**Thornwood Episode III – In Training**

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**Part 1**  
  
Rachel woke after a fitful night of sleep. Maybe it was the strange bedroom. Maybe it was nervous tension due to starting swim training. Her sheets were tangled around her and her body was covered in sweat. She seemed to remember having strange dreams last night but couldn’t recall anything in them.  
  
The only lingering effect was the strong sexual tension. So strong, Rachel didn’t remember ever feeling this horny before. Her nipples were tingling with anticipation and her mound was throbbing.  
  
Before she could command them, her hands were in position to bring her to what was sure to be one of the best orgasms in her life.  
  
Before closing her eyes to begin, she completed one last look around the room just to be sure she was in the clear. Then her eyes settled on the vacant spot where her bedroom door should have been.  
  
“damn”  
  
\*\*Can’t a girl catch a break once in a while?  
  
Masturbating even in the privacy of her room was risky with Eric sleeping on the other side of the wall. Given her current state of arousal she would have taken the chance. Teenage girls have needs after all. But without a bedroom door, there wasn’t enough privacy to take the risk.  
  
She settled for a frustrating but silent mini-bate under the sheets. Her body complained at first, but accepted the compromise after a few seconds. Then she rolled out of the bed to start her day.  
  
\*\*What would you do without mini-bates?  
  
Rachel had recently learned that if she excluded her nipples from her ‘bate sessions and didn’t work herself into a full blown orgasm, she could manage her body’s arousal pretty well. It wasn’t ideal, but mini-bates had saved her from a few close calls lately. And that was enough to convince her she had made the right decision.  
  
Although Rachel was wearing a nightgown, her sensitive nipples were still accessible due to the inconvenient and embarrassing window in front. They stood erect on top of her impressively large mounds. They glared at her as if angry at being left out of the fun under the sheets. Rachel knew better than to give in and start touching them. They were her sexual kryptonite. Her arousal was currently under control. But touching her nipples would tip the balance and send her spinning back out of control.  
  
Rachel turned to make the bed and noticed the page that Eric’s mom had left her. It was her new chore list.  
Regular/Daily:  
Laundry  
Dishes  
Dust (Mon. and Thur. only)  
Mop (Tues. and Fri. only)  
Weekly:  
Clean Pool  
Vacuum  
I hung your outfit on the hook in the bathroom.  
-Susan ?  
  
\*\*ugh!  
  
The chore list represented nothing more than a punishment to Rachel. She had broken the clothes dryer yesterday and Eric’s mom was going to make her repeat these chores until she determined Rachel had earned enough to replace it. Every chore would be a painful reminder of Rachel’s carelessness.  
  
Not to mention every outfit Eric’s mom would prepare for her. Rachel knew what was waiting for her in the bathroom. Lily, a neighbor girl, had donated the dress to Rachel. It was supposedly an act of charity after the storm destroyed Rachel’s belongings at the storage facility.  
  
Lily was younger than Rachel. Having grown too old for the dress, it was no longer modest on her and she had no need for it. But on Rachel’s even more mature body it was positively scandalous. Apparently not scandalous enough to deter Eric’s mom.  
  
\*\*There’s no such thing as indecent exposure to that woman.  
  
Rachel marched through the doorway and into the hall where the familiar rush of hormones were waiting for her. She wasn’t exactly naked, but she felt exposed in this nightgown. Eric’s family had enjoyed multiple views of Rachel’s nearly naked body the last few days. She had no reason to be embarrassed walking down the hall with no one around. The real reason for her pounding heart was the slight crack in Eric’s door. Like a moth to a flame, she was drawn toward his room.  
  
Unable to ignore her curiosity, Rachel peered in at the sleeping teenager. It was even better than she could hope! She saw Eric’s boxers lying on the floor beside his bed. The way his sheets tangled around his body gave the indication he must be sleeping nude! A fantasy of walking in and giving Eric a blow job came flooding into Rachel’s mind. Her hormones took control.  
  
\*\*OMG. I’m really doing this!  
  
Rachel silently opened the door and padded into Eric’s room. She had come a long way from last week when her sexual fantasy had no chance of happening. So far, in fact, that she was now kneeling beside Eric’s bed in a haze of delirious arousal.  
  
Her eyes were locked on the impressive bulge under his thin sheet. It was the closest she had ever been to a naked boy and her body was responding with urgency. Eric merely had to shift a bit and the sheet would slide off revealing the object of her fascination.  
  
\*\*When he rolls over and exposes his erection, I’m going to do it.  
  
No way would Eric protest waking up to an almost naked Rachel happily sucking on his long, hard prick. Rachel didn’t know about morning wood and assumed he was sporting his erection for another reason.  
  
It was a perfect plan. She had never performed oral sex before, but that wasn’t going to stop her. No backing out. She was in position, ready and willing. At the first opening she would just lean over and let nature take over.  
  
While she waited, Rachel pondered her recent attitude toward Eric. She had been treating him poorly lately, but deep down she still liked him. She couldn’t blame Eric for sharing a nude sunbathing photo with his best friend. Perhaps it was all a misunderstanding and she had been too mean to him. She resolved to talk to Eric later and ask him about it. But for now she could only concentrate on her body. What better way to satiate her physical need than with Eric? Rachel rehearsed the performance in her mind while anxiously awaiting the moment to begin.  
  
\*\* I just need to stay focused on the target and get latched on before he says anything. I’ll let my actions do the explaining. Once he figures out what’s happening, he’ll bring out that gorgeous smile and accept it. Maybe he’ll start playing with my boobs while I’m blowing him. Or reach between my legs and feel me up from behind. I’ll let him do anything. I’m so worked up, I’ll probably orgasm first. But I’ll just keep sucking him until he cums.  
  
Rachel’s heart pounded away the seconds until her first sexual experience. Any remaining reservations melted away. She sat beside the bed like a statue ready to present her prime, sexually charged teenage body to his pleasure. She was committed and would remain fixed in this spot until Eric moved.  
  
\*\*tick, tick, tick. Thump, thump, thump.  
  
After a minute which seemed like an hour, doubts started to return. Rachel eyed the exit. She was still glued to the spot by her hormones, but reality was creeping in around the edges of the fantasy.  
  
\*\*Maybe this isn’t such a good idea.  
  
Rachel felt dizzy and put her hand down to steady herself. Her movement finally broke the spell and she eyed the door with more seriousness. If she was quiet, she could still get out before Eric noticed. Unfortunately, instead of touching carpet like she expected, her hand landed on a silky material. Eric’s boxers. It was enough to pause her quick escape. Her body didn’t want to leave. Not after coming so close. Torn between fantasy and reality, Rachel struggled for a few moments. She couldn’t decide what to do.  
  
Sadly, the decision was about to be made for her. And it did not turn out at all like she imagined…

**Part 2**

It started as a rustle. Eric was stirring! Before she could react, Eric looked over and saw the goddess statue kneeling beside his bed. She wasn’t naked, but she might as well have been. Her nightgown was topless and bottomless and concealed nothing to his view. Despite the pleasant scene, he was still a little freaked out that she seemed to be sitting in his bedroom silently watching him sleep.  
  
“Rachel what the hell?”  
  
He started to roll over to better address the girl. Along the way his sheet started to slip off his body.  
  
This was it.  
  
Rachel had to make her move. She had already screwed up by allowing herself to be distracted by Eric’s boxers on the floor. She lost the element of surprise then she let him speak to her. None of this was part of the plan. She needed to act fast before the fantasy unraveled. She jumped to her feet. But the fluid maneuver she had imagined performing ended up clumsy and capricious. She was the complete novice displaying uncertainty with every movement.  
  
\*\*Get a hold of yourself, girl. Stick to the plan. Just get latched on and let your body do the talking.  
  
Rachel mustered her courage and leaned toward the bed; a final attempt to initiate her first sexual experience. Alas, the experience wasn’t meant to be. With the sheet out of the way, Eric’s entire body was exposed. But when she looked down, Rachel was greeted by a most unexpected sight. One which stopped her in her tracks.  
  
Eric wasn’t naked! He was wearing a pair of briefs. Somehow Rachel had missed that little detail. His boxers on the floor caused her to assume he had taken them off during the night. Maybe he had, but he was still wearing briefs which concealed his bulging privates just fine. He was also wearing a grin which kept growing by the second. Was he starting to suspect Rachel’s perverse scheme?  
  
Rachel couldn’t continue. It would mean seducing him out of his briefs and she was too inexperienced and nervous to try something like that. With her blow job plan thwarted, Rachel started backpedaling away from Eric’s bed like it was poison. She wracked her brain for a legitimate explanation. Instinctively, she reached up to cover her nakedness and found she was still holding Eric’s boxers. She draped them over her blushing chest as she stammered for a response.  
  
“I…I…boxers” Rachel was mercifully saved by a flash of an idea “I have to collect your laundry as part of my new chore list…Sorry if I woke you.”  
  
On her way to the door, she gathered up some of Eric’s clothes which were strewn about in typical teenage fashion.  
  
“Well you could have knocked.” In his sleepiness, Eric was confused by the whole encounter and still a little freaked out.  
  
“Sorry” was all she could say, trying to suppress her deep blush at almost having her deviant plan laid as bare as her body. It was a pretty weak excuse, but Rachel wasn’t going to stick around to see if Eric bought it. Once she had enough clothes in her arms, she backed out of Eric’s bedroom and closed the door.  
  
It took a few second to keep from fainting. Then Rachel remembered she was holding a pile of Eric’s dirty clothes.  
  
\*\*Yuck!  
  
She had to take these down to the laundry room. It was the only way to maintain her fabricated excuse. Meanwhile Eric stretched his long body out and stood up shaking his head. He didn’t know it, but he had just missed out on the best experience of his young life. But he soon discovered a consolation when he opened his laptop to find a new video waiting on his hard drive. It was a special performance from Rachel. She had snuck downstairs last night after bed and spent a little personal time in front of the computer. The HD webcam mounted on top had captured every detail.  
  
Eric watched the recording of Rachel reading her email in her revealing nightgown. That alone would have been a decent addition to his ‘swimmer’ collection. But then Rachel got a strange look in her eye and her demeanor changed. Eric recognized what was happening because he had seen the same look by the pool last week. Still, he nearly flipped out when the girl stripped off her nightgown to display her completely naked body to the camera. To Eric’s elation, Rachel’s strip show soon escalated into a naked erotic massage. Eric settled into a massage of his own; matching her stroke for stroke.  
  
As they each neared release; they were interrupted by two very different developments. While Rachel had been disrupted by a sound from down the hall, something completely different stopped Eric in his tracks. It was barely noticeable on the recording. But near the end before she jumped out of her chair to run for cover, Rachel clearly uttered two words between her stifled moans.  
  
Eric couldn’t believe it. But after replaying it a several times, he confirmed Rachel’s words, “Oh Tommy!”  
  
She had been fantasizing about his best friend. Tommy had a thing for Rachel, but Eric was shocked to learn the feeling was mutual. Normally he would have shared the information with Tommy immediately, but this time was different. Eric felt a twinge of jealousy. He didn’t want Tommy dating Rachel. He would have to think about it some more.  
  
Right now, he was still a little freaked out that she had been watching him sleep like that. So he made a fateful decision to start closing his door when he went to bed. That caused him to miss out on many morning sexual advances courtesy of the horny teenage girl next door.  
  
Meanwhile, Rachel had loaded the clothes washer and added a medium amount of detergent. Then she started the cycle of Eric’s dirty clothes. She grumbled to herself all the way back to the bathroom.  
  
\*\*I’m a girl, not a slave. Surely they can’t make me do this indefinitely.  
  
She took a quick shower and dressed in Lily’s donated dress. Rachel thought back to her swim tryout. She had so casually given her clothes away to her mom. It was no big deal back then. She owned plenty of outfits. But those clothes were long gone. The only thing she owned now was this single dress.  
  
She took one last look in the mirror and confirmed her worst fear. The dress was surely too immodest to wear to school. The hem was simply too short. The Thornwood dress code would never allow her to wear this. Anyone could see up her dress by merely bending over a bit. It didn’t help that she didn’t own decent underwear.  
  
Rachel went back into her room. It didn’t take her long to find the package of girl’s panties in the sparsely furnished guest room. Because Rachel’s room was not really designed to be a bedroom, it didn’t have a closet or dresser. The only place left to look was in the room’s only drawer which was in the little nightstand beside her bed. Sadly, Rachel’s entire wardrobe fit into that one drawer with room to spare. She folded her nightgown and put it away then found a pair of white panties to struggle into.  
  
There was another package in that drawer that she had forgotten about. Her ‘socks’. Rachel pulled out the package and stared at it with disbelief. She had simply requested comfortable, practical socks. But instead Eric’s mom went shopping in the intimate section and picked out thigh high stockings with silky pink bows on top and a matching garter belt.  
  
\*\*She can’t allow a simple request. She always has to do it her way.  
  
While she grumbled about Eric’s mom, she decided to at least give the stockings a chance. She couldn’t have predicted that before the day was out she would be dumping them in a trash can. It didn’t matter to Rachel by now. She might as well be playing dress-up. She thought she would never be allowed to attend Thornwood in this outfit. No matter what Eric’s mom wanted, the school had a strict dress code. Eric’s mom would have to give in and provide an acceptable replacement outfit.  
  
Rachel wasn’t against dressing up if the occasion called for it. But even then, garters were not supposed to be visible. These stockings stopped at mid-thigh and the super short dress didn’t come down to cover their lace tops. The little sexy bows which were supposed to be concealed were plainly visible. That left nothing over her thighs except lace garter straps running up front and back. The straps attached to the belt which was sitting low on her waist.  
  
\*\*This is ridiculous. I feel like a dress-up doll and Susan is the 3 year old who doesn’t know anything about clothes.  
  
The swim trainers, her only pair of shoes, completed the outfit adding several inches to Rachel’s height and making her unbalanced. Once ‘dressed’ for school, however improperly, Rachel went downstairs.  
  
“Rachel, I hope you slept well” Susan was making breakfast but happily stopped to study the girl. “Ah, you found your new stockings!” She didn’t wait for Rachel to acknowledge the statement but walked over and began proudly appraising the outfit.  
  
“Oh, I remember what it was like to be your age. You’d look absolutely adorable in whatever you were wearing!” She turned the girl around as if to make sure everything checked out. That’s when she noticed the dress’ belt. Rachel had forgotten to tie it in back. Being a little girl’s dress, the belt was actually positioned well above Rachel’s waist. In fact it sat just below her ample bust. Eric’s mom reached up and pulled the belt into a tight bow which shortened the dress length even more.  
  
Additionally, Eric’s mom had washed Lily’s dress in very hot water the day before which shrunk it at least full size. What used to be borderline acceptable was now completely inappropriate. Last time she’d worn it, the dress had barely covered the Rachel’s naked bottom. But now her firm teenage ass clad only in white panties was completely hanging out below the hemline.  
  
Rachel blushed and tugged at the dress futilely willing it to be longer.  
  
“Mrs. G, I can’t wear this to school” Rachel started.  
  
“Let me stop you right there, young lady. You know the rules. We both agreed that I should be the one picking out your wardrobe until you can be more careful with your things. We settled it yesterday and after what you did to the dryer, you have no excuse to argue. Do I make myself clear?”  
  
The tight belt around Rachel’s ribs now accentuated her ample bosom. She no longer owned a bra. Not that she needed one. But she would feel much more confident if her hard nipples weren’t so prominent beneath the thin material of the dress.  
  
“Yes, ma’am. I understand. It’s just…”  
  
“Just what?” she looked up from her meal preparations in annoyance.  
  
“Well, there’s a dress code and I don’t think this will pass. It’s so short!” That was an understatement. The Thornwood dress code was not very specific, but in this case it didn’t have to be. Girls are not allowed to attend school with their skimpy panties showing. That much should have been obvious.  
  
Eric’s mom smiled. She had already planned for that argument. “Nonsense! Short dresses are the style for girls these days. But if the dress code is all you’re worried about, I have good news. I spoke to your principal earlier and explained your predicament; how you had lost all your belongings in the storm. I told him about the generous donations of our neighbors and he was very understanding. Similar things have happened to other students in the past, like house fires. When dealing with donated clothes, the students don’t always have control over what is available to them. So what the school normally does in such situations is waive the dress code requirement until you are able to replace your old wardrobe! He understands your hardship and doesn’t want to add additional stress. Beggars can’t be choosers when it comes to donated clothing after all. Isn’t that great?”  
  
Defeated, Rachel slumped into a dining room chair where she learned her dress didn’t even touch the chair unless she tugged on it. The simple act of breathing caused it to creep back up until her panties were again visible from every direction.  
  
\*\*Doesn’t want to add additional stress?! How can I attend class while flashing my panties to the whole world?  
  
Rachel sat for a few seconds trying to come up with a solution to the problem. She had agreed to whatever outfit Eric’s mom chose for her. That wasn’t such a problem until combined with an exemption from the school dress code. Rachel surely looked ridiculous flashing garter straps and little girl panties. Not to mention her thinly veiled chest and embarrassingly hard nipples. Rachel would never attend school dressed like this but alternatives eluded her. She needed advice from someone she could trust.   
  
\*\*Maybe Ellie can help!  
  
Just then a sound came from upstairs. Eric had taken longer than usual to get ready but was finally stirring. As good as breakfast smelled, Rachel didn’t want to sit across the table from Eric after the failed seduction attempt in his bedroom earlier.  
  
Rachel made an excuse to Eric’s mom and grabbed her backpack on the way out the door. She wasn’t committed to going to school, but she would use the walk to think. Surely an answer would come to her along the way. If nothing else, she might be able to catch Ellie leaving for school and get advice, or even borrow something else to wear. It was a long shot, but it was enough to cheer her up a little..

**Part 3**

“What do you mean they arrested him?”  
  
“Well, what do you expect? His methods were already borderline illegal. The public accepted it as a ‘cost saving measure’. In tough economic times like these they were supportive of the new prison uniforms because it saved the county over $40,000 in laundry costs alone. Besides, if the female prisoners didn’t want their privacy violated, they shouldn’t have broken the law in the first place. He would have been ok if he had the brains to take it slow for a while. But he pushed things a bit too far too fast.”  
  
Bystander looked up from his computer at his second in command who was bringing the bad news “So what now? Are they shutting the program down?”  
  
“It doesn’t look good” Grigor was trying to be realistic. His boss was hard to work for sometimes, but they were all working for the same goal. “Right now I would say the program in Ogaline county is toast. But it looks like the damage isn’t spreading. We have already moved to limit the media exposure to local outlets only. The other two counties are unaware of what happened at Ogaline. Their programs are still online and we have warned the wardens about getting too greedy with their progress.”  
  
“Good enough” Bystander wasn’t happy, but things like this happened regularly in this line of work. He stared back at his computer screen. He wasn’t happy, neither was he surprised by the outcome. He knew from the beginning that America would prove to be one of the most difficult countries to crack.  
  
The original plan of using the prison system to introduce nudity seemed promising at first. The country had a historically punitive attitude toward criminals as well as an extensive incarceration system. But the initiative was taking longer than expected to gain momentum. There was still a chance the prison program would pan out. But in his experience the most successful programs were also the most creative. The ones in places he least expected to succeed.  
  
He turned back to his employee “Give me a status update on our other American projects.”  
  
“Let’s see, the nude protest initiative is expanding among activist groups. Some have even started using pornography as a legitimate form of protest.”  
  
That wasn’t much of a stretch. Most of those groups were taking off their clothes to protest things way before his organization infiltrated them. Still, Bystander was more than happy to exploit idealistic college girls naïve enough to think they could make a difference by stripping naked for a cause. But naked hippies were nothing new and hardly mainstream. He would have to do better than that to conquer America.  
  
“We also have the Prairie Village project in Oklahoma.”  
  
Bystander smiled. He had seen some footage from that project and was quite impressed. It was a good example of what can happen when you take a chance. This project was different than the prison one because it featured willing participants. The on-site management team was literally rewriting history to fit their agenda. Meanwhile, the participants were either too stupid or too desperate to object. Bystander suspected they simply didn’t know any better.  
  
It was doubly impressive that that project was succeeding because it was in the middle of the country; in the area known as the ‘Bible Belt’. His research told him to expect stiff resistance to public nudity due to the religious inclination of the populous. But it was his other projects around the country that were stalling while the ones in the south seemed to be flourishing.  
  
“What’s the latest with Thornwood?”  
  
Grigor quickly gave Bystander an update. It had all seemed like such a long shot a few months ago when the concept of ‘modernizing’ swim uniforms was hatched. Grigor had been involved from the beginning. He had seen the background research into the swim program at Thornwood. He had supplied the donations to the program and coordinated the aquatic facility upgrades. He had read the psychological profile of the new head Coach. It was an impressive feat to get that much done in such a short amount of time before the school year started. But even then, on paper, the initiative seemed doomed to fail.  
  
That was why is boss was a genius. Bystander could take the most obscure idea and turn it into success. He had performed financial miracles with many companies and subsidiaries over the years. He was so good at reading and manipulating people, it was almost scary. Grigor wasn’t surprise when he finally got bored with wild financial success and started playing with his money at the age of 40.  
  
Nudity projects started as a hobby. Bystander could talk a woman out of her clothes with ease. Grigor had seen it himself more than once at a local bar or on vacation. But like everything he began, Bystander soon needed a bigger challenge. Simple parlor tricks weren’t enough. Bystander’s sexual exploits soon became research subjects for his next undertaking. Before he knew it, Grigor was managing an entire shadow organization dedicated to launching nudity projects around the globe.  
  
“The key” he once said “is to start them young. You can’t change a grown woman, my friend. Not permanently. You have to indoctrinate them at an early age. Eventually we will have an entire generation of naked young women in all areas of society. They will have never known any different. Then they will be the model for the next generation after them.” As daunting as that goal sounded, Grigor knew better than to doubt his boss could pull it off.  
  
It was hardly unrewarding work. Grigor was paid as well as ever. And studying naked women was much more fun than staring at financial spreadsheets all day. Before he knew it, Grigor was just as committed to the agenda as Bystander himself.  
  
His boss was hands on with the projects even to the point of personally managing the points of contact. Even then, Grigor was surprise the Thornwood project was still alive. Everything and everyone involved in the project was controlled from the principal to the school board. The only thing they couldn’t control was the students themselves. At that point it became a shot in the dark. It would take a perfect storm of circumstances to pull this one off. But Grigor’s boss was the rainmaker.  
  
Grigor was pleasantly shocked when the reports started rolling in after the tryout. The students generally accepted the uniform changes. He should have expected it. Whatever his boss touched magically turned to gold. And Bystander had hand selected which sample uniforms to send in the shipment from his subsidiary company, BysTek Aquatic.  
  
A few students later rejected them (as expected) and a group of parents got together and made a run at firing the head coach. But some quick maneuvering with the school board ended that threat. The project eventually dwindled to a single star swimmer who, for whatever reason, hadn’t yet rejected her uniform. It wasn’t much, but if she could improve her times enough to get noticed on a larger scale the uniform trend might catch on.  
  
The swim team had not yet been to a single meet so there was still plenty of time for something to go wrong. But the project was still considered to be on track and Bystander had several tricks yet to play. He was determined to see this project succeed and Grigor wasn’t about to bet against him…

**Part 4**

Rachel stood outside her first period classroom trying to figure out how she had talked herself into attending school all day in this ridiculous outfit. Deep down some uncontrollable desire to expose herself had taken root, and she hated the consequences.  
  
The pattern was clear even as she stood there. She built up the moment of exposure in her mind, imagining what it would be like and yearning to experience it. Her arousal drove her to get to that point. But without fail, the exposure always lasted longer than the thrill. At that point it became a personal challenge for her. She could have a nervous breakdown, but she was better than that. She had to push herself; to condition her will just like she conditioned her body in the pool all summer. She had to outlast the episode of exposure and prove that she was strong enough to endure the humiliation.  
  
How else could she explain why she was now standing in the halls of Thornwood in a tiny dress with no bra and a pair of skimpy panties?  
  
Driven from Eric’s house earlier, she’d had no intention of actually going to school today. She walked in the direction of Ellie’s house but wasn’t in a hurry to get anywhere in particular. She had hoped to use the time to think clearly about her situation. Rachel could already tell it was going to be another hot southern day as she approached Ellie’s house. It was one of the only advantages to being barely dressed. She actually welcomed the warm sun.  
  
The first time past Ellie’s house, she saw no sign of her friend. Thinking she was a little early, Rachel went around the block before gathering enough courage to knock on the front door. Rachel imagined a cousin answering the door and changed her mind as soon as she knocked. She turned to run but only made it a couple feet in her wobbly shoes. Fortunately, Ellie’s mom answered the door. “No, I’m sorry. She went to school early to help setup for swim practice.”  
  
Ellie’s mom gave Rachel a strange look but said nothing about her outfit.  
  
\*\*Maybe I can catch her at the aquatic center and get her opinion.  
  
It was as good a plan as any. Having finally been assigned a real locker in the changing rooms, she could at least drop off her swim uniform. She wasn’t committing to going to school. Not yet, at least. But she hadn’t made up her mind to skip either, because she didn’t really have an excuse to play hooky. The district’s absence policy got stricter every year. Skipping school even once without a good excuse could land you in summer school.  
  
\*\*I’m just going to talk to Ellie.  
  
Considering it a trial run, Rachel resumed her walk in the direction of the aquatic center. If nothing else, she could judge the reaction of students along the way. If it turned out to be worse than she imagined she could always play sick and get sent home. She felt better knowing she had an escape plan if things went badly.  
  
As she walked Rachel tried to do something about her state of exposure. The first trick was to adjust her backpack for extra rear coverage. That left the dress itself which didn’t provide much in the way of extra fabric. Her thoughtful efforts soon deteriorated into a futile tugging match with the hemline. But in her frustration, Rachel stumbled on a way to maximize what precious little material she did have. The collar closed with a weak metal latch in back. Her tugging stretched the latch until it broke.  
  
With the collar opened, one side of the dress slid off her shoulder. She pulled one side of the hemline down to an appropriate length. Combined with the backpack she was actually pretty well covered. She was still flashing her panties with every step. So she strategically placed a hand between her legs for extra cover. But walking around with your hand over your crotch only serves to draw people’s attention to that fact.  
  
\*\*What are you doing, girl? After all you’ve been through, you’re worried about a little panty flash? You can’t walk around school all day with your hand down there. It will look like you’re fondling yourself. It would be better to just walk normally and act like nothing’s wrong with your outfit. Wait! Am I really thinking about going through with this?  
  
With a guilty smile, Rachel imagined walking into math class and sitting down like everything was fine. While she listened attentively to the lesson, her outfit would be distracting everyone else. If she did it regularly, she would probably end up with the best grade in the class because everyone else would be ogling her body. Rachel giggled at the thought and quickened her pace.  
  
\*\*Represent yourself with pride in everything you do.  
  
Foot traffic increased as she stepped onto the school grounds. Rachel got attention, especially from the horny teenage boys. Last week she had made it through School Pride Day in nothing but a warm-up jacket. She couldn’t help but feel confident when compared to that. She caught a few boys sneaking glimpses at her panties as she walked and got a flush of excitement out of it.  
  
\*\*Eat your heart out, boys. You can look all you want, but you’ll never find what you’re looking for.  
  
Rachel didn’t find Ellie at the aquatic center. So she went on to the changing rooms and loaded her ‘uniform’ into the locker with her name on it. There at the bottom of her backpack lay another problem. Last night she had placed the pinnacle in her backpack to deal with later. She had forgotten about it until now. Fortunately, she could put off dealing with it at least until swim practice. So Rachel placed it in her locker and turned to go to school.  
  
Once in the halls of the school Rachel was feeling pretty confident. There were enough students crowding everywhere that she could work her way around without attracting too much attention. She still got the occasional look of shock, but it was not nearly as bad as she imagined it would be.  
  
She started to get more self-conscious the closer she got to first period. The crowds thinned out until there were smaller pockets of students huddled together. It made Rachel feel like an outsider. Having transferred in from out of state, she didn’t have any friends except Eric. The first few days of school had been so crazy; she hadn’t even bothered to learn anyone’s name beside Ellie.  
  
Now she was really feeling self-conscious as she got more dirty looks. Each clique huddled closer and whispered as she passed. By the time she got to the door of her classroom, Rachel was having serious doubts about her ability to go through with it.  
  
Her doubts were confirmed when the bell rang. Rather than be tardy and risk detention, she stepped through the door like it was completely normal. The reaction she got was anything but normal…

**Part 5**

All conversation stopped as the teenage girl tentatively stepped through the doorway and into the classroom. For a moment Rachel felt light-headed. But her heart wasn’t the only thing pounding. A sensation grew between her legs similar to the one she had felt as swim tryout; a mixture of arousal and humiliation. At least this time she was only showing way too much leg and a flash of white panty. The adrenaline rush kept her upright while she fought to suppress the hormones. After the world didn’t end, Rachel took a deep breath and started toward her seat.  
  
\*\*Too late to back out now.  
  
Every eye in the room followed the girl’s steps as she crossed the front of the room. The little pink bows on her stockings accentuated her creamy white legs while the garter straps disappeared beneath the dress. She was almost to the relative safety of her desk when the teacher stopped her.  
  
“RACHEL! I don’t know what stunt you’re trying to pull, but I will not allow a student disrupt class in this manner. You can streak yourself straight to the principal’s office! And don’t come back until you’ve put your skirt back on.”  
  
“I’m not streaking” Rachel turned in dismay “this is my dress. It’s just…a little short.”  
  
“Well it’s too short for the dress code and you know it. Now go. And not another word, or it’s detention for you!”  
  
Not given the chance to explain further, Rachel turned and shuffled out of the room. The class exploded with laughter as soon as she was out of sight.  
  
Principal Robinson’s first reaction was shock when the teenager appeared in his doorway. Her teacher had called ahead and told him about her attempted streak. When she arrived it sure looked to him like she was missing a few articles of clothing. Besides missing a skirt and/or something to cover her legs, the teenager’s natural assets under the thin top made it obvious she wasn’t wearing a bra. Simply put, she was stunning.  
  
It took a few moments for him to get back on track. Then he remembered the conversation he’d had with a parent early that morning. The Gillmony family, whose son, Eric was a student at Thornwood was also hosting a young lady until her family could get settled in town. She was also a member of the swim team. The way Mrs. Gillmony described it to Principal Robinson, Rachel’s wardrobe was one of the casualties of last week’s powerful storm.  
  
Principal Robinson switched gears into one of his most important job duties; protecting his students.  
  
“Your guardian told me about what happened. I’m so sorry your teacher was not informed of your hardship. I will send out a memo to the rest of the faculty so you won’t be bothered.”  
  
“She’s not my guardian. I’m just staying there for a few days.”  
  
“As far as the school is concerned, she is your guardian. You are technically living at the Gillmony house and we have the paperwork from your mother. Otherwise you would not have been allowed to transfer to Thornwood until the spring semester. Now I know you have been through a traumatic time with the recent storm. If you need to talk about it, our school counselor is always available.”  
  
After he dismissed the girl, he closed his door and said “wow” under his breath. No grown man could keep himself from looking when something like that walked by. Her long, bare legs were sure to attract attention around school under that insanely short dress.  
  
But he couldn’t go against the wishes of her guardian and risk discrimination charges. He had to make an exception because of her hardship.  
  
\*\*It will be fine for one day. It’s not like every outfit she wears will be that scandalous, right?  
  
Principal Robinson called Rachel’s first period teacher back then wrote a quick memo explaining the girl’s situation. He instructed his secretary to distribute the memo to the faculty then went back to his office.  
  
Rachel took a detour on the way back to her classroom. Basically she was stalling. She didn’t want to face the class again. For another reason, she needed a physical reprieve. So she headed to the nearest restroom and entered a private stall.  
  
She was going on nearly two hours wearing these too small panties and she was really starting to feel sore. Her pussy mound had been constantly squeezed and the only way to truly relieve the pressure was by pulling her panties down a bit. Rachel breathed a sigh of relief after making the adjustment. With the constricting fabric removed, blood resumed pumping through her lower lips resulting in a dull ache.  
  
She automatically started rubbing herself to just massage the ache away. But it felt so good Rachel was soon in the middle of another mini-bate. She felt like such a degenerate, masturbating in the girl’s restroom at her high school.  
  
\*\*Mmmh. Has it really come to this?  
  
She gave herself a final squeeze before reluctantly pulling her panties back up. She felt much better now, but still had to face her classmates.  
  
\*\*If I could just make the hem longer all the way around instead of just one side…DUH! Why not pull the collar over both my shoulders and turn the dress into a strapless? What an idiot.  
  
The answer had been there all along. Rachel excitedly tugged on her collar. She just needed to stretch it enough to fit both shoulders through. Then the dress, though still short, would be long enough to cover her bottom adequately. The collar resisted at first, then started to grow.  
  
\*\*Almost..got..it…  
  
Rachel winced as she heard the ‘rrrip’ sound coming from her back. She had pushed the collar too far and the back seam gave way. She couldn’t judge the full damage without a mirror. At least there was more than enough room to fit her shoulders through. But it might be a little too much room. With her arms relaxed, the dress neckline was now well below her collarbone and she was showing quite a bit of cleavage. On the plus side, the hem was now hanging modestly at her thigh.  
  
\*\*Never thought wearing a strapless dress to class would be considered an improvement.  
  
Rachel gathered her things and stepped out of the stall to look at herself in the mirror. It looked more natural than trying to wear it crooked. In this new configuration, the dress was actually kind of cute. It was still too short for comfort, but acceptable. By solving the length problem, she had created another. If she leaned forward too far, it became obvious to anyone who cared to look that the girl wasn’t wearing a bra and her boobs were dangerously close to popping out.  
  
To Rachel, it was the lesser of two evils. She decided she could face the class like this. Maybe even make it through the whole day.  
  
\*\*Better to flash a little cleavage than have your ass hanging out the bottom. If only these panties weren’t so tight!  
  
She couldn’t help that, though. She would just have to endure. So Rachel headed back to her class with her newly modified attire. The teacher was in a kinder mood and the class left her alone. Rachel was so distracted; she barely heard any of the lesson. She mostly stared at the clock and couldn’t be happier when the bell rang to dismiss. She’d made it through first period. Only 6 more to go…

**Part 6**

By time third period class was over, Rachel was really hurting. The throbbing between her legs became such a distraction; she missed an easy question in history. As soon as the bell rang she went straight to a restroom to figure out a more permanent solution to her problem. Soon she was back to massaging her hairless mound to stimulate circulation. But it inevitably stimulated something else.  
  
\*\*I can’t keep doing this every hour.  
  
As she completed her fourth mini-bate of the day, she made up her mind that would be the last one today. A solution was forming in her mind, but she didn’t want to admit it could work. Before she had modified her dress it would have been impossible. But now that she had enough lower coverage, she could conceivably go the rest of the day without panties. If she was careful, no one would know.  
  
\*\*It’s the only way to escape this wretched torture device.  
  
Rachel slipped her panties off her legs and stuffed them into her backpack. She hurried to fourth period math and made it just as the tardy bell was ringing. Being the last to arrive, she had to go through the usual stares on the way to her desk. Seeing a girl wear a strapless dress to class was a novelty to each new group of students. But Rachel was getting used to it by now.  
  
But sitting down without panties on was a new experience; one which highlighted just how aroused she really was. Rachel gasped when the cold wooden chair came in direct contact with her pussy. She squirmed for a few seconds trying to not to draw attention. The shock actually felt good on her hot lower lips, but it didn’t begin to quench her burning loins. Eventually the chair warmed to the point that she no longer noticed a difference in temperature.  
  
Rachel made it through three more periods and lunch without incident. But just before her last class she stumbled into a hornet’s nest. Coming around the corner, Rachel saw her least favorite bully and her minions standing down the hall.  
  
“Well, here comes our little slutty bunny. How you doing bunny?” Brenda had a wicked grin on her face as she headed toward the girl.  
  
Rachel tried to ignore and veer away but Brenda adjusted her angle to intercept.  
  
“What’s the matter, bunny? Don’t go hopping off so soon.” The minions gathered around cutting off any escape routes. Rachel considered pushing through and making a run for it, but she wouldn’t make it far in her shoes. The second best option was to stay calm, play along and hope they lost interest.  
  
“Hi Brenda. I’m doing fine, thank you” Rachel tried to smile and look kind, but she had trouble appearing genuine.  
  
Brenda laughed “You better thank me. I let you off easy last time. But that doesn’t make us fine. You still owe me for cheating out of your little hopping show” she looked around at her buddies “I’d say at least $5. That sound fair?” Brenda’s minions all agreed.  
  
“I don’t have any money” Rachel pleaded. She looked around for help, but the halls were deserted. The other students knew to stay away when Brenda the bitch was on the prowl.  
  
“I don’t believe you, slutty bunny. Cassy, check her backpack. You better not be lying to us.”  
  
Rachel didn’t have a choice but to allow Cassy to step behind and unzip her backpack. Cassy was just as big as Brenda and just as ugly. Rachel knew they wouldn’t find any money. She prayed for the school bell to ring and end the search. Two pockets down and still nothing.  
  
When the bell rang Rachel said “Look, Brenda. I told you I don’t have any money, but I have to get to class. I promise I’ll pay you tomorrow.” With as much confidence as she could muster, Rachel squeezed between two minions and started toward her class. She didn’t make it far.   
  
“Woah! What’s this?” Cassy was still digging around in Rachel’s backpack and pulled a pair of skimpy white panties from the last pocket.  
  
\*\*Uh oh.  
  
Brenda took one look at the panties and yanked Rachel back into the fray. “What’s going on, little slut? Why are these panties in your bag instead of on your ass? You some kind of pervert?”  
  
“No. Those are…an extra pair.” Rachel was now in real trouble.  
  
“Prove it. Show us your panties.”  
  
With all the indignance she could muster, Rachel made one last attempt at reason. “I don’t have to show you anything, Brenda. Now, let’s get to class before someone catches us out here and gives everyone detention.”  
  
“I’ve already got detention” Brenda gave a subtle nod to Cassy as she stepped back to give Rachel a path “but if you’re that worried, go ahead and hop along to class.”  
  
Rachel was taken aback by the sudden act of kindness. But she wasn’t about to let the moment of good fortune pass. She turned and started through the opening set by Brenda.  
  
With her guard up against Brenda, Rachel didn’t notice Cassy step in behind her. With one fluid motion, Cassy grabbed the bottom of Rachel’s dress and wrapped it up over her head like a bag. Rachel screamed and struggled inside the makeshift cocoon as the whole group burst out laughing. She was no match for Cassy’s brute strength. Her arms had been yanked along with the dress and were tangled up around her head within the fabric of the dress.  
  
She could only dance and twist around with futility as her entire naked body was exposed to Brenda’s clan.  
  
“I knew you were lying to me.” Brenda took to poking the girl which made her writhe even more “let this be a lesson to you. You don’t call me a bitch. You’re my bitch, and you always do what I say. From now on, ok?”  
  
Rachel didn’t want to resist too hard and risk tearing her dress even more. Defeated, she said “ok”. At this point she would say anything.  
  
“That’s better. I’m keeping your panties as a reminder to tell the truth next time. Come on girls, like the bunny said. We don’t want to get…detention!” everyone got another laugh on their way down the hall.  
  
Rachel had just readjusted her dress when a male voice came from down the hall “BRENDA!”  
  
Brenda stopped in her tracks and turned to address him “yes Mr. Robinson? Did you need something?”  
  
Principal Robinson approached the group and tried to assess the situation. He recognized Rachel made a guess at what was going on. “Brenda, what are you doing with those panties?”  
  
“They’re mine, sir…an extra pair.” The thought of Brenda fitting into those panties was patently absurd.  
  
