**Tracy's Collar Continues**  
by FlaGuy

Tracy's Collar is a great fantasy story from a few years ago. It was quite popular but had a bit of an edge to it where any young lady might get dragged away to be made into a naked slave. It also had a rape scene. I have ignored this to continue from where Tracy had found herself. Despite her careful planning she was the victim of her own lust and fantasy.  
  
Tracy had found a working slave collar and key. She kept it, trying it on and fantasizing about being a naked slave girl like so many around her. Eventually she went to the next town, hid her clothing in a public toilet and wore just the collar, walking naked through the town as a slave for the sexual thrill. This was very stimulating until the toilet block with her clothes and her key was torn down while she was in her slave outfit. That is, naked but for the locked collar. Wearing nothing but that and the fake barcode on her hip she had to find a way to recover the key and her clothes from the disaster she was facing. This begins several hours later and a long way from where we left Tracy.  
  
**Ralph at Chester's**  
  
Ralph was the best name to describe him, and that's who he was, Ralph. Ralph Hertzog was a permanent middle manager in permanent middle management. He was happy to have made it this far but could not see any way to get any further. The higher echelons of The Company saw him coming whenever he made an effort. They politely and firmly let him know that his efforts were appreciated. He was just not their kind of people. If he could spend more money on the right things and manage to be aloof with clients he might get ahead but not likely. Despite the good salary and bachelor pad, he was tired of playing the game and losing. He did wear expensive suits. Each day a different $1000 tailored suit but it made no difference. They always made him look like a sack of potatoes in a suit, like Ralph.  
  
He was going over these, the usual thoughts on his usual stool at the usual bar drinking a celebration to his loss of the Baxter account. They had not expected him to manage his team right or to control the process and he did not disappoint. They new he would let it slide into the planned disaster it was meant to be. At the next level up or two the clients were making money from his failure. Either on the drop in stock price or the build up of some new account. Just once couldn't they count on him being capable, responsible, in charge?  
  
Like most losses he got paid to oversee it was inevitable and had taken four months finish. It was not much of a celebration since he was celebrating alone. The same way he had done the job he'd been given, his team ignoring him and his instructions as always. Other members of The Company had come here to Chester's Bar and Expensive Eatery, not sitting with him but partying in the back and then leaving for more fun elsewhere.  
  
He was in the midst of his last (really, none after this one) whiskey when he was tapped on the shoulder. This surprised him since he thought he was alone at this end of the bar. He sat up straight and put on his “No, I haven't been drinking” face for no real reason and spun the seat around. What he saw surprised him more than he thought possible.  
  
Standing there was a gorgeous young woman with perfect hair and a beautiful face and one piece of jewelry. A collar. It's industrial design looked perfectly functional but did not fit with her delicate features but she must have enjoyed wearing it. Besides the collar she was completely naked. In looking her up and down in the most obvious way he noticed her feet were quite dirty, as if she had been walking a long way. He also saw her eyes were red as if she had been crying but he came back over and over to stare at her tits. They were magnificent. But he could not figure why she was here, so very naked, and why she was getting his attention.  
  
It took him a few moments to realize what he was looking at, some one's slave. He knew little about them apart from they were owned by some one some place else and to interfere with them or molest them in any way would lead to real trouble. He only knew them by seeing them walk by occasionally because each was the property of people with real money and, more importantly, connections. Of even the best paid agents at The Company only one had ever had a slave and only for a short time. You had to know the right people all right, or what you had would not stay yours for long.  
  
These thoughts did not answer his big question of why she was here. She could be a stripper sent to celebrate with him the end of the Baxter affair. But no one at work would spend a dime on him or his pleasure, not even as a joke. He was thinking what to ask her when he noticed her whispering. She had been whispering the whole time he had been gawking. He finally heard her say, “... got to help me. It's not a joke. I'm Tracy S\*\*\*\*\*. I'm stuck in this collar. You've got to help me.”  
  
This could be trouble, he thought. A slave girl trying to make a break for it. To get out of her position, there must be a proper way to do that, a safe word, a contract or agreement. They wouldn't just walk up to a stranger and ask for help. He cautiously leaned toward her and whispered, “What would you like me to do?”  
  
She looked relieved and whispered back very intensely, “Yell at me!”. He didn't think that would be a good idea, attracting attention and such. He whispered, “Why would I do that?”  
  
She looked like she was going to cry again since she had to explain. “Yell at me for not staying outside like I'm supposed to. You have to be the master and get us someplace to talk.” Now he understood, just a little, but did not think he could trust her.  
  
He started talking a bit louder in his slightly high state. Raising his voice a little, pretending to speak sharply to her about her coming inside. No one else in Chester's could hear his mumbling from where they were at the other end. She whispered back very angry and sharply, “No, you have make them hear you over the music and people! You have to make it real! Really sell it and then follow me outside. Be a Master for God's sake!”  
  
The way she said “Be a Master” struck Ralph in a way he had never been struck. He always took abuse from bosses and sometimes subordinates, but after the last four months of useless effort, of no respect for his work, his opinions, his orders, he had had it. That was it. She had pushed his great big button without knowing it was there, but then, neither did Ralph. He inhaled deeply as his rage got all wound up to be shot out at this naked girl.  
  
At the other end of the bar where music and conversation were filling the air with noise and entertainment the sudden roar of his booming voice stopped everyone cold. It echoed from his quiet end all the way to where people had been having fun a minute ago but not anymore.  
  
“You hopeless, stupid bitch! Can't you do one thing right! How many times have I told you to stay the Hell outside when I'm entertaining! Listen to what I say! And Do what I say! If you screw this up one more time I'm dumping your stupid sorry ass back where I found you! Have you got that!”  
  
From the other end no one could see that he was yelling at a slave girl, not his girlfriend. That's the only reason the bartender shot around the corner to see what the problem was. Once he saw the naked girl in the collar he breathed a sigh of relief. No fight, no cops, just a guy straightening out his slave girl.  
  
Tracy's tears poured down her cheeks as she took the abuse. She was relieved that he followed along with her plan but surprised and terrified at the storm of abuse she had coaxed out of him. But she knew she deserved it. She was stupid. She had screwed up big time and this strange man she picked out was letting her know it, along with the whole bar full of strangers. She was exhausted, filthy and naked and had little hope of ever getting home. At least the stranger was doing as she asked.  
  
Before he stopped shouting Ralph dropped a large bill on the bar for his two drinks (maybe it was three), reached over to the stack of cocktail napkins, grabbed an inch and a half and stuffed them in his pocket. “Now march your fat ass out of here and don't stop till we get to the car.”  
  
With her head up, arms down and her eyes red and still crying she walked naked through the bar passing all the staring eyes and gawking faces.  
  
This was the attention she had been playing to get and now she couldn't bear it. To have strangers staring at her tits bounce as she walked, her hard nipples swinging back and forth. Staring at her naked pussy to see if her lips showed (they always did when she walked). They all stared right at her, right at the naked slave girl as she marched along hoping this would not be her life from now on.  
  
She could tell from the path they were making for her that the stranger was right behind her. No one wanted to be in his way after that outburst. The door was held open for them both and once outside she kept walking. She looked back just once to be sure he was following.  
  
After a while an onlooker would have seen a strange sight in the far corner of the vacant lot next door to Chester's Bar; a typical naked slave girl with her arms at her sides and the very tall very angry master giving her a piece of his mind. Such confrontations would usually happen at home where the discipline took place. This one was not the typical master-slave conversation either. Once Ralph followed her out of earshot of the bar he told her to stop and turn around.  
  
“OK, what's the deal? Since you're a slave I could get in trouble just talking to you.”  
  
“No!” she said. “That's just it. I'm not a slave! Really! I found this collar, and a key, too. I've been... trying it out.”  
  
“Trying it out!? Are you serious?”  
  
“Well, first at home and then out in public. Away from my neighborhood.”  
  
“So no one would spot you. I get it. So this is a turn on for you.”  
  
“Alright, it was a turn on, but I had it all planned. I hid my clothes away and now I'm stuck.”  
  
“Really! That's a new one. Playing a slave, a naked slave girl turns you on? How are you stuck? Where are your clothes hidden?” He handed her another cocktail napkin and she blew her nose again.  
  
“My clothes and the key are in Eastfield. But there was a problem. I can't get at them.”  
  
“So you walked five miles from Eastfield to here. How come?”  
  
“I had to find somebody. Anybody who could help.”  
  
“How did you get into the bar without catching hell? Why did you pick me?”  
  
“I came in through the kitchen. I thought they wouldn't make a fuss about a slave girl and I was right. I only picked you because you were sitting alone and I had a chance to talk to you. I'm really sorry about getting you angry.”  
  
Ralph was surprised to hear her say the last part and stopped to think about it. He realized now that he had been angry, very angry. He had not gone off like that in years. It was unusual for him but it had made him feel better now that he had let loose, and those folks really took notice and stood back once he made himself clear. He realized how pleased that made him even though now he was talking to some silly naked girl about her stupid plan that went bad.  
  
Over an hour later Ralph was pulling his car up to an unlit lot at the edge of Eastfield that Tracy could only describe by the surroundings, not by an address. The drive had taken forever but the landscape confirmed the story she had given. He was so pleased to find it he headed right to the lot, bathed in the headlights, once he got out of the car. Halfway there he stopped, turned around and went back to open the trunk.  
  
Tracy was a mess from riding in the trunk and got out as quickly as she could. Neither Tracy nor Ralph could take a chance being seen as a slave or slave owner without the proper authority. Tracy had to make this clear to Ralph when he first opened the car door for her. The trunk really was the only way. In the headlights Ralph could see her beautiful naked skin was scratched in a few places and dirty from lying in his trunk. He still could not stop staring at her tits.  
  
As they approached the site of the wrecked building Tracy could barely keep from crying again. She saw that the rubble from the building was gone, all gone. It had been scraped clean off the ground. There was nothing left of it. Not even the plumbing. Her clothes, the collar key, her house keys, all of her life was gone now. All of it had been loaded up and carted away to who knows where. The headlights showed the shadow of her cold naked body on the ground in front of her. That was all she had left.  
  
Ralph payed no attention to the cleared patch of ground once he saw it but looked around in the dark. Shading his eyes from the headlights till he finally spotted the sign near the edge of the lot and the company it advertised. That was all he needed. "OK, let's go." he said.

**Part 2 - Ralph's Place**  
  
Getting to Ralph's place took longer than finding the remains of the toilet block. The whole time Tracy wondered why a luxury cars didn't have a more comfortable trunk. Once in the parking garage there was a wait for other people to leave before Ralph opened up. They went up the stairs rather than use the elevator with Tracy following behind at the correct distance in case anyone spotted them.  
  
Ralph's condo was filled with only the best of everything, furniture, video, audio and computers of all kinds all with the tell-tale signs of long disuse by the busy worker bee. The beautiful modern sofa was covered end to end with magazines and junk mail. The flat screen television in front of it had disks of all kinds piled in and around it. Whoever it was that came to clean only dusted most of this. As he was turning on the lights Ralph lead her straight to the bathroom.  
  
“This is where you want to start.” he said.  
  
The cleaning people must have taken real pride in this bathroom. It was cleaner than anyplace Tracy had ever lived. Ralph opened the shower door and took an enormous towel from the cupboard and put it on the counter. As she was figuring out at the shower's temperature control she heard the bathroom door close. She was now in a private place for the first time in what seemed like forever.  
  
Tracy rinsed the soap out of her hair and let the spray scrub all the skin on her face for a long time. She had used a terrific natural sponge (her new best friend) to scrub the soap into her breasts and stomach and growing pubes until the water just ran off her. It had been quite a job, getting actually clean, until the water at her feet was no longer muddy. Here in the shower her skin was her own. These were her breasts, her girls, with nipples warm and soft; and these were her pubes, growing back after missing a day's shave, and her legs, scratched and bruised all the way up to her own terrific butt. No one could see them here or threaten them, not for a while anyway. She felt like a human being again, even with the collar. She was not sure it would be water-proof but without a key there was no way to find out.  
  
Ralph was on the computer when he noticed her coming from the bathroom. She had the towel wrapped all the way around her and tucked in as if she was at a resort moving from one therapy room to another. He smiled and said “What happened to my naked slave girl?”  
  
“She's taking a break.”  
  
“I need to see her hip.”  
  
Tracy could not think what he meant until she saw the small device on a wire to the computer. It must be a scanner, she thought, and she started to panic. Even though she left the bar-code on her hip un-soaped she had a fear of a scanner getting close to it. Ralph motioned towards her right hip, “This isn't connected anywhere. It may not even work.” She rolled aside the towel very carefully revealing her leg as if she were sharing the greatest secret on earth. Not bad for a girl who had been all over the countryside bare-assed naked for the last day and a half.  
  
