**The Voice**

by Greatness

**The Voice 1a**  
"Where did you find her," Alan asked.  
  
"She just came in and applied the other day. Remember I told you about her," Frank answered.  
  
"Ah yes. She's everything you said she was and then some. Someone that looks like her shouldn't be working here. They should be modeling somewhere making more money than they could ever spend."  
  
"I was thinking the same thing."  
  
"Any experience."  
  
"Sadly none."  
  
"How old is she?"  
  
"Just turned 19."  
  
"Jesus."  
  
"What's her name?"  
  
"Connie Lynn."  
  
Connie was sitting with her hands on her knees looking around the waiting room talking to herself.  
  
"Lovely girl. But don't you think it's odd she talks to herself?"  
  
"Don't we all now and then? She's probably just nervous."  
  
"Probably. Damn nice looking thou. She'd look great on camera."  
  
"When I first saw her I thought the same thing."  
  
"I think I'll hire her for the news woman spot opening up."   
  
"I know you're the owner. But do you think it's a good idea handing her the job when we have 20 other women who have already applied who actually qualified? Shouldn't we at least see if she can handle herself on camera first? I've seen my share of people freeze up once the lights come on."  
  
"You might be right. But just look at her. If she can just sit up right and look into the camera she'd draw huge ratings."  
  
"True. Isn't she a bit young thou?"  
  
"We've talked about wanting a younger demographic. Connie would pull huge numbers with younger males. Hell, she'd pull huge numbers with any male with a pulse."  
  
"You're right there she's a real heart breaker."  
  
They looked back over at Connie who was now standing looking at a picture on the wall still talking to herself.  
  
"What do you think, 6' 3"?"  
  
"I'd say 5 foot 10 or 11 without the shoes."  
  
"Looks like the girl works out a bit. I just love the touch of muscle, very fit."  
  
"Yeah that caught my eye along with everything else," Frank laughed.  
  
Connie sat back down looking a bit as nervous crossing and uncrossing her legs.  
  
"Those legs alone would be worth big numbers."   
  
Connie was wearing skirt barely to mid-thigh showing off what seemed like miles of bare, tan, shapely legs. Her shoes were wedgie sandals four inches high, black with straps around her ankle tied in the back with a bow. Around her right ankle she wore a anklet which simply said, "I'm sexy. Look at me."   
  
"I do love long legs and those are the best I've seen in quite sometime."  
  
"They are nice but my lord look at those tits."   
  
Connie had gotten back up and was pacing back and forth. Her breasts gently moving under the business jacket she wore over a white blouse. With a few buttons undone she was showing off just enough cleavage to make anyone go, "wow!" They filled out her body insanely well. Connie was true a vision with her beautiful dirty blond hair flowing down around her shoulders with a touch curl. Her smile could make any man's heart pound and probably a few ladies as well.  
  
"What you think 120 pounds?"  
  
"Nah. 135 or so. Probably 100 pounds without the tits," Frank chuckled.  
  
"That face. Who does she remind you of? I can't put my finger on it," Alan asked.  
  
"Call my stupid. But I think she looks a lot like a young Charlize Theron."  
  
"Hmmmm. Maybe. She does have those eyes. Just stunning eyes."  
  
"We might be looking at our news woman. That girl could be a huge star," Alan said, "what does she sound like?"  
  
"See for yourself."  
  
"Connie, hi, how are you," Frank stepped into the room and took her hand giving it a healthy shake causing her boobs to jiggle and bounce. Much to the delight of both men.  
  
"Fine thanks."  
  
"Connie this is the owner of the station, Alan Stanford. I've told him all about you."  
  
"Oh my God the owner! I don't believe it! Mr Stanford I'm so happy to meet you. I'm sure if you hire me I would be a great asset to the station. I'm willing to do anything. Just anything for a job here," she said with a voice that seemed to sexy for any women to have.   
  
"Connie, may I call you Connie?"  
  
"Of course."   
  
'He likes you Connie. I think he likes your tits.'  
  
"Quiet," Connie mumbled. She didn't it now.  
  
"What did you say?"  
  
"I didn't say anything," Connie smiled. She needed to be more careful. It was just the damn voice sometimes drove her crazy. It had been getting worse since she turned 19. Some called her crazy talking to a voice in her head. But it was the voice that was crazy not her.   
  
"I like your attitude. I think you'd be a great asset here, welcome aboard," Alan told her.  
  
"Oh my! I never thought I'd get a job here without any experience. Thank you, thank you, thank you. I'll not let you down!" Connie said running over and gave him a big hug and kissed his cheek. "Sorry I shouldn't have done that. I'm so embarrassed. I'm just so excited! I got the job! You'll see I'll work harder than anyone else and fit right in!"  
  
Connie's 19 year old tits pressed up against him stirred feels he hadn't felt in a long time down below. He winked at Frank. "That's all right. Don't you want to know what you've been hired to do?"  
  
"Oh right. Yes I do."  
  
'I'd bet it's a stripper. What do you think Connie? Strip for them. Show them your tits.'  
  
Again she mumbled under her breath, "leave me be."  
  
"What did you say?"  
  
"I.... said.... What could it be?" Connie replied. If she wasn't careful she'd be fired before she ever started. Just like what had happened on most of the other jobs she'd gotten.   
  
"We have an opening in a month for a new person on our news team. I think you'd be perfect for the job."  
  
"News team?"  
  
"Connie you're going to be the new news woman on nightly news."  
  
"Me? You're kidding right?" Connie questioned.  
  
"One thing I never do is kid about business."   
  
"I need to sit down. I feel dizzy." Connie sat before she passed out. "I.... I can't believe it!"  
  
"Calm down. We don't want you dying right here in the office," Frank said as both men laughed.   
  
"Sorry. I just can't believe it. My first real job and I'm a news woman."   
  
"We'll see you first thing Monday morning. You have a lot to learn before you go on the air. It's why you're being hired now. I'm sure you'll be exactly what we're looking for," Alan said.   
  
"Oh yes! I'll be here early. I can't believe it!" Connie bubbled and ran toward the door then stopped. "Oh!" She ran back over to Frank with her tits bouncing around so widely he thought they'd fly right out of her blouse and grabbed hold of his neck and have him a big hug as well. "Thank you as well! Thank you, thank you! It's unbelievable! I got the job! I'll not let either of you down, I promise."   
  
"I'm sure you won't Connie."  
  
Connie turned and started out the door and ran right into Alan's secretary.   
  
"Oh sorry. I didn't see you there. See you Monday! I got the job I still can't believe it!" Connie practically floated out the door and down the hall.   
  
'You got the job? You can't last. They'll find out all you are legs and tits.'  
  
"I don't care what you say. I got the job. So shut up and go away," Connie muttered. The voice couldn't ruin this day. Not today.  
  
"Who's the girl?"  
  
"Ms Pinkerton you are looking at the woman filling the spot on the news team."  
  
"You said you were giving that job to me," She huffed.  
  
"I changed my mind."  
  
"I can see why. I bit young don't you think?," She rolled her eyes.   
  
"I never noticed."  
  
"Really? That girl?" She questioned shaking her head.   
  
"Make sure the staff knows we have a new girl coming in on Monday. I want her to feel welcome."  
  
Ms Pinkerton grumbled, "I can't believe you hired that bimbo over me."  
  
"Be nice to her Sarah I'll be watching."  
  
"Whatever you say Mr Stanford," she mumbled slamming the door behind her.  
  
"I believe she's a touch mad. You think that's a good thing?"  
  
"I'd say not good for anyone crossing her path for a while. She'll be fine. I'll have a talk with her."  
  
"You're a brave man, Alan."  
  
"Yes it's tough at the top."  
  
They both laughed.  
  
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When Connie got home she still couldn't believe she'd gotten the job at the local TV station and it wasn't a moment to soon. The money her parents had loaned her to get her life started out on her own was just about gone. She couldn't asked them for more and she couldn't bare to go back home again. Listening to them tell her what a failure she was, wasn't something she needed to hear for the rest of her life. It wasn't her fault she'd lost every job she'd ever gotten. It was the damn voice that screwed things up. This job was the ticket away from her passed and her parents.  
  
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Connie got up early Monday morning and pulled the curtains open on her apartment window. It was going to be a beautiful day. Her first day on a real job. Now maybe the voice would leave her once and for all. She was so happy she hadn't heard it once since leaving the station on Friday.   
  
"I know it's finally gone forever. What a wonderful day it's going to be," Connie thought with a big smile.  
  
Connie walked into the bedroom and dropped her robe on the bed. Then stood naked in front of mirror. It amazed her just how much she'd changed in just the last three years. What was once a tall skinny girl with stick legs was now a shapely young woman. She loved the way her hips widened giving her a bit of an hour glass look.  
  
"Not to hippy," Connie thought with a smile.  
  
She looked down at her pussy. "I still can't believe I did it." But the voice was right for once. It seemed to fit with the way her body had grown. The way her pussy felt against her panties felt so heavenly all shaved silky smooth. When she ran her fingers over her it, it made her tremble. "What would people say if they knew I shaved?" Connie blushed thinking about it.   
  
At 14 her tits started to take shape and over the next 5 years they grew until they were perfectly shaped at 32DDD. She loved looking at them in the mirror. Most people couldn't stop staring at them and she couldn't help doing it either at times.   
  
The weight of them in her hands felt so amazing. How they'd bounce, jiggle and shake without much work at all felt so sexy. There were days Connie could just play with them in her hands and have an orgasm from just gently bouncing them. Other days just feeling of them moving under her blouse could make her a tiny bit wet. Connie couldn't bare the thought of them not being free to move as they wanted under everything she wore. It was why she hadn't even owned a bra in three years. It was her little secret. No one would ever know.   
  
Connie turned on the radio and started toward the shower when Black Velvet began playing. "A perfect song for a perfect day." She just loved Alannah Myles vocals. So haunting but so sexual. She couldn't help herself. The music had her slowly dancing around her bedroom not caring about anything but the words and the beat. It made her skin tingle in place that made her feel so naughty.  
  
"Mississippi in the middle of a dry spell," Connie sang moving her hips back and forth to the beat, "Jimmy Rogers on the Victrola up high."  
  
Her closed eyes as she sang on, "Mana's dancin' with a baby on her shoulder." Connie's reached up and cupped her tits. Feeling the weight of them had her purring, "the sun is settin like molasses in the sky." Connie floated around the room then out into the living room not realizing she'd ended up right in front of the open window over looking the parking lot outside her apartment.  
  
"The boy could sing, knew how to move everything," Connie's sang in her best sexy growl. Her hands gently shaking her tits. Her nipples hardened as her hips swayed to the beat, "always wanting more he'd leave you longing for."  
  
Her little dance didn't go unnoticed by a man who happened by a few minutes earlier. He passed by the window and caught site of her. "My Lord!" He quickly got out his cell phone.  
  
"Jim get down here."   
  
"Jack is early what do you want?"  
  
"You know the pretty blond in 2E."  
  
"Who doesn't. I kill to see her naked."  
  
"Well then you'd better get down here because she's dancing naked in front of her window."  
  
"You're kidding right?"  
  
"I kid you not. Get down here and tell Steve too."  
  
Connie never saw the crowd growing outside her window as she danced with her eyes closed. Her mind drifting back to the first time she'd heard the song.   
  
The song started playing on the radio. It was so wonderful she had to turn it up and took a short walk down the a creek running behind her grandfather's house. With the music playing in the distance she sat down and dangled her toes in the cool water. The breeze on the warm night felt so wonderful. She couldn't stop herself from reaching under her top and playing with her breasts. Her excitement grew as her hand sliding down the front of her pants. In seconds a orgasm ripped through her. Connie fell back trying to catch her breath looking up into the moon light smiling.  
  
"Black velvet and that little boy's smile," Connie purred running her fingers through her hair, "Black velvet with that slow southern style."  
  
There were now ten men watching a performance that they'd tell their grandsons about.   
  
"A new religion that'll bring ya to your knees." Connie sang dropping to her knees with her hips still moving to the pounding beat. "Black velvet if you please."  
  
Connie's hand ran down the belly stopping for a moment on her shaven mound, "Up in Memphis the music's like a heatwave." She got back to her feet and turned away from the window swaying her hips as her fingers once again ran through her hair, "White Lightening bound to drive you wild."   
  
"Would you look at that ass. She needs to be spanked for being a bad girl."  
  
"You're telling me."  
  
"Mama's baby's in the heart of every school girl," Connie sang turned back facing them teasing her nipples with her finger tips. The heat building inside was wonderful. She could almost feel the cool water on her toes and the breeze blowing through her hair. "Love me tender leaves 'them cryin' in the aisles."

**The Voice 1b**  
"The way he moved it was a sin so sweet and true," Connie's hand once again slid down and this time it didn't stop until she pushed three fingers inside. "Always wanting more he'd leave you longing for."  
  
The spell was broken by a car horn blasting out from the parking lot. Connie opened her eyes and stood in shock looking out the window seeing ten men applauding her. "What! Oh my God!" Connie squealed, desperately trying to cover up while running over pulling the curtains closed.  
  
'Nice performance Connie. I'm sure they enjoyed it. Why stop now?'  
  
"Shut the f..ck up!"   
  
The voice was alive and well.   
  
"Just shut up and go way." Connie sank to knees and began to cry.  
  
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Despite what had happened earlier that morning Connie wasn't going to let it ruin her first day. She was rather enjoying going from office to office meeting everyone. Some greeted her warmly. Mostly the men. Some did not. Mostly the women.   
  
She over heard a rude remark from one woman to another about who she had to have slept with to get the job. That hurt. Even the voice in her head couldn't get her to do that. "I'll show them all why they hired me. I'm just not pretty face with boobs and legs. I'm a smart person who can do the job," Connie told herself proudly.   
  
As she went room to room Connie ran across a large meeting area and saw a few of the guys looking at the 2013 SI swimsuit issue. They were practically drooling all over it. Over hearing the dirty things some wanted to do to Kate Upton's tits was shocking and just filthy and it embarrassed her turning her face beat red.   
  
'Maybe they'd like your tits too Connie. Take off your top and show them.'   
  
"I'm not listening to you today, so zip it. You're not ruining this job like you did all my others," Connie mumbled. Every boss ended up thinking she was crazy when they caught her yelling at herself. "It's not going to happen this time. So shut up and let me be."  
  
A bit later in the day she heard two women talking about her tits and how she had to be a slut the way she showed them off. The short skirt showing off her legs meant she had to be a tease or worse.   
  
'You are a tease Connie. Look at you. What else could you be?'   
  
"I said be quiet," Connie grumbled.  
  
There was nothing wrong with dressing to your advantage the voice told her. Girls needed to dress tiny bit sexy to get noticed. The voice was right on that at least. Even if it made Connie a touch uneasy having some people openly stare at her now and then.   
  
She dressed this way because it had a professional look to it, while still showing she was still a pretty young lady. And it did help keep the voice in her head somewhat quiet. "I have nice legs. What's wrong showing them off a bit? Nothing," Connie thought. "There are plenty of girls who wear shorter skirts than me and even showed a lot more cleavage. It doesn't make me a tease or a slut. Or whatever else they are saying about me."  
  
'Are you sure Connie?'  
  
"Pipe down. You're not ruining this job for me. So shut up!"   
  
Everywhere she went the guys seemed to be talking about the girls in the magazine. The way they talked about how hot the girls looked wearing the different suits got her wondering what they looked like. Connie couldn't get what the guys were saying out of her head. She had to get a look at the magazine so she waited until the office emptied for lunch leaving her alone. She looked around making sure she was alone so she wouldn't get caught looking at it. They'd think she was a pervert or worse. But she just had to see. She picked it up thumbed through it and couldn't help but blush. "Most of the girls might as well be naked!" Some of the pictures were simply obscene. The suits were so tiny you could swear you could see everything. As the day wore on Connie began to wonder what would it be like to be a SI swimsuit model and have people seeing her in one of those tiny suits almost naked.  
  
'You're prettier than all of them Connie. Show them all. Take off your clothes and let them see. Show them you have better tits than any of them.' The voice echoing in her head.   
  
"I told you to shut up," Connie muttered.  
  
Her mind began to drift. What would people say if they saw her in one of those tiny bikinis? She found herself playing with a button on her blouse wanting to show a bit more cleavage. "Stop it Connie," She told herself. Connie could never wear anything like those girls were wearing. Showing a little leg or a bit of cleavage was much different than being almost naked having pictures taken of you.   
  
'Don't you think you'd look sexy in one Connie? I'm sure everyone here would love to see you dancing around in one. Remember those men this morning? They loved seeing you dance Connie.'   
  
"I told you shut the f..ck up!"  
  
When the guys came back from lunch everywhere she turned they seemed to be talking about this girl or that in the magazine again. Connie tired to ignore them but found she couldn't help but hear what they were saying. One guy said he'd kill his first born to see Connie in one of those painted on tops.  
  
Hearing that excited her a bit. What would it be like wearing a painted on swim top. Her breasts would be free. She could almost imagine her tits gently shaking and bouncing. Being so naked but covered in nothing but paint with all their eyes on them made her tingle. As the day wore on Connie couldn't seem to get the thought out of her head.   
  
'Show them Connie. You're just as pretty.' The voice today was becoming maddening. It just wouldn't stop. Finally she couldn't take it anymore and shouted out right in the middle of the office, "Stop it, stop it, stop it!"   
  
Everyone in the office turned and looked at her. The manager walked over. "Anything wrong Connie?" Frank asked.   
  
"Nothing. I..... just have a..... itch. Yes that's it. An itch that's driving me crazy," Connie replied in weak smile scratching at her side. "There that's better. You know how an itch can be, right?"   
  
"They can be maddening for sure."  
  
"Yes very maddening."  
  
An itch was an understatement.  
  
'You see Connie they all would love to see you. Show them how pretty you are.'   
  
She bit her lower lip trying not to scream out again. "Shut up! I'm not going to let you get me fired this time. Go away." Connie mumbled under her breath. "Not this time, not today, not ever again."  
  
'Show them Connie. Show them your tits. You want to don't you Connie? Show them what they are all wanting to see.' The voice we drilling a hole straight through her brain.  
  
Connie tired to fight it but it finally reached its boiling point. She had to do something. If she didn't she might do the unthinkable in front of everyone and rip her clothes off right in the main office. Connie got up and walked down the hall looking for somewhere to hide and came across a storage closet. "I can hide in there. That will be safe until I get this out of my head," Connie muttered looking around to make sure no one saw her and opened the door and slipped quickly inside.   
  
What was swimming in her head today wasn't good. It was happening more and more these days. Any little thing could set her mind off thinking things normal girls her age shouldn't think of. "I'm normal. I know it. Everyone had that voice in their head don't they? Of course they do," Connie mumbled as she closed the door praying the voice would soon leave her be before she did the unthinkable in front of everyone.  
  
It wasn't helping. Hiding in the dark away from all those voices and eyes staring hadn't stopping the voice. It seemed to have made it worse.  
  
'Come on Connie you can't be seen naked in here.'  
  
"Stop!"  
  
'You need to cum in front of someone don't you? You can't do it in here.'  
  
"Shut up!" Connie snapped beating her fists against the sides of her skull. She had to make it stop.  
  
'You hear that Connie people are coming to see you.'   
  
The voice was right. Connie could hear people walking up and down the hall now. Closer and closer until the foot steps stopped. Deep down she felt dirty hiding in the dark when no one knew she was there. The images of those men who saw her dancing naked in front of her apartment window made her feel even dirtier now and it wouldn't go away either. Her mind was telling her do things she shouldn't.  
  
'They want to see you Connie. You saw how they looked at you. Just do it and show them.'   
  
"I won't. Not here," Connie whispered, "please."  
  
'You can do it. Show them.'  
  
It kept pecking away at her. It wasn't getting better at all, it was getting worse, much worse. "Shut up!," Connie said, "I can't. Please don't make me. Not here. Please don't."   
  
Now there were voices right outside the door, male voices. What if they opened it? They'd find her. She wasn't doing anything wrong. What would she tell them? Her mind was filled with to many things running into each other now. Her hands trembled as she started to unbutton her jacket. She couldn't stop the thoughts she tried to keep buried deep were controlling her hands now. "I need to stop, please," she begging to herself.  
  
'That's it Connie. Show them who you are.'  
  
"Stan from the accounting firm down the street called me this morning told me he saw a girl dancing naked in front of a window this morning."  
  
"Really?"  
  
Two more buttons opened and she dropped her jacket to the floor. This was crazy. But she couldn't seem to stop her own hands and the thoughts that were driving them.  
  
"Yup. She was singing some song dancing around without a stitch of clothing on."  
  
"Was she pretty?"  
  
'Tell them it was you Connie. Dance naked for them,' it taunted.  
  
"I can't. Please just leave me be," she whispered.   
  
A button popped open on her blouse then another and another. Her hands wouldn't listen as they continued opening the last button on her blouse. What if they opened the door now? She'd be ruined. Pushing the blouse off her shoulders and dropped it to the floor then backed up against the wall in the dark trying to breath slowly feeling faint. Topless with people right outside! She grabbed both nipples and gave them a tug. The rush made her head spin and her heart pound. Maybe now the voice in her head would leave her in peace and she could stop before someone found her.   
  
But it didn't, it never did. 'Don't stop now Connie. They need to see you. Show them.'  
  
"Steve said she was a tall young blond."  
  
"You think it was Connie?"  
  
"Yeah right, Connie. You wish."  
  
"It would be a dream come true."  
  
"I second that."   
  
They both chuckled.  
  
"Oh please stop," She begged but her mind wouldn't have it. Her hands were on the move again unzipping her skirt and letting it fall to the ground. Connie stood in the dark in just her panties and sandals. Her heart was beating so hard now she thought it would explode.  
  
She could see the headlines now, '19 year old Connie Lynn was fired today when two employees found her naked in a storage closet at KNDI. Pictures on page 11!'   
  
'Don't stop now Connie. Everyone needs to see you naked. You need them to see you naked.'  
  
The voice wouldn't let her stop now. Connie took off her sandals then tucked her fingers in the waste band of her panties and slid them off her hips. She almost screamed out from the feeling of silk sliding down her legs. Connie couldn't stop herself from trembling.  
  
Naked, with two men eight feet from her with just a unlocked door between them was causing a heat that was making her weak at the knees. Pussy was on fire. They were so close she could hear them breathing. "I have to stop this. Please stop," Connie whispered. "I'm crazy! It's the only answer for what I'm doing. Yes that's what I'll tell everyone when I'm caught, I'm insane. They'd lock me away. It will save me from myself."   
  
'Open the door Connie. Show them.'  
  
Connie was fighting against her own mind not to yell out, "I'm naked in here!" She started reaching for the door handle. Her hand shaking so badly she couldn't get hold of the knob to turn it. "I can't please stop this."  
  
She had to cum right now with them right outside!   
  
"Wouldn't it be something if I opened the door and found Connie naked inside?" Frank asked Alan as he grabbed the door handle and opened the door.  
  
Connie's hand shot up covering her mouth to stop herself from screaming out. She staggered backward up against the back wall. Her heart right in her throat standing frozen with the light from the hallway flooding in shinning on her naked body like a spot light. Her eyes as large as saucers looking right at the station owner and manager. Her hand dropped down to her pussy.   
  
'Look at them Connie tell them your here. Scream it out!'  
  
The feeling was simply electric.   
  
"Good one Frank."  
  
'Tell them to look.' Connie kept her hand pressed against her mouth muffling her whimpers. 'Do it Connie! You want them to see don't you? You need them to see you don't you Connie?'  
  
"Good thing she isn't. I'm afraid seeing her naked might just kill me."   
  
They chuckled then closed the door and off they went down the hall missing a chance of a life time.  
  
Connie came not once but twice then sank to the floor. She had never felt anything like it. Had they just turned their heads they'd have see her. How could she have been so stupid? Naked! Connie sat shaking in a puddle of her own cum with her head in her hands crying. "What am I becoming?" It took over 30 minutes for her to calm down so she could get dressed again and leave the closet.   
  
At least now the voice was silence there was that at least.

**The Voice 1c**  
When Connie opened the door she let out a scream when she ran into the station owner's secretary standing right at the doorway.  
  
"You're a little jumpy today Ms Lynn."  
  
"Sorry I wasn't expecting anyone to be standing there when I opened the door."  
  
"So you didn't expect someone being in a hallway? Some news woman you'll make."   
  
"Screw you," Connie mumbled under her breath. It had been less than a day but she had already grown to hate the woman.  
  
"What did you say?"  
  
"Nothing."  
  
"It better be nothing. I've been looking for you for over 30 minutes. Mr Stanford wanted you in his office 15 minutes ago. Look at you. Your hair is a mess and that jacket is as well. Clean yourself up. We have standards here. Do you really think showing off your tits is a good thing Ms Lynn? I would think even someone with your low standards would find it a bad idea." Ms Pinkerton eyed Connie with disgust then turned and walked away never seeing Connie blush ten shades of red when she looked down and saw a large wet spot on the front of her jacket. Her blouse was missing a button right between her breasts which was causing her to show a great deal more cleavage than she would have ever have liked.  
  