“Rachel, are these girls bothering you?”  
  
It was the perfect chance to bust her. Brenda deserved to be punished for what she did. But Rachel wasn’t stupid. She caught a mean glare from Brenda and thought better. If she ran to the principal now, she would become a target all year. And she was already on thin ice.  
  
“I dropped my backpack. They were just helping me.”  
  
Principal Robinson was skeptical of the excuse, but without evidence he had no choice but to let everyone go with a stern warning about tardiness. The girls went their separate ways but Rachel caught one more glance from Brenda. It made Rachel think she had made a mistake. Backing down to a bully only gives them more power over you. And Brenda looked like she couldn’t wait to exercise that power…

**Part 7**

Rachel collapsed onto the bench next to her locker. She had survived a full day of school in her skimpy dress. But the most stressful part of her day was still ahead. She sat for a few moments staring at her locker. Inside awaited the one object she had been dreading all day. The pinnacle.  
  
It was bad enough that she was expected to wear next to nothing to swim practice. But to insert a phallic device into her vagina and walk around like that was completely normal? Rachel shivered. She just couldn’t go through with it. Without a second thought she tossed it into the bottom of her pack and dressed for practice.  
  
Coach Ron paced around the pool nervously. He had been busy all day with organizational stuff like transportation for the first meet. It turns out a swim program doesn’t run itself. With one assistant coach and a freshman student manager as his only help, most of the administrative stuff fell back on him.  
  
His conversation the host school, Eastern Academy, did nothing to improve his mood. Their head coach’s words were dripping with condescension. He offered no help with accommodations and indicated that Thornwood should do Eastern a favor and stay home. It made Coach Ron want to beat Eastern even more.  
  
He couldn’t wait to begin practice and put all that behind him. He had a few gems on his team, but as a whole he had a lot of work to do if he was going to whip them into shape in two weeks. When Rachel came out of the locker room, Coach Ron noticed she wasn’t wearing the pinnacle.  
  
“Rachel, did you get the package I left you?”  
  
“Um yeah. I left it at home.” She lied “I thought it would be fine since this is just practice.”  
  
Coach Ron used the excuse to glance down at her perfectly formed nude pussy lips. “Well, I guess you can practice without it. But the school board voted. You can’t compete unless you are wearing your full uniform. And you need to start bringing it to practice to get used to it. Did you have any questions? Did it fit?”  
  
“Yeah. It was…fine” Rachel blushed. She had yet to try it on. She had no idea how it would fit. But she didn’t want to talk about it with anyone; especially her male swim coach.  
  
Coach Ron initiated practice with a few announcements. “Don’t forget our exhibition this coming Saturday. Until then all practices will be closed. Saturday we officially unveil the Thornwood aquatic facility and Varsity swim team. Sunday, we have two activities scheduled. First is the walkthrough. Participation is mandatory. This will be our only chance to sharpen our procedures before the first meet at Eastern Academy. We will work on warm-up and warm-down standards as well as team relay routines. It is very important we are all on the same page. If we show any signs of being out of sync, Eastern will eat us alive. I spoke with their coach today and they expect to scrub the pool with us. We must be ready to compete and ready to win…”  
  
Rachel was moved by the pep speech, but something in the back of her mind kept nagging her. Something about Sunday…  
  
“Then, Sunday night we will have a team bonding session organized by the captains. I would like to take this opportunity to remind the captains that there is a difference between bonding and hazing. There will be no coach supervision. We expect you to have some fun, but please remember to temper your activities accordingly. If things go too far, you will be held responsible.”  
  
\*\*Sunday? OH!  
  
It suddenly clicked in Rachel’s mind. Due to a series of mishaps, she was required to report to the department store at the mall on Sunday afternoon. Although not intending to shoplift, she had done it and been caught. Then she’d agreed to serve her time in the store rather than face legal prosecution.  
  
With the pre-practice meeting over, everyone was instructed to enter the pool. Rachel would have to talk to Coach Ron later about Sunday. For now she had to focus on her training. Coach Ron chose a simple but effective method for preparing his team for the first meet. Despite all the fancy training equipment and top dollar technology, what his team really needed was good old fashion exertion. Technique and fine tuning could come later. Right now he needed raw speed and endurance from his team.  
  
The practice turned out to be a rigorous and boring affair. Rachel had an initial flashback when she first entered the pool. Being mostly naked in the water was an unusual and exciting sensation; one which she had only experienced once before during tryouts. But the excitement soon wore off as the team was divided into groups for tedious relay drills.  
  
They spent the entire practice doing laps in the pool alternating strokes. Rachel found herself among the fastest in her group. She felt comfortable in the water. It didn’t bother her as much that she was naked because she was in her element and it felt so natural.  
  
Even in her weaker strokes, the backstroke and the breast, Rachel surprised herself by finishing near the front. She also noticed a stronger than usual finishing kick. With nothing else available, she had been forced to wear her strength trainer shoes every day. In less than one week they were already producing results; sculpting her long firm legs into objects of absolute perfection. But even more exciting to Rachel was the measurable increase in muscle tone which she could feel in every kick.  
  
The strength trainers, along with the uniform’s low water resistance and special swimming gloves all contributed to Rachel’s impressive performance during practice. But what really started to pay off as the practice wore on were her long summer sessions in the pool. Her endurance was most evident near the end when she was finishing first in every stroke by several lengths.  
  
It was exactly what Rachel needed to relieve stress after several longs days away from the water. Still she was happy for practice to be over. She hadn’t swum that much in a while and was sure to be sore.  
  
The day began to weigh heavily on Rachel as Coach Ron wrapped up practice. She wanted to shower then go home and crash for the night. Unfortunately, that was not possible because of the chore list awaiting her at home. In fact, the poor girl was doomed to suffer another long evening of embarrassment. And it started before she had even left the school…

**Part 8**

Susan Gillmony took a special pride in her responsibilities. She reigned over her household like it was her own domain. Her husband wanted to be a big shot around town and liked to be seen as wearing the pants in the family. Susan played the role of the meek housewife when needed. But in her house, she was the boss.  
  
Richard could have his little intern escapades and Eric could pull pranks at school. But her husband and her son both knew better than to challenge her authority at home.  
  
Their new houseguest was starting to learn that lesson too. There were a few days at first when the little tart kept disrupting the order of things. But after bending Rachel to her will, Susan was once again in charge and feeling good.  
  
\*\*Still have to keep a close watch on that girl, though. She can be so wishy-washy sometimes!  
  
Susan smirked at her pun as she stood over the clothes washer. She had found the half completed load of laundry and figured out Rachel had done it. “Half assed as usual” she muttered to herself. Without Susan’s intervention, the clothes would have sat there all day and gathered deep wrinkles. The nice thing to do would be to dry and fold them.  
  
But Susan had something more sinister in mind. She sabotaged the load of laundry by pouring in some bleach then restarting the wash cycle. Ever since she started manipulating Rachel to seduce Richard, she had felt more at liberty to be deviant. That she had been rewarded in the bedroom multiple times only reinforced her bad behavior. It motivated her to antagonize the girl further.  
  
\*\*Nothing wrong with a little good…clean fun.  
  
Another silly pun then Susan left the laundry room to attend to some more pressing duties; watching her daily talk shows.  
  
After practice, Rachel caught up with Ellie in the locker room. It was nice to talk to her, but she didn’t need Ellie’s advice anymore since she had made it through school in her dress. So they just chatted. Being a team manager meant Ellie had responsibilities after practice. She couldn’t go change with the team or shower until she had finished her duties around the pool.  
  
“The training center is deserted” she whispered to Rachel mischievously. “I’ve been reading the instruction manual for the warm-down tub. It’s pretty easy to adjust the programming. Wanna stick around and help me figure it out?”  
  
Rachel shuddered. She had demonstrated the warm-down tub to the whole team last week. She had been helplessly strapped in while it went through a generic demo mode. The powerful jets had brought her to the brink of orgasm. The last thing she wanted right now was to risk being caught in that thing.  
  
“I think I’ll pass”  
  
“Oh fine” Ellie acted disappointed, but rallied. “I’m wearing my uniform under this warm up. I’ll just try it out myself.” With a wink Ellie was on her way back to the pool area.  
  
The first door from the pool area led into an anteroom. This was where the new uniform boxes had been stacked up before the tryout last Thursday. From there, a short hallway led into the shower area which was positioned in the middle of the locker room. Rachel passed through the hall and found a shower head.  
  
She showered in silence. She didn’t mean to ignore her teammates, but was busy thinking about next Sunday. Serving her punishment at the mall meant she would miss the team walkthrough.  
  
Just then Coach Ron entered the dressing room and walked straight to his office without even glancing over at the group of naked showering girls across the room. It was still a little strange for a man to walk around the locker room like that, but the girls seemed to be getting used to it.  
  
\*\*I should at least go apologize to Coach Ron. I don’t really know him well enough to judge his mood, but he sure looks stressed. And he looks busy. It won’t hurt to wait a day or two. I’ll talk to him tomorrow.  
  
The shower area was separated from the dressing room with just a two foot high partial wall. Individually labeled lockers with benches lined the walls of this room.  
  
Rachel trudged over to her locker and sat down facing the room. She pulled out her stockings and started to get dressed. The she stood up and stepped into her garter belt. She thought about her missing panties as she adjusted the garter straps.  
  
\*\*You sure can dress quickly when you don’t have to mess with underwear.  
  
The little panties were a casualty of her encounter with Brenda the bully. Long gone by now, she had no hope of recovering them nor did she particularly want to. Once she got rid of those damned panties, her day had gone much better.  
  
While tying her shoes, an image formed in Rachel’s mind of Brenda trying to squeeze into them. She smiled as she absentmindedly stood up and grabbed her backpack. She even giggled as she imagined Brenda grunting and the panties exploding into pieces around her.  
  
\*\*Would serve her right.  
  
Rachel started toward the exit completely oblivious to the egregious error she was committing. Her quick change and reverie had caused her to skip a critical step. The most important part of her outfit, her dress, was still hanging in the locker. As she walked, her subconscious tried to warn her of the oversight. She got a nagging notion to look at her body before passing Coach Ron’s office and leaving the locker room.  
  
She looked down and mused at her outfit. Her unsteady shoes made her breasts quiver with each step; almost like walking in high heels. Her legs flexed to maintain balance under the tight stockings. The frilly garter belt accented her small waist.  
  
And the bows were the exact same shade of her bright pink nipples!  
  
\*\*Hmm. How did I miss that before?  
  
She got a sudden urge to fondle them, but exercised restraint by reaching for the silk bows instead. Despite her admirable display of self control; her nipples responded anyway and started to inflate. Better to stop now and shift her attention away from her body before things got out of hand.  
  
Rachel thought instead about her strong practice performance which calmed her considerably. The nagging feeling was still there. But unable to attribute it to anything in particular, she released the bows and resumed her walk; this time with a little more spring in her step.  
  
Coach Ron was still nervous about being in the ladies locker room while the girls showered and changed. No one had called him on it yet, but it was still early in the year and he didn’t want to push his luck. He would have plenty of time to survey his domain and all the anatomical riches it possessed. After all, he was their head coach and the locker room was just an extension of his office.  
  
It took self control for Coach Ron to refrain from peeking out at the girls. He was doing pretty well too; until the mostly naked teenage goddess crossed his doorway. Rachel’s assets were impressive to look at in the context of a swim uniform. But seeing her with her hair down and wearing nothing but thigh high stockings added a whole new dimension to her sex appeal. He did a double take. She was a physical specimen of female perfection. But that didn’t explain her lack of clothes.  
  
Rachel caught his eye and gave a quick smile and wave as she passed. By now her nipples were fully inflated and bounced atop her perky young breasts. Coach Ron stared in disbelief at his good fortune.  
  
\*\*Damn. That is by far the best rack I have ever seen. They sure know how to grow ‘em around here. Is she trying to tease me? Where is she going anyway?   
  
But he was too stunned to go investigate further. So he just shook his head and tried to return to his paperwork.  
  
Rachel opened the door and waltzed into the pool area. If someone had been there, they could have warned her. But the other girls were still getting dressed. Ellie had finished picking up the equipment and was out of sight in the training center getting ready to enjoy the warm down tub. She floated to the nearest exit completely oblivious to her blunder.  
  
The lucky guy Rachel met next got the thrill of his life…

**Part 9**

The halls of Thornwood were empty. Most of the students had long abandoned it in search of freedom. Only the most dedicated students remained in pockets of extracurricular activities. Soon even these eager young scholars would succumb to the lure and comfort of home.  
  
Just down the hall from the aquatic center, band practice was one such activity. And once pupil in particular decided he had enough learning for one day. Little Bradley Harrison found a way to sneak out of band practice a couple minutes early. It turns out he was about to stumble into every horny teen boy’s wet dream right around the corner. Once clear of the band room, he marched down the hall with his trumpet case like a thief who had just pulled off a grand heist.  
  
Being the first one done after swim practice, Rachel had just reached the exit to the aquatic center. She pulled the heavy door open and stepped through just as Bradley approached. She saw the young freshman who hardly warranted acknowledgement. But Rachel was in an amicable mood and decided to be friendly.  
  
“Hi” she put on her brightest smile and turned toward the outer exit as the door clicked shut behind her.  
  
Bradley froze. All the blood in his brain rushed down to between his legs and he felt lightheaded. Standing before him was the most erotic sight he could imagine. Most girls barely gave him the time of day. But now out of nowhere appears a naked teenage girl with curves everywhere wearing nothing but a smile. And she even talked to him.  
  
Rachel still did not realize anything was wrong. The cool dry climate controlled air of Thornwood was a big contrast to the humid pool area. Rachel gave an involuntary shiver as she stepped into the hall; jiggling her female assets in the process.  
  
Bradley fainted.  
  
\*\*?  
  
Rachel took one step toward the boy intending to help him up. Suddenly alarms went off all over her body and Rachel realized she was naked. She screamed then clamped her hand over her mouth; not wanting to attract any attention.  
  
“RRRRIIINNNNNNGGGGgggggg”  
  
Just then the 5:00pm bell went off to mark the end of most after school activities. In this wing of the school, the biggest group left was the band. Down an adjacent hall Rachel heard the rest of the band students packing up and trickling out of the practice hall.  
  
She turned back the way she came to the safety of the aquatic center. Swim practices had been strictly closed to the public since the first day. So once practice began, the door latches were usually set to exit only. As she feared the door refused to budge. She was locked out. Rachel peered desperately through the tiny window praying for someone to come to her aid. But that escape route was blocked and there was no one in sight. At that moment, Ellie was riding the jets of the warm down tub to heights of ecstasy never before known. Rachel could have screamed and pounded the door down and Ellie would never have noticed.  
  
\*\*This can’t be happening. If I get caught roaming the halls dressed like this, I am going to die!  
  
Rachel’s survival instincts kicked in. She looked over at Bradley who was still out cold in the corridor. The excited chatter of other band students grew louder. They would be here any second. But so far no one else had seen her. Rachel’s heart was racing almost as fast as her mind; running through options. Every inch of her exposed skin screamed to be covered. She was sensitive to the open air. And worst of all she was aroused.  
  
She took a last despondent look into the safety of the aquatic center. So close yet unable to enter. Just before looking away something caught her eye. Across the pool from her one of the doors was propped open. Salvation! She calculated the distance and routes to that entrance. She could get there fastest via either the main corridor of the school or by cutting through the cafeteria.  
  
To walk naked down the main hall would be like torture. But would the cafeteria route be much better? She was likely to encounter as many people either way.  
  
\*\*Might as well huddle here in the corner and let the band gawk at me as they pass. This door has to open eventually.  
  
She glanced at the corner and imagined the other students coming around the corner to discover a naked schoolmate plastered against the wall.  
  
\*\*NO!  
  
Rachel’s sense of modesty had been altered. But this was too much. She had to find another escape route. But that dead end train of thought had wasted more valuable seconds. If she didn’t do something right now, the decision would be made for her.  
  
\*\*Just run for it.  
  
Rachel didn’t have a destination in mind. But she could no longer stay here and weigh her options. If she ran she might find a closet or hiding spot and figure out what to do next. It still meant risking exposure, but it was the best remaining of her dwindling options. At least she was a pretty fast runner and could escape trouble...when she wasn’t wearing her strength trainers.  
  
Bradley groaned but didn’t wake. Rachel made up her mind. She yanked on the laces as she struggled out of her shoes. Her body was shaking from fear, arousal and anticipation. With a final kick they came off. She left them there and took off down the hall with one hand clamped over her bare pussy mound.  
  
The freshly waxed linoleum hallway was like a skating rink under her stockings. She went too fast around the first corner and almost fell.  
  
\*\*I can’t outrun anybody like this. I should have stayed back by the pool.  
  
But Rachel was already committed. She skated down the hall as fast as she could and kept her eyes peeled for any form of rescue.  
  
Bradley opened his eyes as Rachel disappeared around the corner. Just then the door to the pool opened and several girls exited in a group. They were wearing normal school clothes. Not one was naked. Bradley stood up and retrieved his trumpet case just as the rest of the band members approached. He didn’t see the empty pair of shoes sitting against the wall. The swim team merged with the throng of band students on their way to the exit.  
  
\*\*Maybe I imagined it all.  
  
Some of his friends found him and asked what happened, but Bradley couldn’t explain. Without proof no one would believe him anyway…

**Part 10**

Rachel glanced back as she shuffled down the hall. If she had waited another couple seconds, the aquatic center doors would have opened for her. But she didn’t know that. Now she was stuck racing down the halls of her school wearing nothing but sexy thigh high stockings.  
  
The going was slow. By now she had expected to be at the end of this hall, but she was only half way down. And the other students were coming fast behind her.  
  
\*\*The exit!  
  
Rachel would never make it to the end of the hall and around the next corner, but she was much closer to the exit doors. If she went outside she would at least be able to flee normally instead of being a sitting duck here in the hall. But it would put her even further from the aquatic center and she was still naked.  
  
She had no other choice. She adjusted her angle and made straight toward the exit. She reached the closest door but paused before opening it. Another wave of arousal hit her. Was she really going outside dressed like this? Her pussy was radiating heat under her tightly clamped hand. She looked back once more. The first few students appeared and made her decision easier. Rachel pushed the latch and dove out the door just in time.  
  
Another world awaited her outside. First it was the warm, humid aquatic center followed by the harsh cold air conditioned halls of Thornwood. Now she had stepped into the sweltering heat of a record breaking southern afternoon. Memories of walking home after swim practice broke through the shock as Rachel found herself standing on the baking sidewalk in the heat of the day.  
  
But this time, she wasn’t on a casual walk home with Ellie. She was running for her life. Fortunately, no other students were in Rachel’s immediate vicinity. But that would soon change.  
  
Rachel started running along to her left following the sidewalk toward the end of the building. Her boobs bounced openly as she ran but she was too frantic to help it; although she did keep one hand between her legs.  
  
The sidewalk ended at the corner of the building. Rachel kept running on grass along the back of the school. On her right, in the distance, a road separated the open field from the adjoining neighborhood. Fleetingly Rachel considered running home. But the idea never took hold. Better to work toward getting back into the school and to her clothes.  
  
Covering her pussy was slowing her down. Since no one was nearby, she gave up on it and used both arms to run faster. There were windows spaced regularly along the back of the school but almost no doors. Some of the rooms Rachel passed had a whole wall of windows. She caught glimpses of people inside as she flew past. She could only hope that they weren’t looking out the window right then or that she was running fast enough to be nothing more than a blur to them.  
  
There were very few entrances along the back of the school; only the occasional service door which could only be opened from the inside. But she thought she was going in the right direction to get to the other side of the aquatic center. After sprinting about 200 feet, she approached the first break in the wall. It wasn’t an entrance, only a utility alcove about 10 feet across and 20 feet deep. Being so remote it would be the perfect hideout while she planned her next move.  
  
Unfortunately, Rachel wasn’t the only one to think that was a good place to hide out. She ducked into the alcove and turned back to make sure no one had followed her. Her chest was heaving from the exertion.  
  
“…dude.”  
  
Rachel jumped and moved to cover herself with her arms. But a little cover was not going to help her enough. So without bothering to see who was there, she took off again down the building in a panic.  
  
Two stoners were using that alcove to smoke pot after school. By the time Rachel appeared they were pretty baked. And before they could react she was gone again.  
  
“Did you see that chick, man?” the first kid was rubbing his eyes trying to focus. “I think she was naked.”  
  
“Uh…yeah. I think so” the other kid thought he was hallucinating. “Your brother scored some good shit this time.”  
  
“heh. He’s gonna be pissed when he finds out it’s missing.” Then he pointed toward the opening. “I think she ran that way.”  
  
Both the stoners were laying on the grown in the shade of the building. Thinking it was a side effect of the pot; neither had the energy or the inclination to go investigate if there really had been a naked girl.  
  
Rachel didn’t look back to see if she was being followed. She just ran as fast as she could to the next alcove. But this time she peeked in to make sure it was clear before entering. Once inside, her legs nearly buckled under her from the desperate naked sprint and she couldn’t catch her breath. But worse than that, she couldn’t stop her fingers from probing her throbbing pussy. She stumbled into the shadow and leaned against the hot bricks before letting her fingers plunge inside her.  
  
“Oh…GOD!”  
  
She cried out several times and collapsed onto the cement floor in ecstasy. She felt like a degenerate; no better than the stoners in the next alcove over. Neither Rachel nor the stoners were able to control their body’s physical urges and had to resort to deviant behavior to satisfy them. The vulgar assault on her tender sex continued for some time. Her accidental nudity and subsequent escape effort was driving her to masturbate in broad daylight just outside her school. Rachel squeezed her eyes shut in humiliation and arousal and tried to ride it out.  
  
\*\*I can’t do this anymore. All the doors back here are closed. What was I thinking? I can’t make it back to the aquatic center without being caught.  
  
She stopped fighting her body and accepted the inevitable. If she was giving up, she might as well go out with a bang and enjoy it. But as her session progressed, she found her arousal abating instead of escalating. So many recent mini-bates had conditioned her body to relax rather than orgasm.  
  
\*\*The one time I want to climax, and I can’t!  
  
Rachel cried out in frustration and begged her body to reverse direction. Fortunately, she had a secret weapon which she had vowed never to use. Except this was a special circumstance. The weapon was only a pinch away. She gave in to her throbbing nipples and reached up to give them a pinch. That was the signal her body had long been waiting for. Her arousal level began to climb as she cried out again and bucked against her hand.  
  
\*\*Holy shit, this one’s gonna be real. God, I love my tits.  
  
She resolved to finish herself off right there, yelling and screaming all the way. And then she would march back around to the front of the school in broad daylight showing her glorious naked body to anyone who cared to look. Just the thought of it made her toes curl with excitement. But not long after had she settled on that plan, a new route presented itself and her will faltered. Her glorious release would have to wait…

**Part 11**

Rachel had just started climbing the mountain to orgasm when an intrusive sound broke through the spell. A large truck approached and let out a long horn blast. Her hormonal shell shattered and Rachel opened her eyes and sat up. Once again afraid of being caught, she scooted into the deepest shadow of the alcove just as the large truck pulled to a stop. A young delivery driver hopped out of his cab. He didn’t see the naked girl hiding in the shadow, but she could see him. The horn blast was a signal for someone inside to come open the service door.  
  
It was worth investigating. She stood up silently on wobbly legs and brushed the dust and pebbles off her and smoothed out her hair. After regaining her composure, Rachel crept to the end of the alcove and peeked out.  
  
There was an open service door not more than 20 feet away. Rachel guessed from the picture on the side of the trailer that the truck was delivering food supplies to the school cafeteria. The cafeteria was right next to the aquatic center! Encouraged by this revelation; Rachel mustered her courage and energy for the next leg of her journey.  
  
\*\*I am better than the stoners. This is my body. No one else has a right to see it unless I say. Now stop screwing around, girl.  
  
Her plan to march naked through the school evaporated. She had come too far to give up now. She transitioned back into stealth mode and got ready to move. The delivery driver came back out after a couple minutes and went around to the back of the large truck. Rachel waited until he was inside the trailer before darting from the safety of the alcove to the service door. A cold blast almost knocked her over because the door led straight into the kitchen freezer.  
  
Rachel stood in place for a moment while her eyes adjusted to the dark room. She needed to move fast, but smacking into a rack or wall could be disastrous. The deep freeze had industrial fans which felt like she was standing in a wind tunnel. Without any clothes for warmth, her body began to shiver as the ice cold air blasted her from all directions.  
  
As soon as she could see, Rachel found the other door and started that way. Goose bumps rose all over her body and her teeth started to chatter.  
  
\*\*Got to keep moving.  
  
She reached the freezer door and cracked it open. The main kitchen looked empty, but she waited another moment just to make sure. She almost waited too long. The delivery driver appeared in the service door behind her pushing a hand cart full of supplies.  
  
Unable to wait any longer, she stepped into the kitchen; happy to be free from the biting cold. The only sign of activity was the dishwashing station where two large commercial dishwashers were humming away. Their operator was nowhere to be seen, but Rachel could tell from the stack of dirty trays he or she would soon be back.  
  
Rachel turned the other direction and walked the length of the kitchen. If she was correct, this side of the kitchen led to the cafeteria exit closest to the aquatic center. She cautiously opened the kitchen door to look out over the large cafeteria.  
  
Inside was a single janitor waxing the floor with a machine that looked like a giant vacuum cleaner. He was facing away, so didn’t see Rachel’s door open. Rachel’s heart started pounding again. She located her target door about 50 feet away then she ducked back into the kitchen. She was almost home free. She couldn’t afford to wait around in the kitchen for the janitor to finish. Not with the delivery guy making his rounds.  
  
She cracked the door again and studied the janitor waiting for the right time to make a run for it. She noticed something about his movements and saw the ear buds sticking out his ears. He was dancing to music as he worked! The information gave her the encouragement she needed. She believed she could make it to the exit while his back was turned and he was distracted by the music.  
  
Rachel took a deep breath and pushed the door open. She tried to launch herself toward the exit like a rocket but slipped on the freshly waxed floor.  
  
“Oohf!” She fell to the ground with a thud. Just then the door she had just left slammed shut and the janitor jumped.  
  
Rachel froze as the janitor turned to look in her corner of the cafeteria. Nothing more than a couple of tables separated the naked girl from the janitor. Rachel hugged the ground and prayed she would not be detected. After a couple of agonizing seconds, the janitor turned back to his machine and resumed his work. It was probably the only chance he would ever get to see a hot student streaking the cafeteria; and he barely missed it.  
  
Not about to take another chance by slipping, Rachel crawled the rest of the way an snuck out the exit. There across the hall was the entrance to the aquatic center with the door still propped open. Exhausted and embarrassed, Rachel made it to the now empty locker room. Her stockings were in tatters from the ordeal. She threw the ruined garments in the trash as a complete loss and headed to the shower.  
  
She washed off all the dirt and grime before returning to her locker where her dress was still waiting on its hanger. She even found her shoes in the hall where she had kicked them off earlier.  
  
Rachel left the school with a heavy sigh and walked home in silence; trying to process what had just happened to her. It wasn’t like her. Before now she never thought much about her clothes; though her outfits tended to be on the conservative side.  
  
Today, however, her school outfit was much more revealing than she was used to. Bare shoulders and no bra were the least of it. She had even chosen to go without panties! But there was a big difference between wearing a short dress and no dress at all.  
  
\*\*How could I have forgotten to put on that dress?  
  
In a weird way it sort of made sense, though. In the past week she had spent more time naked than clothed. And when she was clothed, her sense of modesty was being twisted into knots by her outfits. She couldn’t keep applying the same childish standard of modesty to every situation. Rachel pondered that concept as she walked.  
  
She had to evolve her standards to match the complex situations she would continue to face. And she had to start drawing on the expertise of those more familiar with the situation. Coach Ron knew more about the latest swim styles and regulations than anyone else. The school board meeting had settled that debate. With the pinnacle, Coach Ron provided the only necessary component of a proper competition swim uniform. Who was she to question it?  
  
\*\*I guess it doesn’t matter if I compete topless. I am faster than ever in that uniform. Why should anything else matter?  
  
Similarly, Eric’s mom wouldn’t intentionally buy her an inappropriate nightgown, would she?  
  
\*\*The open space in front was for me because I complained about the other nightgowns. Maybe I should cut her some slack. There’s nothing wrong with being more casual around the house. Ellie’s family doesn’t seem to mind when she does it. Perhaps Ellie had the right idea all along.  
  
Rachel smiled. Yes. Each situation was unique. The key was to find the appropriate attire for each activity. Modesty should always yield to propriety. If the outfit was comfortable and appropriate, why should she be embarrassed? Rachel’s pace slowed as she concentrated on developing this new concept. It seemed to fit, yet it was all so foreign. And one glaring problem persisted as evidenced by today’s embarrassing mistake; how to keep up with all these changing situations.  
  
\*\*It’s ok to be topless at home and topless at swim practice, but not on the walk home from swim practice. Urgh!  
  
How was her easily distractible mind supposed to keep up with the transitions? Also, after spending so much time naked around others, her body couldn’t tell when to be embarrassed and when it was normal. And when her poor exposed body decided to be embarrassed, the result was extreme arousal.  
  
She couldn’t rely on her own sense of embarrassment or she would never survive. She had to depend upon outside cues, like little Bradley Harrison. If her knockout body hadn’t literally knocked him out, she could have stumbled into more serious trouble. If she was going to follow this idea in practice, she would have to be disciplined.  
  
\*\*Modesty should always yield to propriety. Find the right attire for the activity, and everything else will sort itself out.  
  
Just then a stiff breeze blew the hem of her dress exposing her bare bottom. She blushed then sighed. Rachel was exhausted and ready to put today behind her and to get out of this dress. She quickened her pace. She actually looked forward to testing her new theory tonight around the house.  
  
Eric’s mother was more than willing to oblige.

**Part 12**

It was only the second week of school but Eric had Rachel’s class schedule memorized including which halls she used between classes. He had used that knowledge to avoid her all day. But he couldn’t avoid Tommy. They had most of the same classes as well as lunch period.  
  
\*\*How could she fall for him instead of me? He’s such a jerk.  
  
Eric’s animosity toward Tommy overflowed near the end of the day when Tommy suggested they hang out at Eric’s pool after school. “Maybe Rachel will join us when she gets off practice.”  
  
Eric couldn’t stand to see Rachel and Tommy together so he lashed out. “Oh sure. Nothing’s better than a nice swim after several hours of swim practice…idiot.”  
  
Eric didn’t say much to Tommy after that. He went home after school and spent the evening in his room. He had tried being nice to Rachel. He had tried teasing her. But now he only felt like avoiding her.  
  
When Rachel got home, Eric’s mother was diligently waiting with a stern look on her face. ”Rachel, come with me”.  
  
Rachel complied and followed Eric’s mother into the laundry area in the back hallway.  
  
“Did you do this?” she pointed to the washing machine.  
  
Rachel answered affirmatively, but she didn’t understand the stern attitude from Susan “Yes. What’s the matter with that?”  
  
“You might want to take a closer look.”  
  
Confused, Rachel stepped over and peered into the washing machine. The blood drained from her face when she saw the pile of clothes. Everything had been bleached stark white.  
  
“That can’t be. I know I grabbed the right bottle” She pointed over where the regular detergent was sitting…right next to the bleach bottle.  
  
“Careless. Careless” Eric’s mom berated the girl. “Now I have take time out of my evening to go to the store and replace these items. Not to mention over $200 added to your tab.”  
  
Rachel couldn’t believe herself. She apologized then started to extract Eric’s ruined clothes.  
  
“Hold it right there. You have to change out of your school clothes before starting your chores. I won’t have time this evening to prepare another outfit for you so you’ll have to wear that dress again tomorrow.”  
  
Rachel fidgeted with the hem of her dress. She was resolved to be less uptight tonight, but she had hoped to ease into it gradually. This was so sudden. And no matter what she told herself, it was still hard to trade even this marginally decent outfit for something that seemed so blatantly indecent.  
  
Rachel voiced a token protest even though she expected it to fall on deaf ears “But if I do that, I won’t have anything to wear tonight except my nightgown.”  
  
Predictably, Eric’s mom ignored the protest and continued “Oh, you shouldn’t wear your nightgown for doing chores. It would get dirty and wouldn’t be fit to sleep in afterward. In fact, it probably needs to be washed. Go ahead and add it to tonight’s wash pile. I should have an extra apron around here somewhere. I’ll loan it to you to wear while you’re doing chores. It’ll be here on the dryer when you get back.”  
  
Eric’s mom waited with a fake smile until her little servant obediently turned to go upstairs. Then she pulled out the tortuous apron she had previously picked out to be Rachel’s evening wardrobe.  
  
Back in her room, Rachel wrestled with the new development. Wearing her too short, cupless nightgown was bad enough. But now Eric’s mom was suggesting she wear nothing but an apron this evening while she did her chores?  
  
\*\*Would it really be any worse? No apron could be more revealing than this.  
  
No time like the present to test her new theory. Let modesty yield to propriety. An apron was appropriate for chores. Nightgowns were for sleeping.  
  
\*\*Find the right attire for the activity, and everything else will sort itself out.  
  
She dug her nightgown out of the nightstand and marched back downstairs.  
  
Eric’s mom had carted in the day’s laundry for her to wash.  
  
Rachel heard the TV on in the living room. It must have been Richard. She hesitated for a moment but didn’t let it deter her. She stripped naked in the hallway and dropped her dress in with the first load along with her nightgown. Then she carefully measured the correct amount of detergent; making sure to avoid the bleach bottle.  
  
Once the first load was running, she turned toward the dryer look for the apron. What she found was not at all what she expected.  
  
The apron Eric’s mom provided turned out not to be an apron at all. It was nothing more than a thin belt with a single pocket. Rachel tied the ‘apron’ in place and positioned the pocket in front. It hung down like a loincloth barely covering her hairless loin. But every other inch of her flawless skin was exposed.  
  
Rachel changed her mind about the apron. Unfortunately, she had already trapped herself. Her dress and nightgown were both soaking wet in the middle of a wash cycle. And she couldn’t hide in her room all evening. Eric’s mom would make her finish every chore on her list; apron or no apron.  
  
\*\*It’s either this, or nothing.  
  
With the laundry running, Rachel reluctantly acquiesced and turned to her chore list.  
  
Laundry practically did itself. But the other two Monday items, dishes and dusting, were more hands on. Eric’s mom had not yet mentioned anything about dinner, so that left dusting. Rachel went to the utility closet and found a feather duster. Then she walked around the empty kitchen knocking dust off surfaces which didn’t look like they needed it.  
  
She couldn’t help but glance out the window panes she passed. There were no neighboring houses directly overlooking the Gillmony’s back yard. So Rachel felt safe that she wouldn’t be spotted; at least not from the back of the house. And even then, it would be hard to tell she was naked.  
  
\*\*This isn’t so bad.  
  
Rachel hated to admit it, but despite her exhaustion and the mundane nature of the chore, her body was getting turned on by the idea of doing housework in the nude. She had told herself an apron was appropriate, but her body was not convinced. It kept filling her mind with exciting fantasies; of being naked while those around her were clothed.  
  
One that kept popping into her head was the medieval maiden. Forced to perform her duties in the nude for meager pay. Only paid enough for daily food; she might never again afford clothes. On a whim, Rachel pulled her hair up with a piece of cloth from the drawer and went back to work.  
  
She felt different in the apron compared to her other revealing outfits. For one, the nightgown had a ribbon frame around her breasts which at least kept them under control a little bit. But now her breasts were completely free and unrestrained. Stretching to reach places with the feather duster caused them to jut out impressively from her body. She was once again amazed at how much she had matured in the last few weeks. Before long, she was intentionally seeking out positions which would require her to strain just to experience the liberating and physically exciting sensation.  
  
Rachel finished dusting the kitchen and moved into the dining room. The table looked like it would need something stronger than just a feather duster. So she went back to the utility closed and grabbed a couple of random bottles and a spare rag.  
  
Back in the dining room, she opened the first bottle which was not marked. The smell almost knocked her down so she changed her mind about that one and set it aside. The second one had a pine scent. Thinking it must be safe for wood surfaces, she dumped some out on the table and started cleaning. When she had finished one side, a naughty idea struck her. Instead of walking around the table, she bent over it and splayed out her body to reach the far side. She also spread her legs and pressed her ample melons into the hard surface. Her nipples stiffened at once from the stimulation.  
  
Bending over the table served to expose her most intimate area. A vent somewhere behind her was blowing cool air right on her bare sex which drove her crazy with desire. Rachel reached both arms above her head and feebly wiped the table down; all the while rubbing little circles on the table with her rock hard nipples.  
  
She closed her eyes and let the air vent work between her legs. She playfully shifted her hips around as if searching for a position where the air stream wouldn’t be hitting her lower lips which were quickly growing wet with arousal. But keeping her legs spread guaranteed a constant assault no matter how she stood.  
  
Rachel squirmed on the table working her nipples into a tizzy. She was so distracted by her fantasy; she didn’t notice the other bottle splashing over at the edge of the table. The mysterious liquid which spilled out was not especially harmful; but it was strong enough to cause the hapless girl to pass out right where she was…

**Part 13**

While she was passed out, Rachel had the strangest daydream. She found herself bent over an examination table in a doctor’s office. Unable to move, or unwilling; she wasn’t sure which.  
  
“It looks like she’s got a bad case of adolescent hyper-arousal syndrome.” The doctor was standing behind the naked girl explaining his diagnosis to Eric’s mom who looked concerned. “One way to verify the diagnosis is to apply any sort of stimulus to the patient’s vulva. In the later stages, even the slightest breath can trigger a reaction from the patient.” The doctor leaned in close and blew right on the apex of Rachel’s spread legs. She responded with a shiver of arousal and a squeal of approval.  
  
Eric’s mom shook her head “What could have possibly caused it?”  
  
“AH-AS typically presents when a patient experiences prolonged sexual stimulation without reaching orgasm. Extreme physical embarrassment and/or public exposure can accelerate the condition.  
  
“What can we do, doctor? Can she be cured?”  
  
The doctor shook his head “I’m afraid this is the most aggressive case I have ever seen. Her condition has progressed prodigiously and in such a short time. At this stage most subjects will have symptoms the rest of their life.”  
  
“Surely there is some other way you can help her. We’ll try anything!”  
  
The doctor looked deep in thought for a moment. Rachel tried to ask something, but no words came out and the doctor ignored her. She couldn’t get up from her bent over position and felt helpless. He wrote something on a notepad before setting it down on the naked girl’s back like she was nothing more than a piece of furniture.  
  
\*\*Why won’t anyone listen to me?  
  
Rachel concentrated on voicing a protest. But then, as if to make up his mind on something, the doctor leaned over and blew on her sensitive mound again. For a few seconds, Rachel’s eyes crossed and she lost focus on everything but the feeling of bliss between her legs.  
  
The doctor shook his head again then turned back to address Eric’s mom. “I suppose we should try everything at our disposal to help this poor young lady.” He found an article on the nearby computer before continuing. “There was a promising trial not too long ago which used a unique approach. It seems counter-intuitive, but it had astoundingly positive results. It’s like fighting fire with fire. It involves a rigorous program of internally stimulating the patient which seems to counteract the effects of the existing condition. Naturally, the most effective form of stimulation is sexual intercourse.”  
  
\*\*Did he just say what I think he said?  
  
Then the doctor confirmed Rachel’s fear; turning the daydream into a nightmare. “I would prescribe regular sessions of vigorous intercourse to begin immediately. She needs no less than one daily treatment for at least the next 6 months. That is assuming we can locate a sexually potent assistant willing to help administer the treatment.”  
  
The doctor called a nurse in and told her to cancel his next appointment. Rachel started to panic.  
  