Ralph ran the pen over her hip a few times while making adjustments. “Are you a virgin?” He asked without much interest. She was shocked by the question. Again she stopped herself, thinking, I'm reacting as if I've never been a naked slave girl. “No, I'm not, actually. Is that part of your research?”  
  
Ralph did not take his eyes off the screen. “Well, according to your bar-code you are a pallet of thirty-two one gallon jars of maraschino cherries.” Looking up at her he said, “Lady, that's a lot of cherries. I'm Ralph Hertzog. How do you do.”  
  
She looked down at him smiling for the first time in days and offered her hand, “I'm Tracy S\*\*\*\*\*\*\*. I'm pleased to meet you.”  
  
“I figured you were telling the truth but I needed to be certain, confirm it with the bar-code. You are in some real trouble lady.”  
  
That night Tracy actually slept and dreamed. She actually relaxed on the couch, once it was cleared of mail and magazines. She stretched her bare form out on it, accompanied by her big towel, and breathed easy for the first time in two days. Lying naked in the dark with the dim lights of a strange place around her she did not wonder how she was going to get the collar off or how, If! she was going to get her life back. For the time being she was safe. She even found her dreams pleasant and relaxing, doing her usual routine with friends and at her job again. She was surprised to notice that she was naked everywhere she went. And more surprised that no one thought twice about her nakedness. She wasn't even aroused which was very different. It just seemed as if now, naked was what Tracy was.  
  
The next morning Tracy woke by jumping off the couch to a crouch on the floor. It took a moment for her to realize that Ralph was not shouting at her but into the phone. He had not been the least worried about her sleeping on the couch or how she moved the piles of mail from off of it. Piles here, piles there, it didn't matter to him. It did matter what he was yelling into the phone just now. He was giving very load, very detailed instructions she did not understand to some poor underling (she was sure) over the phone. After listening to a response he let them know, loudly, that he would check on all of this when he arrived this afternoon.  
  
Once he hung up he looked over at her. “Oh, you're awake.”  
  
“Is everything OK?” she asked timidly.  
  
“Just work. I started them on the clean-up task. The paperwork usually takes forever but I thought I would get them going.” He thought a moment. “I guess I'm being more forceful with them but I think it will pay off.” Tracy could only imagine. “There's some coffee if you'd like. I don't make anything else here.”  
  
Tracy got to her feet to look around, seeing again she was still entirely naked, just like in the dream. The towel she had slept with was curled up on the couch. She went to the kitchen area, an island covered with dishes and an expensive coffee machine on the counter behind. Once she found an almost clean cup she poured herself some. Before she even sipped it she could tell something was way wrong. This could not be right. Black coffee was one thing but this was blacker still. She looked in the very modern refrigerator for some cream. Closing the fridge she came back to Ralph.  
  
“Can I make you some breakfast, Mr. Hertzog?”  
  
“If you think there is anything edible, I'd like that.”  
  
In twenty minutes Tracy was serving Ralph two eggs and ham, just rescued from the garbage along with coffee from the machine made according to the manufacturer's intentions. The toast was a little harder to manage since the loaf had only three slices left unspoiled. She wished she could have found an apron since frying spattering food even at arm's length was painful.  
  
Cooking took Tracy's mind off her current problem some, but she was still trying to manage being naked, where to find the key to her slave collar along with her clothes, her apartment keys, her life! As she was putting the food on the desk in front of Ralph she asked what he thought the chances might be. Once he was eating Ralph started talking. “Well, there's a couple places we need to go. Oh, and I did look it up. You can travel in the car with me. You just need to keep on the floor, not the seat. Crazy rules. Where do you live?”  
  
Standing there in front of Ralph totally naked except for a slave collar and an oven mitt Tracy felt that was a much too personal question. Did she want to share so much with this man. Quickly reminding herself how ridiculous she was given her position she let out her whole address at once. Just as she did she thought how nasty her neighborhood was compared to this place. As if to excuse it she kept on talking about how terrible it was and how awful the landlord, Mr. Chambers, was. She went on about how threatened she and the other young ladies in the building felt about him before she realized he would have no interest in her problems, the naked girl cooking his breakfast. Ralph kept chewing, typing and looking at the computer screen. Eventually he quietly mumbled, “Stephen Chambers”.  
  
Going to the car they used the elevator this time, with Tracy one step behind and to the left of the Master. Seeing herself in the elevator's mirrors she was reminded that though she was not really a naked slave girl, she really looked the part. She wondered how many other naked girls she was used to seeing were like her, who thought the were just trying out the slave thing. She got into the car through the driver's side, scurrying quickly to the passenger side where she knelt on the floor. Tracy did not like giving Ralph the very intimate view of her backside but it was worth it not to have to travel in the trunk again.  
  
The drive lasted a while but Tracy had no idea in which direction since she had her head below the dashboard. On the way Ralph started to ask more questions. “Why do you live up in Northpark?”  
  
From down on the floor she answered without worrying about her privacy,“Well, it was all I could manage on what I make.” This got her wondering if she could ever get back to her pitiful job, or any job after all this.  
  
“What do you do when your not pretending to be a naked slave girl?”  
  
“I'm just office help. Spreadsheet clean up and quadrature adjustments. They are always planning to replace me with some slave girl but they never do. I think it might be too distracting for them.”  
  
“Tracy, You would be too distracting for the office even if you weren't a naked slave girl. Besides, most business owners have policies against that. Can't risk putting off clients by using sexy staff. They don't have any brains.”  
  
“The business owners?” she asked looking up.  
  
“Ralph laughed loudly, “No, slave girls. But yeah, a lot of business owners too. You'll only see slave girls running simple errands, rushing back and forth. They're never doing anything that needs skill. Mostly they're keeping busy till their master gets around to abusing them. That's their real purpose, entertaining him. The rest of the time they are showing off to the neighbors how hot the master's slave looks. So how do you make quadrature adjustments in a spreadsheet?”  
  
Tracy began to talk about the work she did, as if a thousand years ago, the process she went through, how well it worked and what she did when it didn't. Ralph seemed interested and kept asking questions. Before she knew it they had arrived, someplace.  
  
Once he parked the car Ralph looked down at her. “Come along and act like the slave girl.” As she climbed onto the seat he added, “And I'm probably going to shout at you.” He opened the door and got out and waited for her. She crawled across the seats again not looking forward to whatever he was planning. Hearing him describe slave girls the way he did made Tracy wonder about her future, if she could not escape the collar.  
  
Stepping out of the car she saw the sidewalk was filled with trash. She stepped so carefully through it Ralph had almost lost her before she was brave enough to rush up to the proper distance. She had little idea where this place was except that it was far from Northpark and Mr. Hertzog's home. Ralph quickly vanished into a store with large sign above it; Beauty Supplies. Tracy got through the door as it was closing and rushed to get behind Ralph. Once she looked around she saw every device there was to make women ever more gorgeous. Curling irons, eyelash shapers, make-up spray tools, everything was there, much of it she could not recognize since she did not get to spend much time beauty parlors.  
  
She looked up over Ralph's shoulder where he was staring and saw a collection of wigs stuck up on top of the display cabinets. Some looked like they had been there for quite some time. He spoke to the attendant and pointed to one and she went to bring a step stool. Ralph looked back and mumbled to Tracy, “Which one do you think?”  
  
Just as she started to speak that's when the shouting voice came. “Who asked you to open your mouth, this time!? Go ahead and point with that filthy hand of yours!” She pointed to the red headed wig and reminded herself that he did say he would shout. The attendant worked very quickly to get down the plastic head with the wig and showed it to Ralph.  
  
“This one is most high quality.” she said with broken English. “Very good price.” Ralph walked with her to the cash register and while paying for it spoke quietly with the attendant. Tracy was wondering whether she should pick up and start carrying the package when she heard the attendant say, “This way, now. You come. Yes?” She looked at Ralph who only looked back at her and jerked his head toward the attendant as he dialed his phone. Where was this going? She stepped very carefully down the hall after the lady wondering if she could be in even worse trouble.  
  
The next room had brightly lit mirrors reflecting five women working at making five other women look beautiful. All with foils for hair colour, curlers for style and add-ons for extra length. Apparently this was Hair Central. Tracy stared for some time before spotting the attendant motioning for her to sit in the remaining seat. She was glad they put a towel on it but was not sure if it was for her sake or theirs. Once she was seated a foot rest came beneath her feet and legs, lifting her back to lie almost flat for the hairdressers to get to work. These ladies talked in some loud impenetrable Asian language before the boss lady went into another room leaving the other combing and brushing Tracy's hair.  
  
When the boss came back she had a very hot pot of something Tracy did not recognize. 'Lunch time at the beauty parlor?' she thought, looking at the steaming bowl. Still, she was getting her hair brushed and looked after by these nameless professionals so she should let them do what Ralph wanted. She just had the idea of relaxing here in the ladies' world, where her nudity might matter less, when she heard a noise. That's when the chair started moving.  
  
The support that had lifted her legs up was now opening up, splitting and causing Tracy to split. This was exposing not just her mound of stubbled hair but her delicate insides to the mirror and everyone in the room. In the well lit mirror she saw herself reaching around, unable to find anything to pull herself up. Then she saw the boss lady standing over her very exposed pussy holding the very hot pot with a steaming spatula of wax above it. “This best for you! You see! All clean, no hair!” said the boss lady.  
  
Tracy let out a very loud, “Mr. Hertzog?!” just as she lifted her straight legs way up over the head of the boss lady and brought them together, knees against her bare chest. The confused boss lady was left staring at Tracy's bare ass trying to calm her down as Ralph stormed into the room. He listened a bit to the boss lady angrily assuring him wax was best but waved her off and gave her strict instructions. Leaning over to Tracy he said, “Sorry about that. They always want to sell more than you ask for. Their only supposed to do your hair and make up. And a shave if you like. But no wax.”  
  
Soon, with Ralph standing there Tracy felt it was safe to open up and let these strangers go to it, pick away at her bare skin, trim her nails, make up her face and arrange her hair, even shave her mound, extremely smooth. She did not know what they were doing to her hair, pinning it back, until the wig came into view. With the very natural red headed wig pinned comfortably down over her hair she could hardly recognize herself. She was not just a naked slave girl. She was a naked slave goddess. This might work out after all.

**Part 3 - Pretty Dirty**  
  
They left the beauty shop and walked back to the car. Tracy waited a moment after they got outside so she could walk the proper distance behind Ralph. He looked behind to see her. As he kept walking he said “Come on up here, Tracy.” In catching up she took several long steps. These steps and the gentle breeze reminded her of how well they had shaved her pubes, her pubis. No one had ever handled her pussy, her skin and her lips like that before, moving them back and forth, drawing them tight this way and that to make the razor shave properly. She was fascinated while they were doing it, moving one leg then another out of the way almost turned her on, being the naked focus of their beauty making routine. Now outside on the street she would be everyone's focus. But there was no one on this street. Just the trash and other rough businesses with no customers to be seen. Looking around she noticed how the hair of the wig she was wearing did not come down to the collar like her own hair did. This showed off the collar more and was cooler and more comfortable. The new hair and the make-up job made her feel like she was in disguise. And she was in a manner of speaking. A naked disguise. Not wearing any clothes for the foreseeable future she might be hard to recognize.  
  
“I can't go yelling at you anymore. Not with you so dolled up. It wouldn't be right.” he said. “Can you clap?” he asked. She clapped her hands together twice. “No, more like this.” he said putting the bag from the beauty store under his arm. He clapped his hands once. The echo bounced down the canyon of grubby store fronts. “Hold your hands like this,” he said turning his wrists so she could see him cupping his hands, bringing them together at an angle, not flat together. She did what he did and clapped. Not echoing much but a good deal louder. “OK, from now on when you want something you clap just once, like you run the place.”  
  
“What do I do when I get someone's attention?”  
  
“You point with those gorgeous nails of yours. Point at what you want or whatever.”  
  
She wasn't sure about this. “How does a naked slave girl run the place?”  
  
Ralph stopped walking, turned and looked down at her. He spoke firmly, “First off, despite appearances you are not really Tracy the naked slave girl. You are actually 'really pretty Tracy' with her magnificent tits, erect nipples, beautiful face and an ass that won't quit. You just got yourself stuck in this slave girl thing because you wanted a turn-on. I'll bet you haven't got off once since you put the collar on, have you? Wait, let's not worry about that.” He started walking toward the car again. “Just keep up and we'll get you through this thing.” He opened the car door and motioned for her to crawl in. As she exposed her now very shaved backside to him Ralph looked in and said, “Watch out for your nails. They need to look good for a while.” Crouching on the passenger side carpet Tracy wondered how long a while was.  
  
They had been driving for some time. Tracy quietly wondered how long she would be crouching naked on this carpeted car floor before visiting the next place.  
  
“Where are we headed?”, she asked.  
  