'Nice Connie I'm sure he'll love seeing your boobs sticking out don't you?'  
  
"Silence."  
  
'Maybe it would be better if he just saw you naked again?'  
  
"Quiet."  
  
'Why else would he be calling you in to see him? He had to have seen you, Connie.'  
  
"I said shut up!"  
  
'How are you going to explain your own cum on your jacket?'  
  
"I said shut the f...k up!" Connie shouted, "I'm not losing this job because of you."  
  
She took off her jacket and tried to pull her blouse together but failed to do nothing but rub the fabric against her nipples causing them to harden once again. "Just great." Connie looked down and saw them poking out and she couldn't wear her jacket to help cover to them. Even worse her tits seemed to be exploding out of her top because of the missing button. She even felt a tingle she didn't need as well. "Just what I don't need," Connie grumbled as she entered Mr Stanford's outer office and sat down to wait.  
  
'He knows. You know that don't you Connie?'  
  
"Enough!"   
  
'Exciting isn't it knowing he saw you? Wouldn't you love to cum right now and have him come in a catch you Connie?'  
  
"Please I'm begging you shut up, " Connie pleaded.  
  
'Just strip right here Connie. I'm sure he'd love to see you naked in his office.'  
  
"I won't."  
  
'Remember their faces Connie. They were so close you could feel the heat coming right off them. You could hear their hearts beating, couldn't you Connie?'  
  
"No!" But she couldn't stop her hand from slid inside her blouse and cupping her breast. Her heart pounding in her chest as she looked toward the office door praying it would stay closed.  
  
'Exciting isn't it Connie knowing you could be seen by anyone at any moment and have no where to hide?'  
  
"God please help me stop," Connie whispered as her other hand despite her plea slipped under her skirt.   
  
'You want to cum again don't you Connie? Right here with your Boss in the other room. You want him to see you don't you Connie?'  
  
"Please stop. Not here. Stop this please," Connie begged as she close her eyes. "I can't." But stopping now was impossible. Connie pulled her skirt up and pushed her panties down around her ankles then began toying with her nipple. She began to tremble as he hand slid down her belly and found her pussy. It would be over soon. If she hurried maybe she wouldn't be caught. It was the only way to stop her hands now and silence the voice.   
  
But Connie wouldn't be so lucky.  
  
"Ms Lynn! My Lord! What you are doing!"  
  
"I....!" Connie quickly pulled her panties up and wiggled her skirt back down over her hips and tried to close her blouse. "I.... well..... I.... was straighten my clothes and.... you came in. Yes that's it's. I was just straightening up my clothes. It's.... not what you think!" Connie pleaded.  
  
"It looked to me you were doing a lot more straightening Ms Lynn. You seem to ignore any standards what so ever. I suggest you quickly gain some and fix that hair of your it's a mess."   
  
"I was.... It's just.... You see I...." Connie couldn't find the words or even a better lie to help.  
  
"Shut up. You're lucky I'm feeling kind today Ms Lynn. Or I'd have you fired. I'm betting you'll end up failing without me telling him what I caught you doing. Your so called straightening your clothes right here in my office, just terrible Ms Lynn. You'll not need my help to get fired I'm sure of that. Now go in and see Mr Stanford."  
  
Connie trying not to cry as she took a deep breath and walking into the office with her jacket clutched in both hands trying to hide nasty stain on it.  
  
'You should have just came in front of her Connie. You'll be fired soon enough anyway.' Connie ignored the voice and stepped in the office.  
  
"You wanted to see me Mr Stanford?"  
  
"Yes Connie. Please come in and have a seat. We need to talk."   
  
He thought her tits looked big before. But with her jacket off they looked twice the size. It looked like she was showing a lot more cleavage than before. Nipples? He could swear he could see them poking out against the blouse. "Maybe I'm seeing things that aren't there," he thought. Her hair had a much more wild look to it than he remembered which look amazingly sexy as well. Connie was the stuff dreams were made of, dirty dreams.   
  
"Am I in any trouble?"   
  
"No."  
  
"It's not about my clothes is it? There's really nothing wrong with them. Really there's not. I just spilled water on my jacket is all. And I lost a button.... and....." Connie mumbled reaching up with one hand trying to keep her blouse closed which made he nipples stand out even more against the tightened fabric. "I.... it.... You see...." Her mind had thoughts crashing into each other again. She couldn't think straight.   
  
"I never noticed your blouse." Alan said lying of course. Only a blind man would have missed her blouse. Hell even a blind man would have see it.  
  
"I'm so sorry. It's my first day and.... well.... I.... wanted to be dressed nicely and.... I.... You see.... well this happened."  
  
"No worries. You look as lovely as ever. If you don't mind me saying. Lovely was a understatement. He couldn't have dreamed up a sexier look than Connie had standing in front of him.  
  
"Whatever it was it wasn't my fault. I...." Connie was in a panic. Her brain was telling her one thing and wasn't listening to anything other than the doom echoing in her head.  
  
"Connie, please sit. You need to calm down you look a little out of sorts and please call me Alan."  
  
'You're going to be fired Connie. What are you going to do then? What will you tell your parents when they find out? They'll be so disappointed you. Your only hope is to let him see you naked Connie.'   
  
"Shut up, shut up," Connie mumbled she needed to think and telling the truth wasn't an option. Connie could see the shocked look on his face now, "I was completely naked in the closet and masturbated while you were outside the door." Oh that would work. Oh yes. She'd be fired before the last of the words left her mouth.  
  
"Connie what's wrong?"  
  
'Tell him Connie! Tell him you were in the closet. Tell him you were even trying to masturbate right in Ms Pinkerton's office just few minutes ago. Tell him the jacket you are holding is soaked with cum, your cum.' The voice kept hammering at her brain.  
  
"Connie?"  
  
Finally Connie was able to think of something. "Well it's your secretary. I don't think she likes me at all."  
  
"Sarah was in line to be promoted to the position I gave you," he said.  
  
"Oh."   
  
"I felt you were more of what the station was looking for. I'd stay clear of her when you can. She can be a bit nasty. I like that in her really. It keeps everyone around here and on their toes knowing she's watching them."  
  
'What they're looking for Connie? Someone who strips and plays with themselves and cums on their own clothes? Then you're perfect for the job. Show him how perfect you are.'   
  
It wasn't letting up. Connie needed it to go away before something bad happened again. "Go away. Please go away," Connie muttered fighting hard not to scream out.  
  
"Don't worry. I hired you and I'll make sure she's nice to you. If she steps out of bounds I set her straight."  
  
"Thank you." Connie stood looking down at her feet seeing nothing but cleavage and crossed her arms over her breasts.  
  
'I think he knows Connie. Just tell him what you were doing. Lying will just make it worse.'   
  
"Shut up!" Connie shouted in silence. "Just shut up!"   
  
"Please sit."  
  
He couldn't help but stare. Her hips had that sexy sway to them when she walked. Her tits seemed to have tripled in size pressed under her arms. Connie went over and sat down. The skirt slid up showing off even more of her legs and Alan couldn't help but take in every inch of them. They were simply prefect from thigh, to ankle, to calf, right down to the sandals she wore on her sexy little feet. The anklet she wore was just insanely hot with her legs. Add in the wild curly dirty blond hair and amount of cleavage she was showing Connie looked like every man's dirty office fantasy.  
  
"Connie I know I told you, you got the job on the news team. But I am having second thoughts until I see if you can actually do the job. I'm not saying you aren't capable. I know this might sound sexist but women get hired for their looks in this business. First you find the look then you see if they can do the job. It's just the way it is. I even hired you because of the way you looked. I just need to know if you can actually do the job now."  
  
'You see Connie you are nothing more than boobs and legs to him. How does it feel?'   
  
"Oh, I see," Connie replied trying to fight back the tears but couldn't stop a few from running down her cheeks.   
  
The voice was right and it hurt a lot. Deep down she was hoping it was because she was a smart young woman who was more than capable of reporting the news. But it wasn't. Sometimes she hated her looks and right now was one of those times. It always got in the way. Women hated her for it and men couldn't see passed it. Maybe it was her fault by the way she dressed. Deep down she rather liked it. Or was it the voice who liked it? With each passing day it was getting harder to tell which was really her and what was the thing in her head.  
  
He could see the hurt on Connie's face, "Connie don't be hurt. I just need to be sure. Being a small station you'll need to able to write news copy as well as read it on the air. So I have a little review I want you to do. I'm sure you'll do fine."  
  
"A review?" Connie asked still a little hurt as she wiped the a tear off her cheek with the back of her hand.   
  
"You'll be watching a film. Nothing overly hard. A simple fluff piece. Just write up a review on it and have it on my desk by the end of the week. You'll do a screen test giving your review. Then we can see if you can handle yourself on camera. You'll do fine I'm sure of it. I'll have my secretary get the information you'll need."  
  
'Simple fluff? Are you sure you can handle it Connie? Wouldn't it just be easier to strip for him instead of failing again?' Connie bit her lower lip to stop herself from yelling out. 'You got hired because you are nothing more than talking boobs.'   
  
"Quiet!" Connie mumbled. The voice was wrong and she was going to prove it.  
  
"I'll not let you down, Mr Stanford," Connie replied.   
  
'Are you sure Connie?'  
  
"I'm not failing this time. You'll see," Connie told the voice, "not this time."   
  
He watched in awe as she got up and walked out the door. He never laid eyes and a more beautiful young woman in his life. If she could just read copy and write a little he'd have a prefect rating magnet. "She is odd thou always be talking to herself and a bit emotional," He thought. But he could live with it when she looked so damn good.

**The Voice 2a**

It was simple. She had to go watch an art film and type up a review on it. If the owner liked it she would surely get the job on the news desk which was coming open early next month. "God I hate art films they are so boring." Connie had seen a few different ones and had never not fallen asleep watching one.  
  
Connie was so happy the voice hadn't come back on her second day of work. Yesterday it had gotten her to do dirty crazy things that would have gotten her fired if her boss ever found out. It even had her so upset she almost screaming out right in front of him. If he saw her doing that it would have cost her, her job and she did need the job with only twenty three dollars left to her name and rent due in eight days. Connie just couldn't deal with asking her parents for more money after what happened the last time. Despite what they told her for over an hour she wasn't a complete failure and this job was going to prove it to them and the voice as well.  
  
"This is my ticket away from them and this maddening thing in my head. Once I succeed it will go away I just know it. I can do this," she thought. "I'll dress down tonight." That usually helped keep the voice silence and she really needed it to stay away tonight. This was just to important. Her career was on the line. Connie needed to blend in so people wouldn't notice her. It was her only chance to keep the voice at bay tonight.  
  
She began looking through her things.   
  
'What about shorts, Connie?' the voice asked.  
  
"Nope to much leg."  
  
'A skirt?'  
  
"Oh God no, legs again."  
  
'What about....'  
  
"Quiet!"  
  
'Well what about that top? I like it.'  
  
"You would. My breasts would be hanging out."  
  
'If not that one then what about the other one there?'  
  
"That one is even worse I might as well be topless."  
  
'You're being silly Connie.'  
  
"Am I? All the tops you like show way to much of my boobs. People will stare."  
  
'But you like being stared at Connie.'  
  
"I do not!"  
  
'Then what about that one piece. Oh my I really like that one.'  
  
"You would. Skin tight, micro-mini with a plunging neckline."  
  
'Then what about....'  
  
"No! No! No!"  
  
'But Connie you....'  
  
"Enough!" Connie shouted as she kept looking through her things. "Crap I have nothing. Why do I listen to you? You got me to throw everything away that doesn't show way to much leg or tons of cleavage."  
  
'That's not true. You love those kinds of clothes.'  
  
"I said shut up!"  
  
'But....'  
  
"Shut up! There has to be something I missed." She kept digging through her closet and found an old box and opened it. "Finally something. I bit old but these should do the trick."   
  
'Connie no!'  
  
"Shut up!"  
  
'If you're going to dress like an old maiden at least wear something sexy under it.'  
  
"These aren't that bad."   
  
Connie dropped the things on her bed and smiled when she saw what was next to them.  
  
'There we are. Those are prefect!'  
  
"I can't."  
  
'Why not?'  
  
"They're to daring."  
  
'Daring? They're just panties Connie. And you really like them don't you?'  
  
"Who told you that?"  
  
'I can see it in you Connie. You'd love everyone to see you in those.'  
  
"No I wouldn't. Just drop it I just can't."  
  
'Who will see them Connie? No one will ever know. You'd look so sexy in them.'  
  
The voice was right. No one would see them and they were her favorite pair of panties. She loved the way they looked on her. A bow tied to each hip looked so sexy. The way they looked from the back with just a string leaving her butt completely bare made her want to spank her own butt it looked so sexy. The tiny silk triangle covering almost next to nothing felt so heavenly hugging her shaven mound. It made her feel a bit dirty just looking at them.  
  
Connie's heart quickened as she picked them up and rub the silk between her fingers. "I'd better not."  
  
'Come on Connie. Won't you love to feel those touching your bare skin down there?'  
  
"I...." Connie couldn't stop her hand from press them up against her pussy which caused her to brake out in goosebumps.  
  
'Nice isn't it? Come on Connie.'   
  
They felt so nice. So silky smooth. "Ok, I'll wear them. But it will be just for me," Connie said blushing when she thought about what people would say if they saw her in them.  
  
'Great! Good choice Connie!'  
  
Connie tied the bows on each hip and looked in the mirror and smiled. They look so nice, so sexy. She blushed thinking about standing in a room full of people wearing only her panties. Quickly she slipped on her other things to get that thought out of her head before her hands started doing dirty things to her on their own again.   
  
"Wow this stuff is so small now. I going to need some new things," She grumbled.   
  
'Oh! Those aren't as bad as I thought!'  
  
"I guess they're better than all my other clothes."  
  
'That's not true you know that Connie.'  
  
Connie couldn't help but wrinkle up her nose at what she saw. Her sweatshirt didn't quite come down far enough to cover her belly button because of the way her breasts had grown since she wore them last. The sweatpants set a bit lower on her hips than she remembered and adding in the top you could see her two dimples above her butt. Her tits in the top without a bra looked way to bouncy the way it stretched across her chest now. Connie wished she had a bra now looking her down at her chest but she didn't. The voice wouldn't let her even buy one. Even with the tightness everywhere it would be safe enough. The top did cover everything even if it was tightly stretched by her breasts. "Well it's not to bad. I should blend right in," Connie told herself looking in the mirror.  
  
'This is going to be a great night Connie.'  
  
"No it wouldn't. I'm going to a movie. So leave me alone. I need to concentrate so I can write up a review."  
  
'Why? Your only really talent is stripping Connie.'  
  
"Shut up!" Connie snapped as she grabbed a 20 and stuffed it in her pocket and out the door she went trying to blend quickly into the background.  
  
Sadly attention wasn't something Connie could ever avoid. She walked up to the theater with a sway that could have awakened the dead. Her hips going one way. Her tits bouncing the other. Add in her pony tail swishing back and forth it would have brought dirty thoughts even to the Pope. Connie wearing an old potato sack with funny glasses and a big red nose would have been sexy with that walk.   
  
A young woman in her early 20s who was in charge of selling the tickets sat in her booth hating her boring life. Nothing exciting ever happened to her but then she saw Connie's hips swaying and breasts jiggling coming up the walk it made her heart jump. "Maybe she's coming to see the movie?" It was wishful thinking. No one that looked like her would be coming to watch this movie. The only people who did were stuffy old wrinkled people who were nothing to look at, at all.  
  
But as she watched in awe she couldn't believe Connie walked right up to the ticket window.  
  
"A ticket please," Connie asked giving the girl a smile that made the girl's nipples harden.  
  
She couldn't talk or move. Connie was the most beautiful woman she'd ever seen. All she could do was imagine herself naked with the curvy dirty haired blond girl doing all sorts of wicked dirty things.  
  
"Janette I need a ticket, please," Connie asked again tapping on the glass.  
  
"How did you know my name?" Janette asked still in shock at seeing someone like Connie standing in front of her.  
  
"Well you have a name tag," Connie replied with a sweet smile.  
  
"Ah yes," Janette replied with a nervous smile. "Sorry I was daydreaming. Just one? I don't want to seem forward but someone who looks like you can't be alone."   
  
Connie blushed, "You know how it is. Sometimes it better to be alone."  
  
'Is that right Connie?'  
  
"Don't start with me!" Connie mumbled at the voice.  
  
'She's rather pretty don't you think?'  
  
"I hadn't noticed." But once the voice pointed it out Connie did notice.   
  
The girl had somewhat round face. Connie thought the girl could turn a few heads if she really wanted to. The girl was a striking dark haired beauty with jet black eyes.   
  
'I'd say she has a bit of Italian in her don't you think?'  
  
"I wouldn't know," Connie grumbled.  
  
'I'll bet she'd look nice naked don't you? She looks to be full figured. I'll bet she's very curvy with nice plump breasts. You like big tits don't you Connie?'  
  
"You're not getting in my head tonight. So go away you're wasting your time."  
  
Janette watched Connie with a puzzled look on her face. The blond was a odd one despite her striking beauty. She seemed to be talking to someone.  
  
"who are you talking to," Janette asked.  
  
"Ah.... No one," Connie replied with a nervous smile.  
  
"You need to shut up! She can hear you!"  
  
'You're being silly Connie.'  
  
"No I'm not now keep your voice down!"  
  
Again the sexy blond mumbled something. Even with that oddity someone that looked like Connie would never be alone for long so she kept looking around half expecting someone to walk up to meet her. "That will be $12.50 please." She began to tingle when Connie put her hand in her pocket and the draw string on her sweatpants loosened and they sank a little lower on her hips clearly showing the bows on her panties sticking out the top it them.  
  
"$12.50?"  
  
"Yes mam."   
  
Connie pulled out a $20 bill but before she could hand it to the girl a gust of wind blew it right out of her hand. "Damn it!" The wind picked it up and blew it behind her. Connie gave chase. But each time she got near it another gust of wind would pick it up and off it would go again.  
  
The sight was more than Janette could have ever asked for or ever dream up. Connie would bend over causing her top go up just enough that she could see the bottoms of Connie's boobs. The sweatpants seemed to be riding much lower than before as Connie chased it around as well as the draw string seemed to be loosing with each step.  
  
"Damn it!" Connie snapped again as she almost had it but off it went again. This time when she raised up her top was stuck on the points of her nipples and baring the bottoms of her breasts. The sweatpants took a dip as the draw string loosened a bit more and they sank lower still stopped right at the widest points of her hips.  
  
"My God!" Janette sat sipping nervously from her coffee cup for five minutes watching Connie running about chasing the 20 that seemed to be on a string being pulled away from her just as she reached it. "She must workout a lot," Janette muttered dropping her hand between her legs staring at Connie sexy six pack. She didn't think anything could be any better until Connie turned around and she could see those lovely back dimples and even a bit of Connie butt cleavage sticking out now. All the girl could think about was baby oil and Connie and her own bare breasts rubbing against the shapely blond.  
  
Connie turned and faced Janette as she finally got hold of the 20 quickly raised up. Her tits couldn't be contained any longer and they popped completely free as she raised up. The bow on her sweatpants finally gave way and down went her pants around her ankles. Connie was left standing there with her tits completely bare and wearing down below but a tiny pair of panties.  
  
The girl couldn't believe what she was seeing and blinked several times as took another sip. "Jesus!"  
  
Connie didn't notice and stepped right out of her sweatpants and walked over and handed her the 20. "Silly thing. $12.50 right?" Connie asked smiling at her.  
  
She couldn't help but stare with one hand secretly working between her legs as she reached out with her other and grabbed the 20.  
  
"Is the movie any good?" Connie asked still not having a clue she was practically naked standing right out in the street.  
  
"I.... haven't.... seen it. " The girl was having trouble getting words to form. Connie was everything she'd ever dreamed about. Every curve screamed f..ck me.   
  
"Oh I see."  
  
This time when the gust of wind blew up around her Connie couldn't help but shiver. She felt naked for some reason and looked down. "Shit! I.... Oh shit!" Connie quickly pulled her top down then brought both hands down to hide her lower half. But in doing so somehow she got her fingers caught in the bows on her panties and they came loose. Her panties were gone and laying at her feet before she knew what had happened.  
  
'Bottomless once again. You're a dirty girl aren't you Connie? You might as well cum for her too.'  
  
"I.... Shit!" Connie looked up as a tingle shot through her seeing the look on the girl's face. Connie's nipples hardened and she could feel herself getting wet as the girls eyes danced over her body. Connie was trying to keep lower half covered the best she could while she looked around for her panties. But Janette's look was drive the voice now.   
  
'Do it Connie. Look at her. She loves seeing you naked. I'll bet she would join you if you asked. You'd love that's wouldn't you?'  
  
"No! Shut up!" But try as she might her finger slipped inside and went to work.   
  
Janette's eyes widened as she watched. She could swear the blond was playing with herself right in front of her. She pinched herself to make sure she wasn't asleep. What she was seeing was blistering hot. Her own hand was down the front of her pants working away watching the blond turn around looking for her panties which like the $20 bill was being moved about by the wind. It would let Connie get almost to it before it seem to float off just as she bent down to get it showing her wonderful flashes everything between Connie's legs.  
  
"I.... it...." Connie tried to get words to form that would make sense of what was happening. But all she could feel was her own fingers working away as the girl's eyes felt like fingers running over her body.  
  
'Just a little more Connie.'  
  
"Quiet!"  
  
'That it Connie. Show her hat a dirty girl you are.'  
  
"No! I normal! Leave me be!" Connie found the strength to stop her fingers.  
  
Janette's hand started working over time as she watched Connie bend down and grab her panties. "Shaved oh my God!" She whispered happily to herself as Connie got hold of her panties. The girl quickly came seeing lovely Connie's bare pussy which seemed to be glimmering with moisture.

**The Voice part 2b**  
Connie caught sight of her sweatpants and quickly picked them up and held them in front of her. "I'm so sorry I.... I don't know what's happening. I.... well.... It was a accident. I'm so embarrassed," Connie mumbled. She was embarrassed and now wet. "Thanks for the ticket," She grumbled as she quickly went inside before the voice got her to start doing dirty things again.  
  
'What a great start for the night. I'll bet you'll be cuming soon wouldn't you Connie?'  
  
"Just shut the f..ck up!" Connie growled at the voice as she carefully put her panties back on without trying to excite herself anymore than she was and got her pants back on went into the dimly lit theater.  
  
\* \* \* \*  
  
Two college girls stopped waiting for the light to change caught sight of Connie walking down the street. They were on a mission. Tonight they had to get a girl completely naked in public. The catch was the girl had to be a total stranger and they had to get pictures as proof. It was part of a pledge to the sorority which was the most popular one on campus. If they got some they'd be in.   
  
"You see her Shelly?"  
  
"How could you miss her?"  
  
"Talk about a wiggle in your walk. My goodness that's sexy and she looks so pretty too."  
  
"You would think that Daisy."  
  
"And what does that mean?"  
  
"The girl thing remember."  
  
"You don't think she's pretty?"  
  
"Of course. But you think she's girl/girl pretty."  
  
"So true. I think I'm in love," Daisy giggled, "The dirty things I would do to her would get me thrown in jail."  
  
"In love again?"  
  
"Quiet!"  
  
"We could get in big trouble tonight you know that right?"  
  
"I know."  
  
"Hurry up! Daisy grumbled at the light that seemed to be taking days to change.  
  
"Relax Daisy."  
  
"We'll lose her!" Daisy shouted in a panicked voice as she watched Connie turn the corner.  
  
Finally it changed and Daisy shot off after Connie. "Hurry!"  
  
"Slow down it's not like she's the only girl on earth," Shelly laughed taking off after Daisy.  
  
"Mother f..cker!" The next light turned red just as they got to it. "come on, come on," Daisy grumbled loudly as she tapped her foot. "finally!" The light changed and off they went again.  
  
The next corner the light changed yet again.  
  
"Really!" Daisy huffed looking at the light then at the corner Connie went around. "Come on! Come on!"  
  
The light finally change after what seemed like another week and Daisy grabbed Shelly's hand and pulled her along as she ran after Connie. They got around the corner just in time to see Connie vanished into the theater.  
  
"There she is!"  
  
\* \* \* \*  
  
There was no way two more hot girls would be coming to this movie but yet they came right up to her windowing asking to buy two tickets. Janette even pinched herself again making sure she was awake.   
  
"Two tickets please."  
  
She sat staring one of the cutest red heads she'd ever laid eyes on.  
  
"Tickets?" Daisy asked again.  
  
"Oh yes sorry. Don't know where my mind is tonight."   
  
"Thanks." Daisy grabbed the tickets and in the two went looking for Connie.  
  
"My Lord," Janette mumbled sipping on her coffee thinking of the three girls naked with her in a pile of sweaty flesh. Her hand once again going down between her legs as she closed her eyes as a wonderful dream filled her thoughts.  
  
\* \* \* \*  
  
Connie was happy to find the theater completely empty. One it would give her time to calm down after what had just happened. And two the voice would have no reason keep at her with no one else around. So she made her way down to the front row so she could stretch out her legs as she watched.  
  
