my little sister outdo me so I just had to try it. I'll admit that I was scared to death when I got up here earlier because I didn't know how you guys would react, but I have to say I'm so thankful for the mostly positive support I've gotten tonight." (Clapping and whistles).

As I listened to Meredith talk to the crowd the unreality of this whole situation hit me. My beautiful sister is addressing her ten year class reunion while totally naked on a stage. How weird is that? What kind of crazy confluence of events has to occur for that to happen? And I knew I'd soon be joining her in exposing myself to the crowd. I simply couldn't have ever imagined this scene as we were growing up together. Not in a million years.

"Anyway," Meredith continued, "when Wendy found out I wanted to do this because of her naked party she felt so guilty that she promised to show up to tonight to support me. And by 'support' I mean 'get naked!'" (Loud cheers and whistles.) "So unless you guys object, Wendy would like to start showing her support, and a whole lot more!" (Loud cheers, howls, and whistles.)

I looked over the crowd and saw that not everyone was totally thrilled by what was going on. Most of the nasty looks and glares came from women who were with men I presumed to be their husbands, and the husbands were trying hard to pretend they also disapproved of seeing naked women at a class reunion. For the most part, though, the crowd was both enthusiastic and drunk and I was surprised by the number of women who were cheering loudly for the events on stage. Whatever happened, I knew the Wilson sisters were making this reunion one that would be talked about for years.

I stepped up to the front of the stage and smiled, using some of the techniques I'd learned in my acting class to calm myself. I turned my back to the crowd and fumbled with the bottom two buttons of my jacket until they came loose. I slowly let the jacket fall off my shoulders until my bare upper back was revealed. Then I let it slide down my arms until it tumbled to the floor. I placed my hands over my bare breasts and turned to face the crowd. "Let them see them, baby girl," Meredith said as she gently pulled on my arms. I dropped my arms to my sides and then allowed her to slowly spin me around in a circle to give the crowd a full view of what I'd seen earlier in the hotel room mirror. My bare tits and ass were on full display now and accentuated by the sexy black lingerie. Then she once again placed her hand in mine and led me off the stage into the crowd.

The next hour or so went by in a blur as Meredith led me around the room introducing me to people, posing for pictures, and showing me - and herself - off as much as she could. The frightened woman I'd seen earlier in the hotel room had transformed back into the confident sister I'd known most of my life and I was once again the little sis trailing along in her wake. If someone had to guess they would have thought that Meredith was the experienced exhibitionist while I was the novice experiencing this kind of thing for the first time.

To be honest, the sexy lingerie I was wearing and the implied message it was sending out was embarrassing me a lot more than I expected. Even though I was showing less skin than the times I'd been totally nude, psychologically I felt more exposed. I felt more vulnerable and on display than ever before. Meredith was becoming more confident in her nudity as time passed while I felt just the opposite.

After awhile we hooked up with Valerie again and before long the three of us were in the middle of the dance floor where I knew all eyes were drawn to us. As we danced I started thinking again about what Meredith had told me earlier and I felt determined to talk to Nancy about it. I'd barely seen Nancy all night and when I looked around I finally found her sitting by herself in the rear of the room quietly observing the show. "I'll be back in a couple of minutes," I shouted to Meredith over the music and she just nodded as she continued to dance.

As I approached Nancy she patted the seat beside her indicating for me to sit down. When I did she started laughing and shaking her head before I even had a chance to speak.

"The answer is no, Wendy."

**XIII**
"How did you even know what I was going to say?" I asked Nancy.

"You were going to ask me if Meredith could replace you as the naked star of my show and the answer is no," she replied.

I pouted for a minute, both because of the answer and by her apparent ability to read my mind. "Why not?" I finally asked. "She's obviously really into this kind of thing."

"Well, there's your answer," she said. "She's really into it. I could have found a lot of girls who would be really into this type of thing if I'd wanted. What I want is someone like you, Wendy, who is not into this type of thing but gets terribly turned on by it anyway, almost against her will. That's a special combination, dear. Besides, I promised your mother this would be a one-time deal and until I hear differently from her, that's what it will be."

"Yeah?" I shot back. "What do you think Mom will do when she finds out about this? I'll bet she never expected you to show her off at her own high school reunion. This will be all over Portsville by tomorrow."

"Your mother doesn't strike me as someone who's terribly concerned about what the Portsville sewing circles are gossiping about. Besides, how do you think I found out about this little shindig?" My head snapped towards her as she said this.

"What the hell are you talking about, Nancy?"

"She sent me an email with the date, time, and location of this reunion."

I shook my head violently. "No. You're lying. There's no way she would ever do that!"