“We have to make a few more stops. So you really manage quadrature on a regular spreadsheet? What do you use for a pivot point?” More questions about work. What was he after? It was just work she had been doing. Any other drone could run the numbers like she did. She started talking about the last spreadsheet she saw and what was in it. Months along the side and dollars along the top. Sub-headings here and there, totals everywhere. The details bored her but not Ralph. So long as there was nothing to do she may as well tell him all about it. And there was quite a lot.  
“What if the dimensions don't match up? How do you re-align?”, he said as he turned on the air conditioner.  
  
She could feel the cold air on her pussy's innermost parts telling her that kneeling on the carpet was opening her right up and was glad she had her ass facing away from Ralph. He had seen everything she had so far but this was beyond private. She bravely went into the tiresome details of each step needed to bring such an alignment disaster back, how they managed it the last time and the way she worked out to keep it from happening every month like clockwork.  
  
Just then she was tired of talking about all this work, naked, on the carpet, worrying about her nails, and her pussy and talking about work of all things. Work was boring enough without describing it from a car floor. She looked up at Ralph wondering what the next question would be and saw he had his eyes on the road and an enormous grin on his face. She wondered what the joke was. She hoped it wasn't her.  
  
After another thirty minutes the car slowed for a number of turns and pulled up onto some very uneven ground.  
  
“OK, we're here. Let's try this out. Don't speak. That'll be tough but really try. If you want my attention just clap and point. Don't pick up anything. Don't take anything anyone hands you. You are just here to look good. Does that sound OK?”  
  
“I guess, Mr. Hertzog.” She was trying to put together a picture of what he wanted and was not sure how it would look. If he wanted to “Try it out” she was game. She was surprised once again when she crawled from the car. They were in a totally rundown grown over lot with even more junk and trash than the last place. Mountains of garbage in all directions. Not even garbage, just dirt. No beauty parlor surprises here.  
  
As she followed Ralph closely a creaky old man walked from a nasty shed out to meet them.  
  
“You the one that called?”, he shouted. Ralph nodded.  
  
“I think I got you over this way.” he pointed with a crooked branch and started walking away from them.  
  
After walking very carefully down the rough path for a long way they came to a great mountain of rocks and dirt. Once they were at the foot of it Ralph turned around so the man would not see him talking.  
  
“Walk around this whole pile, all the way around, and let me know if you spot anything. Go.”  
  
This was confusing. In this distant rural field with many piles of dirt to choose from there was not going to be much that Tracy would recognize. She had trouble walking around the mountain at all since the ground was very uneven away from the path. She held her arms out to keep her balance, her large breasts rocked and swung as she bent and twisted to keep from falling. She was sure she was making a great display for Ralph and the old man but they just talked to each other until she was on the far side. She spent so much time watching her step she barely looked at the pile. She had gone all around it and was finally coming up to Ralph and the old man again when she spotted it. It was a 'W'. She caught herself just before she let out a great sob.  
  
It was just a 'W' that was visible but Tracy recognized it at once. The size, the colour, even the stain on the bottom corner. It was the 'Woman's' sign from the toilet block. The place she had left her clothes taped up and hidden away back in what seemed like so many years ago.  
  
She stood there and stared at the piece of the sign. Finally she clapped her hands once. Ralph had not seen her coming around the pile yet and wheeled around very surprised. “Ah!. Here we go.” he said walking over to Tracy. Once he got there he said, “Very good. Now remember, don't do anything but clap. He has people to dig for us.  
  
Once the old man had caught up to Ralph and Tracy he turned and faced back the way they had come and shouted, “Ladies!” Turning back to Ralph he said, “Can't imagine what you could get from that little pile. Not enough copper to sell, nor bricks to build with.”  
  
Ralph shook his head, “Just take a look, would you?”  
  
After a minute of pointing to the 'W' Tracy looked back to where the old man was. Over the pile of dirt behind them came the two handy helpers. They were healthy well fed country ladies. They wore heavy shoes suitable for kicking around on piles of dirt and work gloves for picking up heavy, sharp rocks and had shovels for breaking and moving earth from one pile to the other. Apart from that they were naked. “C'mon ladies. This here man wants to see some diggin'.” To Ralph he said, ”This here is Deloris and Janey. They do all the work around here.” The two walked up to Tracy and looked her up and down like they were seeing a show.  
  
“You look hot!” the young one said, smiling broadly as she chewed on her gum. “I'm Janey. Pleased to meet ya.” Tracy nodded and smiled. She could see Janey's collar was lighter and thinner than her own, as was the one on Deloris' neck. “We don't get a lot of city folk out here.” Both the ladies had their long hair sensibly braided and hanging behind them. Their generous breasts were as tanned as their faces. Both had their pubic hair fully grown in and heading up to their navels.  
  
Before they could chat her up too much Ralph stepped up, “Betty here is not talking today. She's been running her mouth a bit too much for me.” Looking at the old man, “You know how it is.” The old man started to take charge in a way.  
  
“Get going here. Dig where she tells you, already.” The girls walked up to where Tracy had pointed and began to tear into the pile, throwing dirt and rocks everywhere with great energy and excitement.  
  
Ralph shouted,“Hey! Take it easy! I'm looking for something small. Take your time. She'll show you where.” The girls looked at one another, thinking, and then at Tracy. They began again now slowing to a crawl. Soon they were scraping the dirt from the pile with their shovels into their hands, taking it away to the next pile. This went on for a while until Tracy clapped again and motioned for them to dig nearby and also to speed up.  
  
After forty minutes of this it was clear to Tracy that this was just the place to look, just where her things should be. But they weren't. They found the toilet tank, the bowl and the fittings but still nothing of hers. After a few more shovel fulls Deloris spoke up. She was much older than Janey, older and heavier and fairly out of shape, but very tan. How she had been chosen as a slave was a mystery to Tracy. “Is this what yer lookin' for, mister?” She bent over and pulled at the package. Tracy almost shouted but clapped instead. She motioned for very slow and let Deloris pull her package free from the dirt. Tracy's taped up package containing her dress, shoes and keys, just the way she had left them. But just as she was about to be rescued the package came free. It was ripped in two, just the way a construction backhoe would rip it. Deloris stood up with it and held it as it came apart in her hands. Out came scraps of Tracy's dress, completely destroyed shoes and her key chain. Even her key chain with her apartment key was cut in two, with no key in sight. Holding back tears Tracy pointed all over the ground where the package had been and looked everywhere. She was tempted to get on her hands and knees to dig around herself but let the girls continue. They went on another hour without finding the other half of the package, and no pipes. Tracy had hoped the pipe with her collar key taped to it would be nearby.  
  
Ralph watched and waited. After a good long while he said, “Well it was a good gamble.” Tracy looked back at him with a desperate expression. He returned it with a reassuring nod. “So when did you get these girls?” he asked the old man.  
  
The old man rubbed his chin, “Well Janey there wanted to get collared back when she was seventeen but her mother made her wait.” He shouted at the girls, “How old are you now, Janey?”  
  
Janey was on one knee, with her pussy wide open, covered with dirt, dust and body hair. She looked up from her digging with a huge grin, “Twenty-three last month.”  
  
Deloris looked up sternly, “Seventeen is just too young.”  
  
"Deloris held out for a few months but Janey bein' so happy convinced her. So now I got the two goin'”  
  
“That must be quite an expense with the collars and registrations. So Deloris is the girl friend?”, said Ralph.  
  
“Yeah, She's the gal-pal alright. Janey is her kin. They ain't so expensive, I know some folks so it ain't so bad. Whatever makes the girls happy, that's all that counts.”  
  
But Ralph could see that Tracy was not happy at all. Her life was still in this pile of dirt and she was not able to get it back. Tracy walked down the mountain to Ralph and turned her back on the old man and whispered to Ralph. “Ask about the plumbing, the pipes. My key was on the pipes. Please!” Ralph made a sympathetic grunt, waited a moment and walked to the old man.  
  
“Say, did you get any plumbing out of this wreck? Some galvanized pipe might be just what I need.”  
  
“Oh, well now, I got all a that anybody needs. That's over here.” he said heading back to his shack.  
  
Even though she had seen her dress, shoes and everything ripped and ruined Tracy still could not walk away from the pile of dirt. If she found the other half of the package that would be ruined too. There had to be something left even if she knew there wasn't. She walked away to keep up with Ralph while the ladies kept digging, now for their own curiosity and perhaps a surprise.  
  
The old man stopped behind his shack where a massive collection of old plumbing and pipes was rotting on the ground. Ralph pointed to a few long pipes and got the old man to pick up one end and turn them over, showing that they “didn't have no holes underneath”. Tracy watched intently for the patch of tape hiding her key. It looked to the old man that Ralph did not know what he wanted except to look over every last scrap of pipe there was.  
  
The old man had picked up nearly every piece of pipe before eventually Tracy clapped, but only softly. She saw her pipe with the tape still on it. It was flapping open and closed, back and forth, as the old man turned it this way and that. There was no key. All was lost. That meant the end of Tracy.  
  
Ralph saw the tape and got the meaning. He looked at his watch and made a face. “Whoa, where has the time gone. Look, I really want to thank you for your time today.” As he reached for his wallet he looked at Tracy. “Head on back to the car and wait there.” Looking back to the old man he said, “And who are these people you know? Do they need any more business?”  
  
Tracy walked slowly back to the car with her head down, not a comfortable pose with the big collar on her neck. She saw the dirt and dust on her tits and knew she needed a shower but didn't care. She was wearing hair that was not her own, make-up and nails that was not her own. All she owned in the world now were big tits and a shaved pussy everyone seemed to want but her. She also owned the collar but without the key it really possessed her instead. All along the roads between here and her old home, her old life, were scraps of her dress, her shoes and a tiny key, and she would never see any of them again.

**Part 4 - Naked Out Loud**  
  
Tracy was standing next to the car door and payed no attention to Ralph as he walked up. Ralph opened the door, reached inside and took out a box of moistened wipes from the beauty store. He pulled a few out and handed them to Tracy, “Here, lets clean you up a bit. Dirty job down there.” He took two more and using them on her shoulders steered her around and began wiping her shoulders and back.  
  
Tracy facing the roadway casually wiped her entire front, her neck, arms, her tits and, very thoroughly, her pubic area. She then wiped off her legs, balancing on each one very carefully. As she did she could feel the cool air on her very clean and very bald pussy. She felt as if she was taking a shower in public. This was her life now, to be on display, for Ralph Hertzog, on display for everyone. “Whatever you say, Mr. Hertzog.”, she said, sounding as defeated as she felt.  
  
“Tracy, If I'm gonna stand out here wiping your ass in public you might as well call me 'Ralph', OK?” She said nothing. He gave her another wipe and motioned for her to sit in the car and clean off her feet. Once she had started cleaning one foot he gave her another two wipes. Before she turned around to crawl inside he gave her his handkerchief, She gave him a questioning look. “Look out for the eye make-up.”, he said.  
  
Once they got onto the highway Ralph knew what was coming. In a few minutes Tracy, naked on the car floor with her head down on her crossed arms, let out an enormous sob. Here it was. Though he hated to disturb her he had to, “Use the hanky, don't ruin the eye make-up.”  
  
After a few great bursts Tracy started in on Ralph, “You think of everything, don't you?! Make-up, fake hair! I'm your perfect little Betty, aren't I? Look out for the eye make-up?!” she continued crying.  
  
After a minute Ralph spoke up, “I'm sorry about 'Betty' but we hadn't discussed a name for you. I didn't want to use 'Tracy' around other people. You need to keep the face fresh for the rest of the day.”  
  
“What difference does it make? Today, tomorrow, I'm a naked slave girl. I'm your naked Betty for the rest of my life.”  
  
Once she had let most of it out Ralph started talking again, quietly and steadily. It was all he could do to keep from shouting at her. “OK, Tracy, so you got what you were after. You're locked in a slave collar. Your naked and locked up that way, just like you planned. It's not so much fun on the third day is it? Well give it a rest. You're safe and sound.”  
  
“But what am I going to do?!” she moaned.  
  
“You are not going to do anything. Just keep up, that's all. Keep it together. Follow along. Do what I say. We have more ground to cover but we're behind now.”  
  
“Behind? Why?” she sniffled.  
“It's my fault. I let you keep digging for too long.”  
“I should still be there! Looking!” she shouted.  
“You saw your dress and everything. If that package was in one piece then maybe. But it was all gone.”  
“But the keys are still there!”  
Ralph paused and took a deep breath. “The keys to what?”  
“To my apartment, for one.”  
“Well, we don't need that. We do need food. We missed lunch. I'm starving.”  
Tracy did not want to admit she was too. She started too think that Ralph was planning to keep her at his place. She had no other options and was not sure how or if she should keep an eye out for any.  
“Turn off the A/C, will ya? My pussy is freezing.”  
“Well then, get your ass up here.”  
  