"This must really be a bad one. We're the only ones here," Connie told the voice.  
  
'Are you sure you want to be here? You could go back out and talk to Janette?'  
  
"I will not. You'll get me to do terrible things if I did."  
  
'Connie you know me better than that. I just help you do things you want to do.'  
  
"Oh really?"  
  
'Of course.'  
  
"So I wanted to get naked in the closet at work?"  
  
'Of course you did. I just helped you understand it.'  
  
"I did not! You made me masturbate too! I could have been fired had they found me. You know that right?"  
  
'You wanted them to find you Connie. Deep down you did. You can't hide that from me you know that.'  
  
"Oh shut up. I need to concentrate on this movie. My job is on the line here. Not that you care."  
  
'But....'  
  
"But nothing. I'm done fighting with you anymore tonight. Go talk to someone else I'm not listening to you anymore."  
  
The voice actually fell silent as the theater went completely dark and the movie started. Connie was praying this movie was good. Even with the excitement still lingering she was very tired and she did need to stay awake. But as the movie began to play Connie sighed. It was in black and white with sub-titles. Connie stretched out and was out like a light before she finished reading the first sentence. Her mind dreaming of Janette watching her masturbate.  
  
\* \* \* \*  
  
"Where is she?"  
  
"I see her. She's in the front row. Let the fun begin," Daisy giggled as she caught sight of Connie.  
  
Daisy went one way and Shelly the other. Each took a seat on each side of the would be reporter.  
  
They waited for Connie to get good and settled.   
  
"You think there'll be enough light to get any good pictures?"  
  
"Dark might be good if she wakes up she might not see your faces."  
  
"True, true."  
  
The two waited.  
  
"Ok I think it's been long enough. I'm going to take her sweatpants off," Daisy whispered.  
  
"You sure you can do it without waking her up?"  
  
"Just watched the master," Daisy giggled as she blew on her fingers then pulled the draw string causing Connie stir.   
  
"Careful."  
  
"Trust me I got this." Daisy carefully slid her fingers into the waistband and started working them side to side. Slowly it inched downward until they slid free off Connie's butt, then down her legs, then completely off. "Ta da," Daisy giggled showing them to Shelly then throwing them over her shoulder in the dark isle behind them.  
  
"Most impressive my young Jedi Knight," Shelly replied with a smile.  
  
"It's a skill that I've found useful now and then," Daisy giggled.  
  
"Oh man look at those! She does have beautiful legs," Daisy said running her fingers up and down Connie's thigh. "They're so smooth and so soft." Daisy looked like a child who was just given a cookie. "Yes I like them." She gave Connie's thigh a light kiss. Reaching down Daisy slipped off Connie's sneakers. "Oh my God I just love the anklet. It's so f..ken sexy."   
  
"You and anklets," Shelly chuckled.  
  
"But look at it Shelly. It looks so hot on her," Daisy said.  
  
"Let's move on. Knowing you, you'll talk about it all night. We don't have the time for your story about every girl you've ever seen wearing one."   
  
"Poo on you."  
  
Shelly took a few pictures.   
  
"Well?"  
  
"Well what?"  
  
"The pictures silly how do they look?"  
  
"Dark, but you can make out it's a girl. So not bad."  
  
Connie began to stir from her sleep. Her mind slowly began to clear from her dirty dream as she blinked several times looking into the darkness trying to make sense of what she was seeing. There seemed to be a person sitting on each side of her which wasn't a good thing as the voice started spinning thoughts in her head instantly.   
  
'Look Connie a camera why not get completely naked? That would be sexy wouldn't it Connie?'  
  
Connie's heart beat faster. "Any other time but now. I'm begging you just not tonight," She pleaded while blinking her eyes several more time trying to get them to focus and makes sense of what she was seeing.  
  
Finally her mind cleared and she saw in the dark a camera right in front of her. "What the f..ck!"  
  
'Lick your lips so you look sexy. Show them how pretty you are Connie. Show them how sexy you can be by getting naked.'   
  
Connie felt like a deer in headlights and sat frozen watching a camera taking pictures of her. She had to stop this. But the thoughts in her head were fighting with her now. Is this what swimsuit models felt like? It couldn't be this was a nightmare.  
  
Both girls turned toward Connie and smiled. Daisy grabbed the bottom of the sweatshirt and pulled. "Don't!" Connie yelled as she slapped at the hands trying keep them away from her top. But Daisy easily pushed them away. The top went over her head and got thrown into the darkness leaving her topless.   
  
"This is wrong guys," Connie pleaded as she crossed her arms over her breasts.   
  
'I bet you look pretty in the pictures Connie. Better than any of those SI models. Why are you covering up?'  
  
"Just a few more pictures," Daisy giggled, "put your arms down please."  
  
"A few more pictures! Are you crazy!" Connie couldn't believe what she was hearing. Her heart beat ever faster. She wanted to stop it but couldn't get her body to do what she asked, which was run. She was fighting with two girls and the voice and quickly began losing on both fronts.   
  
'Bounce your tits Connie and smile. You'll look so much sexier that way.'  
  
"We need your arms down so we can see your tits," Daisy ordered as she reached up and took Connie's arms by the wrists and pulled them down. "Good now stay right there."   
  
Shelly raise her camera and took a few more. "Get her nipples really hard it will make these look so hot."  
  
Daisy answered, "my pleasure." Daisy grabbed hold and began playing with the nicest pair of tits she'd ever laid eyes on. They were so big and her hands looked so tiny next to them. Rolling the nipples in her fingers hardening them into sexy points Daisy asked, "how's that?"  
  
"Man you are good."   
  
"It's a rare gift. What can I say," Daisy giggled.  
  
Connie looked around trying to find someone to help her. 'No one is going to help you Connie just smile for the camera so you don't ruin them.'   
  
This was a nightmare. Connie was screaming at herself to run but sat watching the camera moving around her. She was sitting in a theater being felt up by a girl while another one was taking pictures. Her heart beat faster still. It was actually beginning to excite her. Deep down did she really want it? It had to be the only reason she couldn't stop them. No that couldn't be it. "Guys please stop."  
  
No it wasn't a nightmare is was something out of horror movie and she was the star. All she knew was there were two girls sitting in the dark. All she could see were hands and a camera being lit by the flicking low light coming from the movie screen.   
  
'Play with your tits Connie. Make you nipples even harder. You need these pictures to look hot when others see them.'   
  
"Ok let's get a few with her panties off."  
  
"Panties! Enough guys. You're crazy! What if someone else comes in?" Connie pleaded looking nervously around still unable get her body to do anything but sit.  
  
"Well then we'd better hurry before someone else sees you," Shelly laughed. "Get them."  
  
Connie couldn't believe she didn't try and stop the girl. Out of the dark came two hands grabbing a bow on each side of her hips. Connie looked around for anyone to stop the two as the hands pulled the strings loose. She watched in shock as her panties came off and then went flying over her head vanishing somewhere in the darkness.  
  
More pictures.   
  
"Well?"  
  
"Damn these pictures are dark."  
  
"Will they work?"  
  
"Not sure. I hope so."  
  
They were both crazy. Or was it her who was crazy letting them do it? Her mind was a buzz. Naked! Not again. Her heart beat ever faster. "Come on guys this isn't right."   
  
'Right? These will be great pictures. Everyone will love seeing them Connie.' It wouldn't stop. It never stopped until it ended with her doing the unthinkable.   
  
"Please not this time not in front of them." Connie pleaded with the voice as she grew more excited. No it couldn't be. But the feeling was growing and deep down it made her so happy. She was actually hoping more would come in a see her naked. Was the voice insane or was she? Connie wasn't sure anymore.   
  
"Ok now stand up so we can get a few that way."  
  
Connie got up and stood in front of them with her hands trying to cover up praying this would all end before they were caught. What would she tell her boss if he ever got to see these pictures? "I wasn't my fault." Sure it wasn't. He'd have no choice but to fire her.  
  
'Shake your tits for the camera with a big smile Connie.'  
  
Both girls got down in front of Connie hoping the light was enough for at least a few good pictures. As luck would have it the screen lit up showing Connie perfectly. Connie squinted into the darkness trying to see who they were but could make out anything but two shadowy figures, hands and the camera.  
  
"Hands by your sides and stand up straight. We need a few good ones."  
  
"What do you mean good ones? Haven't you got enough already?"  
  
"Come on we don't have all night. Hands down."  
  
Connie body began to tingle as she took a deep breath and lowered her arms.  
  
"Wow! Look at that," Daisy said as she took her finger and ran it across Connie's abs.   
  
"Stop that!" Connie slapped at Daisy's hand.  
  
"I think girls with a six pack are so sexy." Daisy's finger tip lightly trance the muscles of Connie's abs then lowered finding Connie's shaven mound. "Oh my that's so sexy you shave too. Are you getting this?"  
  
"You bet! These are great ones. I can even see her face in these."  
  
'Hear that Connie? They can see your face. Smile for the camera.'  
  
Connie shivered from Daisy's touch. "Please hurry." Feeling a girl's finger running down her abs stopping just at the top of her pussy sent heat rushing to places it shouldn't. It wasn't turning her on. It couldn't be. It was a girl for God sake.   
  
'She likes you Connie. Are you getting wet?' It wouldn't stop hammering at her, 'tell her how much it turns you on Connie.'   
  
"Can we get a few of her butt too," Daisy asked now circling Connie's belly button with her finger tip giggling each time Connie trembled.

**The Voice 2c**  
"Good idea. Could you turn around and bend over so we can get a few of you that way."  
  
"What?"  
  
"You heard me turn around and bend over, hands on your knees and arch your back a bit too."  
  
'Wiggle your butt for them Connie while you grab your tits. You need these to be sexy remember.'   
  
"Do I really need to? Haven't you got enough by now," Connie asked as her brain was filling with dirty thoughts. Who was going to see these? The thought of 100s or maybe 1000s seeing her was so exciting. My God she was crazy. "We need to hurry," Connie begged.  
  
It was getting worse and worse. It seemed to never end. Connie couldn't believe she was letting two girls take pictures of her naked. Just get it over with. Yes that was the plan. Was it a good plan? Connie really didn't know. It just needed to be over with before she was found like this which was naked again where she shouldn't be.  
  
'Show them Connie. Turn around and show them.'  
  
She was completely insane. It was the only answer for letting this go on. The voice in her head never stopped as she turned around arched her back pushing her butt toward the two shadows and the waiting camera.  
  
"What do you think?"  
  
"Oh yes very nice," Daisy answered patted Connie's on the butt. "Very firm and dimples too. Get a good picture of them.  
  
"You bet."  
  
"Could we do one more thing?"  
  
"Like what?"  
  
"Well.... It's a bit dirty I'm not sure I can say," Daisy said blushing.  
  
"Go ahead what is it?"  
  
"Can I.... spank her?"  
  
"You are a dirty girl," Shelly laughed, "why not."  
  
Why not! These two were crazier than she was. "You're not doing anything of the sort. You have your pictures. It's time to stop this." She looked helplessly around in the dark still frozen in place with her butt sticking out like she was waiting to be spanked. "Move Connie please move," Connie begged herself.   
  
'It's what you wanted isn't it Connie? You want to be spanked for being naked don't you?. You're a bad girl Connie. Bad girls need to be spanked. Tell them you need to be spanked for being a dirty girl.' Her mind kept picking at her.  
  
"This will be so much fun," Daisy giggled. "I've always wanted to spank another girl."  
  
Smack!  
  
"Ouch!"  
  
Smack, Smack!  
  
"Ouch!"  
  
"I love how she wiggles her butt."  
  
Smack, smack, smack!  
  
"Ouch! Stop it!" Connie cried trying not to do what Daisy liked but couldn't help shaking her ass side to side trying to get away from the blows.  
  
\* \* \* \*  
  
Janette couldn't take it any longer. She had to see the three girls again even if they were only watching the movie. So she grabbed her flashlight and in she went.   
  
Why her heart starting beating faster when she stepped into the dark isle way between the seats was odd. It wasn't like she'd see anything but three very pretty girls watching a movie. But with each step she grew more exciting.   
  
She could see them down in the front row now. They were doing something very odd. What she wasn't sure but it didn't look like just watching a movie. Keeping her flashlight pointing down as she quietly made her way toward them. "What!" Her flashlight hit something on the floor. She bent down and picked it up. "Oh my God!" It was the blonde's sweatpants she was sure of it. Her heart beat faster as she took a few more steps and her light caught yet something else. "Oh!" Her hand was actually trembling as she reach down and picked up a top. "It can't be." But it had to be. There was no mistaking it. The blond girl had been wearing it now she had to be in just her panties!  
  
All kinds of thoughts were filling her head. She moved the light and it caught yet something else. Quietly as she could she made her way toward it and the three girls. "Jesus!" It was a pair of panties. She couldn't help herself and brought them up and inhaled. There was a hint of perfume and something even more exciting.   
  
They were the blonds, there was no way around it. The girl was naked and naked only 20 feet in front of her. She quickly killed the light. There was no way she wanted to disturb what had going on. Her heart was beating a mile a minute as she quietly crept toward them.  
  
She came to a dead stop when she heard SMACK, SMACK, SMACK and the blonde's voice begging someone to stop. Smack, smack! The sound caused Janette jump. She slowed even more as she crept toward them and the sound, smack, smack, smack. She was now standing no more the ten feet away and the scene was electric. The little redhead was spanking the blond! Each blow caused her to jerk as if she was the one being spanked!   
  
Connie was fighting it but she couldn't stop the feeling. It was starting to feel good. Why? It hurt. As her butt heated up it was spreading heat to place she couldn't believe. "I can't," she begged fighting her inner thoughts. "Not now." But she losing out to the building thoughts in her head once again.   
  
The voice echoed, 'you're a bad girl Connie. You deserve to be spanked. Tell them you deserve it.'  
  
Smack, smack, smack, smack!  
  
With each blow the heat got worse. With each blow now she couldn't stop the a sexy grunt it was causing. With each blow moved her ass side to side. Each blow the heat deep inside kept building higher and higher.   
  
Connie couldn't stop her hands from cupping her breasts and giving them a squeeze. Her fingers pulling on her nipples. She was going to cum right here right now. Her mind was filling with thoughts that made her blush. Connie needed to stop them before she.... "Please stop," Connie begged.   
  
Smack, smack, smack!   
  
'That's it Connie show them what a dirty girl you are. Cum for them.'   
  
Connie was begging herself to run, scream or do anything to stop them but did nothing as the heat continued to build. Connie's mind was now a total blur. She could hardly even hear the voice now. Her mind was simply over heating. She had no control of anything she was doing. In the darkness she could swear there was someone else watching her. The movie screen flicker bright for a instant highlighting the girl in the dark. There was no mistaking it was Janette the girl who sold her, her ticket and she was masturbating!  
  
"She's so naughty," Shelly chuckled as she took pictures from every angle.   
  
Just as Connie was about to cum Daisy stopped. "That was fun. We are running out of time. We need a few of you sitting down with your legs spread."   
  
Shelly unsnapped Daisy's pants and unzipped them. She then took Connie's hand and pushed it down the front of Daisy's pants.  
  
As Connie stared at the vision in front of her, her hand was pushed down another girl's pants and she couldn't stop her fingers from dipping into the girl's pussy. The heat from it spread up her arm and ran to every sexual part of her body. Every nerve seemed to be on fire.  
  
More pictures.  
  
"Please let me cum," Connie begged. Did she really tell them that! She couldn't even control her own voice now. Daisy pushed Connie back into the seat than took one leg and put it over the armrest. Taking the other doing the same thing.  
  
Janette couldn't help but move close and was now only a few feet away. The smell of sex was everywhere! The blond was naked, totally naked! She had both legs over the armrests! She could see every wonderful inch of the pretty blonde. Janette dropped Connie's things then popped the button on her pants and they quickly fell around her ankles. Her hand went into her panties as she watched what was unfolding in front of her.   
  
"Very nice."   
  
More pictures.  
  
Connie sat back panting looking back and forth between the three shadowy figures. They were crazy doing this here or anywhere. But she was so turned on right now she couldn't think, let alone move.   
  
"Ok just a few more. Play with yourself would you? That would be sexy."  
  
'Do it Connie. You want to cum for them don't you?'  
  
She couldn't. There had to have a little pride left somewhere in her. The one side of her that wanted to get up and run lost out easily to the other side controlling her hands. "Please no." To her horror she reached down and began toying with her pussy.   
  
Janette's mouth hung open in shock at what she was seeing. As the blonde's finger toyed Janette girl copied her every movement. Pulling, twisting, rubbing. She staggered back and sat on the edge of the stage in front of the movie screen with her legs spread wide.  
  
As the heat kept building Connie's mind raced, "what if others came in now and saw what I'm doing? What would she say? They made me. It wasn't my fault. It was them not me. How would that work? It wouldn't." The pictures would ruin her. Her career would be over before it even started.  
  
More pictures.  
  
"These are great. Are you getting all of it," Daisy asked licking her lips.  
  
"You bet!"  
  
'Cum for them Connie. Do it!'  
  
Janette couldn't believe what she was seeing. When the tiny redhead ran her finger down to Connie's belly button she exploded wetting her fingers and soaking her panties.  
  
Connie was so close. The girl in the dark tensed up as Daisy fingered Connie's belly button and giggled as Connie's abs tighten. That did it. It was now over. "Oh please dear God no!" She screamed letting out a sexy moan then came with a little squirt.   
  
Janette couldn't stop another orgasm rumbling up. She slid of the edge of the stage and sank to the floor sitting in the dark trying to catch her breath with her eyes never leaving the three girls in from of her.  
  
"That was great!" I've never seen a squirter before. Did you get a picture of that?"  
  
"You bet, see. It's one the good ones that really showed up," Shelly showed Daisy the picture catching the very moment cum gushing out into the air.   
  
"Wow," Daisy answered breathing hard. "You were wonderful." Daisy buttoned up then leaned down and gave Connie a big kiss right on the lips. Their tongues touches. Connie's trembled and came once again with a squirt. The room began to spin and Connie passed out in the chair.  
  
Janette staggered to her feet while looking quickly looked around shocked at what didn't just done. Had she been caught she'd have been fired. So she quickly pulled her pants up and quietly ran back up the isle and out of the theater to the bathroom to clear herself up.  
  
"Oh I love that it's so sexy," Daisy giggled. "Can I make her do it again?"  
  
"Look at her. I think she's had enough for one night. Let's go. We don't need to get caught now."  
  
"But...."  
  
"But nothing let's go."   
  
"I don't want to leave. I'm in love with her," Daisy replied with a pout.   
  
"Really in love?"   
  
"It's for real this time."  
  
"What's that for like the tenth time today?" Shelly chuckled.  
  
"Ha ha, very funny."   
  
"Come on," Shelly told her as she grabbed Daisy by the arm and starting dragging her out of the theater.  
  
"But...."  
  
"I'm sure you'll fall in love again in 30 seconds.  
  
"But I'm tell you, she's the one!"  
  
"What about the one at the store? And the one at the bus stop? And the one at school? Need I go on?"  
  
"But I'm sure this time."  
  
"This time? I swear sometimes the way you lust after every pretty girl you see, you were a man in a passed life."  
  
"A man! Now that just being mean."  
  
"Come on Romeo you'll fall hopelessly in love again one day. I'm pretty sure of that," Shelly chuckled dragging Daisy out of theater.  
  
Connie came to a few minutes later mumbling "what a f...ked up dream." Then looked down and saw herself completely naked. "It can't be true."  
  
But it was. Connie began to cry as she picked her things up and started to get dressed. She'd been stripped by two girls, spanked and she had fingered herself until she came. Even worse yet there were pictures somewhere of it now. "What I've I done?" Connie wondered as she began to cry. She was indeed going crazy.   
  
But at least the voice was silent. At least there was that.

**The Voice 3a**  
A day later Connie couldn't get what happened out of her mind. There was pictures of her naked out there! If anyone at work ever saw them she'd be ruined. Connie needed to get her mind off that and off everything else that had happened so she set off for the gym. A workout always seemed to relax her too and after the passed few days she really did needed a nice relaxing workout.  
  
Connie had become even more of a work nut than before now that she might be an anchor woman. The voice was right about something anyway. She needed to make sure she was shape. She wasn't going on TV looking anything less than perfect. Every curve had to be 100% fat free. It was her big chance and didn't want ruined by any ugly fat sticking out anywhere. "I really need this," she thought.   
  
When Connie got to her locker she found it open. Someone had broken into it and had taken some of her things. If that wasn't bad enough they had taking her workout clothes. She'd have nothing to wear tonight.   
  
'What are you going to do Connie? You'll end a fat pig. No one will ever like you then.'  
  
"I'm not listening to you," She muttered. But the voice was right. Missing one workout she'd be a pound over weight then two, three, four! "I can't miss tonight. I just can't." Connie sat down trying not to cry wondering what she going to do.  
  
\* \* \* \*   
  
Daisy hated going to the gym so late at night. It was so empty. But she had no choice now with her new part time job. She was a bit depressed knowing all the pretty girls she loved to watch wouldn't be there this late. Daisy pushed open the door to the locker room and stopped dead in her tracks. There sat the girl from the theater! She was the most beautiful thing Daisy had ever seen. Daisy had fallen hopelessly in love with her and never thought she'd ever see her again but there she sat. "She's more beautiful then I remember. Daisy it's your lucky day! But what if she remembers me? That would ruin everything. I might even get arrested. But I have talk to her again. I just have to. It was dark in there. So maybe...."   
  
She took a deep breath to calm herself and walked over to Connie. "Hi there. I'm Daisy, Daisy Flowers. Yes I know it's a silly name. My mom remarried and now I'm a Flower. Oh sorry I sometimes babble," Daisy said in her best bubbly voice and sweetest smile.  
  
"Hi to you too. I'm Connie Lynn. Have we met before?" Connie couldn't put her finger on it. She'd heard that voice before.   
  
"I.... Don't think so. I don't believe we've ever meet," Daisy answered with a big smile. "Some people say I sound a lot like Mimi Mouse. Weird right," Daisy giggled, "maybe that's it? You know you sound like a person and people say you sound like that person."  
  
"Come to think of it you kind of do. That's probably it."  
  
"I get that a lot. I know I've never met you before, until tonight. I surely would have remembered meeting someone as beautiful as you."   
  
Connie turned a touch red. "Beautiful? Me? Why thank you." There was something about her but Connie couldn't put her finger on. Maybe it would come back to her later.  
  
"I've never seen you here before," Daisy asked.  
  
"I usually workout late. That way it's not so busy."   
  
"I'm usually a morning person myself. So that explains why I've never seen you then."  
  
"Late is better for me. It may make me sound like a snob but people tend to stare at me. I think it's these," Connie sighed looking down at her boobs.  
  
"I kind of see why they are.... well.... big." Daisy just had to get her hands on Connie's tits again. But how? Suddenly an idea popped into her head. "I have kind of a weird question. Are they heavy?"  
  
"Kind of, why?," Connie replied blushing at the question.  
  
"Can I feel?"   
  
Before Connie could answer Daisy was cupping her tits and was lifting them and then dropping them. "Wow these are sexy heavy. It's a amazing. They feel like they'd be sexy to have too. Or maybe it's just me. Oh sorry. I'm such a dingbat. I shouldn't be grabbing your tits. I'm not weird or anything. I have a thing for boobs. Maybe it's because, well, I don't really have any. Oh crap I'm babbling sorry. "   
  
It was better than the other night. "I'm so in love," Daisy thought happily.  
  
"That's ok," Connie replied across her arms over her breasts and blushing bright red.  
  
"Don't be embarrassed. I'm the one who should be embarrassed. I shouldn't be grabbing a total strangers boobs. That would make me a pervert. I'm not always a pervert. Oh that sounded like could be a pervert. Wrong choice of words there. Let's see if I can figure this out. I'm not a pervert. Unless you think I'm a pervert. But that doesn't really make me a pervert. Because you think I'm a pervert. Hmmm. That even confuses me. God was I babbling there or what? Sorry," Daisy giggled.  
  
"Not sure what you just said but grabbing someone's boobs might not be the best idea you can come up with," Connie chuckled.  
  
'It felt good didn't it Connie. I think she'd kind of cute don't you.'   
  
"Of course not. Go away."  
  
"So true. So you're going to work out?"  
  
"Well I was but it seems someone has broken into my locker and stole all my things."  
  
"Oh no! Really?"  
  
Connie sighed, "yes. I really needed to workout tonight. I hate missing any you get behind you never catch up. The pounds just pack on if you miss one. And it relaxes me. I really need to relax. It's been a trying week."  
  
"Let's see if I can help. I might have something you can wear. Maybe we can even workout together," Daisy asked almost trembling from the thought of getting close to Connie again and get her hands on those wonderful tits.   
  
"A work out partner might be fun. I really don't want to miss this workout. What do you have?"  
  
"Oh good! Let me see what I can find." Daisy heart skipped a beat. She was so happy Connie didn't remember her and now was even going to workout with her. It was a dream come true.   
  