Nancy shrugged her shoulders. "Believe what you want to, dear. How do you think I got unfettered access to this party to arrange things? I'm not an alumni of your high school. Your mother greased the skids with the organizers by subsidizing the cost of the party to insure there wouldn't be any objections to it."

"Why on earth would she ever do that?"

"Let me ask you this, Wendy, why do you think your mother was so quick to offer your sister up to me?"

"Well, she thought it would be a type of shock therapy to help her get over her, um...problem."

"You mean her stealing," Nancy said. I suppose I should've been surprised she knew this since Mom hadn't actually told her about it that night, but I really wasn't. Nancy seemed to have a gift for uncovering a person's weaknesses. "Did you think that scared straight strategy would actually work with Meredith?" she asked.

"Why not?"

"Because your sister is a thrill junkie who pushes everything to the limit. I knew that once she got past her initial shock and fear tonight she would absolutely love this and would want to experience it over and over again. Her reaction was utterly predictable, Wendy. If I knew this then surely your mother must have also."

I was stunned by what Nancy was saying, but the more I thought about it the more I knew she was right. How could I have been so blind to what Meredith's reaction to enforced nudity would most likely be? Was it that I knew so little about my own sister or was I merely projecting my own feelings onto her?

"Listen, Wendy," Nancy continued, "while I found it absolutely delicious setting this thing up for your sister and would love to include her at times in our future plans, the truth is that the reaction I was most interested in seeing tonight was yours in that adorable outfit that Margaret picked out for you. And I must say that you haven't disappointed. I could sense your embarrassment and humiliation from a mile away. And that reaction, dear girl, was also utterly predictable."

I was really regretting coming over here now and began sulking, wishing Nancy would shut up. She was just getting started psychoanalyzing me, though.

"Wendy, do you think your sister is experiencing any different emotions out there dancing naked in front of her former classmates than you have tonight or in any of your other nude outings?"

"I don't know," I snapped. "Probably. She's obviously enjoying it."

"I can almost guarantee you that your sister is experiencing the same fear, excitement, embarrassment, and arousal that you've been feeling tonight, the difference is that she wants to feel those things. She revels in it. It's an incredible rush for her. I actually think you experience those things on an even deeper level than she does, but in your case you fight those feelings every step of the way. That, my dear, is what makes it so much fun for me to guide you through situations where you are forced to experience those intense feelings. So much more so than it would be with Meredith."

I sat there miserably thinking about everything Nancy was saying and how infuriatingly good she was at reading people. I didn't really want to talk to her anymore but something she had said was gnawing at me. "What about my Mom?" I asked finally.

"What about her?"

"You implied that she didn't give Meredith to you to scare her out of stealing. Then why?"

"Did you notice your mother's reaction as she was looking at your pictures and videos that night in my house?" she asked.

"I noticed she didn't have much of a reaction," I said. "I thought she would go ballistic."

"Oh, she had a reaction alright. It's just that she's your mother so it wasn't one you were looking for so you didn't see it."`

"What do you mean?"

"She was getting aroused, Wendy - and I mean very aroused - although she was trying hard to hide it."

"Oh god, Nancy, you're sick! She's my mother!"

"I'm not saying she was turned on by you, Wendy. But the situation? A young, beautiful girl forced to exhibit herself in public against her will? I think she was very turned on by that. She's either a voyeur who would love to control and direct someone like I'm doing with you or a closet submissive who would love to be the one controlled. I'm not sure which, but I think it's the former."

"So you think she's a sicko like you, huh? And even if that was true, how does that relate to Meredith?"

"I think she knows the only sure way to cure a compulsion is to replace it with an even stronger compulsion and that's exactly what's happening tonight. Your sister won't need to steal after this because she's found something that gives her an even bigger thrill. The goal wasn't to scare Meredith by threatening her with enforced public nudity but to entice her into wanting it."

"But why have her doing something as horrible as getting naked at her class reunion?"

"Because a compulsive personality like Meredith's craves intense experiences. I'm not sure that a simple nude walk down a city street would've been enough to replace her compulsion to steal. By forcing Meredith to expose herself in the most humiliating fashion possible your mother has, in fishing terms, set the hook. After this, stealing will seem pretty damn boring by comparison."

"But everyone's going to know about this!" I protested. "All of our friends and family! I can't believe Mom would want that."

"That was inevitably going to happen with you anyway, Wendy. When I was planning this I knew that someday your mother would show up on my doorstep. There was no way to keep this from your family forever so I spent a lot of time finding out about her and how to respond when that day came."

I was stunned by the amount of thought that Nancy had put into her plan long before that first naked car ride. I felt like some kind of trophy cat that a big game hunter had stalked for months. "But what about Meredith? Do you think Mom wants both of her daughters known as exhibitionists?"