She climbed onto the passenger seat wiping her nose and eyes with Ralph's hanky. The eye make-up was all over her face and in large sparkly circles around each eye. Ralph did his best not to bust out laughing at the sight of her but could not hold back his grin. “What's so funny this time?”  
“I'm sorry. We should have put off the beauty parlor.”  
“That bad, huh?” She folded down the visor looking for a mirror and gasped when she saw her face.  
Ralph pointed to the bag he brought from the store, “We got more make-up if you know how.”  
“Yeah, they showed me what they used, but really. I look terrible.”  
“Not terrible. Just like a raccoon from Las Vegas.”, he snorted.  
“I've never been to Las Vegas.” she said quietly. She got a wipe out of the bag and cleaned off her face. “I'm not supposed to be up here, you said.”  
“No one is going to bother about a nude lady in my car on the highway. Take it easy, get comfortable. We'll get some lunch and keep going. Is that a big enough mirror for you? The burger joint might have a nice ladies room.”  
“Will they let a naked slave girl use a nice ladies room?”  
Once she had wiped off all the big make-up from her eyes and off her cheeks, and from where it had dripped down onto her tits, she looked well scrubbed and plane. Ralph looked at her again. “You could go to Vegas any time you wanted.” She looked at him as if he was making no sense. He started again, “I'll just tell you to take care of something you jump like you're in trouble. Nobody is going to get in your way. Just take the bag to the ladies room and do the make-up.”  
  
A few minutes later a large luxury car went in the drive though of Joe's Burgers. The order was simple, some burgers, fries and pop. The rest was not so typical. The bag of food was handed to the driver. Instead of taking it the driver casually looked to the gorgeous naked girl to his right and said, “Would you mind getting that, dear?” The naked girl very slowly crawled from the far end of the passenger seat and her hands and knees to the driver's window, keeping total eye contact with poor 17 year old Dwayne Hodges the whole time. Dwayne had heard stories, mostly lies, about what might drive by at 2:00 A.M. but never imagined this during his afternoon shift. As she moved across the driver's lap her tits fought for room as they swung between her arms. Finally she had her hands on the car door and brought her head right up to where Dwayne was, gaping, her tits were close behind, trying to get out of the window as well. “Are you sure that's all you've got for me?”, she said. Dwayne could not answer. Not without shooting in his pants. He just nodded and squeaked a bit. She took the bag and drinks from Dwayne, thanked him and withdrew. The car drove ahead.  
  
They parked a few miles away and ate. Tracy was laughing for the first time in what seemed like forever. She tore into her giant cheeseburger and kept talking to Ralph about what it was like for her. To be in control like that, to make the poor guy her victim. Couldn't they go back and thank him? “Tracy, you made that kid's year, at least. He'd want to thank you!”  
“Well, maybe. But he looked so pathetic, staring at me like that.”  
“I only asked you to try that so you'd see how different you can look to people.”  
“I know, but that's Betty the naked slave girl, not me.” Ralph was about to tell her that it was in fact her but decided to let it go. She was happy.  
  
  
In forty minutes they were pulling up into the parking lot of Ralph's employer, The Company. Ralph had told her all about how to behave and in great detail. Many things to remember. She only hoped she could manage in a new environment. They walked up to the front doors which swooshed aside as they approached. Her nipples reacted to the air conditioning, getting erect and harder. It was very cold but she took no notice. She kept her eyes ahead and face unmoved as she kept up behind Ralph. He marched along as boldly as she had ever seen him. She had not seen him last week and so had no idea what a difference he had managed since meeting her. She needed to take long steps to stay in position behind him and to one side, her tits and ass cheeks bouncing visibly. Visibly? She was all very visible, wearing only the metal collar that had got her into this. Inside walking was easier and her bare feet welcomed the tile and carpet after the outdoor business earlier. In the lobby she hardly saw the man at the security desk. What she did notice was that rather than stare at her, fully naked but for the slave collar, her classy red wig and nicely made up eyes, which really took some doing, and the expensive nails, which could use some help after the junk yard, the attendant stared at Ralph, as if he was the naked one.  
  
Once in the elevator she relaxed a bit and was about to ask a question. Ralph interrupted before she could. “Just keep up. It's bound to get interesting.” he said. She again put on the face he told her about; unemotional, focused, purposeful. Apparently this was going to be it.  
  
“Mr. Hertzog! I didn't know you were coming.” said the young lady staring only at Tracy from behind the desk facing the elevator. Once the elevator doors opened Ralph with his new friend behind him marched swiftly past the startled intern and down the hallway. Along the way Ralph gave orders to everybody he saw. He was not quite yelling but from his tone and language he may as well have been. Everyone he spoke to jumped and changed direction once they acknowledged his instructions. They did not take any notice of her. That and the looks on their faces told her how completely Ralph commanded them. He stepped into a large office with windows both to the outside and the hallway. While he hung up his coat Tracy knew just where to go; left side of the desk, facing front, feet shoulder width apart and hands clasped behind her back. Almost a comfortable position for a recruit. Less so if you are completely naked and wearing a slave collar. If ever anyone was going to pull off being a naked slave girl Tracy had to do it now and she had to get away with it.  
  
She kept her face immobile as she listened to the chatter go up and down the hallway just outside where she was being viewed and surreptitiously inspected by every member of the staff. People walking each way would find some excuse to turn and look at her in her window as they went by. A rush of whispers would follow once they had safely made it passed. Her window. She stared out of it blankly from inside where she was stationed and commanded the window so it was hers. She could hear the rumors growing and creeping along. How could Ralph afford a slave girl? Especially after the Baxter account went so badly? Did he have one all this time? What could this mean? She did not know what to expect but Ralph sure did. He had something in mind, at least she hoped he did.  
  
At first Tracy wondered how long she would be comfortable standing like this, in a strange office totally naked and on display. She wondered if she could fix her nails when she had the chance. She wondered if having pubic hair would have kept the air conditioning from giving a frosty chill to her pussy lips, making her feel even more exposed. They might be here a while, she'd been told, so no distractions. After ten minutes of standing at attention with Ralph typing, clicking on the computer and shuffling papers she didn't mind the air conditioning so much.  
  
She was just thinking that nothing would happen when a man and woman rushed into the office. The woman was carefully dressed with a pressed suit and lady like tie. The man was clearly just getting his coat on. His tie was straight but his collar button was open. Both seemed anxious to be there for Ralph's instructions.  
  
“Tracy!”, Ralph shouted. At that Tracy almost jumped out of her skin. She was already standing at attention so she could hardly move at all. Once she recovered she noticed the young woman had straightened up and come to strict attention.  
“Yes, sir!” she said. The naked Tracy began to relax without letting it show. She knew her name for the office would be Linda, after Wonder Woman, but she had not expected to hear her real name. As she watched with a sidelong glance she felt sorry for the other Tracy. She was having a tough time answering Ralph's questions.  
“Why is the monthly spreadsheet not available on the drive? Is it finished? Has it been checked? Never mind. Kyle! Get those files onto the drive. I'll look at them tonight. And get a Steridesk in here for tomorrow. Put it over there with another laptop and monitor.”, he said loudly, pointing to the wall on the left end of the office, past where Tracy had been standing since she got here. “Understood?”  
They assured him that it would be done and scrambled out the door to get to work.  
  
In another ten minutes Kyle walked in and handed Ralph a thumb drive. “These are the monthly spreadsheets, Mr. Hertzog. I'm sure we can have them finished by tomorrow.”  
Ralph spoke back in a surprisingly calm voice. “No, Kyle. Don't you or Tracy spend another minute on the monthly spreadsheets. Focus on cleaning up the files from the Baxter account. I need to see them complete and perfectly organized by end of day tomorrow. That's all. Thanks.”  
  
Throughout all of these exchanges, both quiet and loud, Tracy stood there motionless and, by now, fairly comfortable, and extremely naked. Like a naked statue. The whole time Ralph was talking or shouting she could tell that all the employees were painfully aware of her being there, being naked out loud. She didn't look at anyone and they only looked at her briefly, but they all did. They could see all there was about her. Her skin, her tits, her pussy, even her pussy lips that were just visible, her beautiful red wig and her very own collar. She wasn't just a naked slave girl. She was the perfect naked slave girl, and after an hour of this she realized she didn't mind the air conditioning at all.  
  
Eventually Ralph said quietly, “We're getting out of here soon. Remember, don't move till I'm through that door.” She did not need to be reminded but she was almost disappointed that the day was ending just as she was getting used to it. She didn't need to worry. Just as Ralph was clearing his desk and standing up to leave a very tall, very mature gentleman walked into the office. He looked terribly important but acted very casual even in his perfect three piece suit.  
“Well, Ralph. Looks like your making quite the recovery from the last disaster.” he said as he walked up to Tracy, staring at her as hard as he could. She did not look up or move a muscle.  
“Thanks, Vic.” Ralph shot back, responding to the sarcasm. “You know how much I appreciate that. The files are closed and the month is ending. If there's nothing else you need I'm on my way to the next client.”  
“But I haven't even met our new guest.” Vic said, looking Tracy up and down. No one had yet stared at her with such obvious desire and intent.  
“That's because she's not a guest, Vic.” he said in a bored tone as he took his coat off the rack and hung it over his arm. He walked across the office past where Vic was glowering over Tracy and out the door. “Come on, Linda.” With that Tracy broke out of her statue pose and marched off to keep up after Ralph. Her sudden motion shocked poor Vic, who was looking forward to a close inspection, making him almost jump back.  
  
Once behind Ralph she marched right passed the same young faces that stared at her in her window and whispered about her the whole time she was there. But now her tits were bouncing, her ass was bouncing and her arms swung along to keep up with her long steps.  
In the elevator Tracy stood behind Ralph and finally spoke. “You've already got a 'Tracy'.” She could hear Ralph grin at her.  
“Sorry about that. I should have warned you. Boy, did you bounce. I thought you were going to hit the ceiling. ”  
“I nearly did. They sure show you a lot of respect here. Most of them.”  
“Well, now they do but they didn't used to. Not till I got to shouting at them.”  
“Are we heading home now?” she asked.  
“Yeah, but I gotta take you home first.” Ralph said.  
Her home? She had not been there for days. How could she go there now. After pausing he added, “It'll be fine. Just keep up.”

**Part 5 - Tracy Goes Home**  
  
Tracy had not been back to her apartment since she went on the trip to the neighboring city to hide her clothes and go about wearing only the slave collar. The idea of pretending to be the naked slave girl excited her then. It was an irresistible turn on, and she had been turned on. Having been trapped into the role since then was not such a turn on. She had picked Ralph almost at random to ask for help. He had been very helpful but not always sympathetic. He had taken her to a beauty parlor to get made-up and a fitted with a nice red wig so she looked like a well cared for slave girl. She acted like she was comfortable but she had trouble getting used to being naked and on display for everyone. Only sticking close to Ralph made her feel a little safe and never for long.  
  
He took her to his office, at The Company. People there speculated as to his standing, and if he had always had a slave girl. And what was her role at his side where she stood very still and very much at attention. Afterwards he told her he was taking her back to her home. How she would go back to her home after four days, naked and in the locked slave collar, without any keys or clothes she could not imagine. The landlord, Mr. Chambers would likely take her to be his own slave, especially since the rent had come due since she left.  
  
She rode sitting up in the passenger seat like a slave girl should never do, listening to Ralph's instructions; how to stand (shoulders back, chest out), keep quiet, don't react. She was doing very well, he said, but she knew this was not how slave girls behaved, at least none she had seen. A few minutes later they pulled up to Tracy's building. Compared to the fashionable neighborhood Ralph lived, where Tracy had slept in a nest she made for herself, her apartment building was a real let down. She recognized its old, dilapidated and broken outsides and nasty neglected surroundings. She hated to think of the insides; the terrible walls in the hallways, the stained and leaking ceilings. She dreaded running into the other girls she knew who still lived there. Perhaps they had run out as many had, once Mr. Chambers had tried to make them his slaves.  
  
Ralph stared at the building a while before he spoke. “This is where you live?” She said it was. “Is this where you want to live?” he asked sincerely.  
“Well, It's all I can afford on my temp job.”  
“OK, Tracy. If this is home. Alright.”  
“I don't get it”  
“This is your home. Who do you know that lives here?” He took out a small notebook and wrote as she named her three girl friends. Girls she had known for only the past six or eight months. They and a few shop owners along the street were her only neighborhood friends. He seemed to get madder as she described her friends and the building. “Got it. When we're inside stay very close. Remember, don't talk or use your hands. And don't let yourself get upset, I might end up shouting.”  
  
They were inside going up the broken stairway twisting like a roller coaster as she heard Ralph growling something under his breath. Naked and in her bare feet for the first time on these steps she was embarrassed with the nasty carpet she hadn't noticed before. Passing piles of debris in the narrow hallway Ralph walked by the door to Tracy's room. Tracy clapped her hands once, quietly. Ralph turned to see her pointing to her door. She had no key. He shook his head and kept marching along.  
  