Connie still couldn't place where she'd seen the girl before. "Think Connie." She eyed the girl in front of her. Daisy was a much shorter than her 4' 9" or so. She had short red hair cut in a bit of a boyish style. Connie never liked short hair on women, thinking it always looked silly, but it did work on Daisy. A light dusting of freckles on her face the large green eyes and that silly voice made her real cutie pie. She had to be 18 or 19, 20 at the most. By the looks of it she had no breasts at all. But she did have rather a nice set legs. Like most red heads she was a bit pale. Daisy was dressed in typical workout clothes a cut off t-shirt with a sport bra underneath, shorts and tennis shoes.  
  
Daisy had that something she couldn't put her finger on. She was cute and Connie couldn't figure out why she would think it. Maybe it was the odd sound of her voice. Or that giggle. There was something about her.   
  
'She so cute Connie. I'll bet she'd be better naked.'   
  
"Stop it. She's a girl. I'm a girl. It's not right. I'm not doing anything you say tonight so you might as well just go away."  
  
"Here you are. This is all I could find."  
  
Connie eyed an old T-shirt and a pair white yoga pants.  
  
Daisy jumped in seeing the look on Connie's face, "Give them a try. I know you're a bit.... well you know.... more shapely than me. But I'm sure they'll work. If you don't try you'll never know. I'd give you what I'm wearing but then that would leave me naked. That wouldn't help. I'm not saying naked is bad or anything. It's.... Sorry I'm a bit of a motor mouth tonight."  
  
"You're right. I might as well give them a try," Connie answered blushed when the thought of Daisy stripping naked to give her, her clothes.   
  
'She likes you Connie. Naked? I wonder if she has freckles other places as well.'   
  
Connie tried ignoring the voice but couldn't help wondering now if there were more freckles and in what places. Would there be.... "It's a girl Connie. Stop it."   
  
Daisy had to grab the locked in front of her to keep herself from falling over when Connie stripped off everything and stood there naked in front of her. "Every inch of her was just so tanned, so curvy and wonderful. She's simply perfect," Daisy sighed wantingly while fighting urge to run over and give her a big kiss right on the lips.   
  
The white colored yoga pants were small, very small. Connie pulled and tugged inching them up her legs but couldn't get them over her hips.   
  
"Could you give me a hand here."  
  
"Me?" Daisy mouth went instantly dry.  
  
"You're the only one here silly."   
  
"Oh.... yeah, right." Daisy giggled looking nervously around. "Let's see. I'll let's grab them here and pull up. Nope. They won't budge." Daisy face was inches from Connie shave mound. It was so exciting she found herself getting a touch wet. She'd better hurry or she might just push Connie to the floor and do things they would make a porn star blush. Daisy moved away keeping Connie at arms length. That would be best. Being that close to heaven was killing her. "Maybe.... you could.... well.... bounce or something."  
  
"Good idea."  
  
That was a very bad idea. Now Connie's tits were bouncing about right in her face. Daisy tried to not look but it was impossible with them right in front of her. Daisy pulled and Connie bounced. Her eyes never left Connie's bouncing boobs. Connie's nipples were inches from her face. They were just wonderful. Oh how she wanted to hold them in her hands again.  
  
"I don't think they'll work," Connie sighed, "I'm just more hippy then you."  
  
"We can't give up yet. You'll miss your workout," Daisy replied almost in a panic, "we have to try." Daisy grabbed hold of the pants from the back. "Ok I'll pull up you kind of bounce again." Daisy was relieved now being behind Connie. A few more seconds of those breasts in her face and she wouldn't have be able to stop herself from grabbing them.  
  
A few hard pulls and finally the pants slid up over Connie's hips. But ended up giving Connie an insane wedgie. Connie gave out a little groan, "Oooooooooooooo. Not working Daisy it's pinching my crotch."   
  
"Be still let me see." Daisy got down on her knees in front of Connie and saw the sexiest camel toe she'd even seen. Connie's pussy was puffed out on both sides of the seam in the crotch. "Give me a minute I'll try and fix it." Daisy was fighting hard not to bury her face right in the middle of it and make silly little boat motor sounds.  
  
Daisy slid two fingers in the waste band and pulled on it. "Nope. It's really in there. What to do? Let me see." Daisy got a dirty idea. "Ah got it. Let's try this." Daisy giggled slipping her whole hand down the from of Connie's pants.  
  
"Daisy! What are you doing!" Connie's looked down seeing Daisy hand down the front of her pants.  
  
"Relax given me a minute. I need to work it free. It shouldn't be long."   
  
Daisy finger slid over Connie's shaven mound then right between her legs. Connie jumped at the feeling and tried to move away. " Careful Daisy!"  
  
"Just stay still. I almost got it."   
  
Daisy was in heaven. She had her hand right down Connie's pants. It was such an amazing feeling she moved her hand lower so she could cup Connie's pussy. "Just stay still I almost got it." It was giving off a heat that was incredible. It was so heavenly. "Oh yes I'm so in love."  
  
"Oh my! Daisy please!" Connie's mind lit up. She hadn't cum since the nightmare at the theater. Since then she'd been fighting the feeling to masturbate so as to not to give into the lust in her head. As she gotten older she'd masturbated way more than she thought was normal and had to stop. But where Daisy's hand was now wasn't good. It wasn't good at all. Daisy's fingers were touching her in places she shouldn't. "Daisy please. You need to stop!"  
  
'She's cute isn't she Connie? You think her little tits would be cute as well?'   
  
"Please not now," Connie groaned.   
  
'Does she have red hair on her pussy too? Or is it shaven nice and smooth.'  
  
"Be still I'm working on it," Daisy said smiling ear to ear. She couldn't have been happier. "It's still really stuck. Let me try this."   
  
"Oh! Daisy!" Connie felt Daisy slid two fingers right into her pussy. What was happening, and where she was had her so close. "Daisy please. Your not helping! Your fingers are.... Oh My! I'm begging you stop."   
  
"Just relax I almost got it," Daisy giggled as worked her fingers in and out several times before removing them and giving Connie's clit a pinch before removing her hand from Connie's pants. "Ok it's fine. Sorry for taking so long. I just wanted to make sure everything was where it should be."  
  
Connie knew Daisy was just helping her but her fingers seemed to be playing with her not helping her. A few more seconds and she'd have cum right in front of her. Her mind was now filled with dirty thoughts. "Thanks Daisy," Connie groaned, "thanks alot." Worse yet the voice in her head was alive and well. That was never good. It would now never leave her alone tonight.

**The Voice 3b**  
Next Connie tried on the old t-shirt which was way to small as well. On Daisy it would have been fine. On Connie with her breasts it stretched across her nipples hanging loose from the bottoms of her breasts. It barely covering them leaving her bare from just a few inches below her tits to as far as you wanted to look. If you were looking from below you could see all the way to heaven.   
  
Connie turned and looked in to mirror.  
  
The yoga pants were for a girl much smaller measurement wise that was for sure. On smaller girl they'd have fit fine. On Connie they were obscene. Even after Daisy's helped she still had a slight camel toe. They sat very low on her hips as well. She turned around and looked at them from the rear. "My!" Another inch and you'd see top of her butt crack and with the dimples over her butt it looked like two eyes staring down at it. They looked stray painted on highlighting her ass insanely. It was more than obscene. From the front it sat a good three inches below her belly button. She could almost swear she could see through it. "My God I can't! I just can't," Connie groaned.   
  
"No. No. They look fine, really they do." Daisy wasn't lying. Connie did look fine, more than fine. She had to sit down before she fell down after having touched Connie's pussy. It had made her weak at the knees. Connie was so sexy she felt like she was going to faint dead away. Daisy was sure her heart hadn't beaten once since Connie had stripped off her clothes. She felt like she was going to die of a heart attack right here and now. Every inch of Connie screamed, dirty sweaty sex!  
  
One side of Connie started reasoning, "Oh it's fine. Don't worry." The other side telling her, "You can't. You might as well be naked!" Connie didn't know what to do. All she knew there were evil thoughts in her head. "I can't lose out. Not tonight. Not in front of Daisy. Ending up naked and cuming.... Oh please not tonight," Connie begged her own mind. "Just leave me be tonight that all I'm asking."  
  
"I can't go out there like this. Is this all you have," Connie pleaded.  
  
"Sorry that's it, other than this sports bra. But it would never fit you. Look at me and look at you. You'd never fit those into this," Daisy said hold up the bra, "I just don't see it."  
  
Connie looked down at her breasts, "You're right there. I'm cursed with these."  
  
"Cursed? I wish I had your curse," Daisy sighed.   
  
"Big tits aren't what they are cracked up to be. They can wear on you from time to time. Believe me."  
  
"So they say. I wish I had that problem," Daisy replied with a pout on her face looking down at her flat chest.  
  
"Yours look fine."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"You look cute Daisy. Don't let anyone tell you other wise."   
  
Daisy couldn't help herself. She leaned in a gave Connie a kiss on the cheek. "Thanks. I needed that," Daisy said with a big smile. "That makes me feel so much better. Don't take this the wrong way but I kind of hate you. You make me feel so ugly standing next to you."  
  
"Non-sense you're so cute you really are. I'm the one who's the ugly duckling here," Connie told her taking Daisy's hand and giving it a squeeze then giving her a sweet smile.   
  
"Wow thanks. You're so nice," Daisy couldn't help herself and gave Connie a quick kiss right on the lips.  
  
Connie couldn't believe Daisy just kissed her on the lips and that she just called Daisy cute. Not that she wasn't. It wasn't what you should say to an total stranger. 'She is cute isn't she Connie and I think Daisy likes you. I wonder what she would look like naked?' Oddly Connie couldn't get the thought of Daisy naked out of her head.  
  
Daisy gathered herself, and tried to assured Connie, "You look fine too. Here put these on. They'll go well with the rest of it." Her hand was actually shaking as she handed Connie a head band and leg warmers she'd also had in her locker.   
  
"Are you sure? It looks awful small doesn't it?," Connie asked putting her hair into a pony tail then slipping head band on. Next she slid the leg warmers up her legs which instantly slid down puddled around her ankles. You could have fry eggs on Connie she was so hot. Connie gave a weak smile with her hands on her hips. "So you really think it's fine?"  
  
"Oh my yes. Believe me you look great," Daisy replied smiling while trying to stay calm. "You look so sexy in that. Crap that sounded dirty, sorry. It never fit me the way it fits you. I never did it justice. You fill it out better than I ever could. Words can't describe how amazing you look. If I looked that way in them I'd never take them off. Well I'd take them off. But... Sorry. I can't seem to stop babbling tonight."  
  
"Thanks I guess. It seems a bit much," Connie looked down and seeing herself seemly poured into what she was wearing. "I'm poking out everywhere."  
  
"Trust me. It's fine." Daisy couldn't believe what stood in front of her. Connie was just so sexy. From the yoga pants stretched so tight you could just make out a hint of her butt crack showing through. To the headband holding Connie's dirty blond hair out of her face. Connie was a living dream standing in front of her right down the leg warmers bunched around her ankles. "Just add baby oil for a dirty girl," Daisy giggled to herself.   
  
'You do it justice Connie. Don't worry Daisy says it's fine.' It looked less than fine to her despite what Daisy said or the insane voice was telling her.  
  
Connie did need this workout thou so she'd make the best of it. Maybe it wasn't as bad as she thought. "Ok, let's go," She said with a weak smile. Feeling a bit naked.   
  
"Oh Goodie! You'll see this will be so much fun!" Daisy giggled grabbing Connie's hand and lead her out into the gym.  
  
Connie couldn't help but catch the eye of two men standing near by, "Jesus would you look at her," Fred whispered. He'd never seen anything like it. That beautiful face. Those tits and the yoga pants. He looked at her crotch wondering if that really was a camel toe he was seeing. The leg warmers, head band completed it perfectly. If there was a hotter girl on the planet he'd like to find her.  
  
"God bless the inventor of yoga pants," Joe whispered back.  
  
They all entered a large gym equipped with exercise bikes, tread mills, weights. Nothing really special about the place. Why anyone would come here was a mystery. Until you saw Connie's ass in yoga pants.   
  
"Ok let's warm you up a bit so you don't pull anything when you start your workout."   
  
"You aren't going to exercise with me?"  
  
"I finished my workout earlier. I'm just staying to help you," Daisy giggled.  
  
"That's very nice of you, thanks."  
  
Connie sat down with Daisy right across from her and smiled. Daisy did have cutest little voice and did sounded a lot like Mini Mouse. It sounded so silly but sexy at the same time and that giggled was so cute it hurt.   
  
'She just so cute don't you think? But wouldn't she be even better naked?'   
  
"No! Stop it saying that!" Connie mumbled to the voice.  
  
"Ok now spread your legs a bit." Daisy pushed her feet against Connie's legs spreading them into a wide V with Daisy's being the same. "Ok give me your hands." Daisy grabbed Connie's hands. "Now just relax. I'll pull you to me. Then you pull me toward you. We go back and forth. So we can stretch you out a bit."  
  
The two men watched Daisy pull Connie toward her. The T-shirt rode up showing a great deal of the bottoms of her tits. The yoga pants stretched tight across Connie's butt was amazing to look at as well. The pants even slid down a touch showing the top of her butt crack and the sexiest dimples they'd ever seen.   
  
Connie pulled Daisy toward her. The top stayed where it was showing those wonderful mounds hanging out. The yoga pants stretched tight against her pussy. As Daisy's face neared Connie's she whispered, "You do look so sexy." It made Connie blush and Daisy giggle.   
  
Connie's mind stirring again. 'Look at her Connie. I'll bet she has freckles places you can't see, don't you think?'  
  
"Go away, please just go away," she pleaded with her thoughts. "I don't care what she has or where."  
  
After a few minutes Daisy said, "ok now we'll go over to the treadmill. We need to get totally warmed up before we hit the weights. Daisy giggled, "we wouldn't want to pull a groin muscle, would we?" Connie blushed deep red from the devilish look in Daisy's eyes. Where had she seen her before? It was somewhere, but where?  
  
Her mind began thinking thoughts she didn't need now or ever. It started thinking back to that night at the theater and strange girl kissing her and that tongue darting into her mouth.   
  
'I wonder what it would be like to give her a real kiss Connie?'   
  
"Just keep your mind on the job at hand." But she was failing. The voice tonight was becoming relentless.  
  
"Ok Connie. I'll watch and make sure nothing goes wrong. Here let me help you on."  
  
"I'm fine I can do it. It's not very high."  
  
"Nonsense. Up we go." Daisy used that excuse to wrapped her arm around Connie's waist. Daisy got up on her tippy toes and put her nose in Connie's hair and took a deep breath. It made her shiver, it had a touch of strawberry to it. Helping Connie up her fingers touched the bottom of her right breast making Connie jump. "Daisy careful."  
  
"Oh sorry. They are pretty big you know I couldn't help it." Oh my God she touched Connie's tit again! And her hair smelled like heaven! Daisy almost came right then and there. Her hand was still tingling from just touching the bare under side of it.  
  
"Well, just be more careful, please."   
  
'Don't you wish she'd grab them Connie? Wouldn't it feel so good if she were playing with them?'   
  
"No," Connie mumbled.   
  
'Are you sure. Wouldn't it feel heavenly if she was bouncing them in her hands.'   
  
"I said no!"   
  
'Wouldn't it feel so sexy pressing them up against her Connie. Your nipples pressing up against hers?'   
  
"No, no, no!" Connie couldn't keep the thoughts from flooding her mind. She didn't. She shouldn't. But she couldn't stop thinking about it now.  
  
"Now hold the bar here in front of you. This will help steady you. We wouldn't want you to end up on your head. We'll slowly pick up the speed so you can work up a healthy sweat."  
  
'Daisy would look good sweaty wouldn't she Connie? All sweaty and naked.' Connie gritted her teeth ignoring the voice. It was her only chance to stop what always ended up happening.   
  
Connie grabbed hold, "Ok ready."  
  
The men watched as Daisy turned a knob and the treadmill started moving. Connie was leaning a bit forward holding on while walking slowly along. They moved behind her and caught the perfect view of her tits daggling down. The only thing they couldn't see were her nipples. The yoga pants from the back were just dirty hugging each ass cheek which flexed with each step.   
  
"Ok I'm turning it up a bit."  
  
The speed increased and to the men's disappointment Connie had to stand up to jog faster which removed the wonderful bottom cleavage shots they were getting.  
  
"This wasn't to bad," She thought. "You can go a bit faster if you like. I'm fine here."  
  
"Are you sure?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
"Ok here we go."  
  
What started out being a light jog was turning out to be a fast run. "Maybe this was a mistake," she thought as she start huffing and puffing. Her legs moving faster trying to keep up.  
  
Connie was bouncing up and down. Her arms pumping and her tits shaking. The top was threating pop right over Connie's tits any second. The bottoms of her breasts never stayed covered now. From the back all the running was causing wonderful problems for the yoga pants. Despite being tight all the bouncing started the waist band rolling down. What was once a tiny bit of butt cleavage was now a whole lot more. Only the shape of her sexy ass stopped them from rolling farther down. They were now showing a good two inches of her butt crack. In front they were riding much lower as well.   
  
"Look at that Joe."  
  
"I can't figured out what's better, those tits or that ass."  
  
"I'll take both."  
  
"I never thought of that," Fred replied with a chuckled.  
  
All the bouncing wasn't helping Connie in the least. This was one those days where she could have a orgasm from her breasts being free and bouncing about. Daisy started it and now her tits might finish it. All she could think about was Daisy being naked, freckles and her bouncing boobs.  
  
'Daisy is so sexy isn't she Connie?'   
  
"Think of anything else," Connie grumbled, "anything else."   
  
It all didn't go unnoticed by Daisy. She watched those tits bounce was amazing. More amazing was she could see a bit of nipple now and then. The yoga pants rolled down and were threating to come right off. She needed more.  
  
"Maybe a bit faster," Daisy thought turning the dial.  
  
"Daisy it's getting a bit fast maybe you should slow it down," Connie was huffing a puffing hard now. Her breasts bouncing was sending feeling from her nipples right down to her toes. She started sweating bullets. The heat building in her crotch needed to be stop and soon.  
  
'Cum for her Connie. Show her how sexy you looking when you cum.' The voice so loud in her head now she was sure Daisy could hear it.  
  
"Daisy? Did you hear me? It's to fast." Connie was running at top speed now.   
  
Her t-shirt shot up exposing her tits. The pants rolled down so low that the men watching were sure Connie shaved her pussy. The men couldn't believe what they were seeing.   
  
"Jesus Christ. Would you look at that."   
  
"I couldn't have dreamed up anything better."  
  
Daisy was in a bit of a trance watching Connie's boobs bouncing about. When they popped free the shock knocked Daisy right off her feet. She ending up falling back onto her butt looking straight at Connie's crotch. All the sweat had turned the yoga pants completely transparent. "I'm truly in love."  
  
"Daisy please!" Connie was getting worried about being shot right off the treadmill.  
  
"Oh crap! Sorry." Daisy somewhat came to her senses and scrambled to her feet and hit the kill switch. It slowed and came to a stop. Connie leaned forward against the bar trying to catch her breath. The heat slowed saving her for now.   
  
Connie stood with her hands on her hips trying to catch her breath and looked down and caught site of her naked tits. "Holy Crap!" Connie squealed as she pulled the top back down looking around hoping no one else saw them. She saw two men but they seemed to be looking the other way. "Thank God."  
  
'You think they saw you Connie? Pull up your top and show them to make sure.' She couldn't get it to stop. If she didn't one day it would drive her completely insane.  
  
"I'm so sorry. Are you alright," Daisy asked a bit sad that Connie covered up her tits. But was happy to see she hadn't noticed the yoga pants. Despite the wideness of Connie's hips they had rolled down right to the top of her pussy crack. From the back half of Casey's butt was showing a good four inches of her butt crack. With the sweat making the pants almost invisible it was a sight to behold.

**The Voice 3c**  
"It's ok. Be more careful next time."   
  
'What do you think Daisy's breasts look like Connie?'   
  
It stayed in her mind. She couldn't break free from the thought. Maybe she should stop before something more embarrassing happened then just happened on the treadmill. No she needed to finish. Pounds were pounds. Or was it she wanted to stay and cum in front of Daisy? If the voice would stop she could at least think straight and figure out right from wrong.  
  
"Well at least you're warmed up," Daisy laughed.  
  
"Yes you did get me sweating," Connie weakly laughed back.  
  
"Let's do a few arm presses. That will work on you shoulders and upper back. With your large breasts they must put a lot of strain on you," Daisy giggled.  
  
Connie blushed. "They can be a bit much after a long day."  
  
"Why don't we do twenty pounds. We want enough weight for you to have to work but not enough to make you get any ugly huge muscles." Daisy reached forward and traced Connie's abs. "You are very tight. I think it's very sexy," Daisy giggled and ran her finger across them causing Connie to blush once again.  
  
"Thanks. It was a lot of work. Yours are nice as well."  
  
"You think? Here feel and see if they are as tight like yours," Daisy asked grabbing Connie's hand and placing against her belly. "Well?"   
  
'Daisy feels good doesn't she? Wouldn't you to love to strip here right here and now?' Connie gritted her teeth ignoring the voice the best she could. 'She very nice isn't she Connie.'   
  
Connie couldn't steady her hand. Daisy's skin was so soft. It felt so good.  
  
Connie couldn't steady her hand. Daisy's skin had a warm wonderful feeling to it. It felt so nice. The fight was on. Part of her wanted to tear the girl's clothes off the other told her not to. It was Daisy's fault. She started it in the locker room helping. It wasn't her fault for what was running through her head now. That would make her crazy. And Connie knew she wasn't crazy.   
  
'Nice isn't it Connie? Her skin is so smooth.'   
  
"I'm telling you go away," Connie silently pleading with the voice pounding a hole into her brain.  
  
Daisy moved Connie's hand a touch lower pushing Connie's fingers into the waist band of her shorts. "Well am as tight as you?"  
  
"I...." Connie stared down at her hand.   
  
'Nice isn't it Connie? I'll bet she's wet. Just push your hand down and find out?'  
  
Connie somehow found the strength and pulling her hand free of Daisy's and quickly took her hand away. "Very nice Daisy." Oh how she now wanted to see Daisy naked. The thought wouldn't go away and it was driving her mad. Was she shaved? "Stop it Connie. I don't want to know," Connie muttered to herself.   
  
"Ok come over here and sit. I'll hand it to you. I'll stay right with you so if you start to struggle I'll grab it. Remember back straight. Form is important."  
  
Connie sat down with a leg on each side of the bench. "Ok I'm ready. Stay close now. It's heavier than I usually use."  
  
Daisy got right in front of Connie. Daisy's tiny breasts practically touched her face as she handed the barbell to her. Connie tried to look away but couldn't. "I wonder if she's got tiny nipples too," Connie thought. "What are you thinking? Stop it."  
  
'Bite them Connie. They are right there. Drop the weights and grab them.'  
  
"Now balance it on your chest then push it slowly straight up. Oh my that sounded dirty didn't it?," Daisy giggled in her sexy little way.  
  
Connie couldn't help but laugh. Daisy looked so cute and it did sound dirty. Her mind was fighting the good against the bad. It was there and growing. Thoughts she didn't need. The red hair. The freckles. The tiny tits. The voice. "Think of something you hate. That will get your mind of her. Baseball. Think baseball. Yes think baseball," Connie groaned. It didn't help. Now she was thinking of Daisy naked in a baseball cap giggling holding a bat with a little dirty on the end of her nose.   
  
'She's very pretty isn't she Connie. Wouldn't she be even prettier naked sitting on your lap?'  
  
"Ok. Up and then hold it for a three count. Slowly bring it down. It's easier if you inhale on the way up and exhale on the way down. We'll do 10."  
  
Daisy moved back a bit because she didn't want to miss a thing. She wanted to see every inch of Connie as she lifted the weights.   
  
"Ok here I go," Connie said taking a deep breath.  
  
Daisy's eyes almost popped right out of her head as Connie pushed the barbell over her head. The t-shirt had no where to go but up showing off bottom half of Connie's nipples. "Just a bit more," Daisy said almost pleading, "Get those arm's straight up and hold it." As Connie straightened her arms her shirt came completely of her tits.   
  
Daisy sighed, "they're just beautiful."  
  
"What did you say?"  
  
"Ah.... well.... beautiful form," Daisy replied giving Connie a nervous smile while trying not to stare and those bare sweaty tits right in front of her.  
  
"Thanks."  
  
'Daisy has wonderful form too doesn't her Connie. I'll bet she has freckles right on her....'  
  
"Shut up!"  
  
Connie never noticed what was happening with her shirt. She had all her thoughts on doing the exercise right. And trying to keep her mind off Daisy and how cute she was and whether there were freckles down there. It was becoming next to impossible. "Baseball, baseball, baseball. Oh please think baseball."  
  
The two men took notice thou. Each time up Connie's sweaty tits would giggled just a bit. They lick their lips wondering how much of one of Connie's boobs they could get in their mouths.  
  