\*\*He’s not going to administer the first treatment right now, is he?  
  
“Younger volunteers are preferred because they can usually maintain the daily regimen. But the key is to locate one with a sufficiently large penis. If it’s not big enough to adequately treat the patient, you’re wasting your time. Another option is to use two or more volunteers who can take turns administering the treatment.”  
  
Rachel shuddered at the words ‘sufficiently large’, but Eric’s mom reacted with more shock and dismay. “What kind of doctor are you, suggesting our little Rachel have sex…as a treatment? I will not allow it!”  
  
\*\*Whew! That was close.  
  
The doctor turned and opened a drawer behind him. “I expected you to say that. Very well. Instead I will prescribe a wearable synthetic device which provides steady stimulation. It’s not as effective, but it is the next best option. It is important that the patient wear this as much as possible.”  
  
“Oh, I will make sure she wears it all day every day. It’s that important that she be cured from this terrible disorder.”  
  
From her prone position, Rachel couldn’t see what the doctor was holding as he positioned himself behind her. With a heroic effort, she managed to look back and caught a glimpse of what was moving toward her. It looked strangely similar to the pinnacle Coach Ron had given her. But it was bigger somehow and its sides bulged out menacingly. She tried to stop the doctor or close her legs or stand up, but nothing would move. She was stuck in place as the ‘wearable synthetic device’ was guided toward her virgin receptacle.  
  
At the last moment, Rachel cried out with all her might and woke up…

**Part 14**

Eric’s mom walked into the dining room just as Rachel was waking up. She saw the two bottles of chemical cleaners and made the connection.  
  
\*\*The girl can’t even do some light dusting without screwing up.  
  
She couldn’t be too upset. Mixing the wrong cleaning supplies can be fatal, after all. She helped Rachel put the supplies away.  
  
“Eric, Richard and I are going clothes shopping.” Richard was not happy with the plan. But Susan was not about to leave him alone with a naked teenage nymph.  
  
Rachel looked groggy and exhausted. Susan decided to give her a break. “Just finish that one load of laundry and you can be done for the night. Richard has set up a clothesline out back since the dryer is broken. You should take a short break, but don’t wait too long. The clothes won’t dry after the sun goes down. Once we’re on our way home, we’ll figure out something to eat.”  
  
She helped Rachel onto the couch in the living room and went out to the car where Eric and Richard were waiting. Rachel was asleep before they made it to the end of the street. The last thing to cross her mind was that she should look up if AH-AS was a real thing or not. She dozed about 10 minutes before the phone rang.  
  
“Hi, honey. How are you holding up?”  
  
“Mom! I’m…when are you coming back?” Rachel looked around the room for something to cover up with. She suddenly felt indecent.  
  
“It looks like it will be a while yet.”  
  
“What about the storage building?”  
  
“I know it has been a hard time for you, sweetie. Don’t worry. We’ll be able to replace everything as soon as the insurance settlement clears. But they’re being more difficult than I expected. Some idiot at the insurance company flagged out house as ‘in dispute’. Apparently, the mortgage company sold our mortgage to some huge multi-national conglomerate. Bys Financial. Whatever that is. Every inquiry I try to submit is answered with corporate red tape.”  
  
Rachel didn’t care about the details. She just needed clothes…badly. “Mom, I really need some more outfits.”  
  
Her mother’s tone changed at that statement “Susan told me about your last shopping trip. I’m disappointed in your behavior. That’s not like you, Rachel. You really need to be a good house guest, even if they do things differently than you’re used to. She also told me about the dryer. I fully agree with her punishment. Susan said you have enough outfits for now. I think you need to pay back the damages on the dryer before buying new clothes.”  
  
“but, mom…”  
  
“Forget it, sweetie. You’re a big girl. You can take responsibility for yourself. Now I’ll be coming back as soon as I can. Hang in there.” Then Rachel’s mother tried to make some small talk “I bet you can’t wait for your first swim meet. I promise I’ll be there. I’ll make an extra trip if I have to. How is your training going, anyway?”  
  
“Well, the new uniform is…fine.” Rachel was still thinking about the storage building and didn’t feel like explaining the pinnacle to her mom right now.  
  
“Good. I can’t wait to see you again. Love you.”  
  
Rachel stared at the phone after the line went dead. She should have told her mom everything and begged for help. But something held her back.  
  
Now fully awake, Rachel went back to work. She loaded up the pocket in her apron with clothespins. The sun was low on the horizon but it was still hot and muggy. It took some searching outside for her to find the clothesline on the side of the house. The location was not as concealed as the back yard. Rachel hesitated. She could see several neighbor houses from here and a large section of the street. If she stayed out here long enough, she was almost guaranteed to be seen.  
  
Attached to the lowest branch of a nearby tree, the line was well over the girl’s head. Rachel searched around until she found and overturned a wooden crate to stand on. Even then she had to stretch out to hang the clothes.  
  
With her perfectly sculpted body fully visible to the street and no hope for cover, it was only a matter of time before someone drove past and noticed her. In a weird way, she kind of enjoyed the anticipation. She continued working on her perch as her heart pounded out the seconds until her naked form would be seen. But soon she was at the end of the laundry with no cars in sight. It looked like for once she was going to avoid embarrassing exposure.  
  
\*\*Oh well. Guess it’s not the worst that could happen.  
  
Somehow Rachel felt cheated and disappointed as she trudged back around the house. On her way to the door, she noticed a rogue t-shirt had fallen overboard on the way to the clothesline. Grabbing it, she dropped the basket and headed back to finish her work. She stepped back up on the crate when Rachel heard the sound of a car in the distance. Was it turning down her street?  
  
Rachel had enough time to make a run for it. But something made her stay there. A familiar tingling feeling surged between her legs as the anticipation of exposure washed over her. She reached up with both hands to hang the shirt high above her head; a breathtaking pose. Standing like a nude lawn ornament on her pedestal, Rachel stood her ground and stared into the sky as the car appeared around the corner of the house.  
  
Time slowed. At its closest point, the car was no more than 20 or 30 feet away. Rachel heard it roll past without slowing. Unable to resist, she looked down. The driver was looking straight ahead like everything was normal. He didn’t notice her!  
  
The encounter was as perfect as she could have hoped for. She had made an exhibitionist dare and followed thorough without consequences. With a rush of adrenaline, Rachel took a deep breath and dared to move her fingers to finish pinning the shirt to the line as the car disappeared around the corner. She was so excited; she didn’t notice the next car approach. This one was loaded up with college age boys and it did not miss the naked lawn ornament.  
  
The driver was the first to notice Rachel. How could he not notice a naked girl hanging laundry a few feet away? He let off the gas pedal as his mind tried to process what he was seeing. Suddenly, the Rachel noticed at the car. She made eye contact with the driver and for a second she couldn’t move. The driver’s eyes got wide and his jaw started to drop as he realized what he was looking at. Then all at once, he slammed the brakes and hit his horn; yelling at the other boys to check her out.  
  
The horn finally broke the spell and Rachel fled. She sprinted out of sight around the back of the house, ran inside, and locked the door behind her. Then she went to the front and looked out a dark window. She could see the boys talking excitedly to each other and pointing to the clothesline. After a couple minutes the car finally sped off.  
  
Rachel waited until after dark to venture back out and retrieve the laundry. It wasn’t fully dry yet, but she was so tired by then, she just wanted it to be over. Then she skipped dinner and went to bed early. She slept well without any bad dreams. A good night’s sleep was just what she needed. Because tomorrow would be the fateful day she finally wore the pinnacle. And what a spectacular day it turned out to be…

**Part 15**

Rachel didn’t think her outfit could get more embarrassing than Lily’s dress and still be legal. But somehow Eric’s mom found a way. Thinking she would have to wash the dress to wear again today, Rachel had worn nothing but an apron all evening. But Susan had this other outfit prepared all along without telling her.  
  
Rachel was a little disappointed when she got up and found Eric’s door closed. It had become part of her routine to check in on him as she passed his doorway. But today, with nothing to see, she passed by and into the bathroom to perform the rest of her morning routine. That’s when she saw the surprise outfit waiting dutifully on its hook for her.  
  
In the shower, she shaved her legs. Her young skin was soft and supple and shaving went very fast. Even her pussy lips which she kept completely hairless like any good swimmer were plump yet pliant under the careful strokes of her razor. Once denuded of all hair below her shoulders, she dried off and turned to the hanging outfit.  
  
Western wear was today’s theme. And it didn’t take long for Rachel to start complaining to Eric’s mom about it. Technically she wasn’t flashing anything inappropriate, but she felt like a stripper in her red leather vest and denim mini skirt.  
  
“Oh, I think it’s cute. I found the idea in a fashion magazine. It’s called a waistless!” Eric’s mom was appraising the incredulous girl’s jean skirt.  
  
A single missing button on the top of the fly was the only thing originally wrong with the skirt. But Eric’s mom decided to apply a creative solution. Instead of simply replacing the button, she cut off the entire waist. Now the skirt ended at the zipper. Without the structure of a waistband, the wearer’s hips and bottom were responsible for holding it up.  
  
But Rachel’s young hips and tight ass struggled with that simple task. She easily demonstrated the problem to Eric’s mom by putting her feet together and jumping straight into the air. When she landed, the skirt fell to the ground in an instant leaving her bottomless. She just didn’t have enough curves on her young body for the material to hang on. Eric’s mom wasn’t deterred. Her response was “don’t jump and everything will be fine”.  
  
The waistless skirt was a disaster waiting to happen, but it was not even the worst part of the outfit. Rachel wouldn’t find that out until she sat down in first period. She should have guessed the red leather vest would be a problem.  
  
“I’m pretty sure it’s meant to be worn with something under it” she tried to explain to Eric’s mom. “I mean, these buttons are just for show and the buttonholes are sewn shut.”  
  
\*\*Never mind the fact that it barely reaches the bottom of my ribcage and I’m not wearing a bra!  
  
Eric’s mom smiled. She was just toying with the girt. Of course, she had the power to force Rachel to wear it to school. “That’s the best part, dear. Replacing all those fake buttons with real ones and sewing new buttonholes would take too long. So I sewed magnets into the fabric instead. That way you won’t have to button it. Watch this.” She pulled the vest closed and it snapped together like magic. It was a tighter fit than she expected, but every top had proven to be a tight fit over this girl’s chest.  
  
The magnets were more trouble than the loose fitting skirt. When Rachel sat down in her first class, the vest flew open like it was on springs and her naked breasts were momentarily exposed to the class. She quickly closed it and blushed through the rest of the lesson, but the damage was done.  
  
As the day wore on, the magnets seemed to get weaker and weaker until she practically had to hold the vest closed everywhere she went. By the end of the day, Brenda had heard about the flashing cowgirl and was waiting for her in the hall between periods.  
  
“Where’s my $5, bunny?”  
  
\*\*Uh oh.  
  
Searching her backpack, Brenda and the gang found nothing but another pair of skimpy panties. Unable to deal with the relentless pressure on her sex, Rachel had taken them off after lunch.  
  
“You pervert! Slutty bunny can’t keep her knickers on.” Brenda wadded the last pair of panties Rachel owned into a ball and tossed it into the boys’ restroom.  
  
“If you don’t have my money tomorrow I’m taking your whole outfit as payment.” With that final threat, Brenda and her gang left the frightened girl to finish walking to last period. Brenda wouldn’t hesitate to strip her and throw her in a class naked. Rachel had no doubt.  
  
After class, Rachel made her way to the aquatic center changing room. Passing the mirror she saw for the first time how incredibly short her skirt was. She was so worried about her vest popping open and her skirt falling off, she didn’t have time to think about her bare legs. Maybe her concept of modesty really was evolving. But that didn’t stop her from blushing. She slumped into the bench next to her locker. Right on cue, her vest popped open. Rachel had survived another day wearing one of Susan’s skimpy outfits. She was more than ready to be rid of it.  
  
\*\*Am I actually looking forward to my swim uniform?   
  
It did not seem proper to attend school looking like a cowgirl stripper. Then again, it did not seem proper to wear the pinnacle to swim practice either. Every activity pushed her beyond her comfort level. She did get aroused by it at times, but the overall experience was more trying than exciting.  
  
She didn’t know how much longer her strength would hold out. A nervous breakdown at this point would be welcome. But unfortunately her elastic will wouldn’t oblige. It just stretched to accommodate each new and escalating form of humiliation while her arousal escalated to match it. Her ability to endure humiliation appeared to know no bounds. That ability was about to be severely tested…

**Part 16**

\*\*It’s the right attire for the activity. Modesty should always yield to propriety.  
  
Rachel stared at the open box. The dreaded pinnacle stared back at her in its cradle. She had compromised her modesty on many things over the past week. But she wasn’t sure she could extend such compromises to putting something inside her.  
  
She was already wearing the uniform she had worn to every practice since the tryout. And there wasn’t much to it; an elastic rubber belt and a swim cap. Her gloves were hanging behind her on their loop until time to adorn them. Her uniform was complete despite not covering her intimate areas at all. Her naked boobs were laid bare for anyone who cared to look. Nothing covered her bottom either except for the gloves temporarily hanging behind her. The pinnacle was added to cover her naked pussy lips and complete the uniform, but at what cost?  
  
Based on the introduction sheet she’d read, the ‘anchor device’, a phallic cylinder with ridges and bumps all over it, was what held the pinnacle in place. To wear the pinnacle, she would have to insert that part into her vagina. There were no other straps or guides. It would support itself somehow.  
  
Rachel shuttered at the thought. She stayed around the locker room wrestling with the decision as the other girls dressed and trickled out to the pool. But she could only stall so long. Finally, her modesty won out and he decided to postpone the problem another day. She would have to lie to Coach Ron again if he asked, but she promised herself it would be the last time. Tomorrow she would deal with it for real.  
  
She slammed the lid closed on the box and was about to toss it into her backpack when fate intervened. Distracted by the pinnacle, Rachel didn’t notice Coach Ron walk up behind her.  
  
“Oh, good, I see you’ve brought the pinnacle device today. Hurry up and get dressed. You don’t want to be late for practice.” Coach Ron smiled then walked out to the pool to begin practice.  
  
Rachel was now the last one in the locker room. Just like that the decision had been made for her. She couldn’t walk out there now without the pinnacle. She had no excuse. She took a deep breath and reopened the box.  
  
\*\*Come on, girl. You've been putting this off long enough. It has to happen eventually.  
  
She picked up the pinnacle and held it in her hand. Her fingers easily wrapped around it. It felt a little heavy and squishy in her hand. She gave it a little squeeze. The wrinkled ridges flexed and the tapered tip bulged, but she felt a solid inner core under the rubbery synthetic coating. It was cold but warming quickly to her touch.  
  
It was difficult to avoid making comparisons to a penis. The only real live penis she had ever seen was while peeping through Tommy’s window. This one was a different color and smaller. But both had the same general shape and were designed to fit in the same receptacle. That thought made her blush deeply.  
  
\*\*Oh God. You’ve got to stop thinking about Tommy’s penis!  
  
She shook herself and tried to be clinical. She sat down and moved the point between her legs to begin the insertion.  
  
“oh…my!”  
  
It didn’t take long for progress to slow. The device only fit about one inch deep in her virgin canal. She had never put anything thicker than her fingers inside her. And even then not more than a couple inches. This was about as far as she was comfortable pushing it. But she still had at least three inches to go. Rachel spread her knees and pushed onward.  
  
With a little wiggling and twisting, Rachel managed to insert another two inches. She felt her muscles contract over the intruder; fighting her all along the way. With one inch left, the pinnacle stopped and refused to go any further. Her young orifice was squeezed tightly into a vise grip and refused to accept any more. Her body was simply not prepared for its first encounter with the pinnacle.  
  
Rachel stood up and tried to relax her vaginal muscles. Her outer pussy lips were slightly distended but wrapped around the device with ease. The last inch might hurt a little. But she couldn’t go out there with it partially protruding out of her vagina like this. That was even worse than completely inserted.  
  
\*\*This is ridiculous.  
  
Rachel sat back down and spread her legs as far as they would go. She braced herself then pushed with both hands for maximum leverage. After a few seconds of steady pressure, the device slowly started moving again. She grimaced as she felt the bumps and ridges slide against her dry inner walls. The sensation was more uncomfortable than painful. After this experience, Rachel was sure the rubbery material would have no problem anchoring itself. She wouldn’t have to worry about it falling out. In fact, she was more worried about how she was going to remove it after practice. She later learned that her body produced more than enough natural lubrication. So much, in fact, that it would get her into quite an embarrassing situation.  
  
With one last gasp Rachel shoved the pinnacle into place. Then she stood up and took a few unsteady steps. She walked funny and it felt like she was being split open. The anchor drew in the curved outer dis...il it was gently cupping her vulva. The protection and coverage worked as advertised. From the outside, it didn’t look like much. It could have easily been nothing more than a decal sticker of the Thornwood mascot stuck over her pussy.  
  
But behind the disc, the anchor was impaling her young cervix and even pulling itself deeper. The disc firmly squeezed her pussy lips with each step; a constant reminder. By the time she reached the end of the locker room, the vise grip had started to relax. She couldn’t help but marvel at the way her own anatomy adjusted to the foreign object so quickly. There was something natural about it.  
  
Coach Ron didn’t say anything when Rachel walked out of the locker room with her pinnacle. His look of approval said enough. His buddy Pete was scheduled to observe practice in a couple of days. He would be proud to see his device in use. If her teammates knew what was going on between her legs, they didn’t say anything. She was thankful for the safety of the pool where she was just another member of the team.  
  
Coach Ron’s approval didn’t last long as practice wore on. He drilled his team with lap after lap of arduous training. Times were well off across the board which was to be expected after yesterday’s hard practice.  
  
Rachel’s times suffered too. The pinnacle was a distraction and a hindrance to her normally strong strokes. Every tenth breath was a gasp of discomfort. When she made a kick-turn at the wall, the muscles in her abdomen would spasm in protest of the new resident. With her rhythm completely off, she found herself near the back of most heats. She could tell she would need lots of practice time before she would be comfortable wearing the pinnacle to a meet.  
  
At the end Coach Ron finally let his frustration spill over “You call yourselves a team? That was the most pathetic effort I’ve ever seen. If you don’t have your act together by Sunday, I’m going to cancel the Eastern meet!” Then he ended practice by storming away into his office.  
  
One word stuck out to Rachel, ‘Sunday’.  
  
\*\*I’ve got to talk to him about that.  
  
She waited to be the last one out of the pool. On the way to the locker room she tried to bring her legs together and walk naturally. With difficulty she slowly made her way to the showers. She showered by herself again; too embarrassed to engage any of her teammates. They could see the circular decal over her pussy. And she didn’t feel like explaining how it magically stayed there.  
  
Last to the showers and last to her locker. Rachel was delaying for a couple of reasons. She didn’t want anyone to see her change out of the pinnacle. In addition, she was not looking forward to the conversation with Coach Ron about missing the walkthrough Sunday afternoon. She solved the first problem by sneaking around the corner of the anteroom. She removed the pinnacle and got dressed out of sight from the few remaining girls. After two hours wearing the pinnacle, she felt strangely empty once it was removed.  
  
\*\*Guess that’s part of getting used to it. Now to deal with Coach Ron and Sunday.  
  
Rachel put the device back into its cradle thinking she was done for the day. But her visit to Coach Ron’s office was about change her plans…

**Part 17**

“Fall supplement? I’ve never heard of such a thing. And why do you need our help for that?” Coach Ron was standing over his desk and practically yelling into the phone when Rachel appeared at his door. His bad mood was clearly going strong and the news on the other line was not helping. “Can’t they reschedule it? I’m really busy right now. Well then go check. Bye.”  
  
He slammed the phone down then picked it right back up. He was about to dial Coach Johanna when he suddenly saw Rachel shrinking back from the doorway. He hung up and glared at her. “Rachel, come in. What do you need?”  
  
“I…It’s nothing. I’ll ask you later.” Rachel changed her mind and started to leave. It could wait until he was in a better mood.  
  
“Ask me what?” Coach Ron’s voice softened. He mastered his anger and sat down. “It’s ok. I was just dealing with some administrative matters. What’s up? Is it about the pinnacle?”  
  
“No!” Rachel blushed and quickly changed the subject. “It’s about Sunday. There was this misunderstanding at the mall last week.” She hesitated for a moment before working up the courage to explain. “I sort of got in…trouble at a store…”  
  
“Trouble? Rachel I don’t understand.”  
  
“…for shoplifting.”  
  
“Shoplifting?” Coach Ron shook his head “Rachel, as your coach, I normally wouldn’t allow something like this to go unpunished. A member of the Thornwood swim team must represent themselves with pride and be a model member of the community. But I suppose if I can give you a pass once. Just don’t let it happen again.”  
  
He nonverbally dismissed her and started to pick up the phone again before a realization hit him “Wait. What does that have to do with Sunday?”  
  
“It was a mistake. And it definitely won’t happen again. But they’re making me report to the store Sunday afternoon as punishment. I won’t be able to make the walkthrough.”  
  
Rachel wilted under Coach Ron’s unhappy stare. After several long uncomfortable seconds, Coach Ron finally spoke. “Well that changes everything. Sunday’s walkthrough was not optional. I cannot allow you to miss such an important event without punishment. If you knew about this conflict, why didn’t you tell me yesterday?”  
  
“I’m so sorry, coach. I was scared of what you would do.” Rachel’s voice took on some desperation. “I’ll do anything to make it up.”  
  
Coach Ron’s phone rang and he picked it while he was considering her offer. “…and it has to be a one of ours?” More bad news. “Fine, send her down. I’ll figure something out.” When he had hung up a solution quickly formed in his mind. “Rachel, I’m going to make you an offer. And you would do well to accept.”  
  
She stood up straight eager to comply. Her vest nearly popped open in the process, but she caught it at the last moment.  
  
“Since your own actions will cause you to miss the walkthrough, I cannot allow you to attend the Eastern meet. It would not be fair to the other members of the team. Don’t bother arguing, either. My mind is made up.”  
  
Rachel was dejected but didn’t say a word in protest. She had brought it on herself. There would be other meets.  
  
“Now, the administration office is sending someone down to take photos for something called a yearbook fall supplement. It’s like a mini yearbook for school activities which only occur during the fall semester. They’re showcasing the new aquatic center and require a representative of the swim team to assist the photographer.”  
  
“Yearbook? I’m not ready for yearbook pictures today!”  
  
“Oh don’t worry. This photo session is not about the team or members. Those will come later. In fact, they said students are not allowed in these types of pictures. Your role today will be nothing more than a model to demonstrate the new equipment. The yearbook club rep should be here soon, so go change into your uniform...”  
  
\*\*UNIFORM!!  
  
Rachel interrupted “Coach, I can’t do this. Can’t you find someone else?”  
  
“They need it done today. I could have Coach Johanna do it, but instead you should consider it part of your punishment. You have already given me enough reason to dismiss you from the team. You would do well to accept my offer.”  
  
Rachel took the threat seriously. Ultimately, she had no choice but to accept. She could only try to convince herself it wouldn’t be too bad as she walked back to her locker to change.  
  
\*\*It’s not even about me. It’s to show off the new equipment. Besides I’m wearing an official Thornwood swim uniform. And I must represent my team with pride. And at least I finally get to try out some of the cool equipment.  
  
Rachel quickly stripped off her vest and skirt and almost as quickly adorned her swim belt and cap. She didn’t need shoes to demo equipment so she slipped off her strength trainers to go barefoot. Then she sat down and inserted her pinnacle for the second time that day. It went in faster than the first time, but still took some effort near the end.  
  
\*\*This won’t be so bad. Whoever this girl is probably won’t even care what I’m wearing. She might not even ask me to be in the pictures. Probably just needs someone to escort her around and explain the equipment!  
  
Rachel felt a tingle between her legs as she stood up and started walking. Before leaving the locker room, she checked the mirror and was glad she did. The wildcat decal was upside down. Instead of removing the pinnacle to fix it, she grabbed the disc and started twisting. When that didn’t work, she pulled it part way out and worked it around a little bit at a time.  
  
The in and out motion rubbed the ridges back and forth inside her tight canal. Her vaginal walls tightened in response though she still made progress. The reason should have been obvious. Instead of fighting the intruder like last time, her body was accommodating it by producing natural lubrication and flooding her body with hormones. The internal massage was arousing her and making the job easier.   
  
Unfortunately, the hapless teenager didn’t make the connection and didn’t detect it until too late. But when the yearbook nerd showed up with his camera, he sure noticed…

**Part 18**

Marvin Travinsky took his job very seriously. Well, it wasn’t exactly a job. He wasn’t paid for it. He just liked photography. Joining yearbook club had allowed him the perfect arena to practice his craft. The title on his badge was ‘yearbook club official student photographer’ but his fellow students simply called him ‘yearbook nerd’.  
  
There weren’t many applicants for that position. And Marvin had been a lock for it because he offered to bring his own camera. The $5,000 MXO-Ti was Marvin’s most prized possession. With it and his HD telescoping lens, he could capture his subject matter with the highest resolution on the market. Being a horny teenage boy, his favorite subject matter was teenage girls.  
  
Marvin jumped at the chance to visit the aquatic facility for the fall supplement. He was instructed to photograph the facilities not the students. But that wouldn’t stop him and his MXO-Ti from reaching across the room if any hot girls in swimsuits happened by. He would love to add some swim hotties to his personal album.  
  
The badge gave Marvin cover for his own private perversions. When he got to the aquatic facility, his imagination ran wild with the thought of entering the girl’s locker room (for official yearbook reasons, of course) and accidentally catching a girl changing. His wildest imagination would not have prepared him for this assignment.  
  
Coach Ron greeted Marvin with a big smile. He was still stewing from Rachel’s shoplifting revelation and subsequent suspension. Being forced to assist Marvin with the yearbook showcase would serve as the perfect extra punishment for her. He escorted Marvin to the training center and made small talk while Rachel was getting dressed.  
  
Rachel gingerly walked around the deserted pool toward the training center. Unlike practice, there was nothing happening now to draw focus away from her body. Her senses were on full alert. The only sound besides the gentle lapping of the pool water was her bare feet slapping softly on the tile. Every inch of her flawless skin was exposed to the warm moist air. Her most sensitive and intimate organs were impaled on the pinnacle. But the protective disc concealed any evidence of the infernal device anchored deep within her.  
  
The hanging gloves made steady pats on her young behind driving her ever forward. She was a little nervous about being photographed in her uniform, but she took solace in knowing her face would not be included in any pictures. In addition, the hormones flooding her system lowered her inhibition.  
  
With his back turned to the door, Coach Ron didn’t see Rachel appear behind him. But Marvin’s face was priceless. He was droning on about one of the features of his precious camera. The he saw the naked goddess and they both froze. When it finally registered in Rachel’s brain that the yearbook representative was one of her fellow students and a boy, she gasped and moved to cover herself. But she wasn’t fast enough. Before she could get her hands over her exposed breasts, Marvin’s trigger finger, acting on instinct, snapped 5 photos of the embarrassed girl in rapid succession.  
  
All the sudden, Rachel was acutely aware of the pinnacle between her legs. But she was also thankful for it because it covered a very private part of her body. Both her hands were currently occupied on her chest. Without that little disc, the nerdy teenager would be staring at her bare pussy and she would have died from embarrassment. Covering up like she was guilty only made things worse. So Rachel crossed her arms over her boobs and tried to act casually surprised.  
  
Coach Ron turned and welcomed Rachel into the room; doing nothing to diffuse the embarrassing situation. “Marvin, this is Rachel. She’ll be demonstrating the equipment for you.”  
  
Rachel turned to Coach Ron carefully keeping her nipples under wraps. “Coach, I can’t do this. You said they were sending a…”  
  
Coach Ron interrupted “The yearbook club may send whomever they please. Marvin is here to do a job just like you. In fact, he was telling me all about his camera. I know you will both perform your duties in a most professional manner.” He gestured at Marvin for confirmation of that statement.  
  
Marvin had turned to stone. His eyes were like saucers taking in the magnificent view. He was scared to move and spook the naked girl, but he couldn’t wait to start taking some more pictures. He didn’t dare move as he listened to the girl’s argument with Coach Ron. If he heard correctly, he was on the verge of getting a private photo session with her. He felt a strong temptation to start snapping photos right now. But it would be better to play it cool and bide his time.  
  
He could settle for mental images in the mean time. Marvin nodded agreement while he stared at small disc hovering over the girl’s crotch. It hung there like some magical sentinel guarding her most intimate secrets.  
  
\*\*He’s just a horny nerd. How is this professional?  
  
Rachel was not happy. “But I thought this was about the equipment. Why do I have to wear my uniform?”  
  
“That’s a good point.” Rachel’s hope flickered as Coach Ron thought for a moment. “Marvin, I want to remind you that you are strictly here to showcase the aquatic complex, not the swimmers. Rachel is only a representative of the team. To include photos of her in the fall supplement would not be fair to the team captains who have earned that honor.”  
  
Rachel breathed a sigh of relief. Perhaps she was going to get out of it after all.  
  
“…but, as you can see, she is wearing one of our new swim uniforms. And this uniform represents the evolution of our program better than anything else in this world class facility. In fact, I consider it just as integral to training as any of our other equipment. I am granting you permission to photograph Rachel, but only as a model for the swimsuit. You may not include her face in any of the published shots. Is that clear?”  
  
For Marvin it was the deal of a lifetime. For Rachel it was little consolation. He nodded as his face broke into a huge smile and the naked girl wilted in defeat.  
  
“Rachel, I want you to show Marvin around the training center and Give him whatever access he needs. Represent yourself with pride.” He paused and indicated that Rachel should stop pouting. Reluctantly, she complied and lowered her arms. Marvin was going to see everything eventually. She still blushed as her rock hard nipples came back into view and the yearbook nerd began drooling over her flawless rack.  
  
“Marvin, I hope you are able to capture the best the Thornwood swim team has to offer. I will check on you two after a while” then Coach Ron left the two students alone to complete the task ahead of them…

**Part 19**

\*\*If you can’t handle one scrawny nerd, how are you going to make it through an entire swim meet?  
  
Rachel tried to convince herself this wouldn’t be so bad. “Come on. Let’s get this over with.” She walked past Marvin who was still drooling over her body and as she walked away she thought she heard him whisper “wow”.  
  
The first station was the reflex platform. With Marvin’s help she wheeled it over to the edge of the pool then turned it on. The touch screen came to life with a bunch of options. The platform could keep track of individual swimmers and track their reaction times. But Rachel just touched the ‘demo’ button and climbed up onto the platform without saying anything.  
  
Marvin took the hint and got in position to frame his subject properly. His MXO-Ti began snapping 24 megapixel images at an alarmingly fast rate. Rachel had a flashback to her dream when she was on an award platform. Up here she felt even more exposed. Marvin worked around behind her. She glanced back. The camera didn’t seem to be pointed at the equipment at all. The black lens grew before her eyes as Marvin zoomed in. It seemed so big she could fall into it. And the bright flashes nearly blinded her.  
  
“Launch timer ready. Take your position.” The platform’s instructions reminded Rachel why she was up here. In addition to sensors on the platform itself, there were also little wireless transceivers which tracked when you hit the water. Rachel activated one and clipped it to her belt; the only available place on her uniform.  
  
\*\*This pinnacle better do its job.  
  
Rachel coiled herself down to assume the proper starting position. The camera shutter clicked continuously somewhere beside her but her competitive instinct kicked in and helped her to shut out the distraction.  
  
The machine toned once to tell her to stand up. She stood bent in half with her hands on the edge of the platform. All her muscles were tensed as she intently listened for the starting bell. As embarrassing as this was, she was well trained to do her best. But Rachel was caught off guard by what happened next.  
  
“Ready…BOOP”  
  
\*\*Whoa!  
  
The machine sent a mild shock into the base of the platform; a way of training the swimmer to improve their reaction time. Rachel felt it and launched herself with proper form into the water. But before she landed she felt another unusual sensation; this time from the pinnacle. She could have sworn it was vibrating. By the time she resurfaced, the vibration had stopped. Everything had happened so fast. She thought she must have imagined the stimulation between her legs. Even then she had to stay in the water for a few moments to calm down.  
  
Marvin captured every instant of her climbing out of the pool before helping her pull the equipment back to the training center.  
  
Rachel suggested they skip the warm down tub, but Marvin insisted. She couldn’t explain her objection without embarrassing herself. She was at his mercy, so she reluctantly turned on the computer. The first program on the list was ‘Ellie test - final’. Rachel almost fainted. She instead picked the shortest demo she could find and prayed the pinnacle would protect her. She removed her gloves and set them beside the tub before entering.  
  
\*\*Why am I in here? My face is the only thing showing above water and he can’t even use that in any published photos.  
  
Rachel realized it too late. The straps had already closed over her automatically and the demo was beginning.  
  
She adopted a serene look on her face as the water jets worked around her body. Then the one between her legs started up. The water put extra pressure on the pinnacle but it was not a direct hit and the hard shell disc did a pretty good job of deflecting the water. She looked back up at Marvin who was losing interest. He didn’t know what was happening below the agitated water and was ready to move to another station.  
  
But the demo was far from done. The jet between her legs then shifted down a bit and changed to quick pulses. This time it was a direct hit on the center of the pinnacle. The pulses traveled straight up the core and into the tip. Rachel bit her lip and tried to ride out the assault but the stimulation proved overwhelming. After a few seconds she gasped and started writhing against her straps.  
  
Marvin took notice of the girl’s struggles and asked “are you ok?”  
  
Rachel tried to respond but a moan came out instead. Her eye balls rolled back and her head whipped from side to side. It was the best thing she had ever felt. Before she could stop herself, her hands shot up and pinched her nipples as she bucked against the pulsing water jet. Every few seconds, her large breasts emerged from the water; her fingers hanging on for dear life.  
  
Marvin was struck dumb. He even forgot to take pictures for a moment. He could only stare and try to figure out the unfolding scene. Was this young teenage girl doing something sexual right in front of him?  
  
“Oh…gg…gghaaa!” Rachel was now approaching the long postponed orgasm her body coveted. But just then the camera shutter clicked and something inside her made her fight back. She couldn’t do it here. Not in front of Marvin. She tried one last time to close her legs to the attack. But the effort was futile. Her vaginal muscles clamped down on the shaft as the stimulation continued deep within her. She felt like her whole body was vibrating.  
  
Her eyes opened wide and met Marvin. “turn…it…off!” she managed to say between gasping breaths.  
  
Worried that she was being hurt, Marvin turned to the machine. He didn’t see an abort button, but being a nerd he knew enough about technology to solve this problem. He reached over and flipped the off switch. The assault ended instantly and a calm fell over the tub.  
  
Rachel collapsed into the seat mindful of how close she had come to utter humiliation. “It was…malfunctioning” was all she said as she manually unbuckled the harnesses. Marvin didn’t ask the obvious question, ‘and why were you pinching your nipples?’  
  
Rachel climbed out of the tub and stumbled to the next station. By now a serious problem had developed between her legs. She had sensed some moisture before, but the episode in the tub had supercharged the process. The pounding she had just received and the strain had weakened her muscles down there as well. Now that she was standing, gravity took hold and the pinnacle started to slip out.  
  
She couldn’t believe it. The anchor device had seemed so tight and secure a couple hours earlier. Now her body’s lubrication and dulled muscles were struggling to keep it in place. It still made her feel full. But it was also hanging loosely somehow.  
  
She waited until Marvin wasn’t looking then shoved it back in as far as it would go and closed her legs. There were only two stations left. Surely she could make it to the end without another mishap, right?..

**Part 20**

When they reached the stroke trainer, even Marvin was amazed by the technology. He couldn’t help but fiddle with the attached computer interface while Rachel climbed aboard the contraption. She had seen another girl demo the trainer and so knew a little what to expect. But this was the first time she would use it herself. Frankly, she was more nervous about the forthcoming stretch trainer demo.  
  
She laid face down on the table and tightened the suspension belt around her waist. Then she placed her hands and feet into their sockets. She didn’t bother with the breathing mask because this was only a demo. Besides, her face wouldn’t be in the picture anyway.   
  
When she looked ready, Marvin pressed a button on the screen and the machine sprung to life. As she expected, Rachel was suspended above the table. Marvin started taking pictures as she rose. Next, Rachel was expecting to enter into a freestyle stroke. But just before she began she looked over at the monitor and saw the words ‘breast stroke’. Marvin had chosen the program. She should have known he would pick the most perverse sounding one.  
  
The machine didn’t give her the choice of changing strokes. It forced her legs up into a frog position and her hands up near her breast. Then it splayed her arms and legs out for the downward part of the stroke. Rachel knew how to do a proper breast stroke, but she was caught off guard. It took her a couple of strokes to stop fighting the machine.  
  
Marvin seemed to love the way Rachel was struggling against the machine. It was a sort of robotic fantasy of his to see a naked girl forced into different positions for his photographing pleasure. He went into overdrive snapping pictures.  
  
By now Rachel was dealing with another problem. When her legs came up between kicks, the pinnacle would slip. She could flex her vaginal muscles and pull it back in, but is slid further out with each kick. She had to squeeze harder each time and couldn’t maintain this much longer. Marvin started moving around the girl to get more angles. Once he got behind her he was sure to notice the device falling out.  
  
“Turn it off...please” she pleaded with the boy. Her face showed signs of straining.  
  
“Why? Another malfunction?” Marvin wasn’t buying it this time. He was enjoying himself too much.  
  
“Marvin!” Just as Rachel was about to start cursing at him, Coach Ron showed up.  
  
“What’s going on?” He walked up and paused the demo. Rachel was frozen in the frog position with her legs spread. She squeezed with all her might. She couldn’t let it pop out now.  
  
“It’s my…pinnacle” she blushed at the word. “It won’t stay in place.”  
  
Coach Ron walked up behind her. She knew he was staring between her legs but she couldn’t see him from her position. It didn’t take him long to figure out what was wrong. The pinnacle was practically dripping with natural lubrication “Did you set the anchor device?”  
  
\*\*Set the anchor device?  
  
“What are you talking about?”  
  
Well, it’s not going to set itself. Here, let me help you.”  
  
Rachel was caught completely off guard by what Coach Ron did next. It turns out the pinnacle has a few more surprises than Rachel realized…

**Part 21**

“Really, Rachel, you should have read the instruction manual more carefully; at least the section about how to properly wear it.”  
  
With her knees spread by the stroke machine, Coach Ron had easy access between her legs. He reached up and gently reinserted the pinnacle until it fit tight against her vulva. Then he pressed his thumb right into the center of the disc. The hard, rubbery dome gave way; caving in to his firm touch. But it popped right out again when he let go. Rachel didn’t feel anything at first. But Coach Ron continued pumping the center of the disc in and out.  
  
After a few pumps she started to feel something happening. As air filled the chambers of the pinnacle, it was starting to expand. Coach Ron was inflating the anchor device inside her! And locked into the stroke trainer, Rachel was unable to stop him.  
  
With each pump, the rounded tip bulged out into a more bulbous shape and forced itself deeper into her womb. Rachel fought back by clamping her muscles tightly over the shaft, but her juices worked against her allowing the tip to burrow ever deeper with little resistance. The core was actually made up of several segments which expanded to provide stiffness throughout its length. The jointed segments also allowed the core to curve slightly as it continued into virgin territory.  
  
Once it had grown to almost double its original length, it stopped getting longer and started growing in every other direction. The once tame ridges turned into hard protrusions and fanned out from the core cylinder; anchoring in Rachel’s soft inner flesh.  
  
Rachel groaned and Coach Ron decided that was big enough. Part of him wanted to see the pinnacle pushed to its limit, but he didn’t want to break her! He gave the pinnacle a little pat and she groaned again. She thought she was full before. But now at double the girth she really knew what it was like to be impaled on the pinnacle.  
  