All the way at the top floor he stopped in front of a large modern door. It was thick and heavy, designed to be sound proof. This allowed Mr. Chambers to treat Tracy's friends any way he wanted if they could not pay rent on time. “Is this Stephen Chambers place?”, Ralph asked. She nodded timidly. Ralph knew Mr. Chambers name! That can't be good. She had much to fear as these two parts of her life were about to come together. Mr. Chambers kept slaves, she was currently stuck in a slave collar. She was behind on rent, Mr. Chambers made girls into his slaves and sex toys if they did not have rent. They had not seen her friends all the way up here. What had happened since she had left four long days ago?  
  
Ralph knocked loudly on the door and shouted, “ Mr. Chambers.” After a moment the door creaked open.  
“...the hell is that? Don't bother me when my door is ...” disheveled, nasty, mean Mr. Chambers stopped as he looked up, way up, to see Ralph Hertzog looking down at him. Mr. Chambers was holding up his open pants with one hand. In the room was one of Tracy's friends, Lucy. She was topless and very scared. She had a very small ragged shirt hanging from her hands just under her chin. This did nothing to hide her small pale breasts. Tracy had a good idea of what Ralph was interrupting when he knocked. “Who are you?” Mr. Chambers managed to grunt.  
Ralph looked at Lucy and said firmly, “Come over here.” pointing to where Tracy stood. In two steps Lucy leaped from the room to right where Tracy was standing in her pose; feet shoulder width apart, hands behind her back, face looking forward. Lucy stopped when she came up to stare at Tracy.  
  
Though she wanted to Tracy did not turn to look at Lucy or speak. Ralph looked down at Lucy, “Stay right there.” He walked into the room and pulled the giant door closed behind him as if it weighed nothing until it clicked shut. Lucy looked at Tracy for some clue of what was happening. Tracy had no idea herself but had to pretend she did. She was glad for the heavy eye make-up and wig. She thought it kept Lucy from knowing it was her. In fact she was surprised Lucy did not recognize her, but worked at keeping the disguise intact.  
  
It was really Tracy's nudity that made Lucy mistake her for a naked slave girl. It was the skin of the slave girl that Lucy kept her eyes on, quietly spying, but not very secretly. The naked girl's skin went all the way down from where her metal collar held her neck near her shoulders to her large tits which stood out from her chest and down her flat stomach to her bare crotch. How could she stand there on display with no hair on her pussy? She had to spend all day every day with her bare pussy showing like that everywhere. She did not seem to mind standing naked anywhere wearing nothing at all. She had a collar and everything. That made it permanent. Once the collar goes on they never wear clothes again. Those were the rules, right? Lucy knew little of any such rules and was easily convinced of anything. But Lucy did quite admire the naked girl who was not affected by all that was going on around them. She seemed to have power despite, or because of her being utterly naked.  
  
Tracy knew how sound proof that door was but also had heard Ralph speak his mind when he had to. Ralph's shouted answers came through the door as if it were not there at all. This meant the volume on the other side was between pretty loud and extremely loud. She was sure Mr. Chambers was shouting too but he could not be heard. Even though she hated Mr. Chambers the empty pauses between Ralph's shouts were painful to hear.  
  
“I'm Ralph Hertzog.”  
“ ”  
“No, not your company. We own the company that owns that company.”  
“ ”  
“Because you are not paying the rent you are getting from the tenants.”  
“ ”  
“That's because you can't take sex instead of rent.”  
“ ”  
“No, they're not slaves. They don't have collars or bar codes. They're just young girls you're abusing.”  
“ ”  
“Because you'll be arrested in 24 hours if you don't.”  
“ ”  
  
Lucy's mouth had fallen open and she looked back and forth between Tracy and the talking door. Lucy heard a great deal from Mr. Hertzog and nothing from Mr. Chambers. After giving Mr. Chambers strict, angry instructions Ralph was finishing up.  
“That's right, repair everything. The whole building.”  
“ ”  
“There will be some repair crews coming and they will be checking on you.”  
“ ”  
“I'll be checking on you. Have you got that?!”  
  
Soon after that the door opened and Ralph walked up to Lucy.  
“Take me to Tracy S\*\*\*\*\*'s room.” Lucy led Ralph. Tracy followed close behind them.  
When they all got to Tracy's room on the lower floor Tracy was surprised to see Ralph open the door with a key on Mr. Chambers key ring. He started to ask Lucy a question and saw that she was still carrying her nasty little shirt in front of her. “Put your clothes on, will ya. What's your name?”  
With that Lucy seemed to snap out of a trance and got dressed. “I'm Lucy.”  
“Are Donna and Gillian still here?”  
“Um, Donna's getting supplies for Mr. Chambers. She'll be back in a few minutes. Gillian left rather than be a slave anymore.”  
“Get some boxes for Tracy's things. Big ones.” Lucy took off down the hall in a great hurry.  
  
Tracy walked about her tiny room looking at her old empty purse, her make-up and hair brush in the bathroom and her old very worn out shoes cluttering the floor. There wasn't much else. Ralph looked down the hall carefully to be sure Lucy had gone. “Naked slave or not, you can do better than this.” he whispered.  
  
After a minute Lucy came back with Donna right behind her both carrying several boxes. When they dropped the boxes on the floor Ralph could see Donna was in her pretend slave outfit. She was entirely naked, very pale and thin, no sign of a slave collar or bar code on her hip. She was wearing a pair of very high heel shoes. The shoes must have been Mr. Chambers idea since Donna had a very tough time walking or even standing up in them.  
  
Ralph looked right at Donna. “Donna, go to your room and get dressed. We'll wait right here.” Tracy was back in her attentive stance hoping Donna would not make the connection and recognize her. Donna ran away clumsily in the high heels before jumping out of them and tearing down the hall, her bare feet pounding along.  
  
Tracy was afraid that as they waited Lucy would work out who she was. Before long Ralph started talking. “Lucy, tomorrow you and Donna will go to this place here.” he showed her the back of a business card. “You tell them where you live and that you need help fixing it up. That will be your job for the next few months. When they ask for a reference you show them this.” He turned the card over showing his name and business.  
  
Lucy seemed confused, as she often did. Before she could ask anything Donna was back in her everyday torn clothes and mismatched shoes. Ralph looked at them both, “Mr. Chambers can no longer own slaves, never again. Understand?” They nodded and smiled. “Tomorrow you will show up here,” he pointed at the card in Lucy's hand, “and start working on this building. Got it?”  
  
Donna caught on quickly and took the card from Lucy and slipped it into her pocket.  
“Now carefully pack up Tracy's things and get them downstairs.”  
After that Ralph got onto his phone and made several calls.  
Tracy stood motionless in her naked slave pose and watched her friends go about putting her life into boxes. They only noticed her to stay out of her way. They occasionally peeked and admired her calm nude form, unshaken and unaffected by the terrible place they lived and the horrible man they had been working for.  
  
When they opened the closet to remove her few dresses it was all Tracy could do not to sob as she saw her finest clothes. She could see now that they were as terrible and threadbare as Lucy and Donna's rags. All this was suddenly a shock to her. She hadn't realize she had already moved out. The other girls had a new start tomorrow. Where were Tracy's boxes going to go?  
  
As they were finishing Donna asked, “Where did Tracy go?”  
Ralph did not look at Tracy but just said, “I'm sure she will let you know in time. The boxes are going to Pakipsy.” Then looking at Tracy he told her “Lynda, a truck is on the way. Get by the car and wait for it.”  
  
Tracy marched passed her friends and her old front door and without looking back made her way to Ralph's car. She tried to think of what she would tell Donna about where she had gone. She was still here after all. Just in an alternate universe.  
  
On the edge of the road Tracy posed as Lynda Carter, invincible Wonder Woman only naked. Traffic whizzed past her and people walked by on the sidewalk. “Hi, Tracy! Why are you hanging out naked today? Nice tits, by the way.” She was convinced someone she knew was going to walk up to her and say just that at any minute. She could only tell herself that she was hiding in her wig. It was hard for her to believe it but she had nothing else.  
  
A white van drove up and stopped very suddenly on the side of the road. Two men jumped out and walked right up, very close to her and asked where the boxes were. She only pointed to the door of the her last home, glad she would not have to walk on that rough sidewalk again. No one was that invincible. Before the guys got to the door Lucy and Donna were coming out carrying one box with difficulty. The first man took it easily and carried it to the van. The other man walked inside.  
  
Tracy listened while Lucy and Donna walked around the van and went on about their impressions of Ralph and how important he must be. Donna could not believe Lucy's description of how Mr. Hertzog had talked to Mr. Chambers. But it had to be true since they had his card and orders to go to work tomorrow. As they stood near the van they looked Tracy up and down. This guy had to be important. He has a slave girl and she doesn't do anything. All she does is stand around looking gorgeous. She has a collar and everything.  
  
Tracy was having a hard time listening. She went from feeling she would cry to nearly laughing out loud. In any case she felt very sad but safe. If her friends could not look up from her tits to see her face beneath this wig then nobody would. She was safe as a naked slave girl. But could she ever go back to being Tracy?  
  
Once Ralph came out of the door he motioned for Tracy to get into the car. She did not ask but knew to get on the floor of the passenger side. As she walked along she saw Donna come up to Ralph and ask, “Can we come with you?”  
  
After they had driven a safe distance away Tracy spoke up from her subservient position on the passenger side carpet. “Pakipsy? Why Pakipsy?”  
“Because it's unknown and far away. You don't know anybody there do you?”  
“No, why would I know any...”  
“Great. There is no way for them to check it out.”  
  
Ralph was getting through traffic so Tracy waited a minute to ask the question. “Why did you move me out? That was my life back there. I thought I was going home.” She was trying to keep the tears back.  
“Nobody's going to live there, Tracy.”  
“But you told them all to...”  
“That place is coming down in six months. Maybe less. It's a horrible building. It's going away.”  
“But you told them they had a job.”, she cried.  
“Yes, they do. They will help the construction company empty out and tear down that monstrosity. They're young but can probably manage that. They'll learn that job and get another. There's people there who will get them a room to share in a decent building someplace. Not a death trap with an old man...”, he finished with a low growl.  
  
Tracy was still crying. “Well, they've got new jobs and Tracy has nothing.”  
Ralph gave a shout, “No!” and nearly hit the brakes. After a pause, and some very concentrated driving, he repeated quietly, “No.” Eventually he looked down to see her staring up at him in tears. He said softly, “Tracy has options.”  
  
Later Tracy was on her knees in a strange place and getting scared. Earlier Ralph had told .......….....

**Part 6 - Night Visitor**  
  
Later Tracy was on her knees in a dimly lit place and getting scared. The sun had set and it was after hours at this strange shop. The inside lights were off as they were when they waited for the shop owner to come let them in. Earlier Ralph had told her just where she should go to kneel and that she would have to wait there. He had to make the deal once they were there and not before. For that he had to be the master and that meant she had to be the slave. As always, she was barefoot and naked except for the locked slave collar and her red wig.  
  
She waited on her knees leaning as far forward as she could. Her arms crossed beneath her forehead wishing she could keep her breasts from resting on the carpet while Ralph quietly spoke to the owner. With her head down she occasionally saw their feet shifting back and forth.  
“What will it take to make one, then?” Ralph said.  
“I tell you, it's not a key problem. It's a collar problem. I can't do any of that. It's not my area of expertise.”  
She saw the lower edge of Ralph's coat fly out. Was he getting his wallet?  
“I thought you knew someone with expertise?”  
  
The owner paused. “Give me a minute.” He picked up a phone and slowly punched in a number.  
“Hiya, yeah, I know, I'm sorry, OK? Can you come down here for a minute?”  
  
More waiting. She could hear Ralph's feet pacing away to the dimly lit backroom area and back to her, kneeling naked in the darkened front of the shop. She kept her head way down like he told her. Very uncomfortable while on the knees, but hearing the word “key” meant Tracy could wait all night.  
  
A short time seems long when resting naked on your knees on a worn out carpet. Tracy was sure it had actually been a long time when the owner went to the front door again. He opened it letting in someone along with a blast of cool night air. Then it looked like the owner had walked out leaving them with the stranger. In the light of the outside streetlights she saw a fancy pair of lizard skin shoes walked by her on their way to Ralph. “You have a problem, do ya?” His soft voice was strange and his manner challenging.  
  
The cold air reminded Tracy how exposed her privates were to the newcomer. A strange man she could not even see was walking by with her behind spread wide on display. Even in the dark she thought she must be blushing.  
“A situation is all.” Ralph was talking very softly. “The key is gone for good.”  
“You know keys come only one per collar. Why? You looking to trade her in?”  
“I'll keep this one.”  
“It don't do to get sentimental.”  
“She knows the routine.”  
“So who needs a key then?”  
“The only way to discipline her is to show her I can take it off, turn her loose. Don't ya see?”  
“Gotta keep 'em scared, eh? Yeah, I get it. Takes all kind don't it. Let me take a look.”  
  