"It appears to me that your mother is terribly embarrassed by Meredith's thievery but isn't embarrassed at all by your displays of public nudity," Nancy replied. "If anything she's fascinated by it. I think she'd rather have Meredith known as an exhibitionist than a thief, and it's much less likely to damage her career than embezzling would. And, as a bonus, perhaps this will allow your mother to have her own Wilson girl to direct and guide."

"You're nuts," I said.

"Am I?" she replied. "I guess we'll have to see how this all plays out in the future then, dear."

We sat there silently for a long time as I mulled over everything she'd said. As I watched my sister dancing with Valerie and a couple of guys who had joined them I wanted to dismiss it all as rubbish, but I couldn't. Whatever the truth was, though, I knew my own status hadn't changed. I'd have to continue complying with whatever she demanded of me from now until the end of my college days.

"Wendy, I want you to take off your panties now," Nancy said a moment later as if she'd been reading my mind again. I sighed, unsnapped my garters, then slid the thong down my legs and placed it on the table.

**XIV**
Nancy pulled a small plastic bag out of her purse, placed my thong into it and then put it back into the purse. "It's quite moist," she said with a smile. "I think this is the way I want you to remain dressed for the rest of the evening, dear. You really look incredibly sexy in that outfit. I can't imagine there's anyone out there who doesn't want you tonight, or want to be you."

I knew at least one person who didn't want to be me right now. If I was humiliated before I knew it would only get worse now that my pussy was going to be on full display. Once again Nancy understood exactly what I was experiencing and was determined to push it to new levels. I snapped the garters back on to my stockings and was getting ready to rejoin my sister when Nancy spoke again.

"Do you remember something else we talked about that night with your mother, Wendy? About public masturbation?"

I turned to Nancy in shock, the blood draining from my face. "N-no, Nancy. I just couldn't. Please don't make me. Not here in front of all these people."

"Don't worry, Wendy, I'm not going to make you do that. Not tonight anyway. As much as I'd love to see you on that stage pleasuring yourself this isn't the time, place, or the right crowd for that to happen. I think we've pushed our luck here tonight as far as we dare." I breathed a little easier until she spoke again. "That doesn't mean we can't use this as a training session, though."

"What do you mean?"

"Have you noticed we're kind of on our own here at the back of the room and there hasn't been any traffic through here during the time we've been talking?"

"You want me to do it here? Please, no."

'"No, not here. There are still too many prying eyes that can see us here. Over there," she said turning her head. I followed her gaze and at once understood where she was talking about. To our left was a spot against the wall where the edge of the stage blocked the view of the rest of the room, leaving only the back section of the room here with an unobstructed view. Since Nancy was the only one sitting back here it would be a private show just for her. I understood now why she'd chosen to sit here away from the rest of the partiers. She'd probably been scouting for such a spot.

"Oh my god," I said quietly as I tried to fight off the emotions flooding through my body, just like Nancy said I did in these situations. I just couldn't help it.

"Wendy, if you sit there against the wall no one but me will be able to see you, but you'll be able to hear the party going on as if you were in the middle of it. I want you to close your eyes and imagine you're up there on that stage with everyone in the room watching you. Make sure you give me a good view, and I want you to bring yourself to orgasm. No faking it because I'll know."

I thought briefly about pleading with her, but I knew how far that would get me. I looked around the room to see if anyone was watching but it looked like all the wandering eyes were locked onto Meredith on the dance floor. I stood up and walked as quickly as I could to the spot next to the end of the stage, then ducked down out of sight of the rest of the room. I surveyed the hardwood floor there and while it wasn't filthy, it wasn't exactly clean either and I wasn't relishing the idea of planting my bare ass there.

Without really thinking I unhooked the garter straps and then the latches on the corset and removed it. I placed the corset on the floor and sat down on it, spreading my legs so Nancy had a clear view. I think I was in a state of shock about what I was doing, but once I started I never hesitated. An intense wave of arousal was already coursing through my body as my fingers began exploring the moist area between my legs.

I closed my eyes as instructed and could immediately feel the noise from the party washing over me. It felt like I was right in the middle of it, just like Nancy had said. Knowing there were hundreds of people partying only yards away was such a powerfully intense feeling that the image of being on stage in front of them popped into my mind with such vivid clarity that it felt like I was actually there.

The tip of my right hand began moving faster now over my clit as my left hand began kneading my breasts. I made no attempt to silence my moans knowing that the music and crowd noise would drown them out and my body shuddered several times as my dark hair tumbled down over my face. The image of being on the stage in front of the crowd continued to grow stronger, and even though I knew it wasn't real, the knowledge that someday Nancy would make it real was like jet fuel igniting the emotions that had been building inside me throughout the night. I buried two fingers deep inside me now and began thrusting as my moaning grew louder. When the climax finally happened I was afraid it might have been heard even over the sound of the pulsating music.