Coach Ron resumed the demo and stayed around to watch. Rachel winced with every stroke but didn’t raise a protest. He was impressed. He didn’t anticipate the nubile teen accommodating even this much. She continued to surpass his expectations.  
  
Before long the demo ended and the machine lowered Rachel down onto the table. Once her hands and feet were free, she rolled off onto the ground and tried to get up. At first she couldn’t stand upright. She had to bend over the table and keep her feet spread. She looked miserable and spent.  
  
When Marvin later reviewed his memory card full of pictures he figured out what had happened. But for now he was mostly clueless. He thanked Coach Ron for the help and said they had only one machine left; the stretch trainer.  
  
Rachel hobbled over to the last machine and was happy to sit down on the little padded seat. The pinnacle had transformed from a mostly harmless cylinder into a gigantic pussy torturing device. The constant aching in her loins made it hard to concentrate. She just wanted it to be over so she could get this terrible thing out of her. Unable to focus on anything but the pinnacle, she let Marvin choose the program; a big mistake. She dutifully inserted her arms and legs into their sockets and waited for the last demo to begin.  
  
Marvin quickly scanned the help screen on the stretch trainer monitor. It was meant to improve a swimmer’s flexibility. There was a simple demo mode as well as something called intelligent learning mode. But Marvin preferred to make the most of his dwindling session with the naked teenager. So he skipped past that and went straight to custom programming mode.  
  
A 3d stick figure appeared on the screen the some standard stretch options listed beside. They were divided into targeted muscle groups. Marvin was delighted to discover he could build up a stretch routine for the machine to follow. He could also add custom positions by moving the joints on the stick figure. Not only could put Rachel in his favorite poses, he was allowed to take photographs the whole time. Controlling a naked female with a robot was one of his greatest fantasies. And he was living it!  
  
When Marvin pressed ‘go’, the machine sprang to life pulling Rachel into a standing position. The girl’s eyes went wide in surprise and momentary discomfort. Marvin began quickly snapping pictures as she was spread into an X shape. Rachel tugged against the sockets but her muscles were too weak and she had no leverage. After a moment, the machine shifted forcing her back to a sitting position. Rachel was looking around wildly in shock. The last demo she saw hadn’t involved such rough handling. She was being tossed around like a rag doll.  
  
The next position made Marvin’s eyes bulge out. Now that she was sitting, the machine pulled the girl’s legs straight out into splits and her arms were pulled back behind her. Rachel’s magnificent mounds were thrust out for maximum exposure. Her breathing was heavy. Her vaginal muscles made an involuntary spasm now trying to expel the pinnacle. But the attempt was feeble and fruitless. Even with her legs spread fully apart, it was anchored so well inside her that it didn’t budge. Rachel groaned.  
  
Marvin’s camera whirred as he pressed the shutter button as fast as he could go. Rachel hung her head in shame as the machine worked through different positions. Each pose seemed more humiliating than the last. Occasionally another contraction would hit between her legs. She could not control them or anticipate them and they did nothing to dislodge the pinnacle. And her face was not able to hide what was happening as she contorted from the exertion.  
  
Finally the program came to its last, most glorious pose. Rachel was placed with her legs down in a regular sitting position. Her feet and knees were pulled apart until her thigh muscles strained and her crotch was thrust forward. Then her arms were crossed over and behind her head to accentuate her bosom. Rachel had used up all her blushes on Marvin. She had no fight left. She just sat there and let him enjoy her utter nakedness and exposure. Marvin took in the sight for a moment then lifted his camera for some more pictures.  
  
Before ending the session, Marvin was struck with one more idea. He wanted to put the naked girl on her knees before him. He had to have a picture of Rachel in a blowjob pose. If she was as horny as she looked, maybe he could even get a real blow job from her…

**Part 22**

Drunk on power, Marvin turned to the machine to pause the program and insert his last position. But before he got there, his camera started beeping.  
  
\*\*No, no, NO! I knew I should have grabbed the big chip!  
  
He was out of memory. Marvin considered running back to the yearbook office to grab another memory card. But just then the program ended and released his captive. He cursed his stupidity, though he should have been happy. Rachel had given him enough erotic material to last forever. But the rest of his life, Marvin always wondered what that last pose would have looked like…and led to.  
  
Rachel walked bowlegged back to the changing room. She was physically, emotionally and mentally drained. She had just endured the most humiliating thing a teenage girl could imagine; a naked photo shoot with a horny nerd. Not to mention the pinnacle still doing its best to split her in two.  
  
Her shower could wait. She desperately needed to relieve the pressure. She waddled through the shower room to her locker, pulled her swim cap off and sat. Her first attempts at extraction failed miserably. Next she leaned against the walls for support. Even straining with both hands, she made no progress. Fear started to creep in. What if she had to wear this home, or have it surgically removed? No. This was one thing she had to do on her own. And she couldn’t put it off until later. She tried to relax and think. But no matter how she stood or sat, she could not relieve the constant aching pressure on her sensitive loins. Rachel started to break down and cry.  
  
Coach Ron was still in his office. He was on a phone call with the mysterious and generous swim program benefactor named Bystander. Last time they talked, Bystander had made it clear that Coach Ron had him to thank for his continued employment at Thornwood. And his only request, for now, was to be notified of any new developments relating to the well being and success of the team.  
  
Rachel’s suspension sure qualified as a new development. Bystander didn’t offer his opinion on the matter and sounded bored with the details. But he perked up when Coach Ron brought up Rachel’s new uniform modification. He was very interested to learn that it was Ron’s buddy, Pete who had designed the pinnacle.  
  
When he heard crying coming from the locker room, Coach Ron politely tried to wrap up the conversation so he could go investigate. But Bystander made him describe every detail of Pete’s modifications. But by the time Bystander released him to peek out his door and see what was going on, the crying had stopped.   
  
The sight was completely unexpected. Rachel was in locker room fighting with the pinnacle. She had averted a total breakdown by getting mad. She rallied and channeled her anger toward beating the pinnacle.  
  
With new determination, she rolled over on her hands and knees. Then she spread her knees as far as they would go on the wide bench without falling off. She reached up under her to grasp the pinnacle with both hands. This position put her face down on the bench with her ass high in the air. Her head and knees formed a tripod. She was facing away from the office so Coach Ron had a perfect view to watch the proceedings from behind without being seen.  
  
\*\*I’m going to read the directions…front to back…when I get home\*\* she thought between grunts.  
  
\*\*I’m not letting this ...ing thing anywhere near my crotch until I figure out how it works.  
  
Her fingers ached, yet she refused to let go of the dis...il she had made at least some sort of progress. With great effort and concentration, she finally felt the pinnacle move a tiny bit. It wasn’t much; just enough to get a better grip with her fingers. The large amount of lubrication which should have been aiding her was only making it slippery to hold. The anchor was set well.  
  
Her breasts hung down and touched the bench. Her nipples got hard as they rubbed the wooden surface in time with her tugs. They began radiating arousal which made Rachel even angrier. She tugged harder and her grunts got louder.  
  
Coach Ron’s mouth hung open. He was unable to look away and couldn’t stop himself from moving closer. But he did so quietly so as not to disturb the erotic scene.  
  
Rachel felt like she was making progress, but she was sacrificing her body to do it. Not only was she fighting with a giant erection, but she was also stimulating her sensitive nipples in the process. Each tug turned her on a bit more. If she didn’t succeed soon, she was likely to climax with it inside her and she was afraid she might break herself if that happened. It was a race against time.  
  
“uh…uh…uh….ngg” the seconds passed as she panted in time with her tugs. Her naked body shook. A sheen of sweat appeared. By now Rachel wasn’t sure if she was grunting from exertion or arousal. She suspected both.   
  
\*\*I can feel it moving. It’s out at least an inch now. Stay focused. You can make it.  
  
She was barely staying ahead of her arousal. But her mind chose that moment to betray her. In a moment of weakness, Rachel imagined that instead of the pinnacle, it was Tommy’s erect penis buried to the hilt inside her. An involuntary spasm in her vagina drew the pinnacle back inside; erasing all the progress she had made to that point.  
  
Rachel’s fingers slipped and she let go of the disc; crying out in frustration. Still she refused to give up. This position had the best chance of succeeding. But her neck was getting tired along with her knees, so she turned her head to the other side. She would have seen Coach Ron standing nearby, except her hair fell over and stuck to her face obscuring her sight. Almost being caught broke the spell for Coach Ron. He quietly backed away into his office. All he could say when he closed the door was “wow”.  
  
Meanwhile Rachel was gearing up for another run at extraction. Her body was surging with hormones which maintained her endurance. She didn’t know how much longer she could keep this up without coming. If she came, her chemical high would dissipate but she would still have this thing stuck inside her. It was critical that she get it out before that happened.  
  
Her fingers were tired by now and too slippery. She looked around for something to dry them on. The closest towel was across the room. But Rachel didn’t even want to think about walking again with the monster phallus still impaling her. The only thing within reach was her jean skirt. So she dried her fingers on that before reaching back down between her legs with renewed resolve.  
  
This time she picked a slightly different grip and it made all the difference. The protective disc was now suctioned to her vulva. With some effort she slowly worked her thumbs up under the disc as far as they would go. She took a deep breath then squeezed her eyes shut for the coming effort.  
  
With her first yank, something miraculous happened. The tip of her thumb depressed a little valve at the base of the cylinder. Air suddenly started rushing out over her hand as the entire pinnacle began to deflate. Rachel let out a squeal of relief as the tip gradually retracted from her tender womb. When it had shrunk enough, the entire device simply popped out in un-climactic fashion. Rachel collapsed onto the bench and quietly wept…

**Part 23**

“Get me the file on a Pete Dinnacre. He works in supply for the aquatics division.”  
  
“Yes, sir” guessing from the smile on Bystander’s face, Grigor could tell he had received some good news. “Is this about the Thornwood project?’  
  
Bystander looked lost in thought for a moment. There was a familiar gleam in his eye as he worked out something. Then he turned to Grigor. “Yes! And Coach Ron just gave me an idea. If it works we will be able to upgrade the Thornwood project success status to ‘probable’, but we have to move fast. Get me in touch with someone in product development at our adult toy’s division. I need to find out more about a product called the Pussifier. And then I want to talk to the man who converted it into…the Pinnacle.” It sure sounded like a breakthrough had occurred. Grigor quickly got to work.  
  
From his office, Coach Ron heard Rachel’s cry of relief. The noises continued sporadically for several minutes as Rachel cried out from muscle spasms. But he didn’t dare open his door or investigate further. Eventually when the contraction had stopped and a dull soreness set in, Rachel dragged herself over to the showers and turned on the water.  
  
After a few minutes under the shower, Rachel built up the courage to inspect her nether region. Judging by the pain, she fully expected to find an unholy gaping mess down there. But other than a bit of redness around the edges, everything had returned to normal. Her plump pussy lips were back in place over her intimate treasures. She even found her clitoris bulging out between the folds of her inner lips. One tweak confirmed everything was still in working order. It turns out the anatomy of a young healthy teenage girl is more than capable of accommodating even the incredible length and girth of a fully expanded pinnacle with no lasting surface effects.  
  
While she looked and felt normal on the surface, her insides were a different matter. It is a strange sensation to be filled that completely for so long. She felt like part of her was missing now that the pinnacle was removed. She flexed her vaginal muscles but with nothing to grip onto, it was like making an empty fist.  
  
She noticed the pinnacle’s absence again on the walk home. The light breeze blew up under her skirt and onto her bare mound. She wondered if it had been fully inflated during the photo shoot or not. She hoped she would never find out, but she did miss the security of the protective outer disc and felt exposed without it.  
  
When she got home, Rachel made her way to the upstairs bathroom. This was the only room left in the house where she had any privacy. Richard somehow kept forgetting to get the right equipment to fix the carpet so her bedroom door was still missing. She had looked around her room for the instruction manual, but only found the one page introductory flier. Thinking she had accidentally thrown it away, Rachel scanned the flier for any further clues. That’s when she noticed the url at the bottom.  
  
\*\*Maybe I can find an electronic copy of the manual on their website.  
  
Almost on a whim she picked up the box again. Turning it over, she found a surprise. A little plug was retracted and attached to the bottom of the box.  
  
\*\*Why would the pinnacle need to be charged? There’s nothing electronic in here.  
  
She opened the box to see the pinnacle sitting in its cradle. With no metal contacts, she was sure it couldn’t be used for charging. But Rachel had never heard of induction charging which doesn’t require direct contact. She concluded that the website would solve the mystery.  
  
A knock on the door interrupted her and made her jump.  
  
“um, just a minute.”  
  
“No rush, Rach. I just wanted to give you something.”  
  
\*\*Eric? Give me something?  
  
She searched frantically for a place to hide the pinnacle. Privacy around the house had dwindled for Rachel. She was determined to maintain this one exception. She couldn’t let anyone, especially Eric, know about the pinnacle. It was just too embarrassing. She tossed the box into the bathtub and pulled the curtain closed before opening the door.  
  
Eric had barely said two words to Rachel all week. She was not prepared to interact with him yet. So much had happened between them since she arrived last week. Being on an emotional and sexual roller coaster ever since wasn’t helping.  
  
“I haven’t had the chance to say sorry for what happened to your stuff at the storage building.”  
  
Rachel nodded acceptance. She still didn’t quite trust Eric. She wanted to see where he was going with this.  
  
“Tommy and I are hanging out tonight” Eric paused to see Rachel’s reaction to the mention of Tommy. But he saw little other than a brief glance to the side. “Anyway, I wanted to help out.” He handed Rachel a $50 bill. “My grandma sent it for my college fund, but I figured you could use it more…at least until your insurance money arrives or whatever.”  
  
Rachel felt like she had just received the greatest gift in the world. She accepted the cash gratefully. The money was spent in a matter of seconds as she started dreaming about what she could buy with it. She would take a shopping trip first thing after school tomorrow. She would bum a ride or even walk to the store if Susan refused to take her.  
  
“Thanks, Eric.” She beamed as she gave him a hug.  
  
In her excitement, Rachel started jumping up and down and giggling as soon as Eric was out of sight. Her waistless skirt dropped to the floor right on cue, but she didn’t care. She went back to her room bottomless and put the cash in the safest place she had; her backpack. It would be taken from her before she ever got the chance to spend it…

**Part 24**

Once he had formed his plan, Bystander worked quickly and with incredible efficiency. He expected those around him to act just as diligent. As he poured over schematics of the pussifier, he was thoroughly impressed by the sheer amount of technology packed into such a small device. He made a note to give bonuses to the product’s development team.  
  
His first concern was ensuring acceptance by the student to whom it had been issued. That she had already accepted the uniform was a good sign. She had the potential to be a great breakthrough for his global nudity initiative.  
  
All pussifiers in stock were already being reworked and repackaged as pinnacles. Bystander intended to combine them with uniforms like Rachel’s to be marketed to early adopters and enthusiasts always on the lookout for a competitive edge. Bystek would then offer the pinnacle suit to other organized swim teams.  
  
Nationwide adoption was inevitable. Before long young swimmers on teams everywhere would be shedding their traditional swimsuits for a pinnacle uniform. It was only a matter of time after that before the trend spread to mainstream and casual swimmers the world over.  
  
Authorities and other potential hindrances could be manipulated just as easily as the Thornwood school board. Bystander had hooks into every major legislature in the U.S. Even court challenges would be a cakewalk. He had already placed a call to the head of the World Aquatic Governing Board. The pinnacle’s approval would be fast-tracked for use in international competition.  
  
The early days were the most critical. Making such a revolutionary product seem legitimate was a key component. Pete deserved credit for his packaging and promotional sheet. It was truly visionary. But the embedded technology was equally as important; particularly the wireless transceiver. With a simple firmware update, all of Bystek Aquatic’s training equipment could be modified to communicate with pinnacle. The old transceivers which clipped to traditional swimsuits monitored vital signs. They were now obsolete compared to the pinnacle. Beyond that, the training equipment could even send commands to activate any other function of the pinnacle.  
  
The possibilities were endless. Bystander’s job was to deploy all his resources to make the most of the opportunity…and he was very good at his job.  
  
Eric’s gift put Rachel in a much better mood. One little sunbathing picture seemed trivial now after all she had been through with the yearbook nerd. It was high time she consider forgiving her friend and making amends. The strife between them had been weighing on her for days. Just considering the end of her strife with Eric made a weight lift from her shoulders.  
  
The stress unwound off her as she let go of the anger which had festered toward Eric. She sat down on the bed and her whole body relaxed into a more comfortable state. Another sensation arose to replace the fading stress. She had experienced arousal many times in the days since the tryout. But they had all been under duress. This one came on more gently. She cooed; freeing her hands to roam all over. She was back to enjoying her young body in the only manner available to an innocent teenager.  
  
With a shrug, she opened her vest to explore the mounds underneath. Her hard nipples beckoned, but even in her reverie she had enough sense to avoid those. Her arousal grew. Inevitably her hands moved between her legs and started to massage the stress from her pussy lips. The session continued for couple minutes until she nearly forgot her troubles completely. She could have allowed herself to go all the way down the road to orgasmic bliss; given a bit more privacy. Alas, she had none. She could not close the door to her room because she had no door.  
  
No matter how much Rachel wanted to forget her troubles and enjoy herself, the world intruded even the privacy of her own bed. Reasserting her will, she forced her body to resist the urge to escalate. Eventually her body relented and her arousal leveled off.  
  
As the urgency for release gradually declined, she turned her attention to the evening ahead. The first order of business, before beginning her evening chores, was to check Bystek aquatic’s website for more information about the pinnacle.  
  
Awash in hormonal bliss, Rachel considered the consequences of going downstairs naked. But Richard was probably down there watching TV. He spent more evenings at home lately.  
  
\*\*It would be fun to tease him. I could always slip on my apron if I get uncomfortable.  
  
But the computer did not qualify as an appropriate activity for a naked girl. So she got dressed before going downstairs. Rachel still got an eye full from Richard upon entering the room. The most modest outfit she owned still displayed her assets quite nicely. She was glad she had chosen to put her clothes back on. Trying not to dwell on Richard’s stare, she sat down to use the computer.  
  
Bystek.com didn’t have anything on its home page about the pinnacle. Rachel expected that. It was a big aquatic supply company with thousands of products. She browsed through different categories of their online catalog without success. After a few minutes fear started to creep in. She told herself to stop worrying; that she would find it soon enough. But the more she scanned, the more unsettled she became. A heavy knot formed in her stomach as she imagined the worst case scenario.  
  
\*\*What if the pinnacle isn’t a real product? If it is a lie, how much else is? What if I’ve been tricked all along by some great conspiracy? What if everyone is just manipulating me to get me naked? What if…  
  
“I was right about your outfit, wasn’t I? You made it through school just fine.” Susan walked into the room just then and interrupted Rachel’s spiral of doubt.  
  
The spiral stopped but the doubt remained. Rachel stared at the computer screen praying for some evidence to magically appear. She typed ‘Bystek pinnacle’ into a search engine and fruitlessly scrolled through the irrelevant results. Hope wilted.  
  
“Rachel!” Susan repeated her question more forcefully after being ignored the first time, “Did you have any problems with your outfit today?”  
  
“No” then Rachel remembered how her vest sprang open in first period. “I mean yes. I don’t think the magnets are strong enough.” She pulled the skimpy vest tight over her chest and resumed her desperate search for the truth.  
  
“I can fix that easily enough” Susan left the room for a minute and came back with her sewing kit. “Let me see your vest.”  
  
\*\*What?!  
  
Rachel suspended her search and stared at Susan with incredulity. The woman meant to take her top away right in front of Richard. Only minutes ago she would have accepted it as a fair request and complied. But Rachel was suddenly much less trusting and much more skeptical of Susan’s motives.  
  
The skeptical Rachel took offense and wanted to flatly refuse the request. To willfully betray her modesty by disrobing in front of a man was foolish. The obvious path was to remain clothed until her doubt was resolved. Why then did she find herself wavering on the decision?  
  
\*\*How can I be sure without proof either way? I don’t have any evidence except Coach Ron. Can I trust him? Can I trust anyone?  
  
Susan was getting impatient. Rachel knew the right thing to do. She should protest and stand firm. But at the last moment logic failed her and her mind convinced her there was another path. The pattern of rationalization is hard to break; even in the face of obvious folly.  
  
\*\*He’s already seen me naked several times. I need a few more minutes to find the pinnacle online. Surely I can endure that. The longer I delay, the more silly it will look. Better to just get it over with…God, I hope I’m not making a huge mistake.  
  
Before she could change her mind again, Rachel stripped her vest off and handed it to the waiting woman. Susan hid her victory smile as she sat back down and started to work. Seeing Rachel in just a miniskirt clearly drove Richard wild. But he could only watch for now. Susan had just earned herself another night of sexual satisfaction…

**Part 25**

Rachel realized her mistake almost as soon as she let go of the vest. But to ask for it back would mean more embarrassment. She had bet everything on finding the pinnacle. She turned back to the computer screen now topless and even more desperate. Her body betrayed her true feelings and her skin turned bright red under Richard’s lusty gaze.  
  
With her hands shaking she could barely control the mouse or type anything. Her nipples stiffened into points as hormones flooded her system. She wilted under Richard’s relentless gaze. Despite being barely dressed, the air felt uncomfortably hot and stuffy.  
  
\*\*I can’t do this. I’ve got to get out of here.  
  
“Um, I better get the laundry started.” She stood up and faced away from Richard to help hide her bare chest.  
  
Eric’s mom made sure to remind her of the apron waiting on the dryer, “and don’t forget to wash your skirt.”  
  
Once out of sight, Rachel collapsed against the wall. If her suspicion was true, she had just let Richard see her topless for no good reason. She spent so much time adjusting to necessary exposure; she had forgotten the sensation she got from improper exposure.  
  
On the topic of arousal, Rachel had once heard a saying “Men are like microwaves, women are like ovens.” Men could be turned on instantly while women usually had to warm up to it. But leaning against the wall, she felt like her body had become a microwave. At the slightest opening, it flew into a frenzy of arousal which could only be abated with immediate direct intervention. She dropped her skirt to the floor and soothed her loins with another mini-bate. She chastised herself for losing control and stopped as soon as she was able. Then she adorned her apron and started the laundry.  
  
\*\*You must get through this.  
  
Even if Rachel had been tricked, all hope was not lost. She reminded herself she had friends like Ellie. And surely she could count on Eric. He would never be part of such a conspiracy. If she survived tonight, Rachel could use the money from Eric to buy some real clothes. Then she could confront Coach Ron and get the truth about the pinnacle. She would insist on a proper uniform. She could do damage control at the yearbook office by demanding the photos be destroyed. The wheels began spinning.  
  
\*\*All is not lost. How hard can it be to stay away from Richard for one evening? Preserve your modesty tonight and restore it tomorrow.  
  
The challenge was on. The only Tuesday chore beside laundry was mopping. While the washing machine worked through its cycle, Rachel went into the kitchen and filled a bucket with water. She avoided the chemicals this time. Water would have to suffice. As she worked, Rachel kept her senses keen for any sign of Richard.  
  
She crept around the house in her apron hurriedly cleaning any hard floors she found. This was no time for role playing or teasing. She stayed on edge the whole time; listening intently for the sound of anyone approaching. When she was done, Rachel breathed a sigh of relief. She dumped out the dirty water and started to carry her supplies back to the closet. Thinking her ordeal was over; Rachel let her guard down for a moment. That mistake landed her in a fateful trap; one which would blow away her plans of preserving modesty.  
  
The cleaning supply closet was at the end of the hall next to the master bedroom. Rachel had just opened the closet door when she heard Richard stand up out of his recliner in the living room. “I’m going to get some take out for dinner. What would you like?”  
  
Richard’s words didn’t register with the poor girl. All she sensed was that Richard was coming this way for some reason. She had to escape!  
  
Rachel should have calmly walked back down the hall before Richard got there. But in her panic she didn’t see that obvious escape route. She only saw the bedroom, the closet, and the garage. The closet was too small to fit in. How stupid would she look if she was caught trying to hide in there? She didn’t want to be anywhere near Richard’s bedroom dressed like this. At least the garage was dark. Rachel made up her mind and dove through the door.  
  
But then Richard’s words registered and she realized she had made another mistake. Since he was driving, Richard would have to come into the garage. Her eyes slowly adjusted to the dark room and she looked around frantically for something else to hide behind. A trash can? No. Nothing else was big enough; other than the car itself.  
  
\*\*I must get back inside the house. And quickly, before he gets here!  
  
But just as Rachel turned around, the garage lights came on. The mostly naked girl was bathed in harsh brightness and the big garage door began to open behind her. Blinded by the lights Rachel didn’t dare try to run now. She just backed up against the wall as Richard appeared in the doorway.  
  
“Rachel, what on Earth are you doing out here?”  
  
Rachel held the mop over her exposed bosom and searched her brain for a valid excuse. “I get embarrassed and aroused when you see my naked body and I was trying to hide from you” was not going to cut it. But Richard wasn’t going anywhere until she answered him. She said the first thing that popped into her head.  
  
“I...I wanted to…to…come with you?”  
  
\*\*Uh oh…..

Part 26

Susan was not happy to discover Richard had taken the mostly naked girl with him to get dinner. She didn’t like it when she couldn’t keep an eye on him. She forgave him later that night when he gave her the most potent sexual experience of her life. Keeping a naked teenage goddess around really did work better than Viagra.  
  
As the car pulled out of the driveway, Rachel looked longingly at the house. That the sun had gone down was little consolation. She was still leaving the safety of Eric’s house while wearing nothing save a loincloth of an apron.  
  
\*\*It might as well be nothing.  
  
Richard was just as surprised by the request as Rachel, but he wasn’t about to decline. He jumped at the offer and even opened the car door for her. Every street light they passed made Rachel sick, but she didn’t try to cover herself. She had to act like she didn’t mind being topless. She couldn’t let him know her suspicion. Not until she figured out the truth. Richard might not even be part of the conspiracy; though it made sense for him to be involved. He was definitely one of the primary beneficiaries of her exposure.  
  
They drove along in silence; Richard barely watching the empty road. When they came to their first stop light, he finally spoke.  
  
“Are you cold?” he was staring at her perky nipples. Judging by the way they wrinkled up into stiff points, it was a good guess.  
  
Rachel blushed. She shook her head and said nothing. When the light finally changed and the car was moving, Richard spoke up again. “So, did you have some place in mind? I was thinking sub sandwiches or burgers.”  
  
Rachel weighed both options. The burger place had a drive-through which could be embarrassing. At the sub shop, she could stay in relative safety of the car while Richard went inside. “Uh, sandwich, I guess.”  
  
Rachel slumped down in her seat as they turned onto a busier road which had more street lights. Richard had seen her bare breasts several times over by now. This was no worse than being home…as long as no one else saw her. When they had driven two or three miles, they turned into a strip mall where the sub shop was located. He took Rachel’s order and headed inside. The dome lights came on and flooded the interior with light. Rachel curled into a ball.  
  
It became clear that something was wrong when the dome lights didn’t turn off after a few seconds. With one arm over her bosom, she reached up and fiddled with the overhead buttons. No luck. The headlights of another car approaching made Rachel duck back down. She felt like a nude figurine in a display case. Anyone who happened by was sure to notice her.  
  
\*\*This sucks.  
  
Rachel dared to peek out the window. The coast was clear, but that could change at any moment. She would be better off waiting in the shadows between cars than trapped in this bright cage. Just then a truck turned into the parking lot. It was all the motivation she needed. She slipped out the passenger side and quietly closed the door. The dome light stayed on.  
  
The parking lot was warm on her bare feet; but not uncomfortably so. Rachel stayed low and sneaked around the front between Richard’s car and an SUV. She huddled there as the truck parked a few spaces down and its passengers exited. They walked right behind Richard’s car. Had she decided to stay in the car, they would have seen her for sure. Rachel breathed a sigh of relief that she had made the right decision.  
  
The busiest traffic this time of night centered on the sub shop. Before long the owner of the SUV returned and took away her hiding spot. So Rachel started looking for a safer spot further away from the crowds. She didn’t want to move too far and risk being left when Richard got back to his car.  
  
As she scanned the area, she noticed the thrift store a few places down from the sub shop. Oh how far she could stretch $50 at a place like that! She didn’t mind the styles at all. In fact, thrift store clothing was considered trendy fashion these days.  
  
And it was close enough to Eric’s house that she could walk if she had to!  
  
Rachel was so happy she would have marched right over in her apron and started shopping. But she didn’t have her money. It was at home in her backpack. And the store didn’t look open anyway. All the lights were off.  
  
\*\*I wonder what their hours are.  
  
It was a trivial challenge but at least it would give her something to do while she waited. Nonetheless, the anticipation of undertaking a nearly naked stunt made her body tingle with excitement. Driven by that excitement, she began her journey to the thrift store.   
  
The journey took longer because of the roundabout route. Moving covertly from car to car and staying away from the parking lot’s few light poles added some distance. But she would rather be safe than sorry.  
  
The closest car to the thrift store awning was about 30 feet away. Rachel left the last source of cover and made an excited sprint across the open space to the building. She was a bit more exposed out here, but still not likely to be seen. Except for the sub shop, most of the tired stores in this strip mall were either closed for the night or out of business.  
  
A dull glow from the sign overhead illuminated the naked girl slightly, but Rachel figured she was too far away for anyone to tell. At least the glow gave off enough light for her to read the hours. Rachel was delighted to learn the store would be open tomorrow until 6:00pm; just enough time to make it over here after swim practice.  
  
Triumphantly, Rachel followed the same route back to Richard’s car. She stayed on high alert because something could still happen. But she was feeling pretty confident. Just then a caravan of cars turned into the parking lot. A group of young drivers making a food run. They looked to be about Rachel’s age. Another rush hit her. If they only knew there was a naked girl sneaking around the parking lot! She’d had her fun sneaking around naked in the shadows, but her idea of fun did not include actually being seen.  
  
Rachel should have waited until they were all inside the building before making the last move. But her illicit bravery overwhelmed her and she was feeling risky. Keeping both eyes on the group of students, she stood tall for the last 10 feet and marched straight to the car.  
  
\*\*Hmm. Looks like the stupid dome light finally went off.  
  
She pulled the handle but the door didn’t open. Thinking it had locked automatically, Rachel had to suppress her panic. She wasn’t in any real danger as long as she stayed calm. Looking for a solution, she noticed the back window was rolled down a few inches.  
  
\*\*How did I not notice that before?  
  
It was just big enough for her to reach in and unlock it from the inside. Rachel praised her ingenuity as she squeezed her long skinny arm between the gap in the window with some contortion. With her whole arm in the window, her warm, bare breast pressed up against the cold glass sending a shiver over her body. Forgetting she was supposed to be searching for the lock, she pressed her entire body against the car’s cool side panel eliciting more shivers and a whimper. Her body, supercharged by arousal, was radiating heat.  
  
As she fumbled for the lock, Rachel paused to experience the sheer exhilaration of exposure. She was home free. Why not take a moment to enjoy it? Not once did it cross her mind that she might be breaking into the wrong car…

**Part 27**

“HONK...HONK…HONK”  
  
All at once, the car began blasting its horn and the headlights flashed. Everyone in the parking lot heard the commotion. Rachel froze for a few seconds trying to figure out what had happened. Then she peered in the window.  
  
\*\*Wait a minute. This isn’t Richard’s car! Oh shit!  
  
Every second, more and more people turned their attention her way. She couldn’t be caught trying to break into someone else’s car. Not dressed like this. She would be forever labeled the naked car thief.  
  
Rachel yanked her arm but it didn’t budge. It was wedged between the glass and the frame. She squirmed against the car as some people started coming to investigate. Her heart was now pounding. She should have moved her arm further down the sill where the gap was bigger, but the situation made it hard to stay calm and the noise from the alarm made it hard to concentrate. The alarm switched to an even louder annoying whoop. The naked girl struggled harder but the car refused to release her arm. She was trapped. Rachel frantically reached up with her other arm and heaved with all her might. All at once the tempered glass gave way and shattered into little pebbles. She felt a stabbing pain in her elbow, but at least she was free.  
  
The sound of breaking glass got more people’s attention. All thoughts fled from her brain except the raw instinct to run. Rachel took off in a dead sprint. She ran toward the emptiest part of the parking lot. Someone yelled for her to stop, but she didn’t dare; not dressed like this. Past the parking lot was a field with a fence around it. The fence was too tall to climb. Rachel turned and followed it away from the road.  
  
Still running, Rachel came to an open space in the fence. It was darker here, but too bright to feel safe. She needed a real hiding place. The car alarm stopped but another alarm was raised as people arrived at the crime scene and saw the broken glass. Once it was determined which direction the perpetrator had run fled, the chase was on.  
  
Rachel ran toward the center of the field as yells went out behind her. She wanted to stay away from the edges where she was most likely to be caught. She came upon some playground equipment and realized she was in a neighborhood park. She scampered up a tunnel slide before daring to look back at the parking lot.  
  
Someone had driven their car over to the edge of the parking lot and was shining the headlights on high beam into the park. A few others were walking the fence line hot on her trail.  
  
Rachel took a minute to catch her breath. She was in great shape, but her muscles had worked hard all afternoon. They did not like the idea of more running. When the police lights appeared, Rachel really started to get worried. A group of concerned citizens huddled around the police car. They kept pointing into the park. The policeman had a spotlight attached to his cruiser. He turned it on and started scanning the park. A few people went to their cars. They were being sent to watch the other exits while the rest organized into a search squad to enter the park. Rachel was running out of time to escape.  
  
She guessed the park would be completely fenced in with hopefully a break on each of the four sides. If she ran straight to the opposite gate, she might get there before it was blocked off.  
  
She waited until the spotlight passed by the playground equipment then took off running in the opposite direction from the gate she had entered. Hope flickered when she came within sight of the open gate. But when she got near, a car arrived and two men got out. She turned and dove behind a small play castle. It was barely big enough to hide her naked body, but still at least 20 paces from freedom.  
  
One of the men was talking on his cell phone; probably coordinating with the main group. The other stood in the gap like a guard sentry and lit a cigarette. With two exits blocked, the park started to feel like a cage. She was trembling with fear, but she didn’t give up quite yet. Her options were dwindling but she had to try something. On her left the park bordered the busy road. That exit was surely blocked off by now. On her right, the park backed up to a neighborhood. The searchers would have to travel on foot to get there, but it was no guarantee they weren’t there already.  
  
Rachel turned back to the men at the gate. This was still her best option. She might be able to force her way through if she ran fast enough and caught them by surprise. They might catch a glimpse of her as she ran by, but it was becoming more and more likely that someone would see her naked body; especially if she didn’t do something soon.  
  
The seconds ticked by as Rachel waited for the right moment. She was close enough to hear them. The phone guy told the sentry that a search committee had entered the park over by the mini mall. When the sentry turned around to ask him something, she seized the moment.  
  
\*\*Now!  
  
Rachel jumped up and charged toward the gate. She silently ran one step, two, three. He didn’t turn around. She built her courage as she ran. Using a technique she employed while swimming, she visualized achieving her goal. She WOULD make it through that gate and settle for nothing less. No one would stop her. Her arms were pumping and her legs gave her everything they had left. Over half way there and the sentry was still distracted.  
  
Her feet were flying but made no noise on the soft grass. This was it. She would lean into him and knock him back to make an opening. Then she would keep running down a sidewalk leading away from the park. They wouldn’t be able to follow her in their car and would never catch her on foot.  
  
Only a few more steps. But just as Rachel was about to strike, she slipped on some gravel. Both men heard the noise and the sentry turned around on full alert.  
  
“…what the hell?”  
  
Rachel was too close to change course or stop. She skidded right into the sentry as he reached out with two strong hands to grab her. She tried to pull away, but his grip was much too strong for her and held tight. How foolish she had been to think she could overwhelm this fully grown man. She had officially been caught. She lowered her head and tried not to cry.  
  
But for once, her nakedness proved an asset. The men were expecting to catch some scummy hoodlum, not a gorgeous naked goddess. When the sentry realized what his hands were grasping; he loosened his grip on the naked young lady. Sensing the change, Rachel yanked as hard as she could and miraculously came free.  
  
The sentry yelped and reached for her again, but she ducked under his reach. Then she took off at a dead sprint the opposite direction while both men yelled for her to freeze and took up pursuit. All the while, the caller was talking excitedly into his phone.  
  
Rachel was easily able to outrun the two middle-aged smokers. And her fortune finally started to turn. She made for the park’s last exit which was still clear. Like a bullet she shot through the gate and into the adjoining neighborhood. She kept running at least a block before ducking into an alley. Immediately her hands shot between her legs and started working as she tried to control her breathing. The naked streak had made her horny, but she couldn’t afford to deal with that right now. She was still in plenty of danger.  
  
She had escaped the commotion behind her, but patrols were surely out looking for her. And without clothes, she couldn’t exactly hitch a ride with someone. She needed to keep moving if she was going to make it back to Eric’s house on foot. Rachel didn’t know this neighborhood, but she knew the general direction to go. Forcing her hands away from their pleasure, she resumed her trek.   
  
It took over an hour to complete the trip back to Eric’s house. Carefully choosing her path and ducking behind bushes and trees when necessary, she made her way home. The question of the pinnacle nagged her as she approached. She still hadn’t found out if it was real. At this point, she would rather endure the temporary humiliation and know the truth than play peek-a-boob with Richard all evening and remain in doubt.  
  
She saw Eric’s parents waiting at the front door as she approached. Rachel tried to act as casual as a naked girl who had been running from the police could be.  
  
“I decided to get some air and walk home” was the only explanation she gave. The excuse was absurd, but what else could they do but believe her? She was disheveled and still mostly naked, but as long as she kept her mouth shut, no one would ever learn of the mischief she had just caused…

**Part 28**

Richard was visibly relieved to see Rachel appear strolling down the street. He had left her in the car to go into the sub shop. When he returned, she was gone and there was quite a commotion in the parking lot. He didn’t stick around to learn the whole story but apparently someone’s car had been broken into. He never suspected that Rachel was the culprit, but he was concerned that something had happened to her.  
  
He could only imagine the damage it would do to his political career. The headline would read “Local politician drives teenager to her demise. Naked body found near scene.” He was extremely happy that she had returned unharmed.  
  
Even though she was only wearing a skimpy apron and was completely topless, Rachel walked straight to the computer and sat down to resume her search. By now she was more than willing to trade a little humiliation for the sake of expediently learning the truth.  
  
No sooner had she clicked on the Bystek.com home page than she noticed a link in the footer. It said “new product announcements” with a flashing star next to it to draw attention.  
  
\*\*How did I miss that?  
  
The pinnacle was the second product on the announcement list. Rachel sat stunned as she read through the press release. She didn’t want to believe it, but she couldn’t argue with the evidence. The announcement linked to a product page which showed the pinnacle as being in the prototype stage. That explained why she couldn’t find it in the catalog. She remembered Coach Ron mentioning something about having connections at Bystek aquatic. He must have acquired it the same way they got all the exotic training equipment.  
  
Now that she had uncovered the proof, Rachel started looking for more info. She found a PDF labeled ‘manual (prototype)’ and started reading. Most of it was a blank template except for the section on cleaning. According to the manual, the pinnacle was self-cleaning inside the box. It used UV light for disinfection along with a soap and water cleaning cycle. That explained the power cord.  
  
When she had finished reading, she sighed and turned toward Eric’s parents. Resigned to her fate, Rachel gave up trying to hide her nakedness from Richard. She went and pulled the clean laundry out of the washer then marched herself back through the living room toward the back yard.  
  
\*\*Modesty must yield to propriety. Modesty must yield to propriety.  
  