Her eyes shut tight as a bright light was turned on above her, lighting the floor around her and making a shadow of her head and wig. The strange voice descended to her neck as he began touching her. “Oh, it's one a these, then. Very attractive, and quite secure. A bit old fashioned though.” Tracy felt his hand moving across the collar and his other hand resting on her back. Very cold and she thought a bit moist.  
“I bought what they had.”  
“Well, they didn't do you no favors, no sir.” The hands went to her throat testing the space under the collar. The cold fingers tried to probe beneath but found the fit extremely close to her neck. The hands ended up resting on her shoulders in an unwelcome caress.  
“Can you manage or not?” Ralph was losing his patience with this operator.  
“Give me some room, OK? I gotta check it out properly.” Tracy felt the breath on her back as his head came close to hers.  
  
The lizard man looked closely at the collar and kept a hand on Tracy's shoulder. His other hand leisurely slid back to her ass. He grabbed her by her shoulder and left ass cheek firmly as if he was going to pick her up and throw her.  
“What's your name?” said Ralph, just keeping his temper under control.  
  
Lizard man did not look up from examining Tracy's collar and breathing onto her neck. “It's best we don't use names down here. You can call me Mr. Smith, if you like.”  
“That's fine. Now would you mind pulling your finger out of her ass, Mr. Smith?”  
Lizard man did not look up and did not move his hands. “I don't blame you. She's very nice. But your going to need some real help with this collar.”  
“What's the problem then?”  
“The problem, my friend, is that this little gem is a transmitting collar. It keeps in touch with the base control at her master's home. A handy way to know just where each girl is going, what she's doing, and who she might be talking to. I think if you had really bought it like you said you would know that.”  
Tracy's heart sank as she realized there was still more trouble. Was she caught? What would they do?  
  
Lizard man looked up at Ralph from where he held on firmly to Tracy. “I sense a bit of drama is going on here. Am I right?” He caressed Tracy's ass cheeks with his cold clammy hand in a way that seemed routine to him. She barely managed to keep a shiver from going up her spine.  
  
Ralph for the first time in Tracy's experience had nothing to say, and after an uncomfortable pause, “It's complicated.”  
“Oh, please. We don't make judgments down here. No. We just look out for ourselves...and our friends.”  
“I doubt that it's radio collar.” said Ralph.  
“The mark down here tells me everything there is to know. MX-7610 series, there can be no mistake.“  
“How can you tell it's transmitting?”  
“Ahh! I doubt it would be transmitting now. Not for the time being. You would not have gotten a hundred feet from the base unit if it had been. No, you would have met all of the nice security people and learned all about the penalties that way. Perhaps the battery went out or there is some other problem. These are delicate mechanisms. And it is definitely not safe to play with such things. Anyways, only a fool would try to remove it now. Not without precautions.”  
“What precautions?”  
“There are several. I can tell you all about them and how to manage each one. But there is one thing for certain. This collar will have to go. Once it is off it can't be used anymore. You see, it would no longer be in 'good condition' shall we say. And so, you will need a replacement. Once you have one of those I can proceed.” He took his hands off Tracy, stood up and walked toward Ralph.  
“And you just happen to have replacements.”  
“As a matter of fact I do.” said lizard man sounding slightly delighted. Tracy heard the clasps of a briefcase snap open where it sat on the counter above her head.  
  
After a moment Ralph spoke up but sounding like the master. “OK, girl, sit up.” Tracy rose from her total subservient position and sat back on her haunches. Sitting up was a great relief. Still on the dirty carpet but at least the cold hands wouldn't crawl down her back anymore.  
  
She listened to Ralph discuss, argue and bargain with lizard man about different collars and what features they offered. She trusted Ralph to get her out of this place but the thought of a replacement collar had never occurred to her. As the light above harshly lit up her tits, and all her bare parts down to her sore knees on the filthy carpet Tracy cried quietly.  
  
Once the arguments over collars were settled there was naturally another procedure. Tracy did not understand but just bent down over the bench as she was told. There were many warnings and cautions but no discussion of alternatives. It was Ralph who held the collar and her one shoulder while Mr. Smith operated some kind of awful tool. The process clamped her collar tight while somehow scratching or marking the side of it.  
  
The noise was terrifying and the collar was frozen in place. This meant it could not move and neither could she. The tightness of the collar meant that keeping her feet planted beneath where her head was pinned was essential. If she slipped her neck would break. She was less concerned about her tits swinging or lady parts spreading for all to see than finding her feet at this strange angle. It was getting more difficult to stay in position as the operation proceeded. Soon she felt she was the only one concerned with the survival of the patient.  
  
Loud noises started and stopped over and over with flashes and sparks lighting up the darkened store. Tracy felt like a flat tire being stolen off a truck on the roadside but after a long time the terrible noises ended. Once she was free of the bench she stood up very unsteadily. The noise, the vibrations and kneeling had all worn her out. Her neck felt very hot. When she reached for it she found the collar still there, and very hot indeed.  
  
She watched a tall, very thin, well dressed Mr. Smith taking a great deal of time carefully packing up his briefcase full of goodies. While he did he reminded Ralph of what he must do next and what next after that. All at great length and all with vague threats of what might happen if the process was not followed exactly. He seemed to take special delight in the risks and dangers, each reminding him of a story. He finally snapped his case closed and warned Ralph that they would never meet again without grave consequences. Before turning to leave he bent down and put his weathered face close to Tracy's, grinned mightily and said, “Very nice job with the wig.” When he walked out more cold air came into the shop.  
  
Ralph intended to let Tracy get used to standing up, stretch a bit and catch her breath before they headed for the car two blocks away. He pulled out a napkin from his pocket, “He's gone, now. Here, blow your nose.”  
  
Tracy held onto the bench and sniffled some, “Oh! That man! He was such a... he was so..”  
Then from the dark in the very back of the shop; “He's a creep!” the owner volunteered, loudly.  
Both Ralph and Tracy spun around when they heard him. “How did you get back there?” Ralph asked, very surprised and strangely angry.  
  
The owner sat on a chair in the dark, “You think I'm going to let a disgusting creep like that chase me from my own shop? I can barely stand him when I'm back here, never mind if I leave him alone with nice people. I let him in to meet and greet a little and I sneak back in my other door. Who's to know?”  
“Thanks, I guess.”  
“Not sure if I've been any help. I sure hope you got what you needed from him. It sounds like your in some awful trouble.”  
“I thought we had the place to ourselves.” Ralph added. He was thinking of bringing the car closer to the shop to spare Tracy walking through the cold night. When he turned back he saw her naked shadow throwing the front door open and marching outside.

**Part 7 - Freedom at Midnight**  
  
They had a quiet trip back to Ralph's place. The collar was still hot against her neck. Tracy was unsure how it had resisted all the punishment it had taken at the hands of “Mr. Smith” and his bizarre machine but decided to wait to ask about it. She rode up on the passenger seat keeping her hands near, but not on the collar to keep them warm. This allowed her to keep her arms over her nipples which were as cold and hard as she ever wanted them to be. The rest of her skin was reacting to the cold night air with goose bumps and shivering. At the time she was determined to get away from that shop as quickly as she could. If it meant freezing to death she thought it might still be worth it. She shuffled her feet on the carpet trying to keep them warm.  
  
Once in the apartment Ralph turned on the lights. The warm air was a welcome change to Tracy's bare skin. She ran her hands along her arms and over her her chest and stomach to chase away the chill. The cleaners had come and gone and made some changes to the place. The kitchen had been restored to a food safe area with several bags of some kind of take-out on the island. The couch Tracy had been sacking out on was now made up as a bed, with blankets, sheets and a real pillow. The mail and bachelor debris was gone, perhaps in the small filing cabinet that was new in the living room.  
  
Before he got his coat off Ralph began, “OK, store the wig carefully and scrub up. We've got things to do. Ten minutes.” Tracy heard this as she marched to the bathroom, disappointed she would not have time to shower and scrape off “Mr. Smith's” hand prints.  
  
In the bathroom that had been so empty there were some new things. The most surprising being her own travel case by the sink. Just a tiny plastic valise really, that held her small collection of cheap eye make-up and sample lip gloss along with the remains of her favorite soap. With brushes and combs it had all been taken during the move and somehow dropped here. The other surprise was the floating head. A white head shaped ball clamped on the edge of the counter where a wig was meant to stay. All that was missing was the bag of eye make-up from the beauty parlor this morning. With that she could draw a face on it.  
  
She went about taking off the red wig, starting with the its many hairpins, no doubt how “Mr. Smith” had tumbled to it. In combing her hair back to normal she noticed her collar. It had cooled off enough to touch but was still a mystery. It had been a uniform silvery gray. But now it was showing every colour of the rainbow. From every angle she could see colorful bands of variations, from magenta to blue-bottle-fly green. Whatever they had been doing it had not come through without a scratch.  
  
While digging off the eye make-up and washing she realized how hungry she was. With all these trips to strange places they had not been getting regular meals. The last time she ate was after putting on a sexy display for a cheeseburger. Tracy was happy to recognize her face at last and thought it best to see about dinner.  
  
At the island in the kitchen she saw Ralph moving food cartons and plates around. It had been years since she had had real Chinese food, which to her meant take-out Chinese food. “I hope you can find something you like.” He went about assembling Mu-Shoo this and that to his own taste. Tracy picked through the cartons and collected a plate full of unexpected prizes. She had considered getting dressed in a robe or even a towel for dinner but she was warm now and there seemed little reason to. There were no other threats and it seemed Ralph had done all the staring he might do, which for some reason wasn't much. She hated to think she was getting used to going naked everywhere but perhaps she was.  
  
“Why are we in a hurry to eat?”  
“Just to get it out of the way. Depending on how things go we may not have a chance for a while.”  
  
When the eating had slowed she asked, “Why did you take me to that nasty little shop?”  
“Not to your liking I suppose. I don't blame you.”  
“I thought the place to service a collar would be more...”, Tracy speculated but could not really imagine such a place.  
“Respectable?” Ralph asked.  
“Well, at least...”  
Ralph held back a laugh. “You could not afford such respectability. You forget what a fraud you are.” He said in response to her quizzical look, “If we came near a legitimate establishment they would have scanned your thigh right there and busted your ass into next week. Both of us, in fact.”  
“What could they do?”  
“To me,” he said assembling more Mu-Shoo, “I'd probably get a fine. But you! Impersonating a slave girl? How do you think they'd punish that? You'd be up for auction in an hour with return engagements for months to come.” Tracy knew he was right. She had been living very dangerously going everywhere as a naked slave girl all this time, even with Ralph nearby.  
  
“How did you know Mr. Smith wouldn't scan me there?”  
“It's not their specialty. Besides, I had you kneeling by the counter. Your bar code was against it, out of sight out of mind. You were kneeling so low he'd have had to haul you around like a piece of furniture to get at it.”  
“He nearly did. That horrible man! And why buy another collar?!”  
“That was his price. A legitimate purchase for illegitimate help. That was the only way to get the answers we need. It's a good thing we did, too.”  
She picked at her plate and asked timidly,“Was it expensive?”  
Ralph devoured his newly made Mu-Shu roll. Staring at his plate when he had almost finished he said quietly, “As a matter of fact it was.”  
“Can I pay you back?”  
“Let's get you out of that one. Then we'll see.”  
“How did this collar survive that machine? I thought it would be in pieces already.”  
“It's important that it's not in pieces. Not yet, anyway.”  
“Is that what we're rushing for?”  
“We're on time. And we've got thirty...two minutes.” he said checking his watch.  
“What happens at 11:30?”  
“Nothing I hope. Otherwise a dangerous and expensive mistake but we'll see. Let's finish here.”  
  
He ate up the remainder of his plate plus one more egg roll. Tracy did the same and helped close up the boxes and get them to the fridge. Ralph took them from her and said, “Go sit on the couch.”  
  
In passing his desk with the computer she saw the new collar Ralph had bought. Or rather she spotted the box it came in. The price tag on it made her stop. Even though the printed price had been crossed out and a lower number scribbled in she was stunned. She had heard of expensive watches going for such crazy money, and even jewelry in the big shops at the mall. She made it to the couch, now made up as a bed, sat and waited. She could not help but worry about how she could ever pay back Ralph for the cost of the new collar and soon decided she could not.  
  