"Ok, one, two, three," Daisy counted and watched. It was truly a sight she never wanted to end. "Four, five, six." Up down. Daisy was actually get light headed watching Connie's sweaty tits bounce, shake, and jiggle. Those nipples were screaming at her to suck on them. "Seven, eight, nine, ten. Ok let me have it."  
  
She took the barbell from Connie and put it on the ground never saw it roll back toward her.  
  
Connie got up to stretch a bit.  
  
What happened next happened so fast neither of them could stop it.  
  
Daisy didn't see the barbell because she was to busy watched Connie's boobs three feet away from her. She got up and tripped right over it. Daisy began to fall toward Connie. Her hands reached out and grabbed the only thing that was there, the old t-shirt. The seams ripped and came apart leaving Connie's topless. Daisy continued to fall grabbed at the next thing to stop her, Connie's yoga pants. They ended up around Connie's ankles leaving her standing there naked with Daisy on the ground staring up at her.   
  
"Holy shit!" Connie squealed. She tried to cover up and move at the same time. The yoga pants around her ankles ripped into but not before tripping her up and she fell right on top Daisy. Daisy's head ended up right between her breasts. Daisy couldn't stop help herself any long and began kiss them.  
  
"Daisy!" Connie looked up seeing two men watching them. People! They could see her naked with a girl kissing tits. "Stop! There are people here!"  
  
Daisy rolled Connie over on her back and looked into her eyes and kissed her and their tongues met, Connie's mind exploded. She'd knew that kiss. "My God it was you at the theater!" Connie cried. The tongue darting around in her mouth sent her mind into a heated mess. She had to get away. Daisy mouth seemed to be sucking the life right out of her. That tongue playing with every dirty thought she'd ever had.   
  
Connie pushed Daisy off her and got up to run. She didn't get far as she tripped over the same barbell Daisy had. Connie ended up on her hands and knees.   
  
The two men caught it all. It was heaven plain and simple. They watched Daisy quickly get down behind Connie with buried her face right between the blond girl's legs.  
  
"Daisy stop! Please! People can see! You have to stop!" The tongue darted deep in her. She tried to crawl away but Daisy grabbed her hips so she didn't get far. Daisy's tongue knew just where it needed to be.   
  
Connie was going to cum if she didn't get away. "Daisy I'm begging you please stop. People are watching," Connie said weakly. It was over before Connie could say another word. She came squirting right in Daisy's mouth. The gym started to spin and Connie passed out on the floor.  
  
"I just love that," Daisy giggled.   
  
"God I wish I had a video camera," Joe said.  
  
"Me too Joe," Fred replied as they watched Daisy drag Connie into the locker room.  
  
Connie woke laying on the bench in the locker room still naked not having to wonder what truck just hit her. The truck was Daisy Flowers.

**The Voice 4a**  
Connie walking beside her boss trying to think but what happen at the gym was all she could think about. Had another girl really licked her and did she really like it. She was trying to listen to what her boss was saying but she couldn't. Between the voice and her own thoughts her Boss had been talking for over 30 minutes and she couldn't remember one word he'd said.  
  
"Connie you seem to be somewhere else am I boring you," Alan questioned.  
  
"I.... well.... You...." She couldn't tell him. What could she say that wouldn't get her fired. Having sex was one thing. But with another girl and in public? He'd have no choice but to fire her on the spot.  
  
"Spit it out."  
  
"I was.... just.... a bad night. Yes that's it. A bad night. You've had those right?" Connie answered giving him a weak smile.  
  
"Is that all? Those happen. So just forget it."  
  
"Ok I'll try."  
  
"Here we are," Alan told her pointing at a doorway.  
  
They were standing in front of a door leading to what looked like a tiny office.  
  
"What is it?"  
  
"I know you haven't really gotten the job let but I'm so sure you'll be able to handle it that I'm letting you have it now. I know it's no much but this is your office."  
  
Connie couldn't believe what she was hearing. He was giving her, her own office. "Mine?"  
  
"You can use it for now. After tomorrow when the job is actually yours I put your name on the door."  
  
"Mine?" Connie couldn't help but start to cry.  
  
"Why are you crying?"  
  
"I'm not sure," Connie replied wiping tears off her face.  
  
"News Women don't cry Connie," Alan told her with a smile.  
  
"I can't help it. I've never had my own office before. I've never had a real job before. It's beautiful!"  
  
"Well then Ms Lynn. Congratulations on your new job and shiny new office. I'm giving you the job right now. That's how sure I am that you'll be able to do all the things the job requires. I'll have your name painted on the door by 5pm!"  
  
"You're kidding right?"  
  
"Remember what I told you about business?"  
  
"Let me see.... You never kid?"  
  
"Collect."  
  
"I got the job? I got the job! I don't know what to say."   
  
"Thank you?"  
  
"This it mine! It's so beautiful! I can't believe it!" Connie looked around the small office with nothing but love. It was all hers! She could hardly wait to tell her parents. This just might shut them up once and for all about her being a failure. "Oh yes! Thank you Mr Stanford, thanks you, thank you, thank you," Connie replied. She ran over and gave him a big hug and a kiss on the cheek. "I can't believe I did that again. I'm so sorry."  
  
"That's all right. How can I be mad getting a kiss and a hug from my pretty new news woman and it's Alan, remember?"  
  
"Thanks, Alan," Connie said wiping a new set of tears away that were streaming down her face. "Sorry. News women don't cry. Crap."  
  
"Now get that review done so I don't have to fire you tomorrow," Alan replied with a chuckle.  
  
"Don't worry I'll have it on your desk first thing in the morning."  
  
"I'll be looking forward to it." Alan was hoping she'd worked out even thou she was a bundle of emotions and had a odd way of what looked like arguing with herself. But he could forgive all that if she could just do the news. Connie was just to lovely to pass up. If she could do anything that remotely was the news she'd draw ratings that would make him rich.   
  
\* \* \* \*  
  
Later that day Connie sat at her desk trying to get the review done on a movie she never saw. She thought about going to see it again but just couldn't. Connie hated lying on the first assignment, but she couldn't set foot in that theater again knowing what had happened to her there. The only thing she could do was read other reviews of the film and mash parts together hoping she could turn it into something good enough to fool her boss into thinking she'd actually seen the movie.   
  
It took her the rest of day but she finally got it done. It was getting very late, she was tired and was having a hard time getting the passed few days out of her head. First she was caught dancing naked in front of a window at her apartment. Next at work she stripping herself in a closet then masturbated. At the movie theater where she did nothing to stop two girls from stripping her and then taking pictures of her naked. After that the gym where she met one of the same girl then ended up naked while two men watched her. She should have remembered the girl. How could she have forgotten any who looked as adorable as little red headed Daisy?   
  
Connie couldn't remember a worse few days in her life. The voice had grow so loud at times she couldn't hear anything but it picking at her brain. What was once something that happened every few days had grown into an everyday thing. It was as bad as it ever was this passed week. It felt like the voice was close to driving her crazy at times. It got her to do and think things she still couldn't believe she'd done after it was over. "A nightmare," Connie sighed.  
  
Why were simple things like getting a job making her cry. She'd never cried a day in her life until a few days ago. Now anything would set it off. "It's a phase." Once she got her life in order it would all go away and she'd be the best news woman in the world. She just needed to keep the damn voice in her head from making her do things, those horrible dirty things, before she got caught by the wrong people and thrown in jail. That would ruin her career for sure. Who'd hire a girl who ended up naked all the time in public, no one.   
  
It was the voice who was making her do those things. But who would believe her? "You see officer. I have a voice in my head that talks to me. It told me to do it and I had no choice but to strip naked in the middle of the street." They'd drag her off for being insane. They'd put her in straight jacket and lock her up in the padded cell and throw away the key.  
  
But maybe her life was starting to change. The voice had left her alone for the time being and that was good. She was able to finish her review and it turned out better than she thought. Connie was reading through it one last time when the phone rang.   
  
"Hello?"  
  
"Ms Lynn I let your sister in the building. She should be with you shortly."  
  
Sister? Connie didn't have a sister. Before she could ask the silly doorman what he was talking about the phone went dead.  
  
Connie turned back to find Daisy with her finger on the phone.  
  
"Hi there," Daisy giggled giving Connie a little wave.  
  
My God no! Not here! Daisy was standing in low rider jeans and a half shirt that barely covered her tiny tits looking like so cute it hurt.   
  
"How.... did you find me?"  
  
"Luck really. I was walking down the other side of the street and saw you come in here. I took a guess you worked here. The doorman was easy. A smile works wonders on men. That and a little white lie."  
  
Connie's mind lit up instantly. Again she starting imagining Daisy naked. "Please no, not again."   
  
"What are.... you doing here?" She backed up as Daisy stepped toward her.  
  
"I want to tell you how sorry I am about the theater and the gym." Daisy moved forward as Connie backed up away from her.  
  
"You.... should be," Connie said backing up again as Daisy kept coming toward her. "Daisy you touched me."  
  
"Well yes we were at the gym."  
  
"No I mean.... well.... You touch me...."  
  
"Oh that no need to thank me," Daisy giggled.  
  
"Thank you! You...."  
  
"Well you did faint dead away and fell into me. It was totally my fault. I think I pushed you a bit to hard."  
  
"You mean you didn't.... Well... Touch my...." Connie could say it but she pointed down at her womanhood.  
  
"Oh God no. I'd never do that. I'm a girl silly. But I can get a bit excited now and then. My hands might touch things when I'm not thinking about it," Daisy answered smiling innocently at Connie.  
  
"But.... You did kiss me right? I'm sure of it."  
  
"I sure did as a friend. I am your friend aren't I?" Daisy giggled step toward Connie.  
  
Connie didn't know what to think. Had the whole thing been nothing but a huge mistake with most if it being made up by her sick mind?  
  
"What about the theater? I couldn't have imagined that. You stripped me and were taking pictures? I saw you!"  
  
"I was there. I did see you sleeping in the front row. And yes I did go down and sit by you. I was worry someone as pretty as you asleep would draw attention. Someone might happen by and do something naughty to you. You can't be to careful. There are perverts everywhere."  
  
"Well.... yes, but...."  
  
"I don't want to embarrass you. But you were touching yourself in your sleep. I didn't want to wake you. It could have given you a heart attack or something."   
  
Connie put her head in her hands trying not to cry. She was truly going insane. Everything seemed to be in her head now even when she was sleeping. Now in her sleep her hands did what they wanted. What would happen next her hands stripping her naked and she'd walk right outside for all to see and she'd not even know it?  
  
"You see it was all innocent." Again stepping forward. As they talked Daisy kept backing Connie all around the room until she was backed into a corner with Daisy right in front of her. "You're so pretty. I just can't get you out of my mind. You don't know what it's like having someone as beautiful as you stuck in your head. It can drive you crazy. And you just drive me crazy." Daisy stepped right up to her and pressed her body against Connie's then got up on her tippy toes and whispered in her ear, "Seeing you again makes me so horny. Weird right you being a girl and all." Daisy ran her tongue down Connie's neck. "So you see it's your fault I'm here." Daisy gave Connie a quick little kiss on the lips then moved away.  
  
Daisy's kiss felt like a thunder bolt had stuck her melting her right to the floor. "I have to stop this," She mumbled but was unable to move a muscle as Daisy unbutton her jacket and pushed it off her shoulders. "Daisy please don't," Connie begged. But the voice in her head had awakened. Her mind was filling with images of Daisy. Daisy's tongue. Daisy's touch. Daisy's voice. Daisy's tits. Her mind was screaming out at her telling to do horrible dirty things to her. Her mind was begging her to strip Daisy naked.   
  
'You want her don't you Connie? Take her right there on your desk. You may never get another chance.'   
  
"I won't! I'm normal don't you see that! You can't make me."  
  
"You're the most beautiful girl I've ever met. Everything about you has me so in love with you I can't stop myself," Daisy purred as she began unbuttoning Connie's blouse. "This look very uncomfortable let's loosen it up shall we?"  
  
'You should be ashamed of yourself Connie. It's your fault. You're ruining that girl's life with your dirty ways.'   
  
"No! Stop saying that! It's you!"  
  
Connie's was screaming at her arms to move to stop Daisy from unbuttoning her blouse. But they just hung limp at her sides as each button popped open and the blouse slid down her arms onto the floor. Connie's mind filled with more things than she couldn't keep straight. What was right and what was wrong. She didn't know now and was quickly beginning not to care. All she knew was she wanted was Daisy naked, right here and right now.   
  
"Your breasts are so nice." Daisy ran her tongue down Connie's neck then along sides of both her breasts. "I wish my boobs were like yours," Daisy sighed, "you see nothing." She grabbed Connie's hands put them under her top held them against her tiny breasts. "I wish mine were as big as yours."  
  
Connie couldn't believe it when she started rolling Daisy's nipples between her finger tips. They felt so wonderful, so wickedly tiny. Connie couldn't to take her hands away. She pressed he palms against Daisy's tits. Daisy's nipples felt like tiny raisins against her palms. It was wonderful.  
  
"It's all your fault." Daisy slipped her other hand under Connie's skirt cupping her pussy. "You drive my totally insane. I don't understand why. I can't stop myself."  
  
"We can't. Not here. Please not here."  
  
Connie desperately looked around the room for someone, anyone to stop Daisy. "You can't Daisy."  
  
"I can't what?" Daisy giggled as she reached under Connie's skirt and slid Connie's panties off and dropped them on the floor. "There doesn't that feel better. Panties can be so tight and confining don't you think?"  
  
'You need her don't you Connie? Take her. Do the dirty things that are in your head. Do it before it's to late.'  
  
Connie was actually praying someone would find her to stop this before she did the unthinkable with Daisy. It just wasn't right. She was a girl. Daisy was a girl. "It's not normal. I'm normal. I swear I'm normal. Make it stop. Please make it stop."   
  
"I've wanted you to see me naked since the first time I've ever laid eyes on you. Isn't that strange me wanting you to see me naked?" Daisy backed up and pulled her top over her head then unsnapped her jeans and wiggled them off her hips then stood naked in front of Connie. "See I'm naked that way you wouldn't be embarrassed." Daisy pushed everything off Connie's desk onto the floor and climbed up on it. "You wanted me to show you my body don't you?"  
  
Oh God yes her mind screamed. "NO! I don't. Stop thinking it!" Connie needed to clear her head. She needed to voice to stop before it made her do horrible things to Daisy.

**The Voice 4b**  
'Look at her Connie. Isn't she cute. Isn't she everything you've ever wanted in your life?'  
  
"No," Connie whispered looking over at Daisy. "She can't be. I'm normal. I am." Daisy was everything Connie had thought she'd be naked. She couldn't take her eyes off the pale little thing in front of her. Daisy looked so sweet and innocent even sitting naked on her desk with he legs spread wide. Daisy's pussy was so lovely with just a few red pubic hairs and those tiny breasts. Her mind was running circles around what she should be doing, which was stopping what was going to happen before someone found them.   
  
Daisy grab Connie's hand and placed it on her pussy. "It's weird I'm so warm down here," Daisy whispered in Connie's ear. "Can I see you naked too? Pleeeeease?"  
  
"No, no, no, no, no," Connie said over and over. "We shouldn't. We can't. I won't."  
  
Then as Connie leaned toward Daisy to kiss her a voice echoed through the room.  
  
"Connie are you there!"  
  
"What?" Someone was talking, who?  
  
"Connie I know you're there answer the intercom."  
  
"Intercom?"  
  
"Connie it's Mr Stanford."  
  
Hearing the name cleared her head instantly. Connie ran over picked the intercom off the floor and answered it, "Oh sorry. I was getting something. Yes that's it. I was getting something and didn't hear you."  
  
"I thought since you were still here I'd pop in and take a look at your review if you're done. I'm really interested to hear what you thought of the film. I for one loved it. Are you done with it?"  
  
"Yes. I just finished it. Come on up."   
  
Come on up! What did she just say?!   
  
"I'll be right there I can hardly wait to see what you wrote about it."  
  
Before Connie had a chance to saying anything else the intercom was dead. Her boss was on the way. She dropped the intercom on the floor and stood in shock at what she just said. "Come on up?!!" Connie was fighting hard not to cry. "News women don't cry, Connie. They don't." Why did she say it? "Come on up? My God this is not good at all," Connie whimpered.  
  
'Your boss is coming. What will you tell him when he sees you and Daisy?'   
  
"Shut the f...k up! I need to think!"  
  
"Think Connie, think," Connie muttered. This was not what she needed after what had just happened. He was only down at the end of the hall and he'd be here any minute. If he caught her like this she'd be finished.  
  
"Come on up? What were you thinking? Nothing. That's what you were thinking you stupid idiot!" Connie yelled at herself.  
  
Connie looked over to where Daisy and her had.... My God what was she thinking. Right in the office. Her blouse was no where to be found and her jacket was gone as well and Daisy just vanished into thin air. "Great, just great," Connie grumbled. "What am I going to do?, Think." And she needed something fast. Connie could swear she could hear foot steps coming down the hallway. She looked down and saw Daisy's top and put it on. "At least it's something."   
  
"This will never work," she moaned. Even pulled as far down as she could it left half he tits hanging out the bottom of it. "This is a million times worse than the one she gave me at the gym," Connie groaned. What was written across the front was embarrassing on her. Connie had to hold it down or it would pop up exposing her tits, nipples and all. Almost crying she read the words stretched across her chest, "Yes They're Tits Get Over It." On Daisy with her tiny tits it might be funny. On Connie is was egoistical. Connie didn't like it one bit, but what could she do? She'd be fired in the next 30 second if she didn't think of something.   
  
'Your only hope Connie it to strip. Do it or you are finished.'   
  
"You don't understand. I'm in big trouble here. I have no time to argue with you. So go the f....k away!"  
  
Daisy was naked somewhere, her boss was on the way, the t-shirt she was forced to wear covered nothing and now the voice. It was possibly the worse night of her life.  
  
"How could I have let Daisy do this to me? How could I have been stupid enough to let it happen again? And right here too. Don't cry. Please don't cry. News women don't cry," Connie whispered wiping a few fresh tears off her face.  
  
"Connie how are you."  
  
"Great Mr Stanford," Connie replied quickly trying to dry the tears so he would see she was crying again.   
  
"It's Alan remember."  
  
"Oh yes, Alan."  
  
"What's wrong."  
  
"Nothing, why?"  
  
"Isn't it a bit rude not looking at someone you are talking to," He asked eyeing Connie's killer legs. Oh how he loved those long legs. Oddly she seemed to not be wearing her usual clothes. The top looked way to small for her. Thou it looked damn sexy from the back. From the front it might just kill him.  
  
"Well.... Yes. But I can't." She couldn't turn around. Maybe he wouldn't notice. Maybe he'd go away fast. Maybe she wasn't crazy? Wishful thinking on all three.  
  
"Can't? Why's that? You have a wart on your nose you don't want anyone to see," he teased.  
  
"Well.... this top is.... well.... it's .... kind of small," Connie said softly.  
  
"Connie speak up. I'm old and a bit deaf today. My hearing aid seemed to have just died."  
  
"My top is small," Connie said in a much louder voice.  
  
"Then why would you wear it at work?" He should be mad at anyone dressed in that top which was clearing not something that should be worn outside of a porn video. But he just had to hear why she was wearing it and he sure wanted her to turn around so he could see it from the front. Connie had her arms across her chest mashed against her tits so he could clearly see the sides of them from the back. It was an interesting look from the rear. From the front it would be a lot more interesting to say the least.  
  
'Tell him Connie. Tell him you were about to take a another girl right there on your desk.'   
  
"Don't you understand anything? Go away. I'm beg you," Connie pleaded but it wouldn't have any of it.   
  
'Tell him you were about to do dirty things to her. Dirty things that two girls shouldn't do to each other.'  
  
Connie's mind was racing. She had to think of something, anything other than the truth. Looking around the room trying to see something that might help and caught sight of a coffee cup and then her panties sitting right in the middle of her desk!   
  
"Oh just perfect. Why f...kin not," Connie sighed as her lower lip began to quiver. "Don't cry. Please don't cry." Just when she thought it couldn't get any worse there lay her panties right in the middle of her desk. He hadn't seen them yet but it was only a matter of time then she'd be fired. Connie just wanted to go sit in some dark corner somewhere and cry.   
  
Connie grabbed the bottom of the top and pulled it down holding it with her fingers with her arms still locked over her tits and turned around. "Well you see I was drinking coffee. And.... I spilled it on me. It was.... you know hot and stuff. And I thought I'd take off my blouse and let it dry. Yes that's it. I couldn't sit here with nothing on. So I put this on. See, there you are, nothing unusual there," Connie said with a nervous smile. Would he believe her? Why would he she didn't believe it herself.  
  
"Let's see. You spilled coffee on your shirt. You took it off. You didn't want to sit there topless. So you put that on?"  
  
"Yes you got it." Connie was happy she had fooled him. Maybe her luck was finally changing.  
  
"So where did you get that top?" Alan questioned trying not to laugh. He didn't know what Connie was up to. But the panicked look on her face was sure sexy. He had to see where this was going.  
  
"I found it."  
  
'He knows you're lying Connie. Your only hope is to take off your top. Getting naked it's your only hope.'   
  
She didn't need her mind picking at her now. Not with her boss right in front of her. If it kept up she just might pull her top up. "Not now, not now, not now," She whispered over and over.  
  
"I see. Who was the young lady I saw earlier. I've never seen her before. I thought I saw her come in here. But I don't see her now. Who is she and where did she go?"  
  
Connie's mind was flooded with doom. It was getting harder for her to keep what she was saying straight. He'd seen Daisy. "Think Connie."   
  
"Well.... I called her and.... she brought me a new top. Because the other one was.... you know.... got hot and stuff. Yes that's it a new top," Connie answered. She thought that was a pretty good lie.  
  
"Why would she bring you a top that certainly wasn't designed to cover someone of your size?"  
  
"Well.... hmmm...... well.... She must have.... brought the wrong one? Yes that's it. She just grabbed to wrong one. And wearing this would be better than being topless right? I couldn't have that, so I put this one on. You see that was simple wasn't it?"   
  
He knew Connie was lying. He didn't know what it was up, but watching her squirm was fun. And he was hoping to see those breasts in the top a bit longer. "I see."  
  
'Someone of your size? Nice way of saying you have huge tits isn't it Connie? Pull your top up and show him what size you really are.'   
  
"No! I won't!"  
  
"Why are all your things from your desk on the floor? And who's panties are on your desk?"  
  
"Well.... you see.... I need to sit down. I'm getting a bit dizzy," Connie mumbled trying to give herself time to think.   
  
"You need to speak up."  
  
'Tell him you're always topless around the office Connie.'   
  
She desperately needed her mind to clear. "You're going to get me fired. I need you to go away. Please go away," Connie pleaded.  
  
"Well Connie?" This was so much fun. The look on Connie's face was priceless and darn sexy at the same time. It was even sexier adding in the cute way she seemed to argue with herself.  
  
"Well.... you see.... I.... well.... Aren't you hot? I'm burning up," Connie said forgetting about her top and ran her fingers through her hair. The her top raising with her hands. Her tits came into full view of her Boss.  
  
Had he not been and old criminal lawyer trained to not be surprised by anything he would have jumped up and pointed at what he was seeing. Spectacular was all he could think of looking at them. He was now in a bit of a mess. If he told her tits were hanging out he'd be a pervert because he was looking at them. If he didn't then he was a pervert not telling her when she found out. He couldn't win. But if he was going to be labeled a pervert he might as well look.  
  
"And the panties?"  
  
"Well.... I..... ah see..... ah..... I was drinking my coffee and.... I spilled some on them," Connie replied wiped a little sweat off her brow.  
  
"So you spilled coffee on them?"  
  
"Yes you got it. Then.... well..... I couldn't sit here.... with wet panties on. You know how yucky wet panties be? Oh.... well.... you wouldn't. Of course you wouldn't. But I can tell you they can feel.... you know.... wet and stuff. Not that I know anything about wet panties. I.... well.... They were just wet ok?" Connie's head was spinning trying to keep everything she was saying remotely believable.   
  
This was the most fun he'd had in a long time, "So why didn't your skirt get wet?"  
  
"Well.... Isn't getting really hot in here?," Connie asked wiping a few beads of sweat off her upper lip.   
  
"Feels fine in here to me, but please continue. Your skirt didn't get wet because?"  
  
"Well you see.... when I spilled the coffee on my blouse.... and it got hot and.... stuff.... and..... well.... It dripped down so I lifted my skirt so it wouldn't get wet.... Yes that's it," Connie told him squirming nervously in her chair.  
  
'He knows you are lying. Who would believe you?'  
  
He wasn't sure what better. Watching her squirm. Watching her sweat or seeing her naked tits. He'd never seen someone lying right through their teeth and doing it as poorly as she did. But it was fun to watch. He couldn't stop now.  
  
"So where is your jacket and blouse?"  
  
"Well.... It.... I think.... You are sure you aren't hot? It's like 100 degrees," Connie asked as she felt a few drops of sweat running down her belly.  
  
"I don't think so. Now where did your jacket and blouse go?"  
  
"They.... It's.... just.... I got it. Daisy took them.... because they were wet. Yes that's it Daisy took them. I was fine without them because she gave me this top," Connie told. How could he believe that? It was totally insane.   
  