Rachel kept reminding herself of the phrase as she hung the laundry out to dry. She hated being worked like a servant in the evening after a long day. She hated being treated like a dress-up doll in the mornings before school. And she was tired of being practically naked around the house all the time. From morning to night, her modesty was tested without reprieve.  
  
While waiting for the clothes to dry, Rachel started the pinnacle on a cleaning cycle. Then she sat by herself in the dining room and ate her sandwich. Driven to exhaustion by the day’s events, she barely had the energy to chew. She looked down at her tiny apron and tried to figure out how she had got to this point.  
  
\*\*So the pinnacle is real. But when did it become appropriate to dress like this around the house? I guess some people do it. But I’ve never heard of it before.  
  
Starting with the tryout, circumstances had gradually chipped away at her old sense of modesty. First it was a new uniform and only while swimming. Then came the nightgown. Then her school outfits became more revealing. Now she was down to a loin cloth apron in the evenings and probably wouldn’t remember how to put a bra on if she had one! She showed more and more skin with each passing day. Where would it end?  
  
Willingly baring her breasts for certain activities was a big hurdle. Her nipples were such an obvious indicator of her boundless arousal. Even now, if she were to walk into the living room, Richard would stare at her perfect mounds with fascination and her nipples would instantly perk up under his gaze. Why did she have to treat it as normal while he got to ogle over her breasts like a horny teenager? And how could she hide her feelings with her nipples on display and betraying her constantly?  
  
At this point, she only had one intimate thing left; her pussy. Her mind clung to that final caveat. While her overall clothing coverage had shrunk, both the uniform and the apron still preserved her modesty where it apparently mattered. She took solace in knowing that, as long as her pussy was covered, she could still be properly dressed.  
  
After finishing the laundry, Rachel changed into her cup-less nightgown. The short gown had lace trim around the bottom which gave tantalizing glimpses of her pussy. No amount of tugging on the hem would get it to properly cover her down there. So she gave up and placed one hand over her crotch. She had to draw the line somewhere.  
  
Preserving her modesty with her hand, Rachel stood proud as she went back downstairs to say ‘goodnight’. Her breasts were framed and on display like before and Richard drooled over them as usual. But this time she didn’t try to hide. If she was going to make it through swim season with the pinnacle she had to give up on that battle and stop being childish. She overruled her misgivings and forced herself to let him have a good look before taking her leave.  
  
Back upstairs exhaustion overtook her before she hit the pillow. She slept soundly in the belief that she had surely survived the worst of her ordeals. Her belief couldn’t be more wrong…

**Part 29**

Another day another skimpy dress. Rachel continued to marvel at the creative methods Eric’s mom employed to ‘fix’ her outfits. This time it was the summer dress. At the mall, the dress had been both too short and too tight all around. Susan’s fix was to pop the seams down both sides of the dress so that it was two separate pieces of fabric; a front panel and a back. Then she laced them back together with long string like a shoelace; creating a gap between panels.  
  
Susan designed it to be able to grow with her by loosening the strings and widening the gaps. Rachel had to adjust the laces twice. Without additional fabric, the dress would continue to expose more and more of Rachel’s body as she grew. And nature had already been so kind to the young lady. She looked like she was literally bursting at the seams in places. But that wasn’t the worst part.  
  
The only real solution to the length problem was more fabric. But Susan’s solution was to make the spaghetti straps longer. The dress could no be lowered, but this did not actually solve anything. Now her round breasts bulged out the top and threatened to spring out of the dress. Because she no longer had any panties, she couldn’t risk pulling the dress up any higher without exposing her bare pussy mound to the world.  
  
Her butt cheeks peeked out the bottom as well. It would have been obscene if she didn’t have her backpack for extra coverage. This was the worst outfit Susan had come up with so far. But Rachel didn’t even bother to protest. She knew how that would turn out. She just focused on getting through school one more time.  
  
\*\*This is the last day\*\* she told herself. After swim practice she was going to walk to the thrift store and buy some real clothes. She would settle for anything at this point as long as it was not child size. She would give anything to walk through the halls of Thornwood High School in a normal sized outfit.  
  
She had yet to really get to know any of her classmates this year. It’s hard to make friends when you’re the new girl. It doesn’t help when you are parading around school in skimpy clothes on a daily basis. She had come to expect the stares she got from the other students; though she could never get used to it. The boys leered at her like she was a piece of meat. The girls gave her dirty looks and whispered to each other as she walked by. She endured it and took comfort that it would soon come to an end.  
  
By the end of the day, word had obviously got around that she wasn’t wearing panties. Rachel figured it out when she saw a group of horny nerds waiting at the bottom of the stairs as she approached. She didn’t give them the satisfaction. She flipped them off and found another route.  
  
Unfortunately, her luck ran out just before last period. Rachel was casually walking down the hall; mentally congratulating herself for making it through the day without a major incident. But the color drained from her face when she turned the corner.  
  
“Well, well, well. My birds are telling me things, you naughty little bunny. Somebody’s been hopping around without her underwear today.”  
  
Brenda the bully got a special joy from harassing Rachel ever since their first meeting in the lunch room. “It’s pay day. Do you have my money or is someone going to class naked today?”  
  
Being so distracted by her myriad other problems, Rachel kept forgetting about Brenda. Now it was finally catching up to her. She was about to pay for her negligence.  
  
Then Rachel remembered the $50 from Eric in her backpack. She fumbled over her words. “I don’t suppose…you…have change?”  
  
Brenda and her gang burst out laughing at that. To Rachel, that $50 represented her salvation from this extended nightmare of exposure. She had hung all her hopes on using that money today to buy some proper clothes. She even considered letting Brenda take her dress. She could sneak home naked and make her way to the thrift store. Anything was better than giving up the cash.  
  
Brenda sensed the internal conflict within the girl. She made the decision easy by grabbing Rachel’s backpack and digging around until she found the bill.  
  
“Let’s see. $5 promised TWO days ago. Add $5 per day of interest and a small penalty for late payment. You’re in luck, bunny. That comes to exactly $50. We’ll call it even.” She stuffed the cash in her pocket.  
  
“No!” Rachel cried out. Brenda rose up to her full height and dared her to object again. She looked twice Rachel’s size now and Rachel got the message. $50 was a small price to pay to be rid of Brenda’s harassment.  
  
Rachel gave up trying to pay attention in her last class. With Eric’s money gone, her evening plans had been destroyed. She had come so close only to have the escape slip from her grasp once again. She stewed in her own pity for an hour. But she cheered up a bit when the class ended. It was time for swim practice.  
  
Rachel stood with trepidation over the pinnacle box. Having worn it yesterday, she wasn’t worried about her teammates seeing her in it. But no one had witnessed her inserting or removing it. That was the embarrassing part. She repeated her practice of stalling while the rest of the team trickled out to the pool.  
  
Only Ellie noticed the strange behavior and stayed to investigate. In the few short days since they’d met, Rachel and Ellie shared much between them. If they could talk freely about their experience in the warm down tub, why shouldn’t she know about the pinnacle? If Rachel could trust anyone, it was her. Ellie’s initial shock at seeing the complete pinnacle soon morphed into wide-eyed fascination.  
  
“…and you stick this…thing…in your…”  
  
“Anchor device”, Rachel corrected “…and, yes.”  
  
“Anchor device” Ellie couldn’t take her eyes off it. “Can I hold it?”  
  
“Sure” Rachel sat the box down. Ellie eagerly reached down and picked it up, “ooh”.  
  
She held it in her hands with the tip pointed at the ceiling. One hand was wrapped around the base near the protective outer disc. She moved her other hand up its length feeling the ridges and bumps along the way. “Does it hurt?”  
  
Ellie squeezed the shaft and giggled as the tip bulged. “I can’t believe you were wearing this at practice yesterday. I can’t believe it’s real.” If she didn’t know it was a swim accessory, Ellie would have guessed it to be some kind of masturbation aid or sex toy.  
  
“It’s a prototype.”  
  
Rachel told Ellie about searching the website last night. She left out the naked carjacking incident. She rubbed her elbow as she talked. She had a pretty big bruise and the ligaments were a little tender. She hoped she hadn’t injured it seriously when she broke the car window last night. Ellie was too distracted to listen. She remained fixated on the device; weighing it in her petite hands.  
  
“I want one. You’re so lucky. So, how do you insert it?”  
  
\*\*She’s going to see it eventually.  
  
Rachel sat down and relaxed her muscles. Ellie’s juvenile excitement was a distraction. She was practically giddy with anticipation. Rachel spread her legs and positioned the tip right at her opening. Then a few seconds ticked by with nothing happening. Having an audience was making things more difficult for her.  
  
“This is stupid.” She pulled the pinnacle away and sighed.  
  
“No way” Ellie really wanted to see how the pinnacle worked. But she could tell she was making her friend nervous. She leaned back a little to give the girl some room. “Come on, Rach. It’s no big deal. You did it yesterday. Just do it so we can get to practice.”  
  
Drawing confidence from Ellie’s encouragement, Rachel moved the pinnacle back in position.  
  
\*\*Once you get going, don’t stop. Just keep pushing until it’s completely in. That’s the best way to do it.  
  
Then, without further hesitation, Rachel began the insertion…

**Part 30**

Stars burst in front of her eyes as Rachel steadily forced the pinnacle inside. Her internal muscles tried to squeeze closed before the pinnacle could invade. She squirmed with discomfort but kept her legs spread and did not stop until it was inserted up to the hilt. It was completely deflated to its smallest size, yet the memory of yesterday’s impaling caused a sensation of fullness in her young canal.  
  
A muscle spasm hit Rachel when she stood up. It was her pussy’s way of sending a warning signal. It wasn’t going to let her forget what happened yesterday. But Rachel was more prepared this time around. She was in control. She would make sure the device stayed deflated this time.  
  
She turned to her friend. Ellie sat with her jaw slack and a strange look on her face. It was a mix of innocent surprise and yearning; with just a hint of jealousy. It made Rachel uneasy.  
  
“Done! How does it look?”  
  
Ellie was speechless. She nodded and tried to process what she just witnessed. She had seen Rachel at practice yesterday with something over her crotch but assumed it was some kind of decal. She never stopped to wonder how it was attached. Picturing what was going on behind the disc put her in shock. Ellie couldn’t stop thinking about what it would feel like to have a pinnacle of her own.  
  
“You would tell me if I were making a mistake, right?” Rachel fished for confirmation to counteract the doubt Ellie’s gaze created.  
  
After a moment, Ellie finally looked up and gave her verdict, “I’m sure it’s fine as long as Coach Ron said so” then she casually added “…and he only had this one?”  
  
“Yes, like I said. It’s a prototype. Now come one. Let’s get to practice before we get in trouble.”  
  
5 minutes in and Rachel started to question why she kept looking forward to practice so much. Surrounded by at least a million dollars in training equipment and all Coach Ron wanted to do was lap drills. No amount of technique would matter if the kids were too slow or had no finishing kick at the end of a race. His plan was to work them until they dropped and develop technique later. It was a perfectly sound training strategy but was little consolation to the kids.  
  
In reality Rachel didn’t mind the lap drills. Sure, she would rather be at one of the fancy training stations. She felt like she didn’t really need all this extra conditioning. She was probably in better shape than any of her teammates. But she would do it to help the team get better. After all, at least she was swimming. This was the only place she truly felt comfortable with her state of undress.  
  
Last summer she had endured plenty of boring days alone at the community center. As her body developed, so too did her mental willpower. That willpower had been severely tested these past few days. She could use a little mindless boredom about now.  
  
It wasn’t all physical conditioning, though. She had developed a pretty good swimming technique, too. Her weaker strokes could probably use some work, but she had a natural talent for steady kicks and measured breathing. Today she took it easy on account of her elbow. No point in pushing herself for no reason. With her uniform she could coast and still finish in the top three every lap.  
  
\*\*The pinnacle is less of a hindrance today. Maybe I’m getting used to swimming with it.  
  
Rachel’s worries about the pinnacle slipping were unfounded. The anchor held firm and didn’t require any inflation as practice wore on. Though the pinnacle did not hinder her, it was impossible to ignore. Nestled tightly within her crevice; it provided steady pressure. On kick turns she felt a particularly strong tweak. But the sensation was not painful and therefore not worth fretting over.  
  
One way to pass the boredom was to daydream. Rachel tried to let her mind wander as she swam. But the regular signals from between her legs kept bringing her thoughts back to the pinnacle. The irregular and unexpected spasms weren’t helping.  
  
At first she was angry at her inability to ignore the signals. She took it as a personal failure to control her body. But then she was reminded of what the original brochure from Coach Ron said. The pinnacle was designed to exercise muscle groups only found in the female body to improve endurance and speed. It was a ridiculous claim, but she might as well give it a chance.  
  
She had nothing better to do as she swam, so she started experimenting. On every fourth stroke between breaths she purposely squeezed her lower muscles tight over the shaft. After that she felt no more irregular spasms. It became less like a hiccup and more like swallowing. She was able to control her body after all, as long as she didn’t forget to squeeze regularly. It was easier than trying to fight or ignore the constant stimulation.  
  
\*\*Stroke, kick, kick, stroke, breathe, stroke, kick, kick, squeeze!  
  
It took a couple laps before this new stroke pattern felt normal. But once she adjusted to the new rhythm Rachel found the pinnacle to be no problem. In fact it was quite enjoyable.  
  
The squeezes continued and drove her ever onward. Rachel couldn’t understand how this was supposed to improve her lap times. But somehow it made sense to keep squeezing. She didn’t get any faster, but as the practice wore on her pace didn’t drop off either. Perhaps there was something to the endurance claim after all.  
  
After practice, she couldn’t deny she had exercised some new muscles. She felt sore but happy. She could adapt to this new workout routine if that’s what it took to become the best. She would attack it with the same vigorous determination that had made her such a good swimmer in the first place.  
  
Things were looking up once again for Rachel. But when she got home, a fight with Eric ruined her evening…

**Part 31**

Wednesday was the lightest day on Rachel’s chore schedule. But a dour mood descended on her as she approached the house. Three days of rigorous workouts were taking their toll. She was used to training hard, but she hadn’t been sleeping or eating well. In addition, her evening plans had been derailed by Brenda the Bitch so she had nothing fun to look forward to. That meant she would be stuck with another of Susan’s outfits tomorrow. And to top it off, her elbow was starting to hurt again.  
  
Rachel cradled her arm as she walked. She hadn’t noticed much pain while she was swimming. But now the workout was over and her joints were starting to cool off. It was a worrisome complication. She couldn’t afford an injury right now.  
  
When she got home, Rachel first went to the upstairs bathroom and started her pinnacle on a cleaning cycle. Then she trudged down to the living room and collapsed onto the couch. She suddenly felt tired. The chores could wait. She adjusted her tiny summer dress as best she could, kicked off her shoes, and curled up to watch some TV. She was out before the first commercial came on.  
  
The ping on Eric’s laptop alerted him that Rachel was home. He checked the live feed from the living room on his laptop and found her asleep on the couch. He had heard rumors around school that some girl was wearing a super short dress without panties, but he couldn’t tell for sure on camera if Rachel was that girl.  
  
So he went to see for himself. He was not disappointed. Sneaking into the room he found Rachel fast asleep. He started to move closer when, suddenly, she rolled over. The dress clung precariously on her bottom. Eric stared at the hem; willing it to move the last few inches and reveal the rest of her treasures. Rachel’s soft breathing caused it to creep up another inch, but there the dress held fast. It defied gravity and dared Eric to make the last move.  
  
The temptation proved too great for the poor boy. He reached out and slowly pulled the hem of her dress up to reveal a very bare and very tight young ass. He didn’t stop until it was almost up to her waist. She was obviously not wearing panties. Eric adjusted the growing bulge in his pants. Her skin was flawless and so tempting. He would give anything to know if she felt as smooth as she looked. But he wasn’t stupid. After getting one last good look, he made his way back upstairs before he got caught peeping under her dress. He knew he had made the right decision when he heard her stirring behind him.  
  
The cold draft over her exposed bottom woke Rachel from her nap. She blushed when she realized she had been sleeping with her dress bunched up to her waist. Then she got suspicious when she heard footsteps retreating up the stairs. She rubbed the sleep from her eyes and yawned. She must have been sleeping hard. It took a minute to fully wake up before she went to investigate.  
  
Eric stopped at the bathroom before returning to his room. When he turned around to wash his hands he saw the pinnacle box on the counter. It stopped him in his tracks.  
  
\*\*I’ve seen this before.  
  
He couldn’t remember what it was called, but he was pretty sure this was the same device he had seen in an ‘adult’ video once.  
  
\*\*But why does Rachel have one? And…is that the Thornwood mascot?  
  
He tried to recall the exact website where he had seen it before. But it had been a long time ago. A little searching with his laptop would sort things out.  
  
Just then, Rachel reached the top of the stairs and saw the door to Eric’s bedroom was open. And the bathroom door was closed.  
  
\*\*He’s going to see the pinnacle!  
  
She rushed up to the door and started to knock, but the door opened first. It startled them both.  
  
“Rachel. What’s up?”  
  
“Um, I was just waiting for the bathroom” she glanced over his shoulder into the room.  
  
Eric guessed she was looking for the pinnacle. “So, what’s up with this?” He stepped back to give her access and pointed at the box.  
  
Rachel tried to hide her embarrassment; a difficult task when you’re discussing something so intimate with a boy. “It’s part of my swim uniform…and none of your business.”  
  
“Uh, Rach? I hate to break it to you, but I don’t think that has anything to do with swimming.”  
  
“You don’t know what you’re talking about. It’s called a pinnacle and I got it from my swim coach. If you’re so smart, what did you think it is?”  
  
Now it was Eric’s turn to blush. He thought it was some kind of sex toy. But how could he tell her that without admitting to watching porn? “I…I don’t know. It has some other weird name, but it’s not called a pinnacle. I don’t think you should be using it.”  
  
Rachel bristled at that statement. “You can’t tell me what to do.”  
  
“I’m not doing that. I’m just saying you should be more careful about trusting people.” He meant what he said. But the girl was too offended by his last statement to hear his genuine concern.  
  
“You’re just trying to screw with me”, she declared. “Can’t you leave me alone for once?”  
  
“Come on, Rach. I’m being serious.” But it was too late. Rachel stormed off down the stairs leaving Eric to plead with the wall. Determined to validate his concern, Eric went to his room to do some online research.  
  
Best as he could recall, the device had been featured on a foreign porn website, but he still couldn’t remember the name. The search would probably be futile, but Eric would sure have fun along the way. How often does a horny teenage boy have a legitimate excuse to scour porn websites? He wasn’t going to let it go to waste.  
  
Eric would have searched with more haste if he had known what he was up against. He got distracted a few times along the way, but he eventually made his first break in the case. While scouring his brain for foreign language porn sites, he stumbled onto one from Amsterdam. He had visited it a few times over the years, but not in a long time. The content was excellent, but he struggled to navigate it because it was in Dutch.  
  
He still didn’t recognize the words, but just seeing them triggered something in his memory. Yes! Rachel’s new swim accessory was definitely related to this website somehow.  
  
Meanwhile, half way around the world, Bystander had his best tech experts scouring the Internet. He had them remove all images, videos and references to the Pussifier. If the Pinnacle was to be a legitimate swimming product, its erotic origins had to be completely erased. The task was not overwhelming. The Pussifier was a relatively obscure new product and hadn’t been selling very well. It had never been marketed or sold in the United States and they had already contact the handful of known buyers in other markets to issue a fake recall.  
  
\*\*De Pussifier Kronieken! That’s it!  
  
Slowly the memory clicked into place in his brain. The title translated to English as “The Pussifier Chronicles”. Eric marveled that he had rememebered the obscure movie at all. It must have been the unique premise that stuck with him.  
  
In the movie an undetectable alien virus appears on Earth and causes infected women to become sex addicts. Their lust burns and they eventually turn violent when the men fail to satisfy them. A brilliant scientist pieces the clues together and starts work on a device to save humanity before society falls apart. He succeeds and names his invention the Pussifier – the pussy pacifier.  
  
The Pussifier works and the infected women are able to reintegrate into society as long as they are wearing one. The scientist dedicates his life’s work to distributing the Pussifier to as many horny women as he can find. But the only way to check if they are really infected is to have sex with them first.  
  
Eric was disappointed that the promising premise was wasted on such a low budget production. Half way through, the plot was essentially discarded and the movie devolved into various sex scenes between plastic looking, low budget porn stars. The movie became just one of the millions of generic pornos that could be found on the Internet.   
  
The movie was forgettable, but the device was not. He dug around on the Dutch website until he found a whole page dedicated to “De Pussifer Kronieken”. Eric was proud of his sleuthing skills, but disappointed when he clicked the play button: “Video no longer available.”  
  
\*\*Oh well. That’s no problem. Everything can be found on the Internet if you know where to look.  
  
Eric searched through his favorite file sharing sites and was soon downloading a full copy of the movie. While he waited for the download to finish, he considered the implications of this discovery.  
  
\*\*I don’t know who’s playing this trick on Rachel, but it doesn’t feel right to let someone take advantage of her like this. But I can’t help her if she doesn’t trust me. I need to have all my evidence in order before I take it to her. Showing her a single porno is not going to cut it. This should be easy.  
  
Eric turned to google. But some strange happenings on the Internet complicated his search for more evidence..

**Part 32**

A google search for “De Pussifier Kronieken” in quotes returned 1,129 results. In search engine terms that was hardly anything. Undeterred, Eric perused the links looking for a promising lead. The first few links went to shady websites; not legitimate enough to convince his friend of her peril. There was one promising link to the Netherlands Adult Toys Association. It had a short press release about a product called the pussifier, but no description or product images. It was the best evidence so far, so Eric bookmarked it and went back to the rest of the results.  
  
Other than a few links back to the original Dutch website he had already been to, the remaining were dead ends. So Eric proceeded to an image search. He was not very successful. He found a few static frames from the movie, but no pictures of the device itself.  
  
Time to widen the net. For this Eric turned to a nifty little tool which had helped him locate obscure items in the past. It was called a metasearch engine. It worked by querying multiple search engines at once and compiling the results. He was surprised when “De Pussifier Kronieken” only returned 980 matches.  
  
\*\*That’s weird. This Metasearch includes google. So it should have more than results, not less. Eric refreshed his google search tab. The exact same search he had performed a few minutes ago now returned only 416 results.  
  
\*\*That can’t be right. Search results just don’t go down like that. Maybe they’re having trouble with their servers. Better go check the spelling.  
  
When he went back to the original website, Eric realized something strange was going on. Earlier he had found a synopsis of the plot and a few promotional images from the movie; though the video stream itself was missing. But now the page reported a 404 error. The rest of the site was working fine, but the one page he wanted was gone.  
  
\*\*First the search results shrink, then whole pages start disappearing. It’s like someone is going around the Internet erasing everything about the pussifier. But that’s impossible...and crazy.  
  
Eric returned to his google tab and refreshed the page. His mouth dropped open. Only 10 results remained. Then he nervously checked his download with a sigh of relief. It was over 60% complete and running along fine. His file sharing program was connected to dozens of sources. His paranoia waned. How silly he was to think someone would want to erase all evidence of the pussifier.  
  
\*\*At least I’ll have the movie. Surely Rach can’t argue with that. Wait, what’s that?  
  
He stared at the screen in disbelief as one by one his file sources went offline. The transfer rate continued to drop until the download came to a halt and an error message appeared. “Transfer aborted.”  
  
Instead of despairing, Eric got angry.  
  
\*\*I might be crazy. Or maybe someone really is screwing with me. But once something gets on the Internet, it’s there forever. You can NEVER get rid of it.  
  
He vowed to keep working until he found the proof he needed. He collected screenshots of the sites he had visited so far. He still had them in cache on his laptop. And although he didn’t have the complete movie, he did have part of it. A video file repair program might be able to extract something useful. That type of processing required lots of power. The repair could take days on his little laptop.  
  
Eric started the repair running and decided to stop for the night. Tomorrow he would check some Internet archives he knew about. He would get to the bottom of this mystery one way or another..

**Part 33**

Rachel showed up to Thursday’s practice with a very noticeable and tender bruise on her elbow. Her range of motion was limited and Coach Ron would not allow her to participate until she got clearance from a doctor. That meant no practice until the following Monday.  
  
Pete Dinnacre was disappointed that he couldn’t see his invention in use Thursday. He came to visit his buddy and was excited to pass on his good news. Before practice, Coach Ron presented him to the team as a representative from BysTek Aquatic supply. He dismissed the team to begin swim drills then pulled Rachel aside for an introduction.   
  
He explained that she wasn’t dressed for practice because of her injury. Then he turned to Rachel, “Pete helped design your uniform. You can ask him anything about the pinnacle. He’s an expert.”  
  
Rachel and Pete sat together in the bleachers but didn’t say much. She did not dare bring up the Pinnacle. She was not comfortable enough discussing something so intimate with a stranger; even if he was an expert. Watching everyone else practice without her drove her crazy. She went straight home and insisted Eric’s mom schedule a doctor’s apointment for the next day after school.  
  
Once the team had showered and gone home, Pete entered his friend’s office.  
  
Ron ushered him and and motioned to a seat. “Hey, sorry you couldn’t see Rachel in action today. She’s really good, you know. She slides through the water as well as some of the best I’ve ever been around.”  
  
“You said she was the fastest on the team. Judging by what I saw today, that’s not saying much. She looked athletic enough from what I saw of her. Tall and skinny. But what about her body? She’s still maturing, if you know what I mean.” Pete made a gesture toward his chest to clarify. “If she gets much bigger up there, she can forget a career as a professional swimmer. Although I bet someday she’ll make someone a great...”  
  
Ron interrupted before Pete could finish that thought. He knew Pete’s dirty mind and didn’t want to go there.  
  
“What? I was going to say ‘model’. She has a very promising modeling career ahead of her.” Pete grinned at his friend. “Come on. You’ve seen her naked, right? You can’t say you didn’t notice.”  
  
“You have no idea how much I’ve seen, buddy. Let’s just say she looks damn good in and out of her uniform and leave it at that. Now, didn’t you say you had some good news to share?” He tried to change the subject.  
  
“Oh yeah! It’s about the pinnacle and you’re not going to believe this one. Don’t ask me how my company found out, but someone high up heard about it and liked the idea. They want to make it into a a real swimming uniform! I got a promotion to V.P. of product development to lead the effort.”  
  
Ron guessed it to be the work of bystander. He seemed to have his hands in everything. “Congratulations, dude. Let’s go out to celebrate tonight. You’re paying!” He was genuinely happy for Pete.  
  
Pete flashed a proud smile. “You can keep your girl’s locker room. When I get back to the office I’ll be surrounded by naked swim models. Nothing like some rigorous hands-on product testing, if you know what I mean. God, I love my job!” He glanced out the doorway and into the vacant changing room behind them. “Speaking of naked swimmers, how did you get your office in here anyway? Doesn’t the school have rules about stuff like that?”  
  
“Actually, it was easy. They don’t have a rule because no one tried to do it before now,” Ron took his turn to brag about his job. “Americans are clueless about foreign customs. So I acted like this is normal behavior in Europe and no one stopped me. After all,” he adopted his thickest swiss accent “I am a...how you say?...eccentric genius!” They both laughed.  
  
Ron continued his boasting, “I don’t think the girls notice me anymore. I could walk right into the shower room and they would keep on washing their naked bodies right in front of me.”  
  
Pete doubted that was completely true, but he didn’t mind. No harm in a little friendly exaggeration.  
  
But Ron wasn’t completely exaggerating about his experiences, “You should have seen Rachel with the pinnacle after practice a few days ago. I don’t even know how to...” his voice trailed off.  
  
Pete grinned. It must have made quite an impression to render his good friend speechless. He pointed up toward an item on the shelf behind Coach Ron’s desk. “So how did you keep her from freaking out about that?”  
  
“I didn’t show her.” Coach Ron knew exactly what he was talking about. “You gotta realize, buddy, I wasn’t sure she would accept the pinnacle at all. I had to play it slow at first.”  
  
Pete whistled. “Well you’re gonna show her eventually, right?”  
  
“Are you kidding? Sure it would be fun to try that thing out on Rachel. Hell, I’ve considered it.” He stood up and grabbed the device off the shelf, “but this doesn’t have anything to do with swimming. She would never allow it anywhere near her.”  
  
The wheels started spinning in Pete’s mind. “Leave that to me. It’s my job now, remember? Come on. Let’s go get a beer. It sounds like you’ve got some more stories to tell”...

**Part 34**

Despite missing practice again, the school week couldn’t have ended better for Rachel. Susan drove her to her doctor’s appointment straight after school on Friday. Being nowhere near the pool helped her mood. This diversion was an important enough excuse to miss practice. Rachel wasn’t seriously worried about her elbow. She could still move it pretty well and the bruise was fading. But she wanted it to heal properly.  
  
No one ever learned the real cause of her injury. She had broke a window while trying to get unstuck from a car she was accidentally breaking into. Oh yeah, and she was practically naked at the time. That would take a long time to explain to anyone, so she just said “I bumped it.”  
  
It didn’t take long after an x-ray for the doctor to come in and give her the good news. “It doesn’t look like there is any ligament damage. I can clear you to swim again whenever you feel up to it. But I do want you to take it easy in the evenings. No strenuous activity for at least a couple weeks.” Eric’s mom was less than happy to hear that news.  
  
Rachel went home in a great mood. After working to exhaustion for days on end, she deserved some time off. Arriving home by 4:00 she had plenty of time to do whatever she pleased. The warm sun was shining and the possibilities endless...  
  
“This sucks. $60 for the special edition and we’ve already beat the entire game AND the bonus missions in less than a week?” Eric and Tommy stared at the credits rolling on the TV in Tommy’s room. “I swear this is the last Ultimate War game I buy, EVER!” Eric threw the controller down and stood up.  
  
“Yeah, what a rip off. The execution animations weren’t even that good. UW-1 will always be the best in the series.” Tommy turned the game off. “So, what do we do now?”  
  
“Well, we could always work on that book project for English class,” Eric tried to maintain a straight face. But they both broke out laughing before he finished delivering the suggestion.  
  
Then Tommy got a gleam in his eye, “Hey, why don’t we ever hang out at your house anymore? Maybe Rachel will be there.”  
  
Eric’s smile disappeared. He had been avoiding Rachel at school. As a result, Tommy hadn’t seen her in days. “I told you, she’s not going to be there. She has swim practice every evening. I barely see her anymore myself.”  
  
“Come on. I gotta get out of this house. Let’s go to the mall. We can get the new Planet Voyager game. I heard it has an uncensored alien sex scene! We can take my car.”  
  
Eric needed to go to the mall anyway after Rachel had ruined a bunch of his clothes in a washing machine mishap. “Fine, but I need to get some money first. Let’s stop by my house on the way,” and he followed Tommy out to the garage to his beat-up pizza delivery car...  
  
Susan had to do some grocery shopping. With Richard still at work and Eric out with Tommy indefintely, Rachel had the whole house to herself.  
  
She wandered around aimlessly for a few minutes unable to decide what to do with herself. She didn’t want to waste such precious free time staring at the TV.  
  
\*\*It’s too dark in here.  
  
The bright sun beckoned her outside. Suddenly Rachel knew the perfect way to spend her afternoon. She would lounge beside the pool. She could even take a relaxing swim if she wanted.  
  
\*\*The doctor did clear me to swim. And I could still use a tan.  
  
Being a young teen without responsibilities again, she had temporarily reverted to her old carefree self. Forgetting her wardrobe deficiency for a moment, Rachel bounded upstairs to change into one of her swimsuits. But stepping into her sparcely furnished bedroom brought her back to reality.  
  
Faced with a jarring reminder of her predicament, Rachel sat on the bed and weighed her options. She didn’t own any swimsuits other than her Thornwood uniform. She couldn’t sunbathe in that. She would be practically naked out there. But then again, she had been practically naked all day. She looked down at Lilly’s dress which she was currently wearing. It was so light and thin. As she felt the material between her fingers a naughty thought distracted her.  
  
\*\*...How long have I waited to be alone? I could do something else naked instead.  
  
She hesitated for a moment; struck by how single minded she had become. Left alone not 5 minutes and her mind had already turned to thoughts of masturbation. The realization was degrading but not exactly repulsive. She was a pubescent human female with needs after all; not a robot. Why shouldn’t she be allowed to enjoy her developing body’s physical assets?  
  
Though the feelings of degradation gave her pause, a more basic desire overruled it. She could not deny her need for sexual release and that need prodded her into action. Rachel pulled her dress off in a flash and lay back on the bed to attend to her naked body. Arousal radiated from her pussy.  
  
\*\*Oh yes...uh huh, this is what I needed. I could lay here and do this all day.  
  
She took it slow like she used to do when she was first learning. She treated her body like an oven rather than a microwave; a lost art ever since the mini-bates began. Breathing in time with her even strokes; she made slow circles around her clitoris. The moisture built up very fast. Her fingers effortlessly slid back and forth over their target; driving her body toward ecstasy with a steady beat. She increased her speed and pressure slightly. Her toes curled in response and a whimper escaped her lips.  
  
\*\*Wait, why am I being quiet? There’s no one around.  
  
“ung...ung...UNNNNG!” Rachel’s loud moan echoed through the empty house. Pleasures long held in check by her will strained against their cage. Her body knew the way to the top of the mountain. She only had to unchain her desire.  
  
\*\*Take it slow. Don’t screw this up.  
  
With one hand occupied between her legs, she released the other to roam wherever would yield the most pleasure on her body. Her smooth legs. The gentle curve of her hip. Every inch of her bare skin tingled with wanton desire. Teasing up the side of her supple breast and over her head. She shivered in anticipation of her approaching climax.  
  
From past experience Rachel knew where her hand would end up. Her fully erect nipples strained atop her breasts begging to be engaged as in times past. Ready to play their role in ushering the young girl to her ultimate pleasure once more. But an unexpected new yearning beckoned as well.  
  
Being a virgin, she had no experience with internal pleasure. She never experimented beyond a finger and that only a couple times. Why bother when you could achieve the same result with external stimulation? She was clueless of the concept of multiple orgasms. When she reached one, she thought she had satisfied her urge and stopped. She had no idea that her little body was capable of so much more.  
  
It had started small; almost as an itch. Beyond noticing an exceptional amount of wetness, Rachel paid little heed to the stirring inside her. But the itch persisted. Soon her slippery sex organs were buzzing. Her vaginal muscles pulsed with anticipation; expanding and contracting as hormones flooded them. The pinnacle had awoke a new force; carnal and powerful. But she was oblivious to the connection.  
  
She continued to give her tight young canal no attention; choosing rather to focus on surface pleasures as usual. She worked her clitoris into a frenzy while the new force slowly took hold.  
  
“Ung..ung..ung. Oh Yes!” Her grunts came shorter.  
  
The oven strategy was paying off. She had carefully stoked the fires of lust. Her oven was red hot and ready and yet something within her held back. A strange feeling of emptiness grew between her legs and would not go away.   
  
Thinking she had merely hit a detour up the mountain, Rachel quickened the pace of her fingers and was rewarded by another flood of arousal. Her hand inched closer to an aching nipple. She was only half way to the top, but the final climb would be quick once her hand found its target.  
  
\*\*No distractions. No intrusions. No chance of interruption. It’s time..

**Part 35**

But there was one distraction. Even as she slid her hand up the ripe fruit of her breast, she felt nothing stronger than the void between her legs. The first squeeze of her succulent nipple gave her another surge up the mountain.  
  
But her arousal soon leveled off again. She was not on a detour. She had reached a plateau.  
  
Rachel attacked both nipples in turn. Sweat gleamed on her body as she committed every muscle in her body to the effort. She tossed her head from side to side. Now biting her lip. Now bucking against her hand. Now crying out. But her body refused to proceed. The void grew with every passing second. She pushed to the limit of exertion, but could not go any higher.  
  
“unh unh unh unh unh...UNGH....GRRRAHH!” Rachel cried out in frustration and collapsed onto the bed.  
  
The void had won.  
  
Rachel cried out again. Wound tighter than a spring, her body’s wanton need for sexual release was still there and stronger than ever.  
  
\*\*I don’t understand. Everything is perfect. No distractions. No intrusions. No chance of interruption. Why won’t my body cooperate?  
  
Everything was perfect. The first time she had safely been able to masturbate in days. But she couldn’t count how many other times she had come closer to her peak than today. A notion came to her when she tried to make sense of it.  
  
\*\*What makes today different than all those other times? Could it be the situation that drives my arousal? Could it be that this is...too safe?  
  
Even though she hated showing off her body, Rachel did not deny the thrill she got from the risk of exposure. Perhaps being alone in the house in the safety of her bedroom did not provide enough risk.  
  
Being still alone, Rachel didn’t bother to get dressed yet. She walked downstairs with her dress over her shoulder. Her body was still primed with arousal, but the oven was cooling. Continuing to ponder her new theory, she wandered toward the kitchen to find a snack. As she passed through the dining room, the bright sun gleamed in through the sliding glass door. She stepped closer until the pool came into view.  
  
Like a moth to a flame, Rachel was drawn to the water. She stepped outside before she knew what was happening. Her tanning session with Eric had occurred on a bright cloudless day just like today.  
  
\*\*Perhaps the key is a little risk. If nothing else, my tan would match my uniform.  
  
The cool water beckoned, but she needed to apply some sunscreen first.  
  
Still naked and aroused, Rachel tiptoed over to the pool house. It wasn’t a real pool house; more like a closet for cleaning supplies with a shower tap on the outside. She dug around until she found what she was looking for in a drawer. Tropical Transformation tanning oil. The same bottle Eric lent her last time. Bingo.  
  
She felt so naughty for sneaking around outside without clothes, but the familiar tingling sensation all over her body kept her going.  
  
The added risk seemed to make a difference compared to the safety of her bedroom. She had a feeling she wouldn’t fail this time. But she wasn’t about to start taking unnecessary risks. She scouted for a sensible location for her naked tanning session and settled on a deck chair near the back door.  
  
\*\*I can make a quick escape into the house or jump in the pool if necessary.  
  
Leaving nothing to chance, she tucked her dress under a corner of the chair. She would put it back on at the first sign of trouble. Then she lay back to begin applying the oil. She had laid all her plans carefully. Unfortunately, the horny girl did not account for a couple of guys interrupting...

**Part 36**

She started at her feet and worked up. Squirting out a measure of oil and rubbing it vigorously onto each leg. Then she moved down to shoulders and arms.  
  
She made sure every inch of skin received as much oil as it could hold. When her arms and legs were finished, she raised the bottle to her collarbone and squeezed; letting the relaxing oil run down her chest onto her flat tummy.  
  
She dropped the bottle so she could use both hands to massage her fertile orbs. The oil made her nipples slippery. She whimpered each time her hands slid over them. Her body responded with arousal even more strongly than before. The empty sensation between her legs that had thwarted her in the bedroom returned. But this time it never got the chance to take hold and was overwhelmed by the situation. She flew past the previous plateau and climbed the mountain of arousal with ease.  
  
Rachel could probably massage her tits all the way to an orgasm. There was only one problem. Her breasts now had enough oil to last a month. But her pussy was still exposed to the baking sun. She had skipped her midsection completely. That would be an unfortunate burn.  
  
\*\*I must finish applying the sunscreen. Then I can finish myself off. A quick break won’t hurt.  
  
But at that moment, the boys were turning onto Eric’s street.  
  
“We haven’t gone two miles and you’re already hungry?!”  
  
“What are you, some kind of snack nazi?” Tommy shot back.  
  
“Can’t it wait ‘till we get to the mall? They have a food court, you know.” Eric tried to keep Tommy out of his house for some reason. He didn’t want to admit he was still jealous about Rachel’s crush. But she was still at practice, right? “Whatever. We can nuke something before we go. Mi fridge es su fridge.”  
  
