**The Reluctant Exhibitionist**

by Seahawk76 and Falcon

*Author’s Note: Although this story occasionally refers to earlier events I believe it works well as a standalone story for those who haven’t read previous chapters.*

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 awhile.”

**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.

THE END