"I see. And how did all your things end up on the floor?"

**The Voice 4c**  
"Well.... You see.... You have to be hot. I'm burning up here," Connie asking again running her fingers through her hair again looking so sexy with sweat now beading up on her bare breasts he thought he'd died and gone to heaven.  
  
"Actually I'm finding it a little cool in here. Now your things on the floor?"  
  
"Well.... you see.... I was..... It was.... I was drink my coffee..... and spilled it on my desk. Yes that's it. I spilled it. Then.... The coffee got on my top.... and ran down on my panties. You see that totally innocent isn't it?"   
  
"That doesn't explain why the stuff is on the floor."  
  
"No it doesn't does it? Well.... when I spilled my coffee.... I.... it was getting on my stuff. And.... I didn't want it wet..... So I pushed it onto the floor. Yes that what I did. You see that explains it doesn't it?" My God she couldn't believe what she just said.   
  
"I see and who is this Daisy?" He couldn't believe she still hadn't noticed her boobs hanging out. He felt like a pervert saying nothing. They were amazing. He'd never get another chance like this in his life time and didn't want it to end anytime soon.   
  
"That's my friend's name," Connie replied smiling knowing now she'd gotten away with all that happened to her.  
  
"I see. I never saw Daisy leave. She would of had to have walked right by my office."  
  
Connie took a pen out of desk and was nervously rolling a pen between her fingers when she heard a giggle. Something touching her leg which made her jump and it shot straight up into the air and fell to the ground rolling under the desk. Connie reached down to get it looking down under the desk. Daisy giggled and gave her a little wave.   
  
"Daisy is a sneaky little thing. That's for sure," Connie replied in a mad voice.  
  
Daisy giggled again and stuck her tongue out at her.  
  
She had to be in the Twilight Zone. Connie was half expecting Rod Serling to show up and start his speech about her entering it. Daisy was hiding under her desk and was surely up to no good. Worse yet Daisy was totally naked. And she might as well be naked as well wearing practically a nonexistent top, her sandals and skirt. Add to it her Boss sitting right in front of her, she could swear she could hear the theme music playing in the back ground.   
  
"Just kill me now it would be easier," Connie groaned.   
  
'Daisy looks so cute under there doesn't she Connie? Why don't you tell your Boss you have a naked girl under your desk?'   
  
"Quiet!"   
  
"Connie can I see your review?" He wanted to stretch this out as long a possible. He amazed himself not changing his demeanor with those epic bare tits only 6 feet from him. He was a leg man but seeing those naked could turn him into a boob man for life.  
  
Connie leaned forward to hand him the review. Her nipples hit the ice cold desk top and she couldn't help but let out a squeal then sat straight back down and quickly stretched her top back over her tits.   
  
He deserved academy award for never flinching as he innocently took the review and began reading it.   
  
Thank God he didn't see them! Connie had been lucky for once. Now she had a bigger problem. It was Daisy under her desk and that had to mean nothing but trouble.  
  
Daisy couldn't help herself. She began kissing up and down Connie's leg from thigh to calf. Connie jerked straight up in her chair.   
  
"You're a bit jumpy Connie. Anything wrong?"  
  
Connie wanted to tell him, "Well I have a naked girl under my desk and she's playing with my legs. I'm almost naked. You're here. And I'm being driven insane by a mad voice in my head. Everything is normal here. How are you doing?"  
  
'What are you going to tell him when he sees Daisy, Connie? What would he say knowing you were about to take her right on your desk before he got here?'   
  
Connie wanted to scream out. "Shut up, shut up, shut up!" How she stopped herself was a miracle.  
  
"Connie is there anything wrong?"   
  
"Nothing. I'm just a bit nervous. You know.... the review and all and well.... my top.... and.... are you sure you aren't hot?' Connie asked wiping a bit of sweat of her cheek.   
  
"Nope I fine."  
  
"That's good," Connie grumbled putting her hand under the desk trying to swat Daisy away. All she got for her effort was Daisy's mouth taking her index finger and sucking on it and giggling. The only thing saving her now was Alan was half deaf and couldn't hear Daisy's silly giggling.   
  
"I dropped my pen again. Don't mind me," Connie said as she leaned down and looked under the table.   
  
Daisy had that cute smile on her face as she slipped off Connie's sandals and began to kissing her ankle. "Stop it!" Connie snapped in a low voice so her Boss wouldn't hear her. "I said stop it!"   
  
"Maybe it's better to just leave her be," Connie thought. As long as Alan didn't find out she was under there she was fine. What could she possible do with her boss right there? "Yes that was a good plan." There really wasn't any other, other than telling her boss she had a naked girl under her desk. And that plan would end in her being fired.  
  
"So how did you like the part about when they were escaping? Where did you go? Connie?"  
  
"Right here Mr Stanford just looking for my pen," Connie replied popping her head up.   
  
"It's Alan."  
  
"Yes Alan right."   
  
Connie looked one more time at Daisy and pleaded with her, "Daisy quit it." She sat back up in her chair while still trying to swat at Daisy's hands running up her thighs. Connie made another quick look. "Enough!" Daisy just giggled as she lightly ran her finger up Connie's thigh until reached Connie's pussy.  
  
"The escape?"  
  
"I.... was ooooooooooh..... My...." Connie couldn't get the words out as Daisy was running her finger over her shaven mound. "Oh God yes..... exciting doesn't do.... it justice." If Daisy didn't stop now.... she didn't even want to think about it. "Think of something else Connie, anything. Baseball. No no not baseball, football, yes think football."  
  
'Yes Connie, think of Daisy naked playing football. Sexy isn't it? Think of how fun it would be running after her and tackling her with her naked body pressing against you again.'   
  
"I can't. Please don't make me."  
  
"It does sound like it excited you," Alan questioned.  
  
"Yes very exciting." Connie gave a quick look at Daisy. "Quit it!" Connie squirmed in her seat trying to swat Daisy away with one hand and trying to keep her top down with the other.  
  
"You sure you're all right?"  
  
"Fine, fine. Yes everything..... fine.... Yes.... fine," Connie said half moaning as Daisy's tongue began working it way up her leg.  
  
He didn't know what was going on but watching it was wonderful entertainment.  
  
"What about the part where the mother found her long lost child."  
  
"Oh man! I almost.... cried!" Connie jumped up the Daisy's tongue reached her crotch. That was the wrong move. Daisy pulled on her skirt and the button popped and it slid right off and puddled around her ankles. Connie quickly sat back down with a stunned look on her face.  
  
"Anything wrong?" The look on Connie's face was simply priceless. Again he stayed cool as he watched Connie's skirt just seemly to fall right off. It almost gave him a heart attack. Connie even looked like she was shaved! "My Lord!," He thought.   
  
"It's.... just that part.... was so good.... it makes you stand up.... and cheer," Casey replied. Daisy's tongue now had clear sailing and it was right where Connie didn't need it to be.  
  
'Cum Connie. Do it. Pull your top off and cum.'   
  
Between the voice in her head, Daisy's tongue and her Boss right there she'd not be able to stop it soon. It couldn't happen now, not with her boss looking on. Her mind was a roaring Ferrari. All she could see was Daisy's standing in front of her naked holding a football, covered in sweat and giggling at her. Her mind was heated mess. If he didn't leave soon there be no telling what he might see.   
  
Connie grabbed the edge of her desk and closed her eyes. Without her hands holding her top it popped up freeing her tits once again. He couldn't believe how sexy Connie looked. They were the 9th Wonder of The World. Connie's tits were glistening with sweat. "Unbelievable!"   
  
"What did you think of the ending?"   
  
"Oh..... it was..... holy shit! Dear God! It was so.... good," Connie stood up gripping the edge of her desk and began rocking back and forth. Sweat had formed on her everywhere. If there was a sexier sight than Connie's tits covered in sweat it hadn't been invented yet.  
  
"It does sound like you liked it."  
  
There was no turning back now. Connie didn't know how many finger's Daisy was using on her but it was driving toward the best orgasm of her life.   
  
"Oh God yes, yes, yes. The end was........... right there........ My God yes!"   
  
She knew it was over when the voice faded away. The feeling started at her toes and rushed up to her head. She began to shake. Begged one last time, "Please don't. Not here." Connie grabbed her tits and squeezed them hard. Connie whole body shook and she came then fell back onto her chair soaked in sweat with her naked breasts heaving.   
  
Alan could have sworn Connie had just had an orgasm. It was the sexiest thing he'd ever seen. He hadn't been hard in years. Now he was a hard as he'd ever been. He had to go relieve himself.   
  
"I'm glad you liked it. I really have to run," Alan told her as he gave her one last look and went running off to his office to relieve the excitement Connie had just caused him.  
  
"Whatever," Connie mumbled not even knowing where she was or what had just happened as she came a second time. Her mind floating off caused by after math of two wonderful orgasms still running through her body.  
  
Daisy giggled, "I hope to see you again soon." Daisy pulled her top off Connie and put it back on then her jeans. Covering Connie with her jacket and dropping the blouse on the desk. "I really do love you." She picked up the panties off the desk and gave them a kiss dropping them on Connie lap. Daisy turned and happily walked out bouncing about like the happiest girl on earth.

**The Voice 5a**

Connie woke in her office and looked around. "What a horrible dream." But as her eyes began to focus she looked around and saw her desk empty. "Please no."   
  
Connie looked down and saw her panties in her lap. "no, no, no, no."  
  
Her blouse was on the desk and her jacket was covering her. "No, no. I couldn't have. Oh no, please no."  
  
Connie lifted her jacket and looked underneath and began to cry. "No."  
  
It was true. What Daisy did to her was horrible but what she thought about doing was even worse. What if she'd have actually done what was in her head to Daisy and he'd have seen her doing it? Connie might be able to think of something to explain what happened but to find her doing.... "What was I thinking!"  
  
Her Boss had seen her cum. There was nothing else that could be said. He'd seen her and now she was finished. No one in their right mind would hire her now once the word spread that she..... "I didn't, please no," Connie whimpered closing her eyes and prayed it would all go away somehow. "It was dream, Connie. Yes a terrible nightmare. You didn't. You couldn't have. Just open you eyes now and it will be gone." But when she opened her eyes again it was still there. Tears were streaming down her face. "I want to just die," she cried.  
  
It couldn't get any worse. Then the phone rang. She found the phone on the floor and answered it, "Hello."  
  
"Ms Lynn, Mr Stanford wants to see you in his office at nine sharp tomorrow morning. I suggest you be on time. Remember we have standards here so dressing as some cheap teasing slut in your world might seem right but here I a sure you it is not," Ms Pinkerton spat at her.  
  
"Yes mam," Connie replied.   
  
\* \* \* \*  
  
Connie lay awake all night trying to think of what she was going to tell her boss about what she'd done. No matter how she tried to spin it in her head it all came out the same. She was naked and came in front of him. Being fired was the only ending she could come up with. She'd be moving back home and back to her parents. Having the voice pounding her right in the face for the rest of her life was better than to having to listen to them. "You got fired again? I thought we raised a smarter daughter than this. Just because you're pretty doesn't mean you can't at least try and not be so stupid so you can keep a job more than a day." News women or not Connie began to cry again thinking about having to tell them she got fired. "I can't go back home, I just can't."  
  
Connie needed to dress in anything more normal than what she always wore. "Screw the thing in my head if it doesn't like it," she mumbled. But looking through everything she couldn't find one thing. "I really do need new clothes. What were you thinking?" Connie muttered looking through closet. Short shorts, mini skirts, tight sweaters, blouses with plunging necklines. The voice had gotten her to buy things that were obscene. Why had she not seen it before? Well it was going to change!   
  
Connie was forced into wearing what she always did to work. They were the most normal work clothes she had. After what had happened she wasn't happy about it. She never felt more naked fully clothed.  
  
\* \* \* \*   
  
Connie sat in Mr Stanford's outer office. Her mind racing. Trying to think of anything she could say so she wouldn't be fired. But what? Connie closed her eyes trying not to cry.  
  
"The film was just so exciting I couldn't help myself."  
  
'He wouldn't believe that Connie. Just tell him you were being licked under your desk.'  
  
"Shut up. I need to think. I was very tired and didn't know what I was doing."  
  
'Who would believe that one? Wouldn't it be better dancing on his desk naked?'  
  
"I'm in terrible trouble here be quiet! I'm on new medication and had a reaction to it. I didn't know what I was doing."  
  
'Really is that all you can come up with? Just get naked and play with yourself while you are waiting it's the only thing you are good at other than getting fired, Connie.'  
  
"F...k you. Go away!"  
  
"What was that Ms Lynn?" Ms Pinkerton was standing right in front of her.  
  
"I said how.... are you.... anyway," Connie replied, "Yes that's it. How are you Ms Pinkerton?  
  
"You young lady need to get your act together. How you are still employed here is a miracle. I guess he must like the way his little news women dresses. I for one find it cheap and slutty look. How you can dress that way just shows your low morals. I'll be glad when Mr Stanford tires of you and hires someone of real talent," She huffed and turned and went back to her desk.  
  
'Looks like she knows you.'   
  
"F...k you and f...k her too!"  
  
Connie took a deep breath and stepping into her boss's office. Her mind instantly turned into a mess of thoughts she couldn't keep straight. Everything she thought about saying was lost.  
  
"Morning Connie please come and sit down."  
  
"I'd rather stand if you don't mind."  
  
"All right then."  
  
"Mr Stanford I'm so sorry about the other night. It was.... it wasn't.... I..... You see.... " Connie said stumbling over the words. Connie could feel the tears welling up again as she tugged at her skirt feeling completely naked and tried to hide her breasts by crossing her arms over them.  
  
"Just relax Connie. Before I get to what I called you in for I want to say I heard what my secretary just told you. I will be having a talk with her I can a sure you. If I had a problem with you office attire I will tell you. You dress like everyone who works here. You dress highlighting who you are. You're a beautiful young women. Anyone can see that you like dressing to show it. Hell if I was a women and looked like you I'd be wearing the same thing." Alan laughed.  
  
"Thank you Mr Stanford," Connie replied feeling much better and the feeling of being naked vanished somewhat.   
  
"Connie, it's Alan remember. About the other night. I could see you really enjoyed the movie and got excited about it. I'm willing to say it never happened. It will be our little secret. Next time try and be a little less excited around the office," He said in a half teasing way.  
  
"Ok, Alan. But.... I.... It wasn't what you think. It was.... I don't know. It's just.... I was...."  
  
"Forget it. I already have." That was a lie. That was something he'd never forget as long as he lived.  
  
"Thank you. I was sure I'd be fired. I was just so stupid, I.... it...." Connie began to cry.   
  
He didn't need that. "Connie forget it. It's between us. No one will ever know. Remember what I told you about news women?"  
  
"They don't cry. I know. Crap, I'm sorry," Connie replied wiping the tears away with the back of her hand. "I promise to work twice as hard to make things right. I.... It.... I.... Crap I can't even think. Some news women I'll make."   
  
'You want to make things right? Show him your tits.'   
  
Connie grumbled under her breath, "zip it."  
  
"You'll be a fine one. The review you wrote was first rate. I'm very impressed. You seem to get wrapped up in what you do and get very emotional. Passion is a good thing but you need to learn when to use it and when not to. But enough about you're little mishap. That is in the passed. Let's move on to today. I called you here today to say you're becoming a news woman before I planned."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Yes. Someone called and asked for you by name. He wants you to interview him."  
  
"How would he even know who I am?"  
  
"Not sure."  
  
"Who is it?"  
  
"Sam Nelson."  
  
"The Sam Nelson?"  
  
"Yes. The Sam Nelson."  
  
Connie turned white. She had read about him. He was a internet monster who got young girls to do horrible things while he broadcast them. The police had been after him for over 2 years.  
  
"Me?"  
  
"Yes you. It will be huge. The national networks want to pick it up too. Your face will be everywhere. In fact I already sent a photo of you over to them. They are starting the promos on it later today. This will be great for you and great for the station."  
  
"Well ok. But...."  
  
"No buts. You'll be fine."  
  
"Here's something to help you along," He said handing her a piece of paper. "This it a list of questions you might like to ask him. Looked them over and piece your interview together using some of the list as a guild line if you need to. I'm not telling you how to interview. I'm just helping you get it going in the right direction. Just have it done so I can see it first. We want this to be good."   
  
'Be yourself? You mean getting naked? You get a chance to it on national TV. Nice Connie,' the voice taunted.   
  
"Enough!"  
  
"I'll start working on it now, Mr Stanford. I mean Alan."  
  
"Just have it on my desk Monday. The interview is on Friday."  
  
"I will."   
  
"My luck is finally changing." Being what was now small time but after this she might be huge. What everyone talked about on big time TV news. She was going to be the one that broke the story. The one who got to interview Sam Nelson. That would show her parents she wasn't a failure!  
  
\* \* \* \*  
  
Connie sat at home Saturday morning running through her head what she needed to do. She was going make sure everything was just right for her big chance. Her hair, clothes and makeup. Connie was even going to make sure she had the prefect tan by going to a tanning salon to make sure she was tan all over. Not that anyone would ever see. "It'll make me feel sexy." Why she thought that was important was odd. "Yes I need everything to be prefect. I'm going to make an impression no one will ever forget."  
  
"I need something new to wear. Something that says "I'm a professional woman without being overly sexy like all my other things." The voice wasn't going to stop her this time. Connie had $200.00 left on her credit card. After that she'd be broke. "I just have to. I need to show everyone what I can do and I need to look the part. Once people see how good I am I'll make all the money I'll ever need." She probably didn't have enough money for whole new outfit but spent right she was sure it could make a difference with just a piece or two.  
  
Connie set off to the mall dressed in the most casual clothes she could find. A pair of shorts that at least didn't leave half her butt showing. She'd also found and old t-shirt that wasn't bad at all. It was a bit tight across her chest with a large happy face on the front which looked silly. "What was I thinking ever buying it?" Connie laughed.   
  
"Shoes? What to wear? Hello there! How did I miss you before?" In a pile deep in her closet she found a pair on thongs. "A bit old but they scream, I'm normal! Yes!"  
  
Connie put everything on and looked in the mirror. "Looks like a normal 19 year old to me. I need to buy more stuff like this one day."   
  
Well as normal as a 19 year could be with a body that could stop a run away freight train and a face so lovely it would put a angel to shame.  
  
Off she went to the mall.   
  
\* \* \* \*  
  
Connie headed right for her usual haunt. "Today's Women." They had a department for anything you'd ever want, casual, sporty, swim wear, professional. They even had one with sexy things. It was always fun going through the different departments seeing what the help would be wearing. They always dressed in what the department sold.   
  
Connie made a wrong turn and ended up in one selling naughty things. "Oops. Not here Connie."  
  
'Why don't you at least look Connie? It wouldn't hurt anything would it?'  
  
"I guess not. But I'm not buying anything you like. So you might as well shut up right now. I'm here for a new skirt or jacket and nothing else."  
  
Connie was looking through the silk nighties and found one that looked very sexy and held it up against her when someone walked up behind her and tapped her on the shoulder.  
  
"Oh I like that one. You'd look so sexy in that," she giggled.  
  
Connie quickly turned and saw Daisy.   
  
"What.... are you doing.... here!"  
  
"Remember I told you I had a part time job. Well this is it."  
  
"You stay away from me! Or I'll scream!"  
  
"That's not very friendly. I thought we were friends?" Daisy replied with a sexy pout.  
  
"Friends don't do what you did to me. Friends don't leave someone naked and passed out where anyone could find."  
  
"I did cover you up but you weren't naked," Daisy giggled.  
  
"Well.... You.... I...." Connie were getting confused once again. Was Daisy telling the truth?  
  
"I'm normally more level headed. But you do stupid things to me. I can't help it. So I left before I got silly."  
  
"Daisy you stripped me. You undressed in front of me. You...."  
  
"Hold on there. All I did was unbutton your jacket and take it off. And yes I popped a button on your blouse. You looked a bit hot is all. Then you sat down at your desk. You looked very tired. I think you'd been working way to hard because before I knew it you were asleep," Daisy told her holding her breath praying somehow Connie would believe her.   
  
"But when I woke up I was naked how do you explain that if you didn't anything?"  
  
"Well I wasn't there so I have no clue. Maybe you were dreaming. I've had some dreams that seem so real afterwards it's eerie. Maybe you had one of those dreams?   
  
"I guess." Now she was dreaming of horrible things about naked Daisy. There was no way she could tell Daisy she was dreaming about her. It would make her out to be some horrible pervert. She'd just have to clear her mind of it the best she could and just put it out of her mind.  
  
Connie finally realized what Daisy was wearing. She was dressed all in black. Wearing five inch pumps, thigh high lacy top stockings, lacy panties with matching strapless bra. She was also wearing devil horns and was holding a pitch fork.

**The Voice 5b**  
"You.... How can you wear that out in pubic?" Connie was starting to having a hard time thinking seeing Daisy in those things. Dirty things were starting to fill her head and she needed them to stop.  
  
"This? What's wrong with it?"  
  
"You might as well be naked. How can you wear that?" Connie whispered.  
  
"No I'm not. But I've not got far to go either," Daisy giggled looking down at herself. "Look at the sign silly. We wear theme stuff remember. So ta da! I'm the Devil," Daisy said with a big smile. "Sometimes I really am little devil aren't I?" Daisy reached over and touched Connie on the cheek.  
  
"Stop it!"  
  
Connie looked up at the sign. "For The Women Who Loves Feeling A Bit Naughty."  
  
"Don't you think I look hot in this? I know I don't have your shape but I'm not bad if I do say so myself." Daisy turned around and wiggled her butt at Connie.  
  
'What do you think Connie? She's hot isn't she?'   
  
"No she's not. I've had it with you already. Be quiet." What Daisy dressed in and now the voice. This was turning into another nightmare. "I'm not ending up naked. I'm not!"  
  
"Now that you are here let's see what I can do for you. I really want to make up for all I've done to you."  
  
Before Connie had a chance to answer Daisy grabbed a few things and pushed her right into a changing room.  
  
"What are you doing! Get your hands off me!"   
  
"Shhh. Let's not make a scene here. Relax, this will be fun you'll see. Now give me a minute and let's see how you look in these."  
  
Connie felt like a race car in a Nascar pit stop. It seemed only a matter of seconds before she was naked and things where flying around her then she was dressed.  
  
"Now that's hot. I like it what do you think?"  
  
Connie stared into the mirror with Daisy standing behind her looking over her shoulder. "Are you crazy?" Connie couldn't believe what she was wearing. Connie was the opposite of Daisy, dressed all in white with the same five inch pumps, thigh high lacy top stockings, lacy panties with matching strapless bra. She was even wearing a halo and angel wings.   
  
"Well that's not very nice."  
  
"Don't you see what I'm wearing?"  
  
"I picked it out for you. So you'd think I'd know what you are wearing silly. I think you look so hot. Don't you?" Daily couldn't help herself. She a gave Connie a kiss on the neck and reached around grabbed Connie tits from behind while looking at them in the mirror bouncing them in her hands. "Bra might be a touch small but I like it."  
  
"Don't touch me. I'm not some doll you dress up and play with. I'm a real person."  
  
"A real sexy person too," Daisy giggled kissing her on the neck.  
  
"I told you to stop it!" Connie broke away from Daisy starting backing away. "Not again! Stay away. I'm not kidding here I'll scream!" Connie backed away.  
  
'You'd better be careful Connie. I think Daisy might bite.'  
  
Daisy never said another word. She walked toward Connie as Connie backed away from her again and again. Finally Connie had her back against the wall cornered once again.  
  
"I don't think you want to be here," Daisy told Connie.  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
Before Daisy could answer her Connie ran passed her and was standing by the door. "I'm not letting anyone see me like this. I'm closing this door. After that you're going to get my things while I wait here." Connie slammed the door closed.  
  
"Wait don't close.... Ah shit."  
  
"What?"  
  
"It locks from the outside we're trapped in here."  
  
"Trapped? With.... you?" Connie ran over of the far side of a tiny room. "You just stay over there."  
  
"All thou the thought is exciting being locked in here with you, we have a bigger problem here. This is a room on the circular rotating stage."  
  
"Which means what exactly?"  
  
"You had to have seen it? It looks out onto the mall. It spins showing the different sides for a time. Each side has a different scene with mannequins dressed in the different things we sell at the store."  
  
'Sounds exciting Connie.'   
  
"Silence!"  
  
"Which means what actually?"  
  
"Well.... We'll end up facing the mall with the stage lights up showing the scene we are in. We're kind of going to be on display for everyone to look at for a time."  
  
'Sweet Connie everyone will get to see you wearing that. You can even strip for them too.'   
  
"Not now!"  
  
"Why does this keep happening to me when your around? This is all your fault!"  
  
"Why's that?"  
  
"The theater was your fault!"  
  
"Well I was there but I told you I didn't do anything," Daisy giggled.  
  
"What about the gym?"  
  
"Ok I'll give you that one. That was kind of my fault."  
  
"My office?"  
  