Stretching out to full length, the naked girl’s radiant body was laid bare to the sweltering sun. Her porcelain skin glowed from head to toe. Her last task complete, she turned back to the desire between her legs. Abandoning all remaining reservations, she let the fantasies fly as she reached between her legs for the last and most important massage.  
  
Free to choose her most erotic fantasy, her mind relived the many episodes of exposure. Rachel squirmed with delight as she thought of everyone who had enjoyed the sight of her young naked body. But one boy in particular rose to the front of her fantasy. Tommy.  
  
“Oh Tommy. Yes!” she cried aloud. If only Tommy could see her like this! She spread her legs farther and placed her feet on each side of the chair. Her budding flower opened to the world.  
  
She pictured Tommy’s penis as she had seen it through the window of his bedroom. It had not been erect. But it still looked so heavy, and plump, and...filling.  
  
\*\*I need that....I need...sex. If he were here right now, I would...  
  
From the corner of her eye, Rachel saw movement in the house. She looked up to see Tommy standing in the doorway. In her aroused state, Rachel didn’t stop the manual assault on her sex. She was imagining it anyway. It was part of her fantasy, right? A very, very realistic part.  
  
But Tommy never looked in her direction and never saw her. He walked away and appeared in the kitchen window. Slowly it dawned on Rachel that she wasn’t looking at a fantasy. Tommy was really walking around inside Eric’s house!  
  
\*\*Oh Shit.  
  
Eric’s house was supposed to be her escape route. She had to find another place to hide. But first she had to cover herself.  
  
Rachel lunged for her dress, but it didn’t budge at first. Then she remembered she had tucked it under the chair. Her body trembled as she stood up to release the material. She shook from a combination of arousal and terror.  
  
Struggling to make her hands obey; Rachel managed to get the dress above her head. But fate had other plans for the naked girl..

**Part 37**

Rachel glanced at the house to see Eric appear in the doorway. He must have been talking to Tommy who was now sitting on the far side of the room. Both of them were at a bad angle to see her but that could change at any moment. She rushed to finish dressing.  
  
But her fingers had worn out. First she had pushed them beyond their limit in her bedroom. Then she had forced them to apply sunscreen to her entire body before beginning another ‘bate session. Sheer adrenaline had kept working up until a few seconds ago.  
  
Coated with the slippery tanning oil, they already had a precarious hold on the dress. But that failed when Rachel lifted her hands above her head. Starved of circulation, her fingers simply lost all gripping power. Rachel cried out in anguish as she felt the material slip.  
  
Just then a giant gust of wind struck the backyard. The wispy dress sailed from her grasp and landed in the middle of the pool.  
  
“I found these in the back of the freezer.” Eric passed Tommy three microwave egg rolls. “Careful, they’re still hot,” but Tommy had already wolfed them down. Teenage boys are a bottomless pit when it comes to food.  
  
“Was that a ghost?” Tommy pointed out at the pool as the dress floated down into the water.  
  
“Dude, I think you got some bad egg rolls or something” Eric laughed then turned to check out the back yard. Just then, out of the corner of his eye, he saw a figure diving into the pool. Unless his eyes deceived him, she was naked.  
  
“Rachel?”  
  
Tommy perked up at that, “Rachel! Where?”  
  
“No, no, no!” Rachel watched from the pool in horror as Eric and Tommy stepped outside. She forgot about chasing down her dress and fled to the far side of the pool. She used an awkward doggy paddle stroke; the only way to keep her bare body hidden.  
  
“Rachel, what’s going on? Why aren’t you at practice?” Eric saw no evidence of a swimsuit but decided to preserve her secret until he had more information.  
  
Rachel tried to act calm in her response, but her voice cracked. “Nothing. I…hurt my elbow and couldn’t swim.”  
  
“Couldn’t swim? But you’re swimming right now.”  
  
“The doctor cleared me.”  
  
“But if the doctor cleared you…why aren’t you at practice?” Eric had already told Tommy she was at practice. He didn’t want to be made a liar. Then he added “and how did you hurt your elbow?”  
  
Rachel stumbled over another response. She was still recovering from her interrupted ‘bate session.  
  
Meanwhile Tommy casually circled the pool toward the helpless girl. He still hadn’t figured out that Rachel was skinny dipping. He assumed it was a very small, skin colored bikini. And he wanted to see more of it. He now entered the conversation, “mind if we join you?”  
  
“NO!” Eric and Rachel responded in unison.  
  
“No, you don’t mind? Great! Hey, Eric, can I borrow a swimsuit?”  
  
Rachel hugged the side of the pool. Only her head and shoulders were above water. Tommy took a few more steps. \*\*Hmm. Must be a strapless.\*\* he thought.  
  
Eric tried to change the subject. “That’s not what she meant. Come on. We need to get to the mall.”  
  
Rachel wanted to flee again. She kept her head down and waited for an opening. But Tommy was too close now. She couldn’t do anything without flashing him. She needed a miracle.  
  
“Forget the mall,” Tommy inched closer to the edge of the pool. Under the surface the gentle curves of Rachel’s body shimmered and danced. As the water calmed it began to come into focus and Tommy started to suspect something wasn’t right.  
  
But Eric came to the rescue with a nearby pool toy. The squishy ball flew true from his hand and struck Tommy on the side of his head; landing in the water.  
  
“Hey! What was that for?” Tommy glared at Eric who wore his mischievous grin. The ball splashed down loudly and rippled the water. Tommy turned back just in time to see a flash of Rachel’s bottom break the surface. She had used the distraction to dive deep underwater. She swam strongly across the pool and came up on the opposite side.  
  
“You can stay if you want, but I’m going to the mall.” Eric was defiant. He wasn’t going to help Tommy and Rachel get together, “and I’m not loaning you a swimsuit.”  
  
Tommy was mad at Eric. They appeared to have caught Rachel taking a naked swim. And Eric, who should have been helping expose her, was helping her escape instead.  
  
Tommy stalled a moment, but he had no choice without Eric’s help. By the time he went home to change into a swimsuit and came back, Rachel would be long gone. He had been beat.  
  
“Fine. Let’s go.” Tommy conceded defeat, but vowed to have it out with Eric later.  
  
Rachel didn’t move a muscle until she heard Tommy’s car start up and drive away. She hated to admit it, but her pussy was throbbing from the encounter. Her fantasy had nearly become true.  
  
\*\*It was close, but I survived. That’s all that matters. Now just get dressed and…my dress!  
  
In all the commotion she had forgot about her dress floating in the water. Rachel swam to the spot where it had landed but it was gone. Being so thin, it turned transparent as soon as it hit the water and would be nearly impossible to find now. But that wasn’t her worst fear. She fruitlessly searched the pool from end to end before moving to the filter drains. Sure enough, she finally found her dress wrapped around one of the drains. The material was shredded beyond repair.  
  
Rachel scampered into the house and threw the dress away. She changed into her skimpy nightgown, the only thing available, and vowed not to touch her body the rest of the evening. It was too risky. She was done taking risks for today. Her weekend had got off to a rocky start. And there were plenty of rocks ahead come Saturday and Sunday…

**Part 38**

Rachel sat on the edge of her seat waiting to hear her name. Her whole body tensed as the assignments were handed out. She flinched as each station was called; imagining how humiliated she would look.  
  
It was Saturday morning and she would soon be in charge of demonstrating one of the stations for the Thornwood aquatic boosters. Everyone who had donated to the swim team was invited to tour the new facilities and meet the team.  
  
Having tried all the machines for the yearbook supplement, Rachel each could be bad in its own way. The warm down tub had its scandalous water jets. How could she survive that for an hour? Or the stretch machine forcing her body into compromising positions over and over? She placed all her hopes on the endless pool which was like a water treadmill. With her whole body submerged, the churning water would conceal her.  
  
\*\*Please let it be the endless pool. Please let it be the endless pool. Please let it…  
  
“…and I want Rachel on the stroke trainer,” Coach Ron announced.  
  
The color drained from her face. The stroke trainer was the main attraction. And she would literally be on a pedestal. Rachel knew better than to protest. She was already on thin ice with Coach Ron because of the mall incident. As she sat in the bleachers trying to gather her courage, an unexpected protest arose in her defense. Hope flickered.  
  
“Coach, I don’t think Rachel should be on the stroke trainer.” It was one of the team captains. Rachel tried to recall her name but failed. Of course everyone but Rachel would love to be demonstrating the stroke trainer. It was the most prestigious and impressive station.  
  
But Coach Ron did not waiver. “Rachel, the doctor cleared you to swim. Is that correct?”  
  
“Yes.” She touched her elbow and felt the shrinking knot. She barely noticed it anymore.  
  
“Then that settles it. Everyone get to your station. The boosters will start arriving any minute. And remember to show your pride today.”  
  
Rachel stood up. She was already wearing her uniform complete with the pinnacle nestled inside her.  
  
\*\*Represent yourself with pride.  
  
Coach Ron sent Ellie around to help every station set up and start their programs. Before climbing into the machine, Rachel reached between her legs and pumped the disc to inflate the pinnacle. She hated to do it, but couldn’t afford an embarrassing situation in the middle of her demo. After a few pumps her knees buckled as the pinnacle grew inside her. She paused for a moment before continuing. Two pumps later her vaginal walls convulsed and she dared to go no further. It wasn’t nearly as big as Coach Ron had made it, but she still felt incredibly full and equally embarrassed. She gave it a tug and it didn’t budge. She thought surely that was enough to set the anchor for the entire demo. But lately she had been conditioning her body to produce more and more natural lubrication; something she did not realize or consider.  
  
Coach Ron’s reason for picking Rachel was simple. He wanted his best swimmer on the best equipment. Even in a regular uniform, Rachel would still be the ideal model for the stroke trainer. She had the best stroke on the team. Besides, no one on the team but Rachel could maintain even a slow pace for an hour without breaks. How bad does it look if your showcase attraction is huffing and puffing to the finish line?  
  
For the first time Rachel got to wear the breathing mask. It covered most of her face like a scuba mask. Once it was in place, Rachel looked over at the screen. The mask reported every breath she took to ensure a steady pace. It also provided a special oxygen mix via a large tube to simulate race conditions. With the mouthpiece in place, Rachel could barely speak beyond muffled sounds. She lay down on the table and let Ellie finish setting up. Ellie clipped a heart rate monitor to her belt then helped her don her swim goggles to complete the outfit.  
  
Her goggles had a special coating to allow improved sight underwater. She could see straight ahead, but it blurred her periphery. At least she could see the vital readings on the screen.  
  
Though her entire body was still exposed, her face was mostly obscured. And in a weird way, it helped that she wouldn’t be able to see the people looking at her or talk to them.  
  
Coach Ron selected the program, a simple freestyle, and let Rachel go at her own pace. The stroke trainer did not control speed. It only provided adjustments to your technique. The machine sprang to life and lifted the girl into the air.  
  
Having done it once before, Rachel knew what to expect and got into a groove in no time. Everything was reported on the screen; lap times, heart rate, breathing rate, stroke quality. The sheer amount of information fascinated her. Rachel planned to start slowly and conserve energy. But it just felt more natural to go faster. She watched her speed creep up until she was running around her fastest 800m pace. That was usually a 10 to 15 minute race, so she knew she could not maintain this for an hour. But she could always slow down later.  
  
She was the perfect model for the equipment. Her naked frame personified fluid beauty. Her strokes were balanced and graceful just like her body. Strong muscles moved in stark contrast to jiggling femininity. And from every angle youthful perfection was on full display.  
  
But even for a perfect model, an hour is too long to perform without faltering…

**Part 39**

Rachel was lost in her own world. The quiet hum of the equipment nearly lulled her to sleep as she swam. She sensed the boosters arriving but chose to tune them out. Her goal was to do nothing to attract extra attention. She pictured herself as a mannequin; just there to show off the equipment. She should have slowed down after a few minutes, but she was just hitting her stride and had plenty left in the tank.  
  
\*\*I’m supposed to be representing the swim team. Why not do my best?  
  
She closed her eyes and let her strong heartbeat drive her onward. The trainer sent occasional minor adjustments to her arms, but she was already a natural freestyle swimmer and didn’t need much help.  
  
\*\*Keep it steady. This will be over in no time.  
  
After a while, Rachel opened her eyes to check her progress. Though it had only felt like a moment, she had been swimming for 20 minutes! She felt no distress from her elbow and no reason to slow her pace. If anything, she could probably go a little faster without trouble. She checked the time remaining again.  
  
\*\*It’s a demo. Not a race. Won’t get there any sooner by swimming faster.  
  
But like a turbo charged sports car in the slow lane, her body yearned to shift into high gear. Being in top physical shape, her engine was idling at this pace. Maybe the oxygen mix gave her a boost.  
  
\*\*Ugh. Not even breaking a sweat. A little more speed won’t hurt. I can always tap the brakes.  
  
Rachel quickened her strokes and watched the numbers on the screen respond. A light sheen appeared on her skin as her motor revved from the added exertion.  
  
\*\*That’s more like it. Now you’re racing. Stroke-kick-kick-breathe stroke-kick-kick-squeeze.  
  
\*\*Squeeze???  
  
A sudden realization struck her. She had been squeezing the pinnacle all along without realizing it. The machine lurched as she forgot her next stroke. Rachel wobbled in place; suspended above the table as the machine beeped its disapproval.  
  
Rachel burned with humiliation as everyone turned to look at her.  
  
A stranger came into view, “What was that? Are you ok?”   
  
“Wef. M’m fowwy,” she attempted a clumsy apology through the mask. As she struggled to get the machine back on line, she made the critical mistake of turning her head to look around the room. Everyone in her immediate vicinity, a group of at least 40, was watching her now. Some showed genuine concern. But most of the men wore looks of amusement or even outright glee. She had been quite an attraction before, but those that had started out polite now had an excuse to come back and stare directly at her.  
  
She had to stop squeezing before they figured out what was going on between her legs.  
  
\*\*I mustn’t do it again. Not with everyone watching.  
  
Rachel reverted to her normal pre-pinnacle stroke pattern. Silent anticipation hung in the room as she trudged on without squeezing. One minute. Two. She stared straight ahead and forced her pussy to relax. She could not keep this up for half an hour, but she had to try. Three minutes.  
  
She tried to distract herself with other thoughts; anything but her current situation. Everyone waiting for the inevitable. Her sculpted naked body glistening from physical exertion. The infernal device spreading her tight canal.  
  
\*\*STOP! Relax.  
  
Four minutes. A dull ache grew between her legs. She could feel the spasm building. Only by iron will did she keep it suppressed. She sped up which helped a little. But no matter how fast she swam, she couldn’t outrun her pursuer. Five minutes.  
  
She could no longer keep a serene look on her face. Even under the mask and goggles, the strain of her ordeal showed. As much as she hated to admit it, Rachel was losing the battle. The pinnacle rocking back and forth with every kick was too stimulating. She could keep this up for another minute; maybe less.  
  
She started to look for another way out. The machine wouldn’t let her stop swimming through the air unless the program was stopped or paused. But her hands were locked into their sockets. Even if they were free, she couldn’t push any buttons with her swim gloves on.  
  
Coach Ron or Ellie could stop it. She hated to look anywhere but straight down. She didn’t want to know how many people were looking at her. But she had to start taking chances now. Having run out of time and options, Rachel risked turning her head once again. And she saw a most unexpected person at the worst possible moment.  
  
There less than 5 feet away stood Marvin Travinsky…

**Part 40**

As Rachel’s eyes met Marvin’s a look of shock registered on her face. She had no time to guess why he was here. She was under too much duress. Images of the humiliating photo shoot compounded her current humiliation. And the flash of Marvin’s MXO-Ti broke her concentration.  
  
Rachel’s pussy clamped down hard on the pinnacle. So hard she thought she would break it in two. She let out an unmistakable guttural moan of anguish. Marvin recognized it immediately and almost came where he stood. When the contraction had abated, she finally drew a breath.  
  
\*\*Oh God, they all know.  
  
Rachel suddenly felt very naked and exposed. She swam fast; as if chasing normalcy. Things could not go back to normal after that. The seed of arousal had already been planted. She felt too many eyes on her; too many people crowding around. Though she hated to do it, she resumed squeezing regularly. She knew she couldn’t skip a single one. Not unless she wanted the violent convulsions to return.  
  
Her noble performance turned into a display of shame and degradation in her mind. She had become just a naked teenage girl humping an artificial phallus for their amusement.  
  
Her depleted reserves of pride were spent and hormones took over.  
  
A blush rose to draw attention to her ripe, hanging breasts and hardening nipples. The sheen of sweat developed into little droplets. With no clothing to absorb them, the droplets grew bigger and began to roll down her body. They clung to her melons like dew. One by one they eventually grew too heavy and rolled down to drip unceremoniously from her pink tips. All the while Rachel tended to the pinnacle; dutifully squeezing it with her healthy internal muscles.  
  
\*\*20 minutes remaining. Get a hold of yourself, girl. No one knows about the pinnacle, except Marvin. Just keep a serene look and no one else has to find out.  
  
The graph of her heartbeats flow like clockwork across the computer screen. The little extra blip at less frequent intervals was barely noticeable. A realization dawned on the girl’s face when she made the connection. Her pinnacle squeezes were registering through the heart monitor. Rachel blushed even harder.  
  
The flash of realization in her eyes was short, but Marvin noticed it along with the blush. She had found something surprising on the screen and he wanted to know what. He moved into Rachel’s field of vision to study the readings for himself. It didn’t take him long to develop a hypothesis and to come up with a simple test. He turned and looked directly at Rachel and waited for her next squeeze.  
  
Rachel didn’t want to do it. But she had no other choice. No time to think. No way to delay. Nowhere else to look. In utter humiliation she locked eyes with Marvin and gave him his proof.  
  
\*\*Stroke, kick, kick, breathe. Stroke, kick, kick…squeeze.  
  
Marvin saw the slightest strain in Rachel’s face as she flexed her internal muscles over the anchor. As he suspected, it matched up perfectly with the blip on the graph. With a smile and a knowing nod, Marvin stepped back around to get a better angle. Then he resumed taking pictures. He timed the flashes to correspond with her squeezes; just to confirm to her that he had figured it out and to add humiliation.  
  
Rachel could not hide her embarrassment or stop her arousal. Her best bet was to outlast it. She shifted into endurance mode. She could still swim. And swim she did.   
  
But the seeds of arousal were sprouting with a vengeance. Signs appeared all over as her young body put on an impressive display of sexual potency. Her nipples ached to be touched. Exposed to the open air and lustful eyes of the crowd, they swelled with blood until they looked like they might pop. Every nerve on the surface of her body tingled. Heat congregated on her thighs. And deep inside her, the lubrication factory went into high gear generating preparatory wetness.  
  
Though she refused to dwell on the possibility, Rachel felt the orgasm building inside her. For 5 minutes she raced. No longer chasing normalcy, she was now running from reality. She stared at the clock; begging it to go faster. But the cruel seconds ticked by at their own leisurely pace.  
  
Sweat poured from her body and helped mask the wetness building up in her cavity. She dreaded every impending squeeze which jolted her closer to the edge.  
  
\*\*I can’t climax. Not here. Not like this. Hunnngh. It’s these damned squeezes. If could stop them, I could regain control. Hnngah!  
  
Little involuntary mews started mixing in with her breathing. Weather from exertion or arousal she wasn’t sure. Maybe both. Soon nothing would be able to stop the inevitable.  
  
Then, just as Rachel started to despair, an unexpected thing happened. It shocked her but did little to improve her situation. In fact in some ways it made things worse. But at least it gave her another option to consider. She was so wet that the pinnacle, despite having been inflated to near capacity earlier, slipped. The next squeeze pulled it back into place temporarily. But she now faced a major dilemma.  
  
\*\*Either I let the pinnacle fall out to save myself or continue squeezing until I have an explosive public orgasm.  
  
\*\*There’s no way to hide an orgasm this big. And I would be stuck up here swimming away until time expired with everyone knowing what had just happened. Hunnngh. What could be worse?  
  
\*\*If a giant artificial phallus slid out of my gaping pussy and crashed to the ground in a puddle of my sexual juices. That would. Definitely.  
  
Rachel made up her mind. She would keep the pinnacle in and try to make it to the end without climaxing. She set her face; determined to reach the finish line…

**Part 41**

Lost in time, Rachel swam through tortuous bliss. Never before had she felt more physical need yet been unable to attend to it.  
  
Her arms and legs pumped with immense effort. Shutting out their protest, she reserved her greatest effort to surviving the next wave without coming. No longer able to keep quiet, she grunted with each squeeze. Then she would relax and regroup seconds before the next one arrived. Her artificial partner lost more grip each time she relaxed; requiring more effort to retrieve it. The sliding motion further stimulated her hyper-sensitive organs driving her body into a frenzy.  
  
She was so wound up now that even her mind started to succumb to the pressure. Erotic images of her recent escapades flashed before her eyes. Tanning with Eric. Pretending to be a medieval maid for Richard. Naked breakfast with Ellie’s cousins. Little Bradley Harrison. Tommy.  
  
“Moh Mmmfh!” she cried out. The moment of weakness had almost overwhelmed her. She looked at the timer and teetered on the brink for a moment before falling back. 5 minutes remained. Rachel turned away from the monitor for the last time and closed her eyes for the stretch run.  
  
She was so close now that even jettisoning the pinnacle would be a futile maneuver. She could only hope to outrun the impending doom. It was time to play her last card. With 5 minutes left Rachel did something normally reserved for the last 30 seconds of a race. She entered her finishing sprint. She would fight the orgasm to her last breath.  
  
A crowd of boosters gathered around to watch the exhibition. The Thornwood swim team’s star attraction gave them their money’s worth; grunting and groaning down the stretch like a true competitor. Her limbs were a blur of fluid motion. On the screen her speed ticked up even as the seconds ticked down.  
  
Draining all reserves, she willed herself onward just like a real race. In fact it was the most important race of her young life. She was racing from unimaginable humiliation.  
  
The pain signals in her arms helped distract from the pleasure signals everywhere else. Quick breaths shot out through the mask vents like a snorting bull. The oxygen rich air supply struggled to keep up.  
  
\*\*I can’t do this much longer. Not more than a few seconds.  
  
Rachel had long ago reached her limit of both arousal and endurance. Her eyes shut tight for the last stand. She squeezed the pinnacle so rapidly that there was no time to recover in between. Wave after wave of pleasure wracked her young body; building into a crescendo of passion.  
  
She took a few last automatic strokes before giving up the race. She was about to lose control of her arms and legs anyway. The forthcoming sexual release effort would consume her whole body.  
  
\*\*This is it…

**Part 42**

Before the next wave, the one that would wash her over the edge, Rachel felt a strange falling sensation. Not falling but moving toward the ground in a controlled manner.  
  
Lost in the moment, she failed to hear the soft beep from the training machine indicating the end of the demonstration. For several seconds she heard nothing but pounding in her ears. The suspension cables deposited her onto the padded table with a thud. Just as unceremoniously, the sockets released her hands and feet and retreated to a position high above her.  
  
With her climax apparently interrupted, Rachel opened her eyes to see the table staring back an inch from her face. Her senses gradually returned, but the silence in the room remained. Still trying to make sense of what happened, she quivered uncomfortably on the cold table. She would have liked to curl up into a ball, but she lacked the energy. Instead she just lay prone on the table with her arms above her head and waited for something to happen.  
  
\*\*Is it over? Did I make it?  
  
Almost in answer to her unspoken questions, thunderous applause broke out all around her. Turning her head Rachel saw the ring of boosters clapping in awe of her breathtaking race to the finish line. With the grand finale complete, the audience started to break up and trickle out of the aquatic facility.  
  
Marvin was supposed to be covering the exhibition for the yearbook club. Forgetting his task as soon as he’d seen Rachel, he had squandered his whole time watching her performance from his front row spot. Now that the show was over, he remembered his job and rushed off at once to snap some pictures of other stations before all the boosters left.  
  
One booster in particular was thoroughly impressed by Rachel’s performance. Grigor had been sent by his boss to check in on the project first hand. He left Coach Ron a $10,000 bonus check on his desk courtesy of Bystander and returned home with renewed confidence in the project’s chances of success.  
  
Ellie appeared and disconnected the breathing mask. As the equipment manager, she had been busy giving tours and had missed Rachel’s performance. She would be around cleaning up long after the team went home. After helping Rachel off the table, she turned toward another station, but Rachel held onto her.  
  
Annoyed by the delay, she turned back. This time she saw her friend more closely. The girl looked terrible; like she might drop dead where she stood. Ellie gave Rachel a shoulder and practically carried her to the shower anteroom in the locker room and sat her down. Though she was eager to get going, Ellie stayed with Rachel for a few minutes until she recovered. Just to make sure she didn’t pass out and hurt herself.  
  
Rachel slumped into the bench with closed eyes and shallow breathing. After a few minutes she started to shift around. She looked uncomfortable and mumbled something to that effect. When she started pawing at her crotch with her gloved hands, Ellie got the message and was willing to help.  
  
“But I don’t know how to do it.”  
  
“There’s a release button…at the base of the anchor”, she struggled to explain.  
  
Ellie tried to be as gentle as possible. Slipping her dainty fingers behind the disc, she searched around for the button. Rachel moaned and shivered throughout, but didn’t ask her to stop.  
  
As she felt around the anchor, Ellie couldn’t help but make comparisons to her own anatomy. She imagined the thick cylinder stretching her tiny petals to their limit just like Rachel’s were now. Ellie watched the expressions on Rachel’s face with envy when she found and depressed the button. The pinnacle shrunk to original size and slid out.  
  
After seeing it glistening in her hands, Ellie had to ask, “I know it’s a prototype…but, is there a waiting list or something?”  
  
Coach Ron’s responsibilities caused him to miss the show as well. He spent his morning shaking hands and playing host to the boosters. Each acted more important than the last and the head coach did his part to make every one feel that way. In reality there was only one booster that mattered; the one who paid the head coach’s salary, not to mention financing the facility renovations.  
  
He had another reason for avoiding Rachel. He worried someone would object to her revealing uniform and try to accuse him of wrongdoing. Surprisingly things went better than expected and if anyone got offended, he heard nothing about it. Surrounded by all the high tech equipment, a futuristic uniform must have made sense to the boosters; even if it showed a little skin.  
  
But the biggest surprise of the day came after the exhibition was over. Even from a distance, Coach Ron knew Rachel was putting on quite a show based on the large crowds she attracted. And he never saw her pace lag throughout the hour. In fact, every time he dared to peek in her direction, she was going faster. Making his final rounds in the empty facility, he stopped to turn off the stroke trainer. The monitor still showed Rachel’s stats. Coach Ron did a double take.  
  
He calculated the numbers three times but still couldn’t believe it. Based on her average speed, she would have beaten last year’s state champion in the women’s 400 meter freestyle. That was great, but by no means the most impressive part. 400 free is a 5 minute race while Rachel’s pace was averaged over an hour!  
  
But even after swimming at state record speeds for an hour Rachel showed another gear at the end. Her pace over the last five minutes blew away the current national record. Coach Ron exported the stats file to a thumb drive and rushed to his office computer. He planned to email it to a certain interested party. But first he would verify the whole race and figure out what really happened. He couldn’t wait to get started…

**Part 43**

Rachel spent the rest of the day recovering. With simple tasks like climbing the stairs a chore; she stayed mostly in her room and came down rarely. She didn’t want to get anywhere near the pinnacle. And she wouldn’t have to for a couple days because tomorrow was Sunday.  
  
She felt the effects long into the night. The slightest pressure on her mound triggered a spasm even though there was nothing to squeeze. Finding no comfortable position in bed; sleep mostly eluded her. The vivid nightmares weren’t helping.  
  
One time she nodded off only to be suddenly standing naked (of course) in a dead forest with a giant angry storm gathering above. The lifeless branches made weird shadows on the ground. Lightning struck around. Like camera flashes it illuminated evil eyes behind every tree. With a big crash the rain started. She tried to run but the muddy ground bogged her down. Heavy drops blurred her vision and low branches prickled her skin as she ran.  
  
Rounding a large trunk she was suddenly yanked back. Thinking her hair had caught on a branch, she turned around to free herself. But it wasn’t a branch. A gremlin hanging from the tree held the helpless girl firmly in place with his gnarled hands. Then other gremlins came out of the shadows to play with their new toy.  
  
Rachel woke with a gasp as the gremlins pounced. She sat up in the bed for a few minutes before settling back into another equally restless sleep session.  
  
One good thing about being young is that your body is able to heal quickly. Despite the physical drain of the exhibition and the fitful night of sleep, Rachel awoke with a positive attitude and the dreams faded quickly. Today was a new day.  
  
She rolled stiffly out of bed and wondered if she might have overexerted herself yesterday. So the first order of business was to make sure everything remained in good working order. Standing barefoot in the middle of the room, she stretched toward the ceiling. Her muscles ached but in a good way. Looking up at her elbow she could barely see the fading bruise anymore. One more day and it would be completely healed.  
  
\*\*That’s a relief.  
  
She bent over and touched the ground then back up on her tiptoes as high as she could reach. Then she repeated the process a few times to work out the stiffness. When she reached for the ceiling her black nightie barely reached her waist. She should have been more conscious of exposing her body since her door was still missing. But she did not care this time.  
  
\*\*Why shouldn’t a girl be able to do some stretches in the privacy of her own bedroom? So what if I’m only wearing a short nightgown without panties? It’s not like I have anything left to hide. My boobs are hanging out.  
  
She was referring to the special accommodation. A teen girl’s breasts can get lost in a frumpy or baggy nightgown. No chance of that happening with this one. The window in front accentuated her ample breasts; allowing them to bulge out unrestrained and uncovered. Looking down she saw her perky nipples greeting the world.  
  
\*\*No doubt those still work.  
  
Now that she had got her blood pumping, her nipples were stiff and ready for action as usual. For a moment Rachel considered letting them have a workout.  
  
\*\*That would be nice, but what I really need is a good jog.  
  
Rachel smiled at a memory.  
  
The community center where she had trained last summer didn’t have much training equipment compared to Thornwood. But it did have a decent exercise room. When she was particularly sore following a strenuous swimming session, she would sometimes go there and jog on a treadmill. Somehow changing the type of exercise helped workout the soreness.  
  
Another secret reason she loved jogging was the thrill. Every time she went, she felt out of place in her swimsuit; even the modest one piece she had worn all summer. The guys in the exercise room contributed to the thrill.  
  
There was something exciting about a girl running in a swimsuit. Maybe it was her lack of shorts which allowed them to see all the way up her long legs, or maybe the way her breasts jiggled more in a suit than in a sports bra.  
  
Whatever the reason, Rachel enjoyed her jogs. She started visiting the treadmill about once a week and looked forward to every trip. By the end of the summer the regulars had figured out her schedule. Though they never approached or talked to her, she knew they waited for her arrival with anticipation. That’s what gave her the idea to end the summer with a bang.  
  
On her last day, she brought something special with her. After training in her normal swimsuit, she went back to the locker room and changed into a skimpy bikini. She had no normal reason for wearing it other than to see what the reaction would be. She felt so naughty walking down the halls to the exercise room.  
  
She almost changed her mind when she got there, but forced herself to go through with it. The reaction was exactly as she had hoped. Every guy in the place stared at her the whole time she was jogging. Her breasts jiggled even more than usual and little points in the fabric of her top indicated her excitement. It was as close to actual exposure as she would allow.  
  
As soon as she was home and locked up in her bedroom, she reviewed the fantasy and reached one of the best orgasms in memory. It was the first sign of her sexual awakening which fully manifested at Eric’s house. It was also the last orgasm she could remember.  
  
Rachel missed those simpler times. She couldn’t even jog around the block now. Not in her school swimsuit. Not unless she wanted to get arrested. In fact, none of her outfits were appropriate for jogging.  
  
Frustrated, she turned to her nightstand drawer to decide what to wear for the day. Today was Sunday. After church Rachel had to report to the department store to serve the first part of her shoplifting sentence.  
  
The occasion called for her most modest outfit. To call her cowgirl vest and jean mini-skirt ‘modest’ was absurd. But her options had dwindled after destroying Lily’s dress in the pool. In fact she was down to two outfits; cowgirl, or summer dress.  
  
Susan had reinforced the magnets on the vest so she wasn’t accidentally flashing people anymore. That qualified as modest by comparison.  
  
\*\*Cowgirl it is, definitely.  
  
She dressed quickly and went downstairs to start her day.  
  
“Oh no you don’t”, Susan stopped her before she hit the bottom step. “No child in my care is going to wear a mini-skirt to church. You go put on a proper dress this instant.”  
  
“Ugh.” Rachel trudged back upstairs to change into the summer dress.  
  
\*\*She calls this a proper dress?  
  
Rachel had nicknamed it the ‘wonderland’ dress because it reminded her of the story of Alice in Wonderland eating the cake which caused her to grow. Susan had split the wonderland dress into front and back pieces. Side laces held them together.  
  
It took multiple adjustments of the laces before she fit into the dress. And the too small panels barely concealed her intimate parts.  
  
\*\*I couldn’t have grown this much since I wore it last Wednesday. No way! Well, no point in worrying about it now. Just have to make the best of it. I’ll be all right as long as I stay away from any mysterious cakes, lol.  
  
Though still bursting at the seams the joke rallied her confidence and so she headed back downstairs for breakfast. But this first speed bump of the day proved a bad omen of embarrassing things to come…

**Part 44**  
  
Susan was shocked when Rachel appeared at breakfast. She expected the girl to be wearing Lily’s dress; the more modest of the two she owned. Especially since Susan reassumed laundry duties following Rachel’s bizarre elbow injury last week and washed the summer dress in hot water as revenge.  
  
Normally she wouldn’t say anything, but today was different. Richard had wriggled his way out of church to go play golf with his buddies. So with no one to excite, Susan had other considerations. What would the other ladies at church think if she brought Rachel dressed like that? She might have considered allowing it if the girl were at least wearing panties. This, however, wasn’t even close to acceptable.  
  
“Rachel dear, I meant for you to wear Lily’s dress.”  
  
\*\*Uh oh.  
  
Rachel stammered over an explanation why she could no longer wear Lily’s dress, “…pool filter and it sort of…well…I had to throw it away.”  
  
“Throw it away?!” Susan’s anger frothed beneath her calm exterior. “You threw away a perfectly good dress which Barbara and Lily so generously donated. What an ungrateful, wasteful act of...surely I could have salvaged and repaired it.”  
  
Rachel doubted that. Susan had not seen the tattered remains of the dress. “Believe me, there was nothing to salvage. I’m sorry, ok?”  
  
“Sorry! Clearly you have not learned your lesson about carelessness. How did it get in the pool filter in the first place?”  
  
Just then Eric stumbled in to breakfast still half asleep. Approaching the dining room, he heard an argument escalating and made the wise decision to stay quiet and stay out of it. But when he arrived in the doorway he couldn’t ignore Rachel and her comically small dress; the same one she wore while sleeping on the couch a few days ago. Only it looked smaller. Facing away and unaware of his presence, she gave him a great view from behind.  
  
“Look, I said I’m sorry. I don’t want to talk about what happened. I’m wearing a dress like you asked. Can we just drop it?”  
  
“No, we can’t just drop it!” Glancing down at Rachel’s cleavage she added “and you can’t wear that to church, for goodness sake!”  
  
“Why? What’s wrong with it?” Rachel defiantly held her hands up in a questioning gesture which caused the hemline to rise up in back unknowingly exposing her firm bare bottom to Eric’s gaze.  
  
Eric should have kept his mouth shut, but an obscure yet appropriate bible verse came to him at that moment and he couldn’t resist, “Do not worry about what you will wear because the body is SO MUCH MORE than just clothes.” He didn’t get it exactly right, but the paraphrase was close enough to score his point.  
  
Rachel spun in place and wrapped her arms around herself as she tried to riddle out the verse. Since they were kids Eric always found ways to push her buttons. His teasing worked so effectively because it usually had a hint of truth. He had said something about her body and her outfit. But what did it mean?  
  
Eric watched with pride at Rachel’s blush. He had managed to make her self conscious with a single sentence. He relished getting under her skin like old times. Then he noticed the daggers coming from his mom and regretted saying anything. He sat down before he got into serious trouble and stared at his empty plate.  
  
Susan had carefully built up a fake standard of modesty for Rachel. Continually reaping the rewards of exciting Richard, she didn’t want anything to interfere. But her son just came very close to ruining everything with one of his reckless taunts.  
  
She forgot about salvaging Lily’s dress and moved on to preserving the illusion. A quick thinker like her son, Susan stalled while she came up with an answer, “There’s nothing wrong with your dress.” A sharp eye on Eric ensured he didn’t so much as smirk at such a blatantly false statement. But the boy had learned his lesson. He didn’t move a muscle.  
  
“Then why can’t I wear it to church?” Eric’s joke had planted doubt in Rachel’s mind and she wasn’t buying Susan’s feeble assurance.  
  
In reality, she was right to doubt Susan’s words. Anyone could see the shrunken summer dress was no longer decent. Susan had an excuse but she hated to use it. Sending the poor girl off to school in that dress was too cruel even for her. But she had already committed to the ruse and had to play it out, “because…that is more of a school dress. I would rather you save it for school and wear your cowgirl outfit to church.”  
  
Rachel hesitated as she tried to interpret Susan’s mixed signals.  
  
\*\*What am I missing that she isn’t telling me? Wait a minute. I’m getting to wear what I originally wanted. Why question it?  
  
So Rachel agreed to change again and wear the cowgirl outfit to church. But she never fully figured out what Eric meant with his teasing. Susan averted disaster temporarily, though she would have to do something about that summer dress before Rachel wore it to school. And Richard missed the whole thing because he had been out golfing…

**Part 45**  
  
After church Rachel ate lunch quickly but without enthusiasm. Her heart wasn’t into it. Her depression didn’t stem from mall duty. Rather, she was missing important activities at Thornwood. Coach Ron had suspended her from the Eastern Academy swim meet. Neither was she allowed to participate in the preparations.  
  
Right about now her teammates would be arriving at the school to get ready for the run-through. And later they would meet again at the pool for teambuilding activities and unsponsored leisure time. Rachel would be stuck serving time at the mall not only this afternoon but for the next four Sundays as well. No telling what else she would miss in that time.  
  
\*\*Maybe I can strike a deal with the store manager. Get time off for good behavior.  
  
On the ride to the mall, Rachel made up her mind. She would try to negotiate for a shortened sentence. The prospect alone cheered her up considerably.  
  
Pierre Gutensohn took pride in his efficient little fiefdom. At a younger age, he would have considered it a waste of his life to be general manager of a mall department store in the southern U.S. He was better than that and imagined he would be running a whole chain of stores by now.  
  
But he was also good at contingencies. By age 50 he had accepted his lot in life and settled on this lesser dream. Despite being surrounded by employees he considered incompetent, he set a new goal of having the most efficient and profitable store in the state. Exercising all the managerial power at his disposal, Pierre ran a tight ship with high standards.  
  
Employees knew better than to show up late or let their department get messy. His legendary inspections drove away a fair share of new hires. But those who stayed and passed the test were the best. While driving away new employees kept labor overhead low, it also made the store perpetually understaffed. Nevertheless, Pierre didn’t tolerate excuses from department managers. “Make it work” was his usual response. He had been ‘making it work’ his whole life and he expected nothing less from his employees.  
  
Pierre despised anyone who disrupted either his neat domain or his profits. Shoplifters fit both categories. And today he would exact his revenge on one unfortunate young delinquent.  
  
He devised a simple but fair punishment. Even an unskilled teenager could reshelf out of place products. And his store could use the extra free worker. But Pierre’s plans didn’t end with mere manual labor. Making Rachel’s punishment fit the crime merited an extra component; a deterrent against future theft. Not only to Rachel but to every potential shoplifter who saw her.  
  