I kept my eyes closed and placed both hands on my thighs. My legs remained spread wide open as I allowed a few moments for my breathing to return to normal. When I finally opened my eyes I gasped in shock at what I saw. Standing next to Nancy's table with a big smile on his face and a bulge in his pants was one of the waiters! Nancy herself was beaming with pleasure at the performance I'd just put on for the two of them.

"Oh god," I said weakly as I closed my eyes again, but I made no attempt to close my legs. I knew he'd seen everything anyway. I had no doubt that Nancy had called him over to the table under the pretext of ordering a drink in order to let him enjoy the show. That conniving bitch!

I finally opened my eyes again and saw the guy was gone but Nancy remained, grinning at me like the proverbial cat who swallowed the canary. When I finally found the strength to struggle to my feet I looked down at the corset I'd been sitting on and could see a wet spot covering it. No way I'm putting that back on my body, I decided. In fact, I was determined now that I was done wearing Nancy's "please-fuck-me" outfit for the rest of the night. I reached down and removed both pumps from my feet, then slid both stockings off my legs and tossed them onto the corset. I considered for a moment wearing only the heels and the necklace but I decided if I was going to do this I would go all the way, so I added the necklace to the pile.

I was standing there totally nude now and glanced at Nancy to see her reaction. Her smile had turned to a glare and I knew I'd be punished for this, but I no longer cared. I realized now there was no punishment she could give me that she wasn't already planning on making me do anyway. I stared at Nancy defiantly and then flipped her off as I began walking back toward the dance floor.

As rebellions go I knew this one was pretty lame since I was now exposing every square inch of my body to the crowd, but I still felt an odd sense of empowerment knowing that I'd be spending the rest of the night on my terms rather than hers. I decided I was going to try to emulate Meredith for the rest of the night and just try to revel in whatever emotions flowed through me without attaching guilt and shame to them. As I walked onto the dance floor the crowd parted to let me pass and when Meredith saw me she squealed with delight.

"Wendy! You're naked!"

I nodded and smiled, then embraced her. I felt her hot, sweaty body against mine as I leaned in and spoke into her ear. "Let's show these people how the Wilson girls party!"

And we danced the night away.

**EPILOGUE**
I woke the next morning to the scent and feel of Meredith lying naked in bed next to me. She was curled up in a ball, her head resting against my shoulder, her breasts rising and falling rhythmically to her breathing. I lay there a few minutes feeling her warmth until I heard Nancy's and Taylor's voices in the background. Nancy suddenly ripped the blankets off the bed. "Rise and shine girls," she said. "We need to be out of this room by eleven.' I glanced over at the clock and saw it was after ten.

"I had the craziest dream last night," Meredith murmured as she stretched sleepily, "that I was naked in front of my entire high school class."

It didn't take long for us to get ready. Packing is a breeze when you don't have any clothes and we were soon standing naked in the middle of the room awaiting our instructions. When it came time to hand out the t-shirts for our walk out to the car only one emerged from Taylor's suitcase and she gave it Meredith. It appeared it was payback time for last night's insurrection. Meredith looked at me and then tossed the t-shirt back to Taylor. "I'll walk out dressed the same as Wendy," she said.

Normally Nancy would've been thrilled about having us both walk out of the hotel naked but she was clearly intent on punishing me for my disobedience. "Put the shirt on, Meredith," she said, "otherwise I'll lock you both out of the room naked and let you find your own way home."

"That's fine with me," Meredith responded. "I'm sure my friend Valerie will be happy to give us a ride."

"We can also call Mom to pick us up," I added. "I'm sure she'll want to know that Nancy abandoned us miles from home after making a big speech to her about how she was going to protect me."

Nancy glowered at me. "Fine," she snapped. "You'll both walk out naked. Taylor, I'm going to check out and bring the car around to the front. I'll text you when I'm there. Make sure you march them out right through the middle of the lobby." When Nancy slammed the door behind her we both looked at each other and burst out laughing.

A few minutes later as we emerged naked from the elevator and entered the crowded hotel lobby, Meredith grabbed my hand and smiled at me. I felt so grateful at that moment for having this opportunity to reconnect with my sister after having drifted apart for so many years, even if it was under the most bizarre circumstances imaginable. And even though I didn't know when or if she would be joining me again in acting out Nancy's naked fantasies, I knew she would be there for me, along with my mother, as part of a support group of people I loved that I could talk to honestly and openly about what I was experiencing.

For the first time in a very long time I no longer felt alone.