"Well if you want to bring that one up, I guess you might be right on that one too. Maybe me taking off your jacket got you thinking things."  
  
"And now this."  
  
"Ok you can blame me for all the others but this was not my fault. You closed the door. I didn't."  
  
"So I dressed myself in this?"  
  
"Ok that was me again. But you locked us in here," Daisy replied pouting at Connie.  
  
"Whatever. What are we going to do? I can't let people see me in this. If it got back to my boss I'd be fired on the spot."  
  
'Do? Get naked. Think of how sexy it would be getting Daisy naked right now.' Connie gritted her teeth ignoring the voice.  
  
"Here's an idea. This might sound stupid but...."  
  
Daisy's plan was a simple one. Every time the stage rotated them toward the mall they'd freeze. They way they'd pass as mannequins. They'd have to stay still for a few minutes then the stage would turn away. After that they'd have a little over ten minutes until they would need to freeze again. Every 30 minutes or so a person in charge of the displays for the day would stop the stage for a time then change the mannequin's positions. Then they'd be free to get out.  
  
"Is that the best you can come up with? We just stand here letting everyone see us dressed like this?"  
  
"Exciting plan right? Maybe we can have a little fun while we wait," Daisy giggled walk toward Connie.  
  
"Stay away! I'm not ending up naked. Not here."  
  
'Why not Connie? It's the perfect time. You can do all the things you ever wanted to do to Daisy and let everyone watch at the same time.'   
  
"I can't deal with you and Daisy. You need to shut the f...k up."  
  
"Wouldn't it be fun being naked?"  
  
"Are you completely insane!? This will keep you away from me," Connie told her as she put a set of padded handcuffs on Daisy's wrists. Then slid another on for good measure. "So how do you like it.... Hey wait!"  
  
Connie was cuffed to Daisy with the chain through the end piece of the prop bed in the scene. They were stuck right in the middle of the room.   
  
"Oh you're kinky. I like it," Daisy giggled.  
  
"This is all your fault!"  
  
"Excuse me, how is this my fault? You're the one who somehow didn't realize you were putting a pair of handcuffs on yourself. And you somehow managed to lock another set to yours and put the other end on my wrist. Not only are we locked together but you tangled them in the end board on the bed so we can't move. Don't blame me for this one. But I'm happy about it. Now you can't get away from me." Daisy kissed her on the neck again.  
  
'You want to kiss her back don't you Connie?'  
  
"Daisy you need to stop doing that."  
  
The feeling was growing. If she didn't find away out of this mess it was going to end badly. Connie would soon not be able to stop it if it followed the course it had every time she'd been with Daisy. She'd be naked and would cum. "One break that's all I ask. Please."  
  
"Where did you get these?" Daisy purred in Connie's ear.  
  
"I found them over there on the table."  
  
"Nice."  
  
"Nice! This isn't good? We're now trapped in this stupid room and we are handcuffed together. This is no time for...."  
  
"For what?" Daisy giggled.  
  
'Looks like a perfect time to get Daisy naked again doesn't it Connie? Now she can't run off. You can do all the dirty things you've been hiding in the filthy mind of yours.'   
  
"No! We can't. Don't you see we in trouble here. No, no, no! I will not."  
  
"Connie get ready we're up. Say cheese! Don't move now!" Daisy kissed her right on the lips as the spot light lit the stage. Connie's eyes were wide in shock not only from the kiss and Daisy's tongue shooting into her mouth. She could see at least 20 people staring at them standing in next to nothing being kissed by a girl and she dared not move. It should have be a nightmare but it caused a tingle. "No, Please no."  
  
'Look at them Connie. It's turning you on isn't it? Wouldn't it be better totally naked?'   
  
"That's kinky. They've over done themselves this time. A Devil and a Angel. I'm going to burn in hell. But I think it's hot!"   
  
"They're the most realistic looking mannequins I've ever seen."  
  
"You're right there. I wonder where they got them?"  
  
"They might be fake but I'd love to get my hands on the blond one. What body and man what a set of knockers."  
  
"I kind of like the tiny red headed one myself. Reminds me of the girl who lived next door to me when I was growing up. Many a night I dreamed about bouncing her on my lap."  
  
Connie could hear everything they were saying. They were actually getting away with it. Daisy's hair brained plan was working. But between the looks on their faces and Daisy's kissing her it was starting to have an effect on her which was not good. "Please move," Connie begged the stage. She needed it to move and move now while she still had some sort of common sense. Daisy's tongue was magical working around and around toying with her tongue.  
  
After what seemed like hours the light died and the stage turned.  
  
Connie pushed her away. "What do you think you are doing?! And I told you to stop doing that!"   
  
"Well I thought it might be fun. And it was, wasn't it?" Daisy replied running her finger up and down Connie's arm.  
  
Connie slapped it away, "quit it! I can't go through that again. We need this stupid cuffs off. Where's the key?"  
  
'Why would you want a key Connie? You could send the next 30 minutes cuffed to Daisy and have fun with her. You want to don't you?' When the voice got this loud in her head she would begin to lose which was right and which was wrong.  
  
"Just make it stop. I can't take this much longer."  
  
"Up there on the shelf," Daisy giggled pointing at a shelf right next to the bed.  
  
"Why is it up there?" Connie began to cry.  
  
"Oh don't cry. It makes you look so sad. It may make me sound evil but you look sexy crying," Daisy replied wiping a tear of her cheek. "These cuffs aren't for using. They are for showing. So we don't need a key normally because we never use. We usually just lay them in a scene never much putting them on anything."   
  
"Please Daisy help get the key. I can't go through that again. I just can't."  
  
"For you, I'll try" Daisy kissed Connie's cheek.  
  
"Daisy quit that."  
  
"Ooops, sorry." Daisy scooted over and tried to reach the shelf. "Hmmm a bit short. I got it you're tall. I bet you can reach it."  
  
Connie reached out and wasn't even close to touch them being cuffed where they were. "Now what are we suppose to do," Connie groaned.  
  
"Well you're tall. You use you foot."  
  
"My foot? How is that going to help?"  
  
"You could grab it with your toes silly."  
  
"Ah," Connie began to feel better. "That just might work. At least now you're helping."  
  
"I live to serve a pretty angel like you," Daisy giggled again and kissed Connie on the lips.  
  
"Daisy stop that! We need to think here. Are you sure they're really up there?"  
  
'Feels nice doesn't it Connie. Think if Daisy was naked lying next to you doing dirty things you've always wanted to do.' Daisy being this playful nymph and now her mind had images of Daisy naked running through it.   
  
"I can see the key ring sticking up. Or I'm pretty sure it's a key ring."  
  
"Pretty sure? So it might not be up there?"  
  
"Well.... No. But there is something up there I can see it. And the last time I saw it Alice put it up there. Ok we need your shoe and the stocking off. We can't have the key slipping away when you get it. Hold your leg out I'll take them off. Then move closer to me so I can grab your leg and help hold it up. And no funny business this time."  
  
"You promise?"  
  
"You can trust the devil can't you," Daisy giggled kissing Connie on the end of the nose looking a bit to evil to suit Connie.  
  
"Daisy!"  
  
"Ok I promise."  
  
Connie held her leg out and Daisy took off the shoe and stocking. "That's looks to lovely on you," Daisy giggled kissing Connie ankle when she saw the anklet.   
  
"Daisy you promised!"  
  
"Oops sorry. No more funny business I promise."  
  
"Ok scoot over here and raise your leg up and I'll help hold it for you."  
  
Connie should have taken off her other shoe. As she raised her leg she lost her balance and fell back into Daisy. Daisy grabbed Connie to keep her from falling and ended up grabbing her bra and it popped the catch open. It ended up in Daisy's hand leaving Connie topless. As Daisy tried to steady Connie she grabbed Connie's hip. She lost her balance again and Daisy steadied Connie by the hip but couldn't help grab the string the panties. "I can't." But she couldn't help herself and pulled. Connie's panties now hung free from one side.  
  
"I'm Topless! Daisy you promised!"  
  
"It wasn't on purpose. It just ripped in my hand. Not that that's a bad thing," Daisy giggled pinching Connie nipple.  
  
"Daisy! Quit that! We need to hurry before the stage turns I'm topless now you know."  
  
'Exciting isn't it Connie. Knowing at any minute more people will be seeing you.'   
  
"Go away!" Connie yelled out loud.  
  
"Go away? I'm just trying to help here. Yes I know I kind of mess things up now and then. But if you're going to be mean I'm not helping you," Daisy told her with a hurt pout.  
  
"I'm sorry it's just.... It's.... Oh just please help. We need to hurry."  
  
"Are you going to be nice?"  
  
"Yes, just hurry."  
  
"Well ok then. Give me your leg and I'll balance you so you can reach the key."  
  
"This can't get any worse," Connie thought raising her leg.

**The Voice 5c**  
Daisy look down at Connie's panties and saw the one side still tied. "You shouldn't Daisy," she giggled. But she just couldn't help it. Before she raised Connie's leg she pulled the string and the panties hung for a moment then fell to the floor as Connie's leg went up. Connie never felt a thing. "There is a God, thank you," Daisy mouthed looking up at the sky.  
  
"Just a bit higher and we'll have it. There!"  
  
"Got it! I can't believe it worked!" Connie said happily.  
  
"Crap we're up again. Smile!"  
  
"No!"  
  
The stage lit up and the crowd must have grown to over 50.   
  
'Nice pose Connie. By the looks on their faces they are enjoying it.'   
  
"Please God just kill me now," Connie begged.  
  
Connie was now topless trying to balance on a five inch heel with Daisy hold her leg straight up in the air. If that wasn't embarrassing enough, Connie now had an odd feeling her panties were gone. It had to be her imagination. She didn't know which was worse not being able to move to look or if she could she might find out they were gone "It's not. It can't be. They have to be there. Oh please, please, please."   
  
"Who's ever posing these things is a dirty genius."  
  
"Now that's f...kin hot."  
  
"You're tell me. I want to buy me one of these for myself. Those tits look even better than real ones."  
  
"You're right there. It even has nipples. They have them shaped hard too."  
  
"You can see a pussy on the blond one and it shaved too. It's so life like I swear I can smell it from here," he laughed.   
  
She was totally naked other than one stocking, one shoe, a silly halo on her head and a stupid set of angel wings on her back. With her right leg stretched straight up with her toes pointing into the sky giving everyone a prefect view of everything! The feeling was electric. It seemed like a million sets of eyes staring right at her. It was so exciting she was having a hard time not trembling. She couldn't give in not with everyone staring right at her. "Please don't get wet. Anything but that. Baseball! Football! Golf! Boxing! Get it out of your head Connie, please!"   
  
It happening anyway.  
  
"Look at that the blond one it's wet!"  
  
"Can't be."  
  
"Your right must be the light hitting it just right. Damn sexy look thou.  
  
"I can't say you're wrong there."  
  
'Nice Connie you're giving them a great view. And you are getting wet too. How long before you are dripping down your leg?'  
  
"Please stop saying those things." But not matter what she tried to think all that filled her mine were the eyes watching and Daisy standing beside her naked kissing her neck. A tiny drop ran down her thigh. They would soon know she was a real girl. It would be to obvious when they saw moisture running down her left thigh. Mannequins don't leak.   
  
But Connie finally caught a break and the stage went dark and it turned. Then the door off to left of the stage opened half way.  
  
"You're wanted on the phone again."  
  
"I need to move these mannequins. Tell them I'll call them back."  
  
"They say it really important."  
  
"Whatever. I'm sure it isn't. Tell them I'll be right there anyway."  
  
"The door is open!" The nightmare was finally over and for once Connie hadn't cum in front of anyone. She finally caught a break.   
  
"Just grab the key and give it to me," Daisy couldn't help running her hands higher up Connie's thigh. She giggled when found how wet Connie had gotten and ran her hands up ran next to Connie's pussy.   
  
"Daisy you're not helping, stop it!"  
  
Connie grabbed the key with her toes. "Got it!"  
  
"Good now give them to me."   
  
Connie open her cute little toes dropping the key right in Daisy's lap.  
  
"Open them!"  
  
"You've been a little mean to me you know."  
  
"Come on Daisy. We need to hurry and unlock these before we get turned toward the mall again. Or the girl comes back and finds us," Connie pleaded.  
  
"I think not."  
  
"Daisy! Open these up!"  
  
"See you're being mean again yelling at me."  
  
'Maybe you need to get her naked and be nice to her Connie. You're running out of time. The stage is turning.'   
  
"Shut up!"  
  
"Daisy please hurry."  
  
"You're going to have to be nice to me before I opened them."  
  
"Nice! Give me that key!" Connie quickly turn toward Daisy but lost her balance and fell into her.  
  
"Hello there," Daisy giggled patted Connie on the butt and reached down between Connie's legs. "They were right you are wet. You naughty girl."   
  
"Quit it! Don't touch me there!" Connie wiggled around against Daisy's body.  
  
'Daisy feels wonderful doesn't she Connie. Your body pressed against hers. Are you getting wetter Connie.' It was true it did feel wonderful. It was everything she needed or could ever want.   
  
"No. It's you! I'm a girl. I can't. You're making me do these things. It's you!"   
  
'Am I, Connie? Your nipples are hard aren't they?'   
  
"No! That can't be." The voice was wrong. The thoughts in her head weren't hers. "Don't listen to them. You're normal. No matter what it tells you."   
  
"I'm begging you," Connie pleaded.  
  
"Are you going to be nice?"  
  
"Yes. Please. I'll be so nice. Just hurry and open the cuffs."  
  
"Will you go out to lunch with me?"  
  
"Yes anything just please hurry."  
  
"You promise?"  
  
"Yes, yes, I promise. Hurry."  
  
"Prove it give me a kiss."  
  
"I will not!"  
  
"Then maybe I throw this key across the room," Daisy teased dangling the key in Connie's face then drawing her hand back when Connie reached for it.  
  
"No don't do that!"  
  
"Then a kiss please," Daisy smiled puckering up her lips.  
  
'It's what you've always wanted Connie. Kiss her.'  
  
It wasn't what she wanted. It's what the insane thing in her head wanted. But Connie couldn't see no other way around it. Connie bent down and kissed Daisy. As their lips touched Connie couldn't stop her lips from parting and letting Daisy tongue slip into her mouth.  
  
Just as Connie was about to give into everything fill her sick mind Daisy pulled away.  
  
"That's better. See that wasn't so hard, was it?" Daisy unlocked the cuffs and Connie straighten up and started toward the door still in a bit of a daze with Daisy right behind her. But they didn't get far. Connie's balance wasn't the best wearing only one shoe and her head still reeling from Daisy's kiss. So when she stepped on the edge of the shoe she'd taken off she began to fall.  
  
"I got you." But Daisy had nothing as Connie fell to the floor she pulled Daisy right on top of her.  
  
"Well hello again. Aren't you pretty today," Daisy giggled and gave a big kiss.  
  
Connie tried to push her away, "Daisy! Not now."  
  
"Is there a better time?"  
  
"You know what I mean. We need to get out of here." Connie needed to get away from Daisy before she lost control. The voice was pounding now. 'Are you going to let this chance pass Connie? What if you never see her again? Just do it Connie. Tear off her clothes and take her as the stage turns so everyone can see who your real are, a dirty girl.'  
  
"I'm not! Get out of my f..cking head!"  
  
"Someone coming don't move," Daisy told her.  
  
"But...."  
  
"Don't move. Trust me," Daisy giggled and stood up.  
  
"Trust you? Just perfect nothing can go wrong there," Connie groaned.  
  
'Someone new? Maybe they'll get naked too.'   
  
"Please don't even think it."  
  
"What are you doing? Daisy is that you?"  
  
"Yup it's me. I thought it was my day to do the mannequins."  
  
"Well it's not."  
  
"Since I'm already here I'll finish this one up."  
  
"I'll help we can get done faster."  
  
"You don't really have to."  
  
"No biggie," Charlotte replied stepping by Daisy and came into the room. "Holy crap! Who's the girl? And why is she naked?"  
  
"That's not a real girl. It's the new mannequin the store ordered. Remember the life like one the boss picked out, this is it. She naked because I just started dressing her up."  
  
"Wow! Talk about life like. It's weirding me out. That's like to real for me," Charlotte replied never taking her eyes off Connie.  
  
"Please make her go away. Please," Connie begged trying to stay perfect still. There was still a chance they might get away with it.  
  
"You want to really be weirded out touch her. It creepy," Daisy giggled.  
  
"Daisy no!" Connie screamed in silence.   
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Just do it."  
  
"Well ok. But it really creepy." Charlotte reached down a poked her finger at the side of Connie's breast and jerked her hand away as if she was burned. "It's warm! Now I'm really freaking out."  
  
"Yeah I know. It has a heater in it so it keeps warm so the fake skin doesn't to cold and crack."  
  
"No shit?"  
  
"Yup. The skin is pretty life like too. Give it a good feel it."  
  
"Daisy! What are you doing?" Connie's heart began to beat faster. "Don't move, stay calm. Oh please stay calm."   
  
'She thinks you're a mannequin. She could do all sorts of dirty things to you and you can't stop her.'   
  
"No, no, no. She wouldn't. She couldn't." Connie's mind began to fill with images of Charlotte and Daisy naked running their hands all over her.   
  
"I don't know about that. Well.... I'll have to touch the creepy thing one day anyway I guess."  
  
"So true," Daisy giggled.  
  
She reach out her hand and laid it on Connie's tit. "It feels like real skin. It's amazing. Oh wow that looks so real too." Charlotte ran her finger tips down until they touched Connie's shaven mound then jerked her hand away. "Yuck! It's wet!"   
  
"No. The switches to turn off the skin warmer is inside. It's pretty tight so I had to use baby oil on it so I could slid inside to reach them."  
  
"Really? You can tell some perv guy made that."  
  
"You're telling me," Daisy giggled.  
  
"Have you ever wanted to know what huge tits felt like?"  
  
"Of course not. I'm not some weirdo."  
  
"I never did either but when I started dress Connie I touched them. It's hard to example but they feel kind of sexy."  
  
"Connie?"  
  
"Oh I named it Connie. Better than it or thing or something like that."  
  
"I guess."  
  
"Please shut up. I'm begging you," Connie pleaded silently. If Daisy didn't stop there was no telling what they'd end up touching and poking. "Please don't. Just tell her to leave. Please."  
  
"I'm not into girls or gay or anything. But I have sort of wondered what it would be like to touch big boobs. I'm like you I pretty flat."  
  
"I'm not gay either. But I have touched them and they are sweet. Here let me set Connie up it's better that way."  
  
Daisy leaned down to reached around Connie to set her up against the end of the bed. "Daisy are you crazy. She needs to leave! You're not helping at all. I don't want to have some strange girl feeling me up," Connie whispered in Daisy's ear.   
  
Daisy whispered back, "It's Charlotte she's not strange."  
  
"Daisy! That's not funny. You need to tell her to leave! I'm warning you!"  
  
"You're being mean again. I think you need to learn to be nicer to someone trying to help you," Daisy whispered in a mad voice.  
  
"I'm sorry."  
  
"To late."  
  
'What do you think Connie is Charlotte pretty? I like the blue streaks in her hair.'   
  
"Quiet you!"  
  
But the voice was right Charlotte was sexy looking. She had a bit of a punk look to her. Short black hair with patches of blue running through it. Large jet black eyes. Her body was a lot like Daisy's other than being a bit taller. And like Daisy she had no real breasts at all.   
  
"Ok go ahead. It will never know. I mean Connie," Daisy giggled as she leaned down a whispered in Connie's ear, "This will each you to be nicer person."  
  
"Well I don't know. It's so weird. It breathing! You said this was a mannequin. That's a real girl!" Charlotte got up and backed away.  
  
"No it's not silly. Remember I told you about the warmer?"  
  
"Yes but it's breathing look at it! And I can see a heart beating right there!" Charlotte backed away pointed at Connie's chest.  
  
"That freaked me out at first too. But I went online and looked it up. The warmer takes in air into a blander thingy to keep itself cool. Once the air warms it vents out through the nose believe it or not. That way the skin can't melt. I guess the people who designed it were kind of weird doing it that way. And the beating is just the warmer thingy vibrating as it runs."  
  
Daisy was amazing. It kind of made sense in a strange kind of way. And by the look on Charlotte's face it looked like she was believing it too. "God thank you." Connie was still safe if nothing else really went wrong.  
  
"Really weird," Charlotte replied sitting back down next to Connie. "This doesn't feel right. It's like I'm going to touch a real person. I can't believe how real she looks. Connie is so pretty. She kind of looks like that actress, what's her name. You know the one from that Snow White movie?"  
  
"Charlize Thron?"  
  
"Yeah that's it."  
  
"Come to think of it she does look a lot like her but with big boobs," Daisy giggled.  
  
"I'm not into girls or anything. Just don't tell anyone. Mannequin or not this is weird."  
  
"Go ahead it's fine. It will be our secret," Daisy replied with a smile.   
  
Charlotte reached down a gently grabbed Connie's tits. "I can't explain just how weird this is." She cupped Connie's boobs and lifted them up. "I wonder what they fill these with. They feel so real and heavy. Just the way I'd think huge tits should be."  
  
"Juggle them. It's really odd feeling them do that," Daisy said looking down and smiled at Connie.  
  
"No, no, no, please don't. I can't take that not now." With everything that was happening around her that would surely push her over the edge.   
  
"I can't. Should I?"  
  
"Believe me you should. They feel so sexy when you do that."  
  
'Nice isn't it Connie? You now have another play thing.'  
  
"Ok. But don't tell anyone or I'll kill you. They'd think I'm a prev or something."  
  
"Don't worry, I won't. Go ahead."

**The Voice 5d**  
Connie couldn't believe how wonderful it felt. Charlotte was doing it just the way she loved doing it to herself when she was alone. Charlotte placed her fingers on the under sides of Connie's tits and jiggled them up and down. She could feel the heat growing. Up and down, Up and down. Connie's nipples harden without anything touching them.  
  
"Wow! How did that happen. Connie's nipples look hard," Charlotte said never taking her eyes of Connie's bouncing boobs.  
  
"It's probably just the stuff inside moving around maybe?" Daisy giggled.  
  
"Yeah you're probably right. They look so real thou." Charlotte grabbed Connie's nipples and rolled them in her fingers and gave them a tug. "I can't believe how real these feel. Weird Connie is breathing faster. I mean venting faster."  
  
"I read about that too. It vents faster if the skin heats to fast. That way it keeps it as the perfect temperature so skin stays perfect. Look at the thing beat, I mean vibrate," Daisy giggled almost insanely as she touched Connie's chest right where her heart was beating a mile a minute.  
  
"You're right it's really beating hard isn't it?"  
  
"You want to really see it go squeezing Connie's boobs harder," Daisy told her looking down at Connie and smiled.  
  
"Really?" Charlotte was now squeeze them. Mashing them in her hands until her breasts squeezed out between her fingers. "Not that I ever got excited feeling up another girl before but these are so nice. I can't believe how sexy these are. I wish I had a pair of these myself."  
  
'You see Connie you feel nice. I'm betting you're getting horny now. Be still you don't want to get caught. What would your Boss say if he knew you were letting total a stranger play with your tits?' The voice was roaring in her head now. She couldn't help herself Charlotte's hands were driving her crazy. She started to tremble.  
  
"She moving!" Charlotte quickly took her hands away looking like a scared child who had just seen a spider.  
  
"The warmer just kicked into a higher gear I think. If Connie was trembling for real it would be a real girl wouldn't it? I've read about it. It's a design error in some models. I guess we got one of those. Wow it's really vibrating now see," Daisy giggled placed Charlotte's hand right on Connie chest right on her beating heart.  
  
"It feels like it could explode or something," She replied with one hand on Connie's heart the other was back on her left breast once again fondling away at it.  
  
"Yup it really gets going. You want to really feel it go lick Connie's nipple."  
  
"I can't that's just to weird," Charlotte replied looked down at Connie while she absentmindedly played with Connie nipple.  
  
"I know. But it's so weird. The warmer must has sensors in them or something watch," Daisy giggled getting on her hands and knees.  
  
"Stop it," Connie mouthed but there was now no stopping Daisy.   
  
'Still should do it right Connie? You'll now be able to cum front of both of them.'  
  
Daisy tongue flicked toying with the tip of Connie's nipple causing her wiggle about.  
  
"Wow that's so weird it's moving," Charlotte said never taking her eyes on Connie as she started pulling on Connie nipple.  
  
"Yup the warmer is kicking into high gear. Watch this," Daisy looked up into Connie's eyes then took Connie's nipple into her mouth.  
  
"Don't move please don't." But she couldn't help it. Between the two of them the feeling was to wonderful. It was starting to build. She couldn't help but push her chest out at them. Daisy sucked, Charlotte rolling her nipple Connie could stop moving if she wanted to. She started bouncing around on the ground like there was a fire under her butt.  
  
"That's just so weird. I swear she looks to real now. I just can't." Charlotte stopped and sat back looking at Connie. "It's freaking me out. We shouldn't be doing this."  
  
'Tell her not to stop Connie. You are getting so close aren't you?'  
  