Not coincidentally, Pierre viewed Rachel’s body as an asset. The shrewd businessman constantly looked for ways to boost sales. And like it or not, sex sells. He was not above exploiting that fact. Putting her in a skimpy uniform would be good for business while teaching her a lesson.  
  
Drawing inspiration from their previous encounter and gathering resources from other stores in the mall, Pierre devised a dramatic plan. Legally he couldn’t make her wear anything too skimpy against her will. So he built contingencies. He would try the most revealing option first and after that do what he did best; improvise.  
  
That his ward arrived ahead of schedule annoyed Pierre for some reason. A petty thief is supposed to be late; not conservatively early. The same could not be said of her outfit. If someone showed up to a job interview dressed that provocatively, he would send her home immediately. But this was no job interview.  
  
\*\*Maybe she thinks it will distract me or allow her to manipulate me. Well it won’t work. I intend to follow through with the planned punishment.  
  
Pierre introduced himself and started his speech, “Have a seat young lady and we can get down to business. Can I call you Rachel?”  
  
“Uh, sure”, she sat in front of the manager’s large desk and tried to mask her nervousness with a serious look.  
  
“Good. Now Rachel, let me tell you what you’ll be doing for the next 4 weeks. I hope…”  
  
“Excuse me”, Rachel jumped into the middle of Pierre’s sentence. His annoyed gaze made her immediately aware what he thought of rude interruptions. “Sorry, but, I wanted to talk to you about that.”  
  
“What’s to talk about?” Adopting a managerial pose, Pierre sat poised for the girl’s excuses to begin. After 30 years in the business, he had heard every one in the book. It validated his suspicion about her clothing ploy.  
  
Rachel pleaded, “You see, I’m very busy with…school activities. I was wondering if… I mean is there a way to…to do it all in one day?”  
  
“May I remind you why you’re here? You tried to steal my merchandise. We had a deal. And now you want to back out. Is that it?” Leaning forward, Pierre towered over the girl to await her response.  
  
Intimidated and already on shaky ground, Rachel backed off her request. “No. I didn’t mean…never mind.”  
  
Pierre let her squirm under his gaze for a moment before resuming, “as I was saying. We are currently a little shorthanded in several departments. I have yet to determine where to assign you. But wherever you are sent, your primary job responsibility will be to find misplaced products and put them where they belong. I expect you to work with diligence. I do not tolerate lazy employees. In addition, you will display a friendly and helpful attitude toward all customers and offer to assist them at every opportunity. Is that clear?”  
  
Rachel nodded with reassurance. So far the job sounded close to what she expected. But the biggest part of the punishment had yet to be revealed. Pierre said, “The last part of your job is simple. You must be an example of what happens to shoplifters caught in my store. Therefore, I made you a special work ensemble to send a strong message. Follow me and I will show you.”  
  
\*\*Special work ensemble?  
  
A knot formed in Rachel’s stomach. She had expected to be issued a nametag or badge. But a uniform never crossed her mind. Pierre’s words about sending a strong message of warning made her very uneasy. With a sense of foreboding she got up and followed the manager down a back hallway. Passing some offices they came to one which had been converted to storage.  
  
Rachel stepped into the mostly empty room with confusion. A few boxes were pushed to one side and covered with a clear plastic tarp. That same material covered the floor and walls.  
  
\*\*OK, this is weird. Do they not have a bathroom? Why do I have to change in here?  
  
She was about to find out…

**Part 46**  
  
On a single shelf mounted high on one wall sat everything necessary to complete her work uniform.  
  
“You should recognize this even with the alteration”, Pierre pulled down the same pleated mini skirt Rachel had been forced to leave behind last Sunday. Complete with blue ink stain, security tag, and missing top button. The alteration consisted of a large white laminated sign sewn into the back. In bold black letters the sign read:  
  
PLEASE STOP ME AND READ THIS!  
I am a thief. I was caught stealing this skirt.  
This ink is proof.  
Shoplifters will be prosecuted and punished.  
How may I assist you?  
  
Rachel groaned. Every customer she passed would get the chance to learn what she had done. And the placement of the sign gave them an excuse to stare at her bottom.  
  
\*\*Well this couldn’t get much worse.  
  
But things were becoming much worse by the second, for Pierre had reached the most delicate part of his presentation. To make her wear the same skirt she had been caught stealing was appropriate. To add an embarrassing sign for a thief to walk around with was practically obligatory and hardly unusual. It could even be considered cliché by some. To place it over her bottom added a harmless yet unique twist to the punishment. The next part was a little more daring. That’s where his contingencies diverged.  
  
From the shelf he produced an airbrush machine he had borrowed from the pop art studio in the mall. Hooking it up as he had been taught, Pierre casually explained the reason for it, “You are well aware of our new advanced security system. You demonstrated it nicely last week when the ink tag stopped you from sneaking out with store merchandise. Expanding on the theme, I decided to integrate ink into your work uniform using this spray gun. It’s a novel way to advertise our security system.”  
  
\*\*A little weird, but it does explain the plastic covered walls and floor.  
  
Rachel spoke up, “So…you want me to spray a design on my uniform…with permanent ink…on purpose?”  
  
“No, no” Pierre smiled, “You already have ink on your uniform. This calls for something more striking. I want you to put the design directly…on your person. And it’s not completely permanent. I’m sure it will wash off eventually with a little scrubbing. ”  
  
“Directly on my…? Isn’t that dangerous?”  
  
“Dangerous? Not at all. The ink is non-toxic and quite safe. Have you ever had a spray tan? This is the same concept, only with ink.” He opened a 5 gallon bucket full of ominously heavy looking dark blue liquid and inserted the tube from the airbrush pump.  
  
“You should have no trouble operating the spray gun; it’s point and shoot. Feel free to make whatever design you fancy. Might I suggest an ink blot? That would be appropriate yet simple. I leave the artistry up to you. I only require that it be solid and prominent enough for people to see from a distance.”  
  
Pierre sprayed a blot outline on the hanging tarp to indicate the size requirement and to act as a template, “I’d say no smaller than this. I’ll be back in 5 minutes to check in on you”, and then he walked out before Rachel could recover enough to catch up to what just happened.  
  
As part of his clever and sinister scheme, Pierre had planned all along to leave the room at that point. He wanted her to weigh the proposal in private. Hopefully, she would take the opportunity to test it out before deciding. And once she started applying the ink she would be less likely to back out.  
  
After a fair amount of time, Pierre would return to inspect her work. He intentionally made the template too big to fit anywhere but her torso. Naturally, he would point out that the vest simply covered too much of the masterpiece and insist she remove it. He couldn’t really insist, of course. That’s where the contingencies came in.   
  
Best case scenario he might get Rachel to work in her bra. But if she refused he would allow her keep the vest in exchange for something else. Maybe he would make her spray her arms or face instead. His greatest talent was adjusting to new developments on the fly. He would come up with something appropriately humiliating yet still legal.  
  
Rachel stared at the shape on the wall as Pierre’s footsteps faded down the hallway. She always wondered what it would be like to get a spray tan. But not like this.  
  
\*\*What did I get myself into?  
  
More out of curiosity than anything she picked up the spray gun and pointed it at a clear spot on the tarp. She pressed the thumb trigger but nothing happened. So she slowly applied more pressure until the pump suddenly jumped to life and a thin blue jet of ink flew from the tip right where she was pointing.  
  
\*\*Cool.  
  
Rachel forgot her assignment and played with the machine like a kid coloring on walls. Just then a bubble rose from the bottom of the bucket and broke the surface. The ink splashed on the floor by her feet. She jumped back just in time to avoid getting ink on her red and white strength trainer shoes.  
  
\*\*That was close. Permanent ink or not, I can’t risk messing up these shoes. In fact, I can’t afford to ruin any more clothes.  
  
She stopped to remove her shoes, and then after locking the door, proceeded to strip naked. Looking around for the safest place, she stored her articles on the high shelf then stepped back to the middle of the room. She shivered.  
  
\*\*This is crazy.  
  
Having come so far already, Rachel dared to take the next step and test the ink on her body. With a trembling hand, she picked up the sprayer and turned toward the shape on the wall. Obviously the blot would only fit on her torso. Since she couldn’t reach or see to spray her back she concluded that it would have to go on her stomach.  
  
Starting at her hip, she traced a thin line up the side to her stomach. The first cold squirt caused another round of shivers and goose bumps rose on her bare skin. She compared it more to a tattoo than a tan; though she would never consider getting a real tattoo. But tattoo needles were supposed to sting on contact and this was painless. Encouraged but not yet committed, she figured completing the outline wouldn’t hurt anything. So mimicking the pattern on the wall and turning the gun in and out like a pro she made sweeping curves up her body.  
  
Up onto her rib cage she went. Holding her breath to reduce mistakes, she carefully drew the line over her sternum just below her breasts and started back down the other side. Finishing on her other hip bone she had made a wobbly arch over her belly button.   
  
Rachel appraised her handiwork with pride. Though far from artistic greatness, her foray into the world of spray art had thus far succeeded without any serious blunders. The next more difficult challenge remained. Now that she had an outline, how was she supposed to fill it in?  
  
Unbeknownst to her, an adjustable nozzle on the spray gun allowed the wielder to change the flow from thin precise detailing to broad strokes. But Pierre had not explained that particular feature, so Rachel was stuck with the fine point setting. Drawing zigzags diagonally across her stomach, she filled the shape in as best she could. Before long the delicate curves of the original ink blob were lost in the mess.  
  
Rachel sensed her 5 minutes running out so she halted her hasty efforts even though several scattered patches of white skin remained within a blue blob. While the ink dried, she adorned her work skirt. From her shopping trip with Susan last Sunday, this had been the one item she really liked. The pleated skirt came down to mid thigh. For once she wouldn’t have to worry about accidentally mooning someone.  
  
She fastened the off-center buttons; all but the missing top one. When she let go, the garment settled low on her waist. Without that top button, she couldn’t tighten it as much as she would like. Just as she twisted around to check the sign on her bottom, she heard a knock at the door.  
  
“It’s Pierre. Are you ready?”  
  
“Just a second”, Rachel grabbed her vest and prayed the ink was dry. She snapped the magnets closed over her chest and made one last modesty check before opening the door.  
  
\*\*This might not be so bad. Yeah, it’s embarrassing. But you’ve been through worse.  
  
She stood ready to report for duty, but Pierre had a few more changes in store…

**Part 47**  
  
“tsk, tsk, tsk”, Pierre made an annoying sound as he circled the nervous girl. It took much self control not to laugh at how silly she looked. Crooked scribbles crisscrossed her stomach while the sign on her bottom served its attention drawing purpose to perfection. When he had finished the inspection, he announced his disappointing findings.  
  
“This will never do.” The girl deflated at his words. He pointed to the shape on the wall, “First of all your design is much too small. Make it bigger.”  
  
He calmly glided over his next proposal to reduce the shock and make it sound less indecent, “And that vest…it’s all wrong. It gets in the way too much. You’ll have to get rid of it. Then there’s the way you filled in the…”  
  
“Hold on! What did you say?” Rachel jumped to attention. “I’m not taking off my vest.”  
  
Pierre stared down his challenger and wielded his prepared response, “Rachel, you’re missing the whole point of the ink. It’s meant to be worn as an article of clothing. Applied properly it becomes part of your work uniform. You don’t wear your regular skirt over your work skirt. So why wear your vest over the ink? A bra is ok, but the vest simply has no place.”  
  
“But I’m not wearing a bra!” Rachel shut her mouth and blushed at the admission but remained defiant.  
  
This was even better than Pierre could imagine. Based on their last encounter, he should have expected something like that from the little tart. He would have to modify his plan to incorporate the news. He specialized in adapting to the unexpected after all.  
  
“Hmm, that’s unfortunate”, he circled around behind her so she wouldn’t see him smirk. Approaching the airbrush machine, he found the answer. “But, I think we can come up with a workable compromise.”  
  
“Like I said, the ink is an article of clothing, if applied properly.” Pierre held his composure as he picked up the spray gun. “You did not apply properly, but I share some of the blame. I should have shown you this earlier.”  
  
He demonstrated how to twist the nozzle then pointed it at the wall. Like magic a wide dark blue stroke appeared. “If you use this setting, you can create a smooth opaque layer. No different than a tight fitting shirt. Once you enlarge the shape, you won’t need a bra.”  
  
\*\*Did he just suggest I work topless?  
  
“Are you kidding?” despite the manager’s claim, even opaque ink was a poor substitute for a real shirt. Rachel reminded herself she didn’t have to accept his offer. “Forget it”, she stood firm.  
  
“Fine” Pierre conceded defeat with disgust. He had pushed her to her limit. He hated to lose the fight but didn’t want to get into trouble. So he backed off and picked another avenue of punishment; her department assignment. Sending her to a busy location with lots of customer traffic would be a good way to exact his revenge.  
  
\*\*Customer traffic is good. But customer type is even better…  
  
Just then Pierre knew the perfect assignment. But he needed to go scout the area first and make preparations. He had lost the battle over her uniform and was ready to move on. His next offer let her off the hook.  
  
“You desire an abbreviated sentence; therefore I shall offer you a generous deal. If you insist on wearing that silly vest, then I will hold you to the original four week service term. But if you wear the ensemble as designed, without the vest, I will consider your service complete after today. You get your weekends back and I get my anti-shoplifting advertisement. The choice is yours.”  
  
He saw her pretending to weigh the offer, but Pierre knew which one she would ultimately choose. “I must go see to something and will return shortly with your assignment. I expect you to have made up your mind by then. Whatever you decide, be ready upon my return.” He closed the door behind him and hurried off to make the final preparations for her assignment.  
  
\*\*Who knows? If she’s that desperate to get her sentence reduced she might go through with it. If not, I’ll find another way to use her body. Maybe shorten her skirt every week. She’ll never know the difference. It’s too bad she didn’t go for the ink idea. Still, even with the vest on, she’s sure to raise more than a few eyebrows in the department I picked out for her.  
  
Pierre smiled as he walked. He gave one final thought of a topless Rachel working the men’s dressing rooms. What a boon to business it could have been! But realistically that wasn’t going to happen, right?…

**Part 48**  
  
The Ogaline County prison project was in tatters. One of Bystander’s integral tactics involved placing in positions of authority people inclined to push the envelope on female nudity. But people with the right psychological profile were often unpredictable. It only takes one step over the line to put an entire project at risk.  
  
The Ogaline County Department of Corrections warden was one such individual. Brought in to reform the system, he had successfully converted the entire women’s incarceration facility to new ‘ecologically friendly’ uniforms. The new smaller uniforms not only reduced laundry costs, but eliminated the need for air conditioning in the summer.  
  
Because his changes saved the county a good amount of money, the project continued despite protests from the inmates. But turning off the air conditioners created another problem. The guards suffered in their traditional stuffy uniforms. So the warden designed new uniforms for them as well.  
  
His ‘minimum yet secure’ product line was issued to guards first with plans to expand it as standard dress to all female employees. Initial trials brought another round of protests, this time from the staff. But blinded by the financial windfall, the board of directors once again overruled any objections.  
  
Unfortunately the warden made a terrible mistake in phase two. He selected a particularly attractive assistant nurse from the medical ward for the uniform trial. Then he used his position as warden to make her sign consent.  
  
The next day she wore it as agreed despite some obvious reservations. Enticed by the young nurse and drunk with authority, he coerced her into sticking around after hours. Once they were alone he made an improper sexual advance. When she resisted he fired her in anger. Confiscating her uniform immediately he forced her to walk naked back through the prison to her street clothes.  
  
A security tape of the incident inevitably surfaced. Bystander’s team had to scramble to contain the fallout, but the program was beyond saving. He learned from the experience to take extra precautions to prevent something like that from happening again. That’s why Coach Ron received a phone call from his benefactor on Sunday afternoon.  
  
“I congratulate you on the exhibition yesterday. My colleague tells me your team put on quite a show. I’m sorry I missed it.” Bystander said.  
  
That answered one question. Having never seen the man in person, Coach Ron had wondered if he were among the boosters in attendance. The hefty bonus check on his desk added to the intrigue.  
  
“Thank you.”  
  
“Let’s discuss the training data you sent me and the swimmer who generated such impressive numbers. What is your opinion?”  
  
“Rachel? I don’t know where to begin. She has all the tools of greatness. Drive, willpower, natural talent, and a body…” he trailed off for a moment, “in my coaching experience, I’ve never come across a more complete package.”  
  
“Yes, she seems a rare specimen indeed. If she really is as good in the water as these numbers indicate, we could be looking at swimming’s next rising star.”  
  
“The numbers were from a stroke training machine. She’s even faster in the water.” Coach Ron said with confidence and a bit of personal pride.  
  
“My associate is of the same opinion. He came away rather impressed by her demonstration.” Satisfied, Bystander quickly shifted gears, “There is another matter I would like to discuss, in confidence.”  
  
Ron paused at the sudden change in tone and subject, “…ok”.  
  
“I hear you have relocated your office into the women’s locker room.”  
  
\*\*Uh oh! I KNEW that would get me in trouble sooner or later.  
  
“I…yes, I uh…can explain”  
  
“Relax, Mr. Lutheford. I applaud your ingenuity. To puncture such a strong social barrier with one’s reputation in tact deserves commendation.”  
  
“Yes, well…what?”  
  
“I hire visionaries, not followers. Too long have social customs stood in the way of progress. To overcome traditional boundaries takes revolutionary leaps. Rachel’s progress is no coincidence. No doubt your presence in the locker room aided her swift adjustment to the new uniform. See what is possible when the weight of modesty is removed?”  
  
Coach Ron did not respond. He sat in silence; too stunned that the expected reprimand had somehow turned into praise.  
  
Bystander continued explaining his plan, “You will eventually convert the entire Thornwood’s ladies swim team to that uniform, but the time is not yet ripe. Having already been issued official uniforms, they would be resistant right now.  
  
Rather, this is your new assignment. I want you to expand your creative methods beyond the locker room and to include more team members. Create situations where the young ladies must learn to function with less clothing. Remove the weight of modesty and foster a receptive environment. Only then can we consider introducing new uniforms. Seeing Rachel’s success in competition will help. But your role is equally important. You follow?”  
  
“Yes, sir” Coach Ron found his voice and practically saluted. The man spoke with such conviction and confidence, Ron wouldn’t dream of defying his orders. But the implications had not even begun to sink in.  
  
“Good. Your position will afford you ample opportunities so I implore you to choose your moments wisely. Trivial changes are a waste of time. If you think small they will not follow you for long even if you are their head coach. Only great bold leaps will produce lasting change. Don’t be timid.”  
  
“Of course,” a big smile appeared on the coach’s face as he imagined the myriad of ways he could strip his team.  
  
But Bystander brought him back to earth with a grave warning, “One last thing. I am not blind to the challenges and personal risks associated with this task. You must strike a delicate balance and at times may feel tempted to stray beyond your professional role.  
  
Don’t be stupid. Specifically, if you choose to get sexually involved with one of your students or even venture to touch a student in an improper manner, I cannot help you. So expel those fantasies from your mind. I have cleared the way for you thus far, but my influence has limits. Society has limits. In the blink of an eye your title will change from coach to sexual predator with predictable results. You will most likely be arrested and fired, and will certainly never hear from me again.  
  
You would have no trouble were the gender roles reversed. Unfair, I know, but a fact of life. Your margin for error diminishes because you are a man supervising a group of young women. Regardless, I trust your judgment. And I do not turn my back on my investments lightly. However I cannot afford to lose all I have worked for over some foolish indiscretion. In that respect, you are expendable. Understood?”  
  
“Yes, sir.” Ron gulped with solemnity. The warning achieved its desired effect.  
  
“Very well. Consider the bonus check hazard pay and a reward for your efforts thus far. Rest assured, I will continue to support the program financially with whatever else you may need. Please keep me updated on your progress. Good bye.”  
  
Coach Ron struggled to assimilate Bystander’s words even after he hung up. Before long, the team arrived for the walkthrough. He decided not to change anything just yet. Taking Bystander’s words to heart, he vowed to wait for the right moment. He wasn’t completely sure what he had agreed to in the conversation. But he had a pretty good idea on the basics. Carrying out this new assignment would be a hell of a lot of fun. And the Thornwood High School girl’s swim team would never be the same…

**Part 49**  
  
Specializing in business attire, the official name of the department Pierre selected was ‘executive menswear’. Casual and teen wear were intentionally relegated to another part of the store. It catered to a higher class of shopper. Though a far cry from a big city men’s tailor shop and hardly the busiest section of the store, it did produce one of the highest profit margins.  
  
Today Pierre wanted it to be understaffed on purpose to make Rachel work extra hard. As anticipated, the department supervisor ranted about lost commissions when he heard the request.  
  
“Trust me,” Pierre reassured him, “I guarantee this will be the year’s most profitable Sunday. If not, I will personally make up the difference. And you get everything my volunteer takes in.”  
  
That shut up the supervisor. He agreed to reassign his employees elsewhere for the day.  
  
Being the sole worker in the area should keep Rachel on her toes all afternoon. Most importantly, her responsibilities extended to the nearby men’s dressing room and an undesirable job the employees nicknamed “suit slave”. Demanding customers often sent employees off to retrieve various articles for them to try on. On busy days the 6 stall dressing room cluttered quickly. Fortunately for Rachel, Sunday’s were usually not as bad.  
  
While Pierre got the area ready for his newest employee, Rachel paced the storage room in palpable turmoil over her decision. Caught in his tactfully laid trap, she knew what she should do.  
  
\*\*He’s tricking me. Ok, he’s not making me do it. He gave me a choice. But it’s not a fair trade! Why play his game? I won’t bother with the ink.  
  
She made up her mind yet continued to pace restlessly around the room. She couldn’t shake the thought that she was missing something. Just then a stray rubber band caught her eye behind the storage. On a whim she decided to put her hair up in a pony tail. But her arm caught on something when she reached out to grab it.  
  
“Ouch!”  
  
Pulling back, a piece of packing tape clung to her arm like a band-aid. It had come from the cardboard box. She yanked the tape off her and winced at the sudden sting. The industrial tape had been stickier than she anticipated. As she rubbed the little red spot on her arm, a parallel to her dilemma with Pierre formed in her mind.  
  
\*\*That’s it! Either I take the punishment gradually and let him drag out the process. Or I get it over with but in a greater dose.  
  
That realization changed everything. As a girl Rachel had always been the type who rips off her band-aids. Why prolong the suffering when there is a faster solution? But here she was choosing the long route. That’s why her subconscious was bothering her. And just like that, a spiral of justifications began to unravel her steadfast decision.  
  
\*\*How bad could it be? Models often wear body paint. It is becoming more common. How would it be any worse than at Eric’s house, or what I wore to the carwash?  
  
She shuddered at the memory of riding on Ellie’s bicycle handlebars with her bare breasts exposed to the whole town. She had survived that even without the coverage of ink. Also, she kept coming back to how many other team activities she would miss.  
  
\*\*It’s already cost me one swim meet. Surely I can handle one afternoon…  
  
Rationalizations infiltrated her thoughts and compromised common sense. Before long Rachel was standing over the bucket shedding her clothes. She placed her vest back on the small shelf and picked up the spray wand. Pointing it at her stomach, she took one last deep breath.  
  
\*\*Just rip it off and get it over with.  
  
Suppressing remaining pockets of apprehension, she squeezed the trigger to maximum. Cold ink blasted from the tip eliciting a gasp. But the girl did not stop until her torso was completely coated. Unlike last time, spraying wholesale like this did not allow for accuracy. She had to abandon her original design opt for volume instead.  
  
\*\*I’ve got a whole bucket of the stuff. No point conserving it.  
  
Up and down she went; paying special attention to her breasts until they were dripping with wet ink. When she was done, her entire front side was soaked from neck to waist.  
  
Dropping the gun, she stood frozen in disbelief of what she had just done. Pierre would be there any second to escort her to her assignment. As she stepped into her work skirt, her mind fought to save her. It told her she was crazy to think she could walk around out there with her young globes veiled only in a thin coat of ink.  
  
Knock, knock, “It’s Pierre?”  
  
Rachel jumped at the sound. She felt an overwhelming urge to put her vest back on, but it was too late. Due to her haphazard application job the ink was still quite wet in places. Blue ink would certainly stain the red leather vest and Susan would kill her if she brought back yet another ruined outfit. She had literally painted herself into a corner. Only one thing left to do. Face the embarrassment head on and endure it.  
  
\*\*You can do this, for the sake of swimming. Represent yourself with pride.  
  
And with that, she opened the door…

**Part 50**

Rachel stood back to let him enter and perform another inspection. Holding her head high with her arms to her sides, she focused on a spot above the door. Pierre’s eyes went wide when he saw the teenager topless for the first time. But he recovered quickly.  
  
For several seconds he said nothing. He soaked in the view in silent fascination as the stunning young beauty struggled to maintain composure under his gaze. She would attempt to swell with pride only to falter a few seconds later under the weight of exposure. It was cute in a way watching her fight the instinct to hide her nakedness.  
  
To her credit she never gave in nor moved to cover up. She endured his inspection though refusing to make eye contact. She kept on a brave face but he detected a slight tremor on her lip.  
  
Her pride wasn’t the only thing swelling. Although the ink camouflaged her skin, it did nothing to conceal the topography of her luscious blue orbs. At once Pierre’s intense scrutiny roused Rachel’s glorious body to action. Small points appeared on her chest like magic. They continued to inflate before his eyes into perfectly formed nipples. The scene caused him to swell too.  
  
Pierre shuffled around behind her out of sight before his jaw dropped. He couldn’t take his eyes off her. The lack of blue ink made her back side quite a contrast. Different yet equally impressive. Nothing back here to interfere with her porcelain skin save a large sign over her bottom. What a perfect way to advertise.  
  
Wiping the drool off his chin, Pierre completed the circle. He looked her up and down one last time then spoke.  
  
“It’ll do. But don’t think this means you can slack off today. Come, I’ll finish your instructions when we get to your assignment” and just like that he spun around and headed for the hall expecting Rachel to follow.  
  
“Wait. I’m not ready to go out there yet,” she wanted to say. It was all happening too fast to come to terms. Rachel hesitated in the room listening to Pierre walk down the hall. “Keep up, dear. I don’t suffer sluggards.”  
  
“Coming,” but as she stepped for the exit, she felt another twinge of hesitation. Like her mind was trying to warn her. But about what? She certainly felt underdressed. But as much as she hated her predicament, she had tacitly signed on to the deal as soon as she open the door.  
  
\*\*Am I forgetting something? Of course I am; my top! But I have to let that go.  
  
She pushed the thought from her mind but took one last despondent look at her vest on the way out the door. She had in fact forgotten something else, but that didn’t register until much later.  
  
Pierre stood impatiently at the end of the hall. When Rachel appeared, he turned and continued his trek leaving her alone again. The sensation of exposure urged her to slow down. To turn around. Anything but go careening down the hallway topless. But Pierre’s fast pace did not allow her to be cautious. She gave up sneaking after the first few open doors.  
  
On full alert, she made it through Pierre’s office and into an empty foyer. The last safe area before entering the store proper. How many shoppers were waiting on the other side of that door? How could she face them dressed like this? She crossed her arms just under her chest, more a nervous reflex than actual cover, and regretted it immediately. She opened her arms to find them and her palms sticky with wet ink.  
  
\*\*ugh. Have to be more careful until it’s completely dry.  
  
Denied even a token gesture of modesty. Rachel wanted to pause and recompose herself, but Pierre’s merciless onward march forced her to keep moving. She had no choice but to stick with him.  
  
\*\*I’m really starting to dislike this guy.  
  
To compound the issue, rushing around caused her skirt to slip unnervingly low on her waist. Vowing to find a more permanent solution later, she yanked it back up. Then she stepped through the last door which ominously clicked shut behind her. The temptation to turn back had been building. That click sealed her fate.  
  
Standing in another short hallway which ran alongside the foyer, Rachel looked around to get her bearings. In one direction a sign read ‘Employee’s only beyond this point’. Turning the other direction she glimpsed Pierre disappearing around the corner and rushed to catch up..

**Part 51**

In a couple seconds she reached and rounded the corner. The bustle of activity gradually died as people noticed her. Time slowed. It took all she could muster not to admit embarrassment and run for cover. Instead, drawn by the relative safety of her boss’ air of authority, she caught up to Pierre and fell in line behind him. Deafening silence surrounded them both.  
  
They started near the customer service desk and made their way down the big walkway which ran in a ring around the store. Rachel padded along behind Pierre like a pet. Every step further from her clothes jacked up her anxiety level.  
  
She kept her eyes trained on Pierre’s annoyingly rapid steps and tried not to notice the stares of nearby shoppers. Her jiggling breasts swayed in time with her pace. Pierre did not acknowledge the shoppers either. Nothing would distract from his mission. His silent derision kept anyone from questioning the pair.  
  
They turned and took some stairs up to the less visited second level. Rachel hadn’t given much thought to their destination or where she would prefer to be assigned. She took a small comfort that they were heading toward remote areas of the store.  
  
Just then her skirt wriggled loose again. She caught it before flashing too much and dared to glance around to see if anyone had noticed the close call. That was a mistake. A young man was staring with his mouth hanging open.  
  
Almost every young lady desires on some level to be deemed attractive. It’s no coincidence that cosmetic companies target the teenage female more than any other demographic.  
  
Rachel was not immune to the lure. And for some time her burgeoning beauty had attracted male attention despite her frequent deficiency on the cosmetics front. Neither was she blind to the way boys her age cast lingering glances which grew longer with every passing year. But early on she established a personal proverb; horny boys are poor judges of beauty. They instantly fall in love with any girl who gives them the time of day.  
  
She never put much stock in boys’ attention. To dissuade their frivolous advances she compensated by seeming distant and unapproachable. A timeless art naturally developed by all beautiful teenage girls, it serves one well in some situations but has another unfortunate drawback. Being distant and unapproachable makes it difficult to find friends when moving to a new school. Meeting Ellie on the first day was a rare and cherished exception.  
  
The look she attracted today did not compare. It wasn’t so much that this man was looking at her but rather where he was focusing. His eyes never reached hers but instead locked firmly on her breasts. Too late, Rachel snapped her focus back on Pierre’s footsteps but couldn’t suppress the furious blush rising on her chest. It blended with blue ink turning her a nice shade of purple.  
  
They moved out of range of the shopper but the blush lingered. Her body used the occasion to build up an all-over tingling sensation. She had just experienced a taste of the types of looks she was doomed to receive over and over all afternoon. Right then and there Rachel made up her mind.  
  
\*\*I can’t go through with this. We have to go back.  
  
Just when she started to say something to that effect, Pierre veered off the main path. They had arrived and were standing in an unfamiliar, but inviting department. Tucked back in the corner and decorated warmly with rich colors, it could almost be described as cozy. She particularly noted the complete absence of people here and held her tongue.  
  
Spinning in place Pierre pointed out Rachel’s domain of responsibility; a space about the size of a basketball court crowded with clothing racks and shelves and running diagonal to the back wall of the store. Another wall stood at one end with housewares at the other. The tile turned to carpet at the boundaries making it easy to tell where executive menswear ended. The place was deserted of shoppers. No employees even. And Rachel was fine with that.  
  
“Your job is simple. Patrol the area. Assist shoppers as needed and clean up misplaced merchandise.” Since she wasn’t trained on checkout procedure, Pierre told Rachel to send people to the closest manned checkout station in housewares.  
  
Then he took her to the walled off triangle in the back corner. “These are the executive dressing rooms. It is imperative you keep it clean and its occupants happy. Be friendly and helpful and you’ll do fine. Good luck.” And then he was gone.  
  
Preservation instinct kicked in immediately and told her to stop standing out in the open. She retreated to a spot relatively concealed behind two large clothing racks then inspected the condition of the ink. Pierre’s swift pace through the store had at least aided the drying process. The spray job had held up pretty well over all and it was a perverse relief to be as blue as ever.  
  
\*\*Now if my body would only cooperate, I might get through this.  
  
She recognized the tingling sensation as a precursor to full blown arousal. Her nipples sensed it as well and were standing at semi-attention just in case. She hated to do it, but knew it would calm her nerves, so Rachel reached under her skirt and began a mini-bate. She had developed the talent in this very store last week as an alternative to full blown orgasm. The process was degrading but neat and effective. Most importantly, she could do it without making a sound.  
  
\*\*Keep it short. Ooh, that’s nice…maybe a few more seconds…  
  
When she had finished, she started with a clear head to assess the area surrounding her little hiding space. She dismissed Pierre’s instructions as she was in no condition to ‘assist shoppers as needed’. Her new goal was to survive the afternoon with as little human interaction as possible. She made a pretty good run at it, too. But fate did not let her off that easy. Boredom crept in and drove her to make a humiliating error. And by the end of the day she had lost more than just her dignity

**Part 52**

Keeping a lookout for shoppers, Rachel soon started exploring. She found her department’s borders by looking at the flooring. Executive menswear was completely tiled while housewares had fake wood colored laminate. The main walkway with its ugly high traffic carpeting encircled the rest. The tile was so cold on her bare feet she almost shivered out of her skirt at one point.  
  
\*\*I have to be more careful with my skirt. It’s the only piece of clothing I have left. That and my…wait a minute, why am I barefoot?  
  
“My shoes!” That’s what her subconscious had tried to remind her to grab.  
  
\*\*I forgot my shoes at that office.  
  
As much as she missed her shoes, the prospect of walking back through the store to retrieve them didn’t appeal to her. Better to stay here where it was relatively safe and remote. She would have to make do barefoot and topless.  
  
Rachel got familiar enough with the floor plan until she could navigate around unseen. The occasional shopper wandered in and browsed, but left soon after. One picked out a few items then hung around. He too left when no one appeared to help him.  
  
With such light traffic Rachel could happily have run out the rest of her time hiding like this.  
  
\*\*As long I can figure out a way to keep the place clean, Pierre will never know the difference.  
  
So staying in the shadows, Rachel followed shoppers around straightening stacks of merchandise. Because her lack of adequate clothing added an incentive to avoid detection, she got pretty good at hiding in plain sight. Her mastery culminated in a particularly spectacular maneuver in which she hid in a rack mere inches from a customer.  
  
The rack was laden with heavy trench coats and made for good hiding. The target, a tall burly gentleman, held a hanger with a shirt casually draped over his shoulder. She had watched him carry it around and guessed from his frown that he wasn’t serious about buying it. That he would probably eventually drop it somewhere it didn’t belong was a poor excuse to attempt such a daring swipe. But her competitive instinct turned it into a challenge.  
  
At the best possible moment, Rachel silently reached out and pulled the shirt right off the hanger. She instantly sucked it into the clothing rack with her before it hit the ground. Feeling the hanger go slack, the man turned around to retrieve the shirt, but it wasn’t there. It had disappeared. Rachel almost blew her cover by bursting out laughing when she saw the look on his face.  
  
But the next moment he got his revenge. A slight sway of the rack caught his eye. But before he could suspect Rachel’s trick, the sale sign distracted him. Rachel’s heart stopped when the man reached out to sample one of the coats she happened to be hiding behind.  
  
Rachel inched as far away as she could from the customer until her back pressed up against a lattice support structure. But it wasn’t far enough. In slow motion, the man reached between the coats. Though he still didn’t see her and was only looking for a price tag, his hand came straight toward her. He pawed around blindly then waivered for a moment as if deciding weather it was worth the effort to find the price. He made one more attempt and found much more rewarding prize instead. His rough hand closed directly over her right breast. Rachel froze.  
  
It is impossible to mistake a healthy young breast for anything else. But the man failed to comprehend it because it was so out of context. Of all the things he could encounter inside a clothing rack, a naked breast was among the least expected. While his brain crashed and went into a reboot over the anomaly his hand did not question the good fortune and seized the opportunity.  
  
Without further direction from his brain, the man’s hand switched to auto pilot fondling the terrified girl. Her ripe fruit fit nicely in his large hand and her prominent nipple poked his palm intensely. A squeeze sent chills down her spine.  
  
Surely he had figured it out by now and was only toying with her. But just before Rachel gave up and cried out for him to stop, luck threw her a lifeline.  
  
“Excuse me, do you still sell these socks?” a little old lady had approached the man carrying a pair of her husband’s worn out black socks. Being the only other person in the department, she assumed he was a store employee.  
  
The man broke out of his reverie, withdrew from the rack, and turned to address her. “Sorry, ma’am, I don’t work here.” The lady thanked him and left. When she was gone he returned to the rack with a big smile. But Rachel had taken the opportunity to slip out the other side leaving nothing but cloth and metal. Making a confused ‘humph’ sound the man went back to shopping.  
  
The entire encounter only lasted a few seconds. It felt like eternity. Rachel retreated to the changing area and hid in a stall. She stared at her breast, the one that had been fondled, and waited for the touch sensations to fade. But the nerve endings on her skin incessantly continued to report the man’s rough manipulations.  
  
Though she only had herself to blame for carelessly stumbling into the situation, she wanted to feel offended and angry at the man for groping her despite his innocence in the matter.  
  
\*\*So what if he did not set out to do anything inappropriate? That doesn’t make it right. He should know better than to take advantage of a woman like that. No one has ever touched one of my breasts…  
  
Then it hit her. Not only had someone else fondled her breasts before, but it had happened in this very store last week; a complicated and embarrassing encounter.  
  
Last week, two neighborhood boys caught her hiding naked in the baby clothes section downstairs. She complicity allowed the older one, aged barely into puberty, to touch her boobs in exchange for their silence. It had escalated into a full blown grope session which left Rachel dangerously close to something more embarrassing. Afterward she suppressed the memory and hoped never to recall it.  
  
But the two encounters possessed too many similarities to ignore. The memory came flooding back followed shortly by more tingling. As seconds ticked by, Rachel hoped the feeling would pass. No such luck.  
  
Her mind betrayed her by comparing the two encounters. Both males sampled her goods with equal eagerness. The younger’s smaller hands, unable to adequately embrace their target, were more exploratory in nature. The older comfortably cradled her breast with his large meaty paw; more interested in its weight and fullness.  
  
Rachel whimpered as the dam holding her arousal in check breached and a wave of hormones, not unlike what had prompted her to walk naked past Eric’s room that first time, washed over her. That morning, rather than attending to her arousal the usual way, she had channeled it into risky exhibitionist behavior.  
  
Now trapped in this box surrounded by mirrors she faced a similar choice. Her arousal would continue to build until the inevitable happened. As degrading as the idea seemed, masturbating in the men’s dressing room of a department store, it wasn’t repulsive enough for her to reject it outright.  
  
\*\*This place has been deserted the whole time. What are the odds of someone showing up now?  
  
The alternative was to contrive some naked chore which carried a much higher risk of being caught but should effectively short circuit the arousal feedback loop she was now stuck in. Her body was overheating as she stood there and would soon make the decision for her.  
  
Rachel was about to try another mini-bate to stall for time when she made a shocking discovery. In a blatant act of betrayal her right hand had already reached beneath the skirt waistband and was gently cupping her pussy lips.  
  
But she was too worked up for another mini-bate to work. The first squeeze caused her legs to buckle. Rachel collapsed against the wall with another whimper as the room started spinning. The second squeeze prompted a full blown moan.  
  
“Are you ok in there?”  
  
\*\*SHIT!  
  
Braced in the corner, Rachel yanked her hand from her skirt. “yeh,” her mouth had gone dry. “Yes”  
  
The voice was male but not Pierre’s. ‘You sure?” The inflection indicated doubt, not that she was ok, but as to why she was in there in the first place.  
  