After a few minutes Ralph came over and pulled up the desk chair to Tracy and handed her a mug. He took a big silvery plastic bag from the desk and sat down with a mug of his own.  
“We want to start the process on time.”  
Looking at the mug she asked, “Is this the potion that makes silly girls into naked slaves?”  
“I don't think so. It's just hot chocolate with a shot of rum. There's whiskey if you prefer.” he said holding up his mug.  
Not having much experience with either Tracy took a small sip.  
“What's the 'Process' about?”  
“It makes the collar go away.”  
She took a bigger sip. “How does it work?”  
“At 11:30 all collars like this, the MX-7610 re-sync or transmit or something. They all do it at the same time. This one might transmit or it might not but to be safe we want to violate it when all the others are transmitting too.”  
“How are you going to violate it?”  
Ralph pulled an odd screwdriver out of the silvery bag. “With 'Mr. Smith's' special tool. This should do it but I'll need your help.”  
Tracy took a big gulp from the mug and put it down. “What do I do?”  
He handed her the silvery bag, “We have a few minutes to go. Hold the bag in front of you. When it comes off let the collar fall into it. The bag is supposed to mask any transmitting it could do so get it in there as quick as you can.”  
“Supposed to? Are you sure it will work?”  
“Mr. Smith recommended keeping the bag over you head for the entire process but I think this will work. Chances are the transmitter is already broken but we can't be sure.”  
The minutes ticked by and Tracy could feel the effects of the chocolate, or was it the rum. Finally Ralph stood up and said, “OK, stand up.” She did. “And bend over.” he said as he demonstrated for her a bit, bending at the waist. She bent over as he suggested, completely and held the bag just below the collar on her neck. She stayed bent over with her tits swinging and her privates exposed wondering what was next. She could feel Ralph's hand on her shoulder and heard the screwdriver click into the key hole at the back of the collar. After a moment he said, “Five, four, three, two, one, zero.”  
  
On zero there was a very loud click and she felt the collar loosen for the first time in days. Ralph's hands went to it, trying to pull it open. All at once it broke apart with small pieces going all over but the main part, the collar, fell straight from Tracy's neck into the bag. Ralph casually grabbed the bag and twisted the neck closed.  
  
Tracy fell back onto the couch with her hands swarming around her neck. There was no collar, none at all. She was free. She turned her head all around to be sure it was really gone. She rolled her head around back to see the ceiling and brought her chin down to her chest. She did this for a while until she looked at Ralph who was quietly sipping at his mug. “No more collar.”, she said.  
“Nope! You're not a naked slave girl anymore.”  
She smiled. She was actually happy to be even more naked. “Just a naked girl.”  
Ralph shrugged and sipped.  
“What happens now?”  
“We wait.” he said.  
“What are we waiting for?”  
“If we alerted any security people on the lookout for you or that collar they should be showing up soon. We may as well be comfortable until they arrive.”  
Tracy found herself very comfortable indeed. Without taking her hands from her neck she said, “Do you have any more chocolate?”  
  
With a new mug of chocolate warming her hands and the rum warming her insides Tracy started asking questions. She thought it time to get some answers but for some reason she began with the silliest.  
“Don't I turn you on?”  
Ralph nearly spit back his whiskey when she said this and grinned. “You're gorgeous but not quite my type.” She looked very puzzled hearing this. “The slave girl thing is a turn on for some guys but not everyone. I usually go for the woman in a long slinky evening gown and high heels. Besides, you're trapped. That's not a turn on.”  
She kept on feeling her bare neck as she sipped her chocolate. All of her skin was feeling very warm by now. This was some great chocolate. “I'm not trapped anymore.” she suggested.  
“Well, you're stuck. You're in a situation not of your own choosing.”  
  
She thought about this and asked, “Did you need Mr. Smith to sell you that dinky little screwdriver? Didn't you have one already?”  
“Not like that one, oh no! It had to fit the key-way perfectly. Besides, without the treatment he gave it that thing would never have shattered like that. Not an easy job.”  
She looked at the bag on the desk and could see the pieces in it. They looked jagged and sharp like broken glass. There were still a few small shards on the floor where she had been bending over as well.  
  
She then remembered her main question.  
“I've never seen a slave girl act the way you were making me act. The never talking, and being all made up. Doesn't that draw attention to me? To you!?”  
Ralph was quite relaxed himself as he sipped and explained to the air around him. “Staying silent means no one will recognize your voice. The wig and make-up means no one will recognize your face.” He sipped some more. “You are exposed yet anonymous wherever you go. When you clap they have to pay attention. You are silent but can't be ignored. They can ask but you won't say.”  
“Just because I'm naked?”  
“It's the way you act! when you're naked. That gives you an advantage. And that gives you options.”  
She didn't buy it. “Even with the eye make-up, everyone's seen my face.”  
“They have to look at it to see it, Tracy, and believe me when you wear the collar nobody looks at your face.”  
  
She felt somewhat insulted. “You said I have options. What options?” She felt like getting agitated but the rum was very restful. Still, her frustrations began to pour out. “I'm stark naked for days on end! I'm stuck living in a stranger's home! My clothes are off to Pakipsey, someplace. What's going to happen...”  
Ralph raised his hand and put down his mug, stood up and walked to the front door and slid open the nearby coat closet. There in the otherwise empty closet were Tracy's few scrawny dresses hung up and below them a small box piled high with her threadbare underwear from the move. A box below showed some jeans and tops. Even all hung up in the clean closet the dresses looked very used and unpleasant.  
“Welcome to Pakipsey.”  
Tracy was shocked. Despite living absolutely nude these past days she was embarrassed to have her underwear visible in the closet. She thought about getting up and feeling her old dresses but she was far too comfortable on the couch.  
  
The odd circumstances made her wonder more and more. Eventually she asked very suspiciously, “Did you plan all this?”  
“Trapping you in a slave collar? No, that was all you. There was never any plan.”  
He sat down and pointed his mug at the closet, “This did become necessary once you were out of that apartment. You weren't going to stay in that building. Not with that predator upstairs. All of you had to get out of there, pronto. That place should have come down years ago.”  
“So you just moved me in to be your own little naked slave girl.”  
“Hardly. The collar came off didn't it? We got what we paid for. Good thing too. I didn't exactly trust Mr. Smith any more than you did.”  
“At least he wasn't pawing your ass like a playground.”  
“Anyway. You've got no collar holding you now. You can take off if you like but I'm hoping you won't. I can use your help.”  
“Help doing what?”  
“Making money mostly. Too late to talk about that now. Nothing dangerous.” He tipped back the last of his mug and put it on the desk. “No, never a plan but you have landed here. And here you are safe. Or I should say 'Lucky'.”  
  
It was late and Tracy could tell she was falling asleep. She thought of waiting to say it later but it just came out. “I don't think I'll be able to pay you back for that new collar. Or for anything.”  
  
“Don't give up yet. You've done quite a lot for me already and you might be surprised at what you can do still.”  
  
In a minute Ralph stood up and went to the kitchen and began turning off the lights. “It looks like no one will be coming for you or a broken collar tonight. Time to get some sleep.” As the apartment darkened she felt her own lights going out. She just made it under the sheets before she was sound asleep with her hands at her neck.

**Part 8 - Tracy's New Day**  
  
In the morning when Tracy heard Ralph typing at the computer she knew she was awake but had no plans to do anything about it. She had slept more soundly than she had in days and hoped to do more. When she went to turn over Ralph said, “Are you awake?”  
She said something out loud making it clear that she was.  
“Could you please make some coffee? I only know how to get hot chocolate from the machine.”  
Tracy carefully rolled off the couch and stood up. She had never had alcohol without a terrible morning afterwards so she was very surprised that she felt fine. She walked into the kitchen and brought the elaborate coffee machine to life. When she walked back to the desk with two cups of coffee Ralph stood up from the desk in his suit pants and fresh work shirt. He did not have a tie.  
“Here, have a seat and tell me what you think of this.”  
  
She sat at the computer and looked at the screen. It was a set of linked spreadsheets that looked similar to what she used to use at her old temp job. A monthly quadrature calculation. She had told Ralph all about what she had done before in quite a lot of boring detail. It looked like he understood except for some terrible mistakes.  
“You have a few problems here, Mr. Hertzog.” she said sternly wondering how he could get it so messed up.  
“You go ahead, add a new line, shift a few values, do what you need to make it right. Take all the time you need.” He wandered back to his bedroom as Tracy slowly began typing away.  
  
Tracy had been working at the computer long enough for her coffee to get cold when there was a knock at the front door. Tracy expected to see Ralph go by to answer when she heard a distant, “Could you get that, Tracy?” It was all she could do to tear her eyes away from the monitor as she stood up but finally was walking to the door. When she had the door wide open she was greeted by an overnight delivery man. A very young man at that, perhaps younger than herself, complete in his spotless uniform and cap. He handed her a large very flat package and made some marks on his tablet-clipboard.  
“I need a signature, too.” he said while scribbling.  
“He needs a signature.” Tracy yelled out toward the bedroom.  
“Go ahead and sign it. Thanks.”  
  
Tracy wondered how such gadgets worked as she took the tablet from the kid. When she put her arm under it to hold it up and sign she looked down and saw that she was still, as ever, completely naked. Not the coffee, not the computer, not until the clipboard had she remembered she was naked. She was suddenly intensely aware of herself and her bare skin, all of it. She was not in a collar and not behind eye make-up. She was not hidden beneath her red wig. She was just herself and entirely naked in front of this very young stranger. The redness began on her face at first. It crept rapidly down her neck and chest. It came with a great heat as if there was a desert breeze coming from the corridor.  
  
Once it had come it lit her skin up from her top of her hair line to the ends of her toes. She could feel the blush lighting her up like a Christmas tree. All her bare skin facing the doorway was getting redder and redder and hotter by the second, especially her face and her breasts, oh and her breasts with her nipples peeking over the edge of the tablet-clipboard. To her it was all in excruciating slow motion with the young man seeing the blush creep across every inch of her exposed skin.  
  
The young man was not gawking as she would have expected. He wasn't staring at her breasts pressing into the edge of the tablet. He wasn't taking in her bare mound with the new pubic hairs waiting for a fresh shave. Her changing color from a normal human to that of a red-hot mama did not seem to affect him. He eventually peeked over to see if she knew where to write. She managed to remember that “Lynda” from Wonder Woman's Lynda Carter was her secret slave girl name and signed “Lynda” in the blinking box. The kid took it back and smiled, looking only at her face, turned and left.  
  
She closed the door to the hallway but the hot breeze on her skin did not stop. She picked up the big flat envelope and began using it to fan herself back down to room temperature and walked back to the desk.  
  
She was quite shaken and much more awake sitting there, glad there was a towel under her apparently from last night. There she sat trying to cool off without success wondering what she had been doing up to now. She had been naked for several days but in a slave collar. It had been a turn on days ago when she was a safe distance from her clothes but that had changed. More recently she had been walking along behind Ralph, just staying safe in his office, his home. That was no longer for fun, it was just to stay almost legit while trying to escape the collar. With that collar breaking into little pieces last night she no longer considered herself as a slave girl, even a pretend one.  
  
She was wondering what could have caused her to react so differently to the delivery man, and why her nipples were suddenly tingling. That's when the orgasm happened. It came fast, all at once radiating from her stubbled pussy directly up to her tits causing her head to rock back. It was gigantic. It was enormous. She was naked and she was coming, right there at the desk in the open. She felt herself reaching for her pussy lips to try to stop it all, to turn it off. Once she touched them she could only go rigid and hang on while she came again in a second wave, and then another. When they slowly subsided the heat did not. She felt even hotter as the afterglow kicked into high gear. She was sure she had to be beet-red, and she was so naked.  
  
She sat still for a long time thinking, trying to think cool thoughts and did not touch the computer. Never in her life had she had an orgasm or any reaction like that! Never! Wandering around town naked as a pretend slave girl, with her clothes hidden away had been a dangerous turn on. That was enough to get her off once she got home but nothing like this. Where did it come from? What was causing it, and when was it going to happen next? Having barely recovered she was very afraid and worried; afraid that it might happen again, anytime as suddenly as it just did. How could she manage? Even with that fear threatening her she worried that it might never happen again.  
  
She had just cooled off sufficiently when Ralph appeared, struggling with his tie as he did every morning. “I gave the delivery boy a thrill.” she admitted.  
“Oh? Don't worry about them. They've seen it all.”  
“Oh, he sure saw it all.”  
“That's the package? Good. What do you think of the spreadsheet? Does it look right?”  
  
Spreadsheet? There was a spreadsheet? She talked in a distracted way paying little attention, slowly reaching around the desk, unable to find the mouse, “No, it's...it's terrible. There are mistakes everywhere. I had to change... change three pivots and move the... the locus on almost every column. It doesn't look like you understood what I was talking about.”  
“But you can fix it, right?”  
She was careful not to shout, “The delivery man, the delivery Boy!, saw me naked. It made me come like tornado! What's happening?!”  
Instead she concentrated, “Yes, but you didn't understand what I was talking about. I'm still not finished with it.”  
“No! No! That's fine. No problem. Now, can you show me how to make coffee?”  
  