"F..ck off!" Connie need Daisy to stop. The feeling was growing white hot between her legs. She could feel her wetness dripping now and there was no way to hide it with Daisy sitting between her legs. There was no way she could try and hide it.  
  
"We're just having a little girl fun here. She's not real you know. No one will ever know," Daisy giggled pulling hard on both of Connie's nipples causing her to tremble uncontrollably.  
  
"You're right I guess. But man that really was freaky. And she's leaking out her.... well girl part."  
  
"I probably went a bit over board with the baby oil. When I sat her up the extra is just leaking out," Daisy giggled looking right into Connie's eyes. "I'll wipe it up."  
  
Daisy had done it again. The perfect lie to cover up what was really going on. Then it dawned on her what Daisy had just said. She'd clean it up. That didn't sound good at all.  
  
"Give me a sec. You play with her tits if you like. I'm sure Connie won't mind."  
  
"God Daisy, that sounded so dirty. But I'd like them. They're just so.... I can't explain it."  
  
"I know that's what I thought the first time I touch them. Don't mind me. You go ahead. I'm going to make sure I didn't get to much oil inside. I wouldn't want to cause a short or something."  
  
Daisy slid two fingers into Connie. "Yup I did get a lot in there. I'll just move around in here a bit and get it out."   
  
The voice, Charlotte's hands and Daisy's fingers were to much for her. Connie began to shake. "Crap looks like the vent thingy is stuck on high. I'll reach in a bit deeper and turn it off. It don't want to ruin anything." Daisy rapidly was moving her fingers now working Connie over with four fingers. "Almost there. Yes almost.... Got it!"  
  
The voice faded and the feeling rushed through her. Connie was thankful Charlotte had her eyes locked on her tits so she didn't see Connie's eyes rolled back in her head as she came in a gush. Connie stopped shaking and passed out.  
  
"Wow! If this wasn't a mannequin I'd swear it, I mean Connie had a orgasm."  
  
"You'd think so wouldn't you," Daisy giggled.  
  
"Girls what are you doing in there? We need to start the show again. So hurry up would you."  
  
"You'd better go. I'll stay and clean the mess that Connie made when she came on the floor. I mean oil she leaked on the floor. I can't believe I said cum," Daisy giggled.  
  
"Thanks Daisy. You're the best," Charlotte replied running out of the room.  
  
"I have a rare gift for helping people," Daisy giggled leaning down and gave Connie a kiss on the cheek. Charlotte's wrong. You're the best my love."

**The Voice 6a**  
Connie woke back in the changing room. As her head began to clear she starting taking in everything around her. She was dressed in what she came in with. "How am going to get out of here. There must be 100's of people outside." There was no way they'd not know who Connie was after seeing her in all her glory. "I'm trapped here forever." Connie whimpered fight back tears when Daisy popped her head in the room.  
  
"Hi there sleepy head," Daisy giggled.  
  
"You! Don't come near me!"  
  
"Still a bit mean are we?"  
  
"Mean? Let's see you dressed me in next to nothing. I end up naked in front of 100s of people. You talk another girl into feeling me up while I couldn't do a thing about it. Then you forced me to cum while she watched me. Why shouldn't I be mean?"  
  
"Well hearing you tell it that way makes it sound like it was kind of my fault."  
  
"Kind of your fault? You just stay over there or I will scream. I mean it this time," Connie couldn't help but start to cry.  
  
"I'm so sorry. Growing up my parents were always treating my like some child. It use to make me so mad. I kind of lost it when you were mean to me. Please forgive me. I love you. I mean I love you as a friend," Daisy looked up into Connie's eyes and smiled squeezing Connie's hand.  
  
Were Daisy's parents like hers always telling her what a failure she was? Her parent made her scream out sometimes. If Daisy's parents were anything like hers she couldn't blame Daisy for what just happened. It was her parents! Oh how she hated them for hurting Daisy and she didn't even know them. Connie had to forgive Daisy now.  
  
"Ok I forgive you."  
  
"That's wonderful! I promise to be good, you'll see!" Daisy's face beamed with joy.  
  
"I'm trapped in here, my bus transfer as expired and I have no way to get home."   
  
"You don't drive?"  
  
"I've never had enough money for a car. I just got my first real job. I was so happy then I met you and my world got turned on it's head. I'll get fired if my boss ever finds out I've been naked everywhere because of you. Every time I see you it's a nightmare for me."  
  
"Not a nightmare. Think of it as a fun filled adventure."  
  
"An adventure to where, The Twilight Zone?"  
  
"Does kind of get that way doesn't it," Daisy giggled.  
  
"Kind of? Just stay away. I can't end up naked again, I just can't. I'll go crazy if I do," Connie cried.  
  
"I'm so sorry about that. I'm always trying to be nice to you but it just ends up wrong. You do silly things to me. I just can't help it." Daisy stepped into the room and sat by Connie and wiped the tears off Connie's face. "I never meant to hurt you. I'll tell you what I'm going to do, starting right now I'm going to start making it up to you. I'll give you a ride home. And I promise for real this time no funny business."  
  
"Can't you just give me the money for the bus?"  
  
"Believe it or not I don't have a dime to my name and I don't get paid until Monday. My parents tell me I need to save my money. I do try but it just vanishes on things that at the time I really need but they end up being silly things I didn't need. But I really did need this van I got and a really cool sound system I put in it. Despite what my parents say I really did need the stereo in it."  
  
"After what you've done to me why would I want to go anywhere with you?"  
  
"I can understand that. But I really do want to help. No funny business this time. I'll give you a ride home. It's the least I can do," Daisy told her lean in and gave her a little kiss."  
  
"Daisy stop that! You know that's not what girls do. You promise no funny business?"  
  
"Promise. Cross my heart and hope to die. Well.... Maybe not die. But I do promise," Daisy giggled.  
  
With little choice Connie replied, "I know I'm going to end up regretting this, but ok."  
  
"No you won't. It will be fun you'll see! We'll sneak out the back. No one will see us. It's almost my lunch hour. I'll go change out of these clothes into my normal stuff and be right back to get you," Daisy said happily again giving Connie a kiss, "That's the last one. I promise," Daisy giggled.  
  
"Daisy!"  
  
Connie couldn't believe she agreed to let Daisy drive her anywhere. After everything she'd done it could only end with her be naked in front of the entire world. Maybe she was worrying about nothing. What could possibly happen? Nothing. A peaceful ride home would help quiet her nerves. Her body still had a tingle to it and Daisy's kiss didn't help steady it. "Just calm down." Connie's closed her eyes and her mind began drifting back. Her hand slipped under her shirt and played with her nipple. Their eyes seem to follow her everywhere she went, seeing everything. It felt like 100s, 1000, even millions of eyes were watching her. It was so exciting. Connie's other hand slid down the front of her shorts.  
  
Daisy tucked her head in and saw Connie. "Ooooooo.... No you promised no funny business. Damn you girl." Daisy pouted.   
  
Daisy cleared her throat, "Ok let's go."   
  
"Shit! I wasn't.... shit!" Connie quickly took her hands away blushing fire engine red. "It wasn't what you think."  
  
"I promise you no funny business and you're doing that when I get back? It's just not fair." Daisy pouted.  
  
"You.... I wasn't.... It's just...."  
  
Connie couldn't believe what Daisy was wearing. "I thought you were going to get your own clothes."  
  
"This is normal silly. All the girls are wear this stuff."   
  
What Daisy called normal was going to give her a heart attack. The skirt and top looked like something out of a Victoria Secret catalog. Nothing but white lace. Connie could swear she could see through it!  
  
'Wow! Daisy is so hot Connie.'  
  
It was true Connie could make out Daisy's nipples and under the skirt she was wearing.... Connie heart began to thump in her chest. Daisy looked so nice, so inviting. "Don't look," Connie mumbled closing her eye's trying to get the dirty thoughts to leave her head. But the voice wouldn't let her.   
  
'She wants it Connie. Take her!'  
  
Connie swallowed hard and opened her eyes trying not to look so she looked down and saw Daisy's feet.   
  
"No shoes?"  
  
"Nah it's suppose to be blazing hot today. The less the better. Besides being barefoot gives me the sense of being a bit more free. It's hard to explain as she raised up and down on her toes looking cuter than Connie needed now or ever.  
  
But try as she might Connie couldn't help but stare. It was a mid drift cut crop top that laced down the front. The strings were lose and if Daisy had any breasts at all you would have been seeing major cleavage. Daisy leaned down and scratched her knee.  
  
"Don't look. Turn away." But she couldn't stop staring right down Daisy's top at her cute little boobs and pointy nipples.  
  
'Nice Connie. Doesn't Daisy look sexy in that. Doesn't it make you wish you were both naked right now.'   
  
"Sorry about that. Had a nasty inch. Let's go, Daisy giggled and grabbed Connie by the hand and lead her down the hall.  
  
Daisy walked with a playful bounce in her step on the balls of her bare feet like a happy three year old. The top was bad enough but seeing Daisy in a white lacy see through silk skirt was going to cause even more problems if she continued watching Daisy's ass moving back and forth. "Why is she always wearing nothing?" Connie moaned. "She's just a girl." If that was true why was the tiny G-string panties she was seeing causing her heart beat so fast? "Stop it! Baseball, baseball, baseball," she muttered following Daisy through a back storage area then out the back door.  
  
'You want her don't you Connie? Take her right over there on that trash can. Or better yet take her right out in the middle of the street where everyone can see you.'  
  
Connie almost reach out and grabbed Daisy's butt. "No don't!" Connie's hand was inches away before she grabbed it with her other hand and pulled it away. She was so happy when they entered the alley and Daisy turned toward her until she saw the top had slipped down revealing all of Daisy's left tit.  
  
'Grab it Connie. If she didn't want you too she wouldn't be flashing it to you.'   
  
"Shut up!"  
  
"Daisy you.... Might want to look.... at your top it's.... falling down."   
  
Daisy looked down. "Oops! If I had boobs that might be exciting to some people wouldn't it. Thanks for telling me. That happened the other day at work and this perv guy didn't say a thing. I found out an hour later when I caught my reflection in the window. He watched for an hour. I was pretty mad at him too." Daisy pulled the top back up and smiled at Connie.  
  
"Baseball oh please baseball!" A few more seconds and she'd be tackling Daisy right in the alley.  
  
"There it is! What do you think?"  
  
"What the f...k is that?"   
  
"That's my van."  
  
"Really? Looks like something out of a 1960's hippy movie."  
  
"Yeah. It does doesn't it. I like it. It gives off a vibe I like, all wild and free," Daisy giggled running her finger down Connie's arm.  
  
"Daisy, you promised."  
  
"Yes I did, sorry," Daisy replied.   
  
Connie's mind began to cool as she looked over at the van parked in the alley way. It looked like something out of a time machine. It was an old Ford Falcon van. It was painted in wild bright colors with the words, 'Make Love Not War' painted on the side of it. The tires looked half flat and Connie could swear there was a scent of weed floating through the air as they neared it.  
  
"Where did you find that?"  
  
"This kind old man who lived next to me passed away and his children were going to have it junked. I was able to get it for $250.00. My parents couldn't believe I paid that much for it. But I had to have it. It just felt like me. I think I might have been a flower child in a passed life. The second I saw it, it just had a calm effect on me. Weird I know," Daisy told her looking so happy Connie couldn't help but smile.  
  
"Really?"   
  
"Yup. I put a stereo in it with big speakers. When I roll down the street people know I'm coming. Oooooo that sounded dirty didn't it? By the way you look like you should be riding in it. That t-shirt and the shorts screams it." Daisy giggled.  
  
Connie looked down and laughed at the huge smiley face, the cut off jeans and the thongs, "You're right there I just need a flower in my hair."  
  
"You're right, sec." Daisy opened the door and took out a daisy and put it in Connie's hair. "There you are perfect. A daisy from your Daisy," She giggled giving Connie a kiss.  
  
"Daisy! You promised. No funny business."  
  
"That was just a friend kiss. Not a funny business kiss," Daisy replied with a cute puppy dog look on her face and a smile so sweet Connie couldn't get mad at her.  
  
'She's cute isn't she Connie. Remember how cute she was naked under your desk.'   
  
"I'm done with you today so you might as well shut up!"  
  
"Why do you have a real flowers in your van?" Connie asked feeling a bit happier than she should have been being kissed by a girl where anyone could have seen them.  
  
"It's not a real one. She makes them special for people out of silk. I deliver them in my off time for this old lady who lives down the street from me Miss Wilson. I just help her out by delivering them."  
  
"That's very nice of you."  
  
"I know you think I'm this horrible monster feeding on the blood of all the young maidens in our fair town but I'm not," Daisy giggled.  
  
"You're not a monster or horrible. You are...." It just dawned on Connie what Daisy was. How could she have been so stupid not to have seen it before. Everything she did. The looks she gave off. Everything pointed to it. "You're a...."  
  
"I'm a what?" Daisy giggled.  
  
"You're a.... I've never seen one for real before."  
  
"Real one? You make me sound like some made up odd thing."  
  
"But you are...."  
  
"Say it. It wouldn't bite. I might thou," Daisy replied playfully. "I'll say it for you, I am a nice person. You just do weird things to my head. I can't explain it. Well, we'd better get going. This is my lunch hour. I don't want to be late getting back to work again. I was told one more time and I'd be fired," Daisy sighed.  
  
She was so wrong about Daisy. Connie felt terrible even thinking it now. Daisy was just a person with a heart of gold. How stupid would it have sounded had she said Daisy was a lesbian. Connie had met a few people like Daisy before. They are touchy feely people. Her grandmother was like that. Connie felt so relieved not saying it. For some reason she felt a bit more at easy with Daisy. If Daisy could just stop with all the touching they might be friends. Daisy just had something about her that made Connie's heart beat faster. Maybe Connie could feel Daisy's essence. She'd read about how some people who seem to be able to do that. Maybe she was one of them. "That has to be it."  
  
'Are you sure Connie. Look at her. Look at the way she looks at you. Is it friend or lust. What's in you Connie. Love or lust?'   
  
"It's Nothing! She's just nice. Be quiet!"

**The Voice 6b**  
"You'll have to get in the back. The passenger side door doesn't work and I took the seat out anyway so I could put the flowers right there. It was easier to deliver them. The back door kind of sticks now and then and it's less to fight with when I'm delivering. Just sit on the big speaker. I had to take out all the seats to get them in. Wait until you hear them. They'll blow your mind."  
  
"Why would anyone want speakers that big?"  
  
"You'll see. It feels like you're right at a concert. They rumble like an earth quake. You'll feel the music running through you. It's so hot," Daisy giggled, "in you go. Oh and one more thing. Stay away from the back door. It can pop open sometimes. Weird right? It can stick and I can't open it then can come open almost by itself. I'll get it fixed one day when I have extra money. Which by the way I spend it will be never."  
  
"Perfect," Connie chuckled as she climbed in the back and and sat down on a large speaker sitting on its side. Why did she feel like something is about to go wrong? Connie couldn't get the thought of doom out of her a head.  
  
"It's kind of hot back here you want to turn the air on?"  
  
"Sure thing I roll down the window," Daisy laughed, "This is 1960s silly there is no air conditioning."  
  
"Oh yeah right," Connie chuckled back.  
  
"Where am I going?"  
  
"2700 Ambassador."  
  
"Really? I know a great place to eat close by. Maybe we can go one day."  
  
"Maybe." Eating with Daisy? That was something that would never happen. Not like Daisy wasn't nice. Connie was looking forward to being as far away from her as she could. The effect Daisy seemed to have on her wasn't right at all. So the farther away from Daisy she could get the better.  
  
"Hope you don't mind I made this kick ass CD."  
  
As they pulled off AC/DC started playing.  
  
"Daisy could you turn that down I can't even hear myself think!"  
  
"Great isn't it!"  
  
"Yeah just great," Connie mumbled as Thunderstruck began booming over the speakers.  
  
Daisy was right the music did sound great. It reminder her when she was 14 in her room playing the music so loud the neighbors called the police one night when her parents were out. They were so mad at her she got grounded for three weeks.   
  
"Wow!" Connie couldn't believe the feeling of the speaker rumbled under her butt. It felt sort of nice, almost dirty.  
  
'Nice isn't it Connie. Almost like the vibrator you have hidden in your room.'   
  
"Shut up. You've caused enough damage for today." But it was right. It did have a dirty feel to it. Connie looked up at Daisy then around through the windows of the Van and smiled enjoying the feeling. "This isn't bad at all. It will my little secret."  
  
'Go ahead Connie. Who'll know?'   
  
"I don't know what you are talking about. Be quiet."  
  
Connie watched everything going by as van grew hotter and she began to sweat. The speaker humming under her ass felt wonderful. She wiggled around getting it just right. Just enough but not to much. She didn't need anything embarrassing to happen. It just felt so nice with the gentle vibration running through her.   
  
"Oh I love this next one. I do a little dance to this one when I'm home alone. It's pretty hot if I do say so myself. Maybe I'll do it for you one day."  
  
"Sure why not!" Connie yelled back. Just what she didn't needed a vision of Daisy dancing around doing a filthy dance.   
  
"I'm going to blow us away. Hang on to your hats!" Daisy yelled back at Connie turning the dial as eight clicks higher.  
  
Billy Idol came on blaring, filling the van, "Well, rock the cradle of love. Rock the cradle of love. Yes, the cradle of love don't rock easily, it's true."  
  
"Oh my!" Connie couldn't believe the vibration coming from the speak now. The gentle feeling was now a bit more unsettling. "Maybe this wasn't such a good idea." Connie wipe a few drops of sweat off her forehead.   
  
"Maybe you should turn it down!" Connie yelled.  
  
Daisy never heard a word as she began singing at the top of her lungs, "Well, now it burned like a ball on fire. When the rebel took a little child bride to tease, yeah, so go easy, yeah!"  
  
'Feels nice doesn't it Connie?'   
  
"No it doesn't."  
  
But it was true. Connie looked around again biting her lower lip nervously. She couldn't help but wiggle on the speaker booming under her. It was going to start happening she just knew it. And it didn't help having the image of Daisy dancing around in the Billy Idol video wearing that white lacy outfit she was wearing. "Please don't do it."  
  
'No one will see Connie. You'll be the only one who will ever know.'   
  
Daisy continued in her best Billy Idol, "Yeah, flesh for your Romeo. Oh yeah, baby, I hear you moan. It's easy you know how to please me, yeah!"  
  
Connie looked around again at Daisy then out the windows. "I can't, I can't, I can't," Connie mumbled over and over. The speaker was setting her on fire. Visions of Daisy dancing around and her taking off her top, twirling it around and throwing it in her face wasn't helping either. The feeling was insane. It was like the sound was channeled right through her.... "No, no. Please no." This was turning into such a bad idea having Daisy drive her home.   
  
"Daisy turn it down please! It's way to loud!"  
  
Daisy heard nothing but the music pounding at the walls of the van while singing happily, "These are the wages of love I know. Rock the cradle of love. Come on, come on, come on. These are the wages of love. Ooh yeah, rock the cradle. Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!"  
  
Connie watched her hands tugging at her shorts. "No!" The image of Daisy rolling around on a bed made Connie try and look away in her mind.   
  
'No one will see.'   
  
"You can't make me. I won't!"  
  
Connie was burning up now between the real heat in the van and the thoughts in her head she was starting to sweat buckets. Connie desperately looking around hoping she find something to stop her. Maybe a club to hit herself over her head with, anything. "Don't Connie, please don't," She begged her hands to stop but they were already lost to the things in her head. She lifted her butt and slid her shorts off. The vibration on her bare butt was even more insane. "Please. Isn't that enough," She begged the voice. Connie looked around again for anything to stop her, even praying for someone to crash into them so it would stop her.  
  
Daisy sang on turning it up even louder. "Well, my love starts a rollin' train. You can't stop it, it ain't in vain. I ain't nobody's fool, come on, shake it up, whatever I do, oh, oh, oh!"  
  
'You're almost there Connie. Can't you feel how wonderful it will be when you're naked.'  
  
"Daisy, it's way to loud! Oh please you need to turn it down now!"  
  
Connie's hands moved down and hooked in the waste band of her panties. Looking around first at Daisy then out the windows for anything to help her. "Are you crazy, Connie? You can't!" Panic filled her as she lifted her butt and slid her panties off and she sat back down on the speaker. The feeling brought goose bumps out all over her. Sweat ran off her puddled under her butt soaking the top of the speaker. Connie spread her legs and reached down just as the van hit a bump and the back door flew open.  
  
Connie's bad luck continued as a car full of teen age boys right behind them.  
  
"Would you look at that!"  
  
"Oh my God yes!"  
  
"That's f...kin awesome!"  
  
"Not again!" Connie screaming trying to cover her pussy while reaching out to close the door. Her t-shirt flew up exposing her tits and the boys couldn't have been happier. "Damn it!" Connie pulled her shirt back down. Connie lunged for her shorts as she watched them blowing out the door. "Damn it!" Connie's looked right and caught the site of her panties floating out the back of the van and ending up tangled on their car antenna flapping in the wind like a victory flag. "This can't be happening! It can't!"  
  
"Even better!"  
  
"What a pair of knockers!"  
  
"Don't cover those up!"  
  
"Hey baby we'll give you a ride!"  
  
Connie had to close the door so they couldn't see her like this. The only way she could reach it so she wouldn't fall out the back of the van was to spread her legs and hold the door frame so she could lean out and grab the door handle. There was nothing to stop her top from flying up right around her neck and the warm wind blowing between her legs. "Damn it! Damn it! Damn It!"  
  
"There you go. Spread those legs."  
  
"Jesus, she f...kin hot!"  
  
"Nice tits Sweetheart!"  
  
Finally after a few stabs at it she grabbed the handle and slammed the door closer and went to sit back down. "Damn it!" She was pinned again the rear window with her sweaty breasts mashed against the glass. She had caught her t-shirt in the door when she closed it. "This can't get and worse," Connie whimpered trying to open the door again but it wouldn't budge. Daisy hit a another bump and the speaker she had been sitting on slid up right between her legs with the corner right on her.... "Oh my!" The vibration instant sent Connie's brain into a heated mess. "Daisy please stop the music!" Connie screamed.   
  
But Daisy never had a clue as she continued singing along, "If you tease me tonight, then you might just sleaze me alright. If you appease me tonight and let me ease you, yeah."  
  
'Look at them Connie. It's everything you've ever dream of isn't it?'  
  
"Pull up to the driver side so we can get them to stop."  
  
"Great idea!"  
  
Daisy saw a car full a guys pull up along side.   
  
"Hey sweet thing pull over and we can have a little fun!"  
  
Daisy looked over a gave them the middle finger and quickly exited the highway leaving them behind. "Men are such pigs."  
  
Daisy pulled up in front of Connie's apartment complex still sing along, "Rock the cradle of love, yeah. Cradle of love, alright. Rock the cradle of love. Cradle of love!"  
  
Connie rubbed her breasts on the window using them like a giant squeegee looking as if she was trying to clean the glass with them. The speaker wedged between her legs sent shock waves through her body. The song was ending and all Connie could see was Daisy crawling toward her and raising up to kiss her.   
  
"Mom look tits!" A little boy pointed at Connie's boobs mashed against the window moving about on it.  
  
"Stop looking at that!" A lady ran over to tried and cover the window but the door of the van flew open.  
  
Connie hands grabbed her nipples tugging at them making her tits bounce as she moved her hips on the speaker keeping the corner right where is was. The music faded away. "No don't stop please not now!"   
  
"What is she doing mom?"  
  
"On my God cover your eyes!" The lady ran back to her son.  
  
"But mom I...." The little boy kept moving his head trying to stop his mother from covering his eyes.  
  
"You two should be ashamed of yourselves," The mother told Daisy as she came around behind the Van.  
  
"What do you.... Holy shit!" Daisy saw what the little boy was pointing at. Connie's hands on her sweaty breasts and she was.... "Interesting."  
  
"Is that all you can say young lady? Why aren't you stopping her!?"  
  
"I guess I should shouldn't I?" Daisy giggled.  
  
"Yes you should! Come along and stop looking at that filthy tramp. It's not right."  
  
"But mom," The little boy whined as his mother fought with her son half dragging and half carrying him away from the back of the van by his hand.  
  
"Connie?" Daisy stepped forward and touched her.  
  
"Daisy?" Connie opened her eyes and looked around then down at herself. The back of the van was open and she was.... "I.... it's.... not what you think! Stop looking at me!" Connie's hand went down to cover her pussy with her arm trying to cover her tits.   
  
"What I think young lady is you're a tramp who is going to be arrested when I get home and call the police. Come along," The lady huffed dragging her son down the street.  
  
"But mom!"  
  
"Shut up and stop looking at her!"  
  
"I...." Connie head began to spin. "I.... It's...." Connie passed out falling forward into Daisy's arms.  
  
"How did you end up like that?" Daisy giggled looking down at Connie who looked so sexy all sweaty and completely naked other than a torn T-shirt around her neck and a pair of thongs on her feet. "If you were going to have so much fun you should have called me." She gave Connie a big kiss. "I'm sure she'll blame this on me too," Daisy giggled and kissed her again.