He didn’t seem to be going anywhere until she explained. Rachel looked around the changing room for help. Being the size of a closet, there wasn’t much there to draw from. But she did find something. She was still holding the shirt she had taken off the hanger which reminded her that she had a legitimate reason to be in here. She could pretend she was cleaning up the changing rooms.  
  
\*\*But what if this is the same guy from the rack? He will recognize the shirt and make the connection.  
  
She guessed from his voice, that this was an older gentleman. She decided to take the chance and opened the door with the shirt draped over her front. It was a different man.  
  
“Hi, I was just tidying up. It’s sort of my job today.” She flashed her most helpful smile then turned around standing silently so the man could read her sign.  
  
“…thief, eh? I see.” Apparently he approved of her punishment. “Well, I can’t seem to find any of the regulars today. You’ll have to do. Get me this in a 17,” he dumped a blazer into her arms. And just like that Rachel was the new suit slave.  
  
She automatically took the articles and the man disappeared into one of the closets to await her return. There was only one problem. She could barely stand, much less function, at this high level of arousal which showed no sign of abating on its own. The previous activity which she had been engaged in had routed blood from her brain to more primeval organs. Perhaps for this reason she mistakenly thought now a good time for some risky behavior.  
  
She couldn’t very well go back into her closet and finish, so Rachel floated to the doorway and peeked out at the completely empty and pristine department. If a risky naked challenge really was required to break the arousal feedback loop, she would find no better chance than right now and no simpler task than to exchange this jacket for the right size and come right back.  
  
Verifying the cost clear, Rachel slipped her skirt to the ground. She shivered, not from cold, but from sheer illicit gratification. It reinforced the sense she was doing the right thing. The brand display she needed to get to was on the outer edge of clothing displays along the left hand wall toward housewares. Though she would technically be naked the whole trip, she had emergency cover in the form of one blazer for the way there and its replacement for the way back.  
  
Rachel savored the sensation as she plotted the safest route then ventured out naked between the racks; proud that she had contrived a foolproof way to scratch her arousal itch without embarrassing herself. Sticking to the densest racks and circumventing an open air section, she reached the display without incident, returned the blazer, then looked around for its navy counterparts.  
  
She found them on the wall itself. Meant to draw customers’ attention, the navy blazers were hung as high as possible. Coming closer, Rachel found an extendable metal pole leaning against the wall nearby. It had a little hook on the end for snagging hangers.   
  
Having never used such a device before, Rachel found the pole too short even if she strained on tiptoe. So she pulled it back down and fumbled to extend it until it would surely reach. Unwieldy at this size, Rachel spread her feet apart to steady herself as the pole inched closer to its goal. Anyone who happened by would have been treated to a clear view of the young lady’s perfectly formed naked body facing the wall and stretching up with the pole up to retrieve the blazer.  
  
The thing about foolproof plans, as with most plans, is that they rarely work out as planned. And unless one is an expert at formulating plans to account for unexpected variables, the odds of succeeding as planned drop precipitously.  
  
Some intuition of foreboding told Rachel just then that she should have thought through her plan a little bit more before stripping naked and venturing out. Perhaps her head started to clear after walking a bit. Perhaps a tremor from the tile into her bare feet warned her of some unidentified impending danger. Regardless, she suddenly felt her plan was seconds away from being blown into total disarray.  
  
\*\*I have to get back to my skirt, now!  
  
Rachel had no time to contemplate or act on that final thought because at that moment the teenagers arrived…

**Part 53**

It hit like a stampede. The culprits: a group of bored teenagers playing a scavenger hunt game. The rules are simple. Each team of two is given a list of items to find within the store. The team which brings the most number of items to a checkpoint before time runs out is the winner. You lose points for getting caught by store employees. Being escorted out by security represents a forfeit. Stores hate such games because the kids don’t actually buy anything and usually leave a mess behind.  
  
There are two schools of strategy when it comes to mall scavenger hunt. The most popular tactic is scorched earth. Target the least busy departments and move quickly before you are caught. The other tactic involves visiting the busiest departments and blending in with the regular shoppers; sort of a covert operation. On a lazy Sunday afternoon nearly all the departments are empty, so the second floor became their own personal playground. Executive Menswear, whose current staff consisted of a single naked girl, made an easy target.  
  
Rachel had barely set the pole down and taken a step toward safety when she encountered the first one. A boy about her age was striding down the aisle with a purpose. She backpedaled away from the immediate danger and looked wildly around for any type of cover but came up empty.  
  
Left with only her arms and hands, Rachel had to prioritize what body parts to conceal. She did her best to hide her naughty bits which put her in a classic embarrassed naked girl pose. Then he appeared around the corner only a few feet from the stripped goddess. He studied a shelf of executive accoutrements apparently looking for something specific.  
  
Stranded in place, Rachel waited for him to inevitably turn around and notice her. She imagined the look that would appear on his face. She had experienced it many times from men over the last few days. He would soak in every curve of her bare body then probably do it again for good measure. Then he would call his friends over so they could all get some enjoyment at her expense. The thought alone was nearly enough to make her break down and cry. Who could handle such humiliation? Yet somehow she would endure it. She always did.  
  
Most boys have a girl-radar. They can sense when a cute girl is around; even more so if said girl isn’t wearing any clothes. But this boy must have been too focused on his game. Once he found what he was looking for, a cufflink of some sort, and picked it from the shelf, he spun and headed back the way he had come leaving Rachel as yet undetected.  
  
Not about to waste her good fortune, Rachel unfroze and resumed her search for cover. But her blazer mission had taken her beyond the myriad clothing displays and into the realm of trinkets and accessories. The closest fabric based items were the blazers still hanging ten feet above her head and out of reach. Her only hope was to get back to the rest of the clothes racks and put something on. She would settle for anything at this point.  
  
Rachel poked her head around the corner. The place was still crawling with at least a dozen contestants. Another scavenger noticed her peeking out and started toward her. Maybe he worried she would rat them out to store security or thought she was an employee herself, but he intended to investigate either way. Having only seen her head and face, he did not know she was naked. Not yet.  
  
Rachel didn’t wait for him to find out. She backed around the corner and ran to the opposite end of the aisle. Cufflinks must have been a valuable item on the list, because when he got there he stopped chasing her and started studying the shelf like the last boy.  
  
She kept retreating in case the boy decided to take up the chase again. But before crossing the threshold of housewares, Rachel passed one last display. She grabbed a leather belt and a small box containing some sort of white fabric; too small for a t-shirt but better than nothing.  
  
She had reached the end of the tile. Driven from her own department into foreign territory. Housewares was decorated in a different style than executive menswear. Bright lights illuminated long straight aisles of products; from picture frames and candles to dishes and silverware. Stepping onto the laminate flooring generated another twinge of dread. She had delayed her embarrassing capture but only for a little while. Once the scavengers arrived in this unfamiliar place she would be caught for sure.  
  
Rachel passed the dwindling time by adorning her meager plunder in a feeble attempt to become presentable before capture. The men’s size belt was much too big for her tiny waist. She buckled the tongue through the tightest hole and tested it out. When she let go, the belt slid right over her hips and hit the ground with a thud. It only stayed in place if she let it hang diagonally across her hips and kept her legs slightly parted.  
  
Because keeping her legs apart made things even more humiliating, she intended to discard the belt but reconsidered when she opened the other package; a fancy gentlemen’s handkerchief. She unfolded the translucently thin white material then refolded it into a triangle over the belt. It hung down just far enough to cover her exposed pussy; hardly presentable to a roving band of horny teenagers, but an improvement over bare skin. Though it was too late to do anything about her naked bottom and her breasts were still bare and blue as ever, at least the most important part in front was covered.  
  
In the time spent getting ‘dressed’, Rachel had kept alert for sound of kids approaching. Now ready to meet her fate, she strangely heard no sign of them. Could it be they went somewhere else instead?  
  
\*\*I have to know. Better than sitting here forever waiting to get caught.  
  
Placing both hands on her belt to hold the corners of the handkerchief in place, Rachel ambled to the end of the aisle and peeked out. With no employees on guard, the contestants had rampaged through leaving a warzone of clutter in their wake. Despite the incredible destruction wrought in her short absence, Rachel couldn’t help but smile. Because more importantly the department appeared completely deserted.  
  
\*\*Pierre is going to kill me. But I don’t care. I survived, and that’s all that matters.  
  
Rachel proudly marched back into executive menswear like a hero returning to save her war torn homeland. She walked right past the leather and cufflinks displays. She didn’t even look up as she walked under the blue blazers. Her clothing deficiency was much more pressing than that man in the changing room.  
  
She adopted a new plan which involved a nearby rack of windbreakers. Had she been thinking clearly, Rachel would have stopped to wonder what caused the scavengers to dissipate so quickly. But she didn’t have to wonder because just as she reached the windbreakers the answer showed up. And he was not happy

**Part 54**

“RACHEL! I did not give you permission to alter your uniform.”  
  
Pierre had a talent for sneaking up on people. But he could also make his presence felt when he wanted to. Minutes earlier, like a ripple through a herd of prey, news of the manager’s approach had spread to the scavengers. Sensing their fun ending, they expertly dispersed and made for greener pastures.  
  
He had come to check in on Rachel and found this unprecedented level of destruction and disarray instead. How had she managed to incur all this in only two hours? If it had happened on the watch of one of his employees, he would have fired them on the spot. Worst of all she was nowhere to be seen and had left a valued customer waiting for her in the changing room.  
  
Pierre intended to severely chastise the girl when she showed up. But approaching from behind and seeing how she had altered her uniform compounded his anger. Shunning her skirt completely, she, for some crazy reason wore a handkerchief folded over a belt in its place. Her bottom was bare.  
  
\*\*So being topless didn’t provide adequate thrill for our little exhibitionist, eh? Had to push the envelope. I can certainly oblige. But I cannot condone ruining store merchandise.  
  
He meant the handkerchief demurely draped over her crotch; the sole remaining vestige of modesty rendered unfit for sale by an ever growing collection of blue smudges. This marked the second time he caught the girl not only wearing but ruining store merchandise. Rather than the verbal fleecing he had intended, Pierre improvised and decided a literal fleecing more fitting.  
  
Rachel did not bother defending her actions. By taking her skirt off she had thrown away what precious little control of the situation she could still claim. She had royally screwed up and could only brace for the consequences.  
  
Pierre recognized her posture of defeat. He would not hold back this time around. “Later we shall address these unauthorized alterations as well as the mess you caused. But first there is a more pressing matter at hand.”  
  
Rachel wanted to correct him that she had not caused the mess directly. But scoring that point would do little for her case and arguing would only make things worse. So she kept her mouth shut.  
  
“I have just learned that you abandoned one of our valued customers after agreeing to help him. Isn’t that right, Mr. Dalsington?” Pierre acknowledged someone over Rachel’s shoulder.  
  
The same gentleman from the changing room slowly entered their presence. He carried an entire navy blue suit absent the blazer. He nodded casually in response to Pierre’s question but was more interested in the young lady’s bare bottom. As much as she wanted to run and hide, Rachel stood there and let him look. She had forfeited the right to be offended.  
  
Pierre watched her squirm in silence for a moment and studied her demeanor. She showed obvious discomfort at being so woefully underdressed in their presence. Not exactly the hallmark of a sexual deviant who likes showing off.  
  
\*\*But what do I know about exhibitionists? She can squirm and act shy all she wants. It doesn’t change her past actions or my future ones. This ridiculous ruse will be stripped away along with her clothes and she will serve the rest of her punishment on my terms; like it or not.  
  
“The relationships with our customers are more valuable than anything in the store. You must repair that before we can discuss merchandise reparations. Take Mr. Dalsington’s articles, help him complete his wardrobe, and show him to the register. Since you seem to require supervision, I will accompany you to make sure nothing else goes awry with the sale.”  
  
Pierre barely held his stern face as the girl maneuvered into a comical new pose. Turning around to face the customer, she spread her legs about two feet apart. Then hitching the belt diagonally across her waist so that it was supported by one hip bone, she held out her arms to receive Mr. Dalsington’s purchases. From her wide stance one would think he was about hand her a pile of bricks. Or that she was some wild woman, complete with skimpy jungle dress and blue war paint, preparing to engage Mr. Dalsington in hand to hand combat.  
  
The position afforded Pierre his first good look at Rachel’s naked behind. Her long legs, previously disappearing beneath a skirt, now culminated in a firm round ass usually only found in fantasies but occasionally attained by some younger women through constant conditioning.  
  
For his part Mr. Dalsington didn’t know the store manager beyond his name and title; nor did he particularly like the man. Whatever game Pierre appeared to be playing with this girl eluded him. His best guess was that he was on some prank TV show. Perhaps a hidden camera somewhere was judging his reaction to the attractive female employee gradually losing her clothes.  
  
If so, he commended the casting director’s selection of the girl. She was gorgeous. If not, he could at least use her for a shopping cart. So he dumped the suit he had been lugging around into her waiting arms and stacked the shoes on top. Rachel led him off one direction with Pierre trailing the pair a few feet behind.  
  
After a quick stop at the blazers display where Rachel put on quite a show wrestling the correct garment down from its lofty perch, they continued to the checkout station. Here Pierre’s presence came in handy. Who could blame the checkout clerk for getting flustered by Rachel’s dainty attire? But her boss would allow nothing less than business as usual. His familiar attitude of condescension strangely calmed her nerves and allowed her to focus on the task at hand rather than the nearly naked teenager.  
  
Rachel withdrew to the side so Mr. Dalsington could complete the transaction. She had followed Pierre’s instruction perfectly yet doubted that would be enough to assuage his anger. Her legs remained parted; the only way to keep the belt from falling to the floor. She kept adjusting her bandana in the hopes of finding a less revealing lay.  
  
While the checkout proceeded Pierre asked what was on everyone’s mind, “Care to explain what happened to your work uniform?”  
  
Rachel blushed and chose the intentionally vague answer, “It’s in one of the changing rooms. Number 2 I think.”  
  
Pierre didn’t let her off that easy, “and why did you leave it there?”  
  
“I had to…and there was a…” No easy way to explain that she had intentionally stripped it off to go on a naked jaunt through his store. And no plausible lie came to her just then, “It was getting too hot.”  
  
“Too hot!” Pierre exclaimed before regaining control. Certain zones of her body did indeed seem to be radiating heat, but not the kind that could be alleviated by removing clothes. It was a ridiculous excuse for stripping naked in public but Pierre gladly exploited it. “Well, I’m sorry if your arduous labor caused discomfort. But that does not permit you to discard your uniform.”  
  
Rachel hated discussing such an embarrassing subject in the presence of others.  
  
“Unfortunately, I can’t do anything about your upcoming workload. Restoring your department to original condition will require a considerable individual effort. But I am a reasonable man. After I assess your outfit I may approve some alterations to accommodate you.”  
  
Pierre noticed her fiddling with her kerchief and decided it was time to reclaim his merchandise…

**Part 55**

“Of course, you must not touch another article until we do something about the ink on your hands. I have a cleaner in housewares which should take care of it. We can return the belt on the way. You may leave the cloth here” he pointed to a trashcan near the register.  
  
Rachel winced. She had anticipated the request, but had hoped to keep wearing it until they got back to her skirt or at least to disrobe somewhere more private. She nervously backed away from Pierre as if he were about to snatch it from her body at any moment and made a feeble argument for keeping a little longer. “There are trashcans at the changing rooms. I’ll throw it away there.”  
  
“You might as well discard it now”, Pierre countered. “I don’t want any shoppers to think you are trying to sell it. It leaves the impression that we don’t take care of our merchandise. Stop wasting my time.”  
  
“No one would try and buy this!” she insisted, “It won’t hurt anything to…”  
  
“I’ll buy it”, Mr. Dalsington suddenly felt it necessary to inject himself into the conversation. Rachel had wasted his time too when she disappeared back at the changing room. He wasn’t above exacting his pound of flesh so to speak. And it would make quite a souvenir.  
  
Trained to respond the words ‘I’ll buy it’, Pierre recovered first. “How kind of you sir. Rachel, deliver the article to Mr. Dalsington and we will be on our way.”  
  
Rachel worked up another blush as she begrudgingly complied with Pierre’s order. She dropped the belt to the floor and stepped out of it. Then she folded the cloth properly and presented it to the gentleman with one hand over her pussy. She was now officially completely naked in the presence of others.  
  
Despite her careful movements, Rachel treated both men to more than a glimpse of her bald mound which glistened with unmistakable arousal. Having received the cloth from the bare naked girl, Mr. Dalsington turned and winked into what he suspected to be a two-way mirror which housed the hidden camera. He wanted to let them know he was more than willing to play along with their ruse but they could come out whenever they pleased. No one appeared.  
  
His last thought as the naked girl got in line behind Pierre and followed him out of sight was to wonder how much they had paid her to play that part. It must have been an enormous sum. Whatever the cost, he now had a new favorite show and a new favorite handkerchief.  
  
With both hands folded over her pussy and the belt hung over her arm, Rachel went with Pierre; not knowing where he would lead her. Her bare feet made a distinct slapping sound on the wood flooring as she rushed to keep up with Pierre’s maddeningly fast pace.  
  
After stopping at the leather stand to drop off the belt, Pierre turned and treaded deep into housewares. Rachel cringed at every shopper she saw. Shrinking below racks, she could only pray they didn’t notice her nakedness.  
  
Their journey ended in an aisle of various cleaning materials. Pierre selected a bottle, “Hold your hands out and make a bowl.”  
  
Complying left her pussy exposed again. She clamped her legs closed as best she could then stood with her hands out as ordered. Pierre overturned the bottle and squeezed out some bright neon green gel. “Be very careful with this stuff. Don’t spill it.” He kept squirting until her hands were nearly full of cold semi-solid cleaning material. He had eliminated any chance she could go back to covering her pussy.  
  
“Come” Pierre rushed off leaving Rachel to play catch up again. But this time she rounded the corner and almost ran smack into him. Then she saw why he had stopped so suddenly and almost died of embarrassment. A young man who looked to be about college age was in the way. He stood at a display of blenders apparently unable to make up his mind.  
  
Pierre had naturally stopped to help; the perfect opportunity to demonstrate proper customer service to the insolent girl.  
  
With her arms occupied by the gel, Rachel could not cover up as she would have liked. She let out a squeak of anguish and turned to the side. As soon as the young man noticed her, he lost all interest in the blenders.  
  
Her skin burned under his gaze and her nipples, which were already hard, somehow grew even more plump. Her knees started to feel weak. From this angle he couldn’t see between her legs, but the fact that nothing but air separated her cute little body from his eyes sent her hormones into overdrive.  
  
\*\*OMG, OMG, OMG.  
  
Rachel stared at the floor and struggled to control her breathing while the college kid adjusted the growing bulge in his shorts. As he studied the naked girl a realization hit him. He had seen her before!  
  
“Hey, do you live near Thornwood high school?”  
  
Rachel shook her head and stared daggers into the floor. Pierre tried to bring the conversation back to shopping, but the man wouldn’t let it go. Then he finally made the connection. How could he forget?  
  
“Yeah! I’ve seen you there before…doing laundry.”  
  
Rachel’s eyes went wide as she looked up at him for the first time. She immediately recognized the same kid who had been driving past her house last week with his buddies while she hung out the laundry. She had been naked at the time but thought the encounter too fleeting to make an impression. Apparently she was wrong.  
  
“Are you, like, a nudist?”  
  
At this point, Pierre was losing patience with the customer. The naked girl had distracted him from making a purchase.  
  
“I can assure you Rachel is not a nudist” he helpfully explained. “She’s serving a punishment for shoplifting” he added in the hopes that the man would relay the warning to any of his college friends about the danger of shoplifting in this particular store. “We must be going, but I would suggest this one.” Pierre grabbed a blender off the shelf and shoved in to the man’s arms then crossed to his other side to continue the journey. “Come along Rachel.”  
  
Rachel scooted toward the man but he showed no sign of widening the path for her. She ended up brushing against him as she squeezed past then hustling on down the aisle as he stared at her naked jiggling ass.  
  
\*\*Oh God. Now he knows my name! He’s going to go back and tell all his college friends about this. I’ll be the joke of the frat house: the horny girl who can’t keep her clothes on.  
  
Speaking of horny, her body was near its breaking point. Only the thought of a very humiliating public orgasm held her arousal in check. But the telltale spasms had already begun. And they would only grow until she dealt with them one way or another.  
  
Pierre guided Rachel to within sight of the store restrooms then gave his instructions.   
  
“Mix the gel with warm water to activate it. Then scrub the ink off your hands and quickly rinse it off with soap. Once it’s activated you only have a short time to work. It takes a special compound to remove security ink. But I assure you this is strong enough. There are three kinds of dispensers in there. Whatever you do, don’t use the lotion until you get the gel cleaned off completely. They aren’t meant to be mixed. And don’t bother with the regular soap. Go to the far sink where the industrial stuff is. When you’re finished, meet me back at the changing rooms.”  
  
Rachel heard little of it. The more pressing issue of her body’s sexual refrain consumed most of her concentration. When it was clear he had dismissed her to go clean up, Rachel left teetered toward the restroom. How hard could it be to wash her hands? The task was a simple in and out job. But when she stepped through the door, her body had other ideas

**Part 56**

For the first time in hours, Rachel had some privacy. Tapping the push button lock with her elbow, she barely took two steps before collapsing against the counter. Her body had one objective; relieve some pressure from her nipples before they burst. To do that she had to free her hands. She spilled most of the gel into the nearest sink but had the presence of mind to rescue enough by rotating her hands until they were coated in the stuff.  
  
Then she could wait no longer. Picturing the college guy’s expression as he drank in her nakedness, she reached up and squeezed both excited nipples.  
  
“ooooOOOOAGH!” she moaned as the pent up hormones radiated from her breasts. More spasms beckoned her below. Eager to scratch that itch, she showed enough restraint to finish cleaning her hands first. No telling what damage this chemical could cause if it got inside her.  
  
\*\*Now what was it Pierre said? Something about the soap dispensers.  
  
Green goo dripping from her blue chest like a B-movie alien costume gone awry, Rachel studied the dispensers on the wall. The first one contained regular hand soap. The second was moisturizing lotion. And the third was simply labeled ‘industrial’.  
  
\*\*Hmm. I’m pretty sure he said to stay away from the lotion…and something about warm water.  
  
She waivered between the other two options but settled for regular soap. She could always add some industrial soap later if this didn’t work. Standing on wobbly legs she leaned over and squirted a dollop of soap into her left hand. Then she twisted the ‘H’ faucet tap.  
  
“Woah!” She had misjudged the pressure and had to jump back as water sprayed from the sink in all directions.  
  
By the time she worked close enough to turn it off, the temperature had risen to somewhere between scalding hot and pure steam. A fair amount of water had splashed up onto her chest; a minor annoyance as she could easily dry off later and a lesser concern than the precariously slick floor.  
  
Sliding back in front of the sink, Rachel worked the soap-gel mixture in her hands vigorously. Her enthusiasm stemmed not from a desire to get clean. Rather, spasms were coming with more frequency now and she was impatient to tend to her body’s sexual needs.  
  
After a minute of scrubbing she checked her progress. The effort had perhaps loosened some spots of stubborn ink but not fast enough for her taste. But just as she was about to give up and try the other soap, something started to happen.  
  
The smattering of water droplets from the sink incident combined with the soluble-by-design hand soap had provided enough moisture to induce the green gel into a chemical reaction. Like magic the gel solidified into a thick filmy paste not unlike glue. Rachel would have studied the phenomenon longer if not for the burning sensation.  
  
A common trait among successful individuals is that adversity tends to breed determination. Whereas a lesser person might panic at this point, Rachel managed to focus through her sexual haziness and recall Pierre’s warnings. The gel expanded and hardened and little bubbles appeared on the surface while the pain continued to increase.  
  
\*\*Pierre wouldn’t have put it on me if it were actually dangerous. I just have to stay calm and follow his instructions. He said water would activate it and that I should scrub it off quickly. And he definitely said to use the industrial soap. Yes!  
  
Sequestering the warning signals from her hands, Rachel calmly scooted over to the far sink and quickly dispensed a good amount of industrial soap. Unlike the flowery smelling hand soap, this was a coarse gray substance with bits of grit obviously meant for serious cleaning. With renewed urgency she resumed scrubbing. When she could take it no longer, Rachel turned on the spigot and shoved her hands under a stream of cold water. Nothing happened.  
  
The gel had encased her hands in a green shell too hard for the water to penetrate. It would not budge until the time was ripe for it to finish its job. After a couple minutes of tortuous agony she was able to gradually peel back the scabbed layers by scraping her hands together. Where she broke through the water did finally relieve the pain as Pierre had intimated.  
  
Pain slowly subsided as Rachel peeled off more and more shell. It apparently cooked the ink right off her along with an outer layer of skin cells. The result was a pair of perfectly pristine if slightly tender hands.  
  
Rachel was just starting to calm down from the near catastrophe when the real problem hit. She had been so focused on her hands; she had forgotten the globs on her chest. The water droplets had begun the chemical reaction there as well; albeit at a slower rate. And her over stimulated nerve endings had taken longer to register their distress.  
  
When she re-noticed it, she acted on her first instinct to get it off immediately and made the terrible mistake in the process. Reaching up with both hands she tried to wipe the gel clean off her chest. But it had already bonded with her skin and begun the transformation to gluey paste. And the infusion of water to the equation sealed the deal.  
  
“no, no, NO!”  
  
Pawing at her chest prompted more shivers as her body oscillated between discomfort and arousal. It appalled Rachel to learn that squeezing her nipples produced pleasure even in the midst of such torment. The endorphins served to counteract the pain so she continued pinching them as long as she could. But like adding fuel to a fire, the extra water from her hands accelerated the gel’s transformation. Soon she could do nothing but wait as before when it expanded into round discs then hardened. Her chest had received the heaviest coat of ink which set the stage for the massive chemical battle ongoing beneath the shell.  
  
Rachel danced around the restroom as the two inadvertently constructed chemical pasties attacked her breasts. Seeing her hands reassured her that there would be no permanent damage to the sensitive skin underneath. But that didn’t prevent it from hurting like hell and chasing away any thoughts of resuming her bate session.  
  
She paced the floor on the verge of tears and mentally kicked herself for the moment of weakness which had transferred the gel to her nipples in the first place. In the back of her mind, some future worry coalesced. But it was too vague to dwell on and the immediate pain to real.  
  
When the fire on her chest reached its furious climax indicating her ordeal was nearly over, Rachel filled a sink with water. She intended to splash the water up as the chemical flaked off. But when the time came she needed more intense relief. She leaned over, submerged her breasts and performed the removal process underwater.  
  
Because of the relatively smooth contours of her firm chest, the each shell peeled off mostly in one piece.  
  
Relief.  
  
For some time Rachel massaged her breasts beneath the cool water. It still did not sink in how the loss of ink would affect her uniform. Not until she stood up and looked in the mirror did she see the full consequence of her moment of weakness.  
  
“OH MY GOD!”…

**Part 57**

Pierre reached the changing room and found the girl’s skirt folded right where she said it would be in room two. He went straight to the tailor station to get some scissors. Anger seethed beneath the surface as he trace cut around the sign.  
  
\*\*Kids these days have no respect.  
  
She dared to report to work dressed like a stripper. Then she had proceeded to act like a stripper; discarding the supplied uniform and abusing store merchandise like it was her own personal wardrobe closet. The sign was supposed to send a message to potential shoplifters. It couldn’t if the girl didn’t wear it.  
  
Pierre cut out the entire skirt except the waist. He left the sign attached to a one inch band. The rectangle was plenty big enough to cover her pussy if she wore it facing forward. But her entire backside would be exposed. Or turning it the other way around would force her to keep one hand strategically placed at all times. He hadn’t decided how she should wear it yet and he wasn’t going to let her pick. Once in place a spot of superglue would prevent her from adjusting it or leaving it behind again.  
  
\*\*If she doesn’t want to wear the skirt, I can accommodate that. But she is still going to wear the damn sign. Where is the damn girl anyway?  
  
When the girl didn’t return from the restroom in a timely manner, Pierre took his anger out on the sign. First he cut the corners off to make it an oval. No problem as long as the message remained. A few minutes later he got impatient and traced around the words themselves. Finally he targeted all remaining white space by cutting the holes out of the O’s and D’s. The result was black lettering which hung in space.  
  
Her fair unblemished skin would make an ideal background for his new design; though its ability to conceal anything was effectively ruined.  
  
Just when he was about to go searching for her, Rachel arrived; looking a whole new level of ridiculous. Pierre could have laughed at the whole thing if it weren’t so erotic. The naked girl sported her same impressive bosom only this time sans ink.  
  
Her chest looked like two dart boards. A field of blue ink which still covered her torso encircled and bounded the game board. Bulging areas of healthy white breast flesh formed the outer scoring area. Only a hint of pink tenderness remained from the chemical purification process. Next came her areolas in the center; a brighter shade of pink. And her nipples were two bulls-eye darts which had already found their target.  
  
That she said nothing about the ink’s mysterious disappearance only intensified the silliness of it all. Pierre played along and didn’t mention it. He inspected and approved the cleanliness of her hands and pretended to not even notice her bare chest.  
  
Pierre positioned the sign around her waist facing forward. He calculated it would actually be more embarrassing this way. In addition to her bottom being completely exposed she would also have to keep her hands away from the front so people could read the sign. An attentive reader would surely notice her hairless pussy lips peeking out through the holes. He applied a few drops of super glue in the small of her back to keep the band in place then he got down to business.  
  
“You have failed every assignment thus far. I will not release you from duty until you have restored this department to original condition. You are welcome to stay late and finish. But if you must leave, you will return for as many days as it takes.”  
  
Rachel made it clear that she intended to finish today; even if she had to stay all night.  
  
“Very well. I will contact your ride and let them know you may be working late. I will be back later to check on you. Remember, the store is not closed yet and you are still responsible for assisting customers in your department. If I return to find you shirking that responsibility, I will consider it a violation of our agreed terms and have to insist on a reinstatement of the original full four week punishment.”  
  
She accepted the terms without arguing. So Pierre left her alone and returned to his office to work on some pressing end of week tasks. The store would be closing in about two hours.  
  
Rachel got right to work on the enormous task ahead of her. It seemed the scavengers had left no rack untouched. Despite Pierre’s dire warning, she didn’t help the first few customers who ventured by. She simply couldn’t bring herself to do it in her nearly nude state. She gambled that Pierre wouldn’t be back so soon and kept hidden until they left.  
  
Finally an older gentleman who reminded her of Mr. Dalsington arrived. Wearing nothing but a skimpy sign and a friendly smile, Rachel gathered her courage and stepped out.  
  
“How my I assist you?” her body found another blush stashed away somewhere as the man took in the pleasant surprise. She silently pointed to the sign and kept smiling.  
  
The man took his sweet time studying the sign and, once he understood what was going on, gladly took advantage of the nude girl’s hospitality. He ended up buying over $500 worth of merchandise.  
  
The process repeated several times. Rachel still avoided younger men and only dared approach the older ones. Each new customer brought another round of embarrassment as he appraised her naked body and then took time to ‘read the sign’. But Pierre was right about one thing. Sex sells. And every customer she helped ended up making several large purchases.  
  
But helping customers used up most of her cleaning time. When the store closed at 7:30, she had barely touched the mess. As promised Pierre let her stay late and finish the job. The exhausted girl finally finished around 9:30 and trudged back through the now empty store to the main offices. She had worked right through dinner but didn’t care. She would be elated if she never saw this store again.  
  
Rachel used Pierre’s desk phone to call Susan to pick her up then walked back to change into her regular outfit. But when she got to her clothes an unfortunate surprise awaited her

**Part 58**

Rachel had unknowingly left her jean skirt and red leather vest in a precarious position. The tiny shelf where she had stowed her articles was actually too small to contain them. It also sat directly over the still open bucket of ink. It looked more secure than it was because the magnets on her vest had latched onto bracket near the back of the shelf.  
  
Over the course of several hours the magnets slowly lost the battle with gravity and detached from the bracket. When that happened, both articles of clothing tipped off the shelf and landed directly in the bucket. By the time Rachel returned, they were thoroughly ruined by the ink.  
  
Rachel didn’t know how to react. She was frustrated by the shocking turn of events, fearful of Susan’s wrath when she found out about yet another ruined outfit, and embarrassed that she was once again stranded without clothes in such a public place and would most likely have to ride home naked. She would have blushed again if her body hadn’t already used them all up. But more than anything she was tired.  
  
She returned to Pierre empty handed and unclothed except for her shoes. Pierre didn’t ask about her clothes. If the young lady wanted to remain naked for the rest of the evening, what did he care? He was in a genial mood after checking the register and seeing her late-day sales numbers. He snipped off the sign but had to leave a little square of fabric where he had super glued it to her back. It would come off on its own eventually.  
  
He escorted her to the exit and explained that she would have to wait outside for her ride because he was locking up. She seemed unaffected by being forced to wait outside naked. It must not have bothered her because it was dark out now and the mall was deserted. But after Pierre said goodbye, Rachel backed into the shadows of some foliage where she could still see the approaching driveway. Here the day’s stress finally caught up to her and she started to cry.  
  
\*\*What’s the use in fighting anymore? Everything I do I end up naked. I never should have given mom my clothes at the tryout. I never should have put that swim uniform on. And I certainly never should have walked home in it. I wish I could just stop hiding and not be so embarrassed by the exposure.  
  
But she knew that would never work because the arousal feedback loop kept her body in a near constant state of arousal. Orgasmic release was the only way out, but she couldn’t even achieve that anymore. She was stuck. That made her angry.  
  
\*\*Get a hold of yourself, girl. It’s no use sniveling in the corner. You have to face your problems head on and overcome it. Nothing is too difficult. Create a plan of attack and follow through.  
  
Right there in the bushes Rachel developed a new strategy to deal with her situation. All semblance of privacy had been stripped away over the past two weeks and she was running herself ragged trying to contain her resulting embarrassment and arousal. She needed to start picking her battles more carefully. Perhaps she could manage her problem by reducing opportunities for exposure and compartmentalizing existing ones.  
  
She had already learned to cope at swim practice. She was comfortable enough around her teammates not to feel embarrassed anymore even after incorporating the pinnacle.  
  
Giving up on school was out of the question. Whatever outfits Susan threw her way, she had to make the best of it and limit her exposure. High school is the center of the universe for a teenage girl. She could not afford to let her guard down there.  
  
That left her home life. If she was destined to be naked or nearly so, she realized she had to stop hiding from Eric’s family. It took too much of her energy to shy away from them after being barely dressed and on guard all day at school. She had to get down time somewhere.  
  
There were plenty of gaping flaws in her new strategy. Not the least among them would be intentionally cutting out all extemporaneous activities and limiting her domain to home, school, and swimming. It also meant giving up all prospect of extracurricular interactions; including school dances, community activities and a boyfriend. But hadn’t she basically already done that by joining the swim team?  
  
\*\*Beside, what good are social activities if you’re constantly dragged down the path of utter public humiliation?  
  
She pictured herself going on a date with Tommy at a fancy downtown restaurant only to end up buck naked.  
  
\*\*NO THANKS!  
  
The most glaring hole remained. What would she do when it came time to actually travel to swim meets? At least she had a few weeks to work on that one. She didn’t let it deter her.  
  
Rachel always felt better when she had a plan of execution. Susan’s arrival gave her the first chance to advertise her new lax attitude toward nudity in the presence of Eric’s family. Initially Susan was not impressed. A naked blue ink stained girl appearing from the shadows confused her enough to throw off her train of thought.  
  
“Rachel? What are you doing out here naked? Where are your clothes, young lady?”  
  
“I’m not naked! See?” Rachel spun around and pointed to the one inch square of fabric on her lower back before bouncing into the passenger seat. She dissipated the showdown by making light of the situation. Eric did that sort of thing with his parents all the time with great success. Rachel made a note to hone that tactic for future use.  
  
Susan, taken aback by the jest, temporarily dropped the issue. But it still bothered her enough to regret working so hard that afternoon to alter Rachel’s one remaining outfit for school the next day.  
  
\*\*I should have sent her to school with her ass hanging out. Maybe then she would learn some respect. Oh well. Let’s see how she likes wearing the same outfit for a week!  
  
She gave the girl a guarded smile and started the car…

**Part 59**  
  
Rachel returned home. Over the course of the next week she continued to put her new strategy into practice. She restricted her activities to three arenas; school, swim practice, and home.  
  
As promised, Susan made her wear her wonderland dress to school every day. The modifications made it marginally acceptable. But when she got home, Rachel forced herself to shed it and spend her evenings naked. She doubted she would ever get comfortable with it, but she could appreciate routine. It helped that Richard was out of town at a conference.  
  
Eric certainly took notice that Rachel stopped hiding around the house. She still wore her work apron when doing chores, but the rest of the time she wore nothing at all. She indicated no shame in showing her bare body, though her nipples betrayed her true feelings and were almost always fully erect. She wore her cupless nightgown to bed.  
  
Rachel found an unlikely ally in Eric. She appreciated how he, as a sort of courtesy, casually mentioned when Tommy would be stopping by. At those times she would find an excuse to make herself scarce or go put her school clothes back on. She wasn’t ready for Tommy to see her naked just yet.  
  
The hardest day came the next Saturday. By then the mood of the house had taken a dive. Susan’s suspicions of Richard tended to kick into high gear when he went away to his conferences; and with good cause. Spending a week or two at some fancy beach resort with a bunch of interns made for a breeding ground of infidelity. By the Saturday she was a basket case. It didn’t help that she had missed out on a week of satisfaction herself. She wasn’t ashamed to admit Richard made a good sexual partner. He was physically blessed where it counted.  
  
Overall Rachel’s compartmentalizing strategy seemed to be working. She had gone a whole week without embarrassing herself in public. School had provided a few close calls, but her diligence prevented anything too serious. But after five days of nothing but school, swim practice, and chores Rachel was starting to feel like a prisoner. That her occasional masturbation attempts proved unsuccessful only added to her frustration. By Saturday she was pacing the house snapping at anything that moved.  
  
While Rachel was stuck at home, Eric had no such restrictions. Faced with two angry women, he made the prudent choice to get out of there. He spent the rest of the weekend holed up at Tommy’s house playing video games.  
  
But something else was real source of Rachel’s sour mood. At that very moment her Thornwood varsity team was in pitched competition with Eastern Academy at the first swim meet of the season. But Rachel was missing it because of her suspension. It ate her up inside that she couldn’t be with her team battling for victory.  
  
Ellie had promised to update her throughout the day but she hadn’t yet received a single phone call. She didn’t know if that was a good sign or bad. When Ellie didn’t call by lunch time, Rachel got fed up and decided to take some practice laps.  
  
She had to wear her team uniform. Typically she would avoid wearing it outside of the aquatic facility. But Richard and Eric were both gone and she didn’t own a casual swimsuit anyway. Two full weeks of training with the pinnacle were starting to pay off. The insertion process was much easier now. Rachel was able to relax her vaginal muscles at the proper time then flex them to draw it inside her.  
  
When she wasn’t swimming she could now easily hold the pinnacle in place without any anchor inflation. But from experience she knew that her body would start to product lubrication and the anchor would eventually slip. As a precaution she usually inflated it about half way and could make it through practice without any trouble. Then she sauntered out into the back yard to work out some nervous energy the hot sunshine.  
  
Lap after lap Rachel alternated strokes. These last two weeks of training had really elevated her conditioning to new levels. She felt stronger and more confident in her abilities than ever. Surely the pinnacle had something to do with that. She pictured herself attending a meet in her uniform. In the water everyone was equal. It didn’t matter what you wore or even if you wore anything at all.  
  
When she pondered her situation she had to admit it wasn’t so bad after all. For this stage in her life she could live with a little exposure if it meant becoming a champion. She was truly ready and couldn’t wait for her chance to compete and win…