In a few minutes they were at the coffee machine. Before long Tracy began to feel like herself again. Not with being naked but just with helping Ralph out with the coffee tech. She had recovered. He had not mentioned anything about her appearing rosy or even pink. She couldn't have just imagined her skin was on fire though she wasn't blushing now or worried about doing so. They were secure and safe indoors with no new people around.  
  
With some instruction Ralph managed to get the machine steaming up another cup. “I need you to come in to work and fix the spreadsheet. Do you think you could do that?”  
“That would take a while. That was my temp job. But your report is really messed up.”  
“That's fine. Will you come in and fix it?”  
She pointed to the desk, “You can make a copy of this when I'm done and ...”  
“No, the work has to be done there.”  
“My temp job.” She thought for a moment, remembering and almost missing her silly little job. It barely paid her rent in that horrid building. “I don't know if they'll take me back now that I've missed so much time.”  
“Can I ask you a question about that job?”, Ralph said. She nodded, curious. “How long were you planning to stay with that firm, how long was it going to last?” She stood there with her hands trying to rest on her naked hips but not thinking about the question. She was wondering how she could have gone naked all this time and suddenly be consumed by devastating orgasms. Would they happen again? And when? Before long Ralph interrupted. “Until something better came along perhaps?” He sipped his coffee.  
  
She grudgingly nodded again. “Tracy, any temp agency will always take you anytime. Right now I can use your help with the spreadsheet problem.”  
Tracy joked with her weakest of smiles, “I've got nothing to wear.” She said this cocking her hip which caused her breasts to sway.  
“Well, that's kind of the idea, really.”  
Her little smile disappeared and her eyes got much larger. “You mean I'm supposed to be your naked slave girl again?” As soon as she said it she realized how silly it sounded since she was still completely nude.  
  
Before Ralph could answer she turned and walked her bare feet back to the desk and sat down as if with great purpose. Once there she realized there was nothing for her to do but think about working again. Working as the naked slave girl. Would she be able to, would the blush come back, and the orgasm, would that happen again, spontaneously, at the office in front of everyone. What was she thinking! How could she consider it. Ralph left her alone and tried to find some breakfast in the kitchen.  
  
Once he got some eggs frying in a pan he began talking, his voice echoing from the stove.  
“Get over this idea that you're a slave girl. Go look online there. They don't chat with their masters. They don't eat what the master eats and they don't sleep in beds. They're miserable and demented. They think they deserve to be punished and used as sex toys.”  
  
She sat with her arms folded under her breasts staring at her cold coffee trying to decide whether she should finish the spreadsheet after all. She knew her old clothes were in the hall closet a few steps away but dressing in them would mean hunting down a new job altogether. She had to hear what Ralph had in mind.  
  
Ralph eventually started again, “Did you see the young lady at the office?”  
“Which young lady? There were a few.”, Tracy responded quietly, trying not to appear interested.  
“Cindy. She is the head of that group. Did you notice what she was wearing?”  
“Not particularly. No.”  
“She had a three piece suit, well, most of them do, but not a cheap one. I think she has four or five of them. She mixes them with blouses and things so she doesn't repeat, not much.”  
“She sounds very sensible. She should fix your spreadsheet.”  
“She has a degree and several years of experience.”  
“Good for her.”  
“She couldn't do it. None of them can. Month after month now. It's getting embarrassing.”  
“Then what do you want me to do.”  
“I want you to sneak in and fix it.”  
“Why do I have to sneak in?”  
“A three piece suit won't get you into The Company. They don't hire people off the street or from temp agencies.”  
“But I get in by being your naked slave girl?”  
“No! You get in by pretending to be.”  
  
Ralph came and sat on the arm of the couch, Tracy's bed for the last few nights. He had a plate with his scrambled eggs. He placed his coffee mug on the crowded desk and ate off the plate with some difficulty, holding it in one hand and a fork in the other.  
“Is there a difference?”, Tracy asked still trying not to seem interested.  
Ralph focused on cutting his eggs while balancing his plate. “Real slave girls don't get paid.”  
“How am I supposed to get paid as your slave girl?”  
  
Ralph continued while gobbling up his eggs, “Listen. When we met you got me to lose my temper and shout at you. That was new for me. Since then I've been shouting at everyone and they've been treating me much better. I'm finally getting respect, or maybe just fear but I really don't care. The people at work think I've gone crazy, the change is so huge for them. You never knew me before so you can't tell. You're the only one who knows I'm not quite that terrible.”  
Tracy kept trying act like she was not paying attention. “Your secret is safe with me.”  
“Thank you. Your secret is safe with me, too.”  
“What secret?”  
“You get turned on being a naked slave girl. Or at lease you used to. You must have really liked it considering the trouble you went to, hiding your clothes and the key to the collar. That collar gave you a real scare, though. But that ended alright.”  
She felt like getting upset thinking of the outcome, “But I lost my apartment, in the end.”  
“Both your friends were slave girls, or nearly so when we went back if you remember. ”  
“But it was mine! My place.”  
“It wasn't safe. Look online here. You can find another.”  
He walked back to the kitchen and returned with another plate of scrambled eggs and a fork and put it down in front of Tracy. He picked up her mug of cold coffee and walked back to the coffee machine. He kept talking as he set up the machine for a fresh cup. Tracy grabbed the fork and a bite of the eggs. They needed salt.  
“You're not in danger anymore. The bad old collar is in little pieces, right?” She looked at the shiny bag of shrapnel that used to be a collar around her neck.  
  
“So how can I get paid as your slave girl?”  
“You won't directly but I will see that you do. The Company, those people, cannot know about it. You don't see it but there's a lot of status for me just having you show up and stand there. People are wondering how important I am and how much money I have. That's because of you. Your presence is very mysterious and new. Threatening even. They think big changes are about to come. If we can actually get the spreadsheet problems fixed there's certain to be more money for the department.”  
“Doesn't sound like I'm getting any of it.”  
“You will. Besides you'll be getting a resume out of it. 'Solution expert for monthly quadrature calculations' ”, he said as if announcing royalty. “Companies all over use this stuff, just like at your last place. Then you'd get a real job. No more temp stuff.”  
  
“But I'd still be Naked Tracy.”  
“You'd wear the wig and eye make-up to do the work I need. I'll pay you myself. Once it's done you'll have references, experience and a killer wardrobe.” He thought he could see her weaken. “And for what it's worth, I've never known anyone but a naked Tracy. And you wouldn't even be Tracy, you'd be Naked Lidia.”  
“Lynda!”, She said.  
“Yes! Lynda Carter – Wonder Woman!”  
  
She thought about doing it. Continuing to go naked as a pretend slave girl, but now with a real job to do. Either way, naked meant naked. Legs, pubes, tits and ass. Barefoot all the way up to her red wig. Before she was just sticking close to Ralph hoping to eventually get free from the collar. Now it was to make some money, a little anyway.  
  
But she might blush the way she just did, and in front of people, in front of everyone. That would finish her as a human being, never mind a pretend slave girl. She couldn't do it, she would collapse. She might have another crippling orgasm like the last one, an orgasm in public, while standing at attention, with people staring, staring at her totally naked body wondering why she was shaking so. Even Lynda Carter couldn't do that. She was sure she absolutely could not do it. What she was not sure of was why she couldn't resist.  
“I'm not really Wonder Woman, you know.”  
  
Ralph laughed out loud making Tracy look at him suddenly very cross. He struggled to stop his chuckling and tried to explain carefully, “You have powers and abilities far beyond everyone at the office.

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“You have powers and abilities far beyond everyone at the office. You have a secret identity no one knows so you are entirely protected. No one knows who you really are. You have the opportunity to help others, and you'll actually get paid for it. You even have a sexy costume to wear when you go out to save the day. Tell me how you're not Wonder Woman.”  
Tracy played with the mouse on the spreadsheet.  
Eventually she said quietly, “Wonder Woman gets respect.”  
Ralph smiled and said quietly, “You have been nude the entire time I have been with you. Apart from the near grope by that horrid mechanic for the collar, you have not been pinched, bitten, slapped, tickled or nibbled on,. How much more respect do you need?  
  
Tracy was not quite convinced but still wanted to hear more. “Do you have some salt?”

**Part 9 - Tracy Goes to Work**  
  
Tracy stood at full attention, there was no other way to stand, in the middle of Ralph's private office, staring out of the large window to the hall. Shoulders back, chest out, nipples up, hands held behind her back and stark naked. She had been that for several days now but today it was going to be for the money, at least that is what Ralph had sold her on. She owed a lot to Ralph. She picked him, but he did step up and rescue her from this pretend slave girl routine she had trapped herself into. Now she was going to pay him back for some of that by coming back to his office at The Company and straightening out their spreadsheet problem. He assured her there would be a profit in it and he would see that she got paid. That should make it worth her time. Doing all of it on the sly was going to make it much more difficult.  
  
Standing with her feet well apart and eyes locked to the front of the room she could hear all manner of chatter going on at the desks just out of her view to the right. She was on display for each of the employees as they walked down the hallway in front of her. Behind her frozen gaze she delighted in the shocked ladies as they averted their eyes and ran past in their too high heels. The young men were priceless as their heads turned and stopped, landing on her body, still turning as they walked. Their walking would slow as they pretended to look in their papers for a reason to stand there with their jaws open.  
  
While she eventually came to enjoy the surprising reactions she was not at all comfortable with being naked in public. It had taken her much more than an hour to become a spectator in her own complete exposure once she and Ralph had made it to the office. There Tracy put her feet where they were, never to step away until Ralph returned. Once there it was all she could do to keep from running back through the halls and out of the building. The stubble of her newly shaved pussy was available for close inspection. Her nakedness, her vulnerability, her exposure were as extreme as she could have imagined and far more than she ever had fantasized. It took time to convince herself that this morning's colossal blush came from circumstances that could not be repeated. The orgasms that followed were also a concern but just as unlikely. She believed this but still had fear of a repeat. She was properly disguised now, in her wig and collar, not invulnerable but well protected.  
  
She had gone naked before in her own collar, hiding her clothes, and pretending to be someone's naked slave girl running errands in the village. It was very risky and foolish even though it was a turn on once she finished and got home. Until it all went wrong, with no way out and no master to appeal to. But she survived that, thanks to Ralph. Now what was it going to take to fix Ralph's problem and get back to her own life. Finding an apartment for herself, and a job, and clothes. Wearing clothes. Her clothes from the old apartment came to Ralph's place but she did not put any on this morning. Once she got the nerve to come in naked for Ralph's job she knew she shouldn't. Apart from leaving marks on her skin, if she got dressed she would have to convince herself all over again, that working naked was the best option. And Ralph said she had options.  
  
Ralph had gone over the instructions from before and added several she could hardly believe. Mostly warnings about the people at the office. This was definitely enemy territory.  
  
The only thing new in the office was a standing desk to the left of the main desk. It held a computer with two monitors up at waist height for people who preferred to stand while they worked. The office was so big it could hardly be noticed. Ralph told her it would be there and why. She was just waiting for him to get back and start things off. Until then she was to stand there and wait, naked, facing the window, the office and the whole world. She had nothing to do as she stood there except notice the air conditioning, and how much warmer her nipples were than her toes.  
  
Ralph had gone to his early meeting once they arrived. She knew he had many things to arrange and left her there in her uniform. Her uniform was her eye make-up, really dolled up this morning, and her wonderfully natural red wig, page-boy bangs with the back only long enough to reach her collar. The new collar took a while to get into since her last had scared her so.  
  
Before they left the apartment Ralph took the new collar out of its box over by the TV holding it pinched between his thumb and middle finger. It was new and shiny and very slim. Not at all like the old collar she had been trapped in, but it still frightened her, even from across the room.  
  
“I've been in a collar and naked for a week!” she mumbled, trying to put off the collar fitting.  
“Not this collar.” Ralph said quietly. The collar clicked and popped open as he held it in his one hand. He quickly closed it with both hands.  
“I'm not sure I want to be known as the naked slave girl at my new job, or any job.”  
“No one knows you who you are, not when your in your eye make-up and wig. Nice job, by the way.” The collar popped open again in Ralph's two fingers. He closed it again.  
Tracy was not so frightened as curious, “How do you do that?”  
Ralph held it out to her. “Just hold it here like this,” he said showing her where to grip it.  
She gripped the new collar where Ralph showed her. “Now give it a pinch, hard.” She pinched it and it flew open.  
Such a surprise for Tracy. Having been trapped in one it was a strange thrill to be able to open it. “Is it a real collar?”  
“It's definitely a real collar. You saw me buy it from that mechanic working on the old collar. It can also be opened with the key. It's a legit collar but with a modification. Not a cheap modification either.” He explained more carefully when she gave him a questioning stare. “It turns out you're not the only one who likes pretending to be a naked slave girl.”  
  
She still wasn't convinced. Ralph put it over his enormous arm to show that it would still pop open even if somebody was inside it. She tried pinching it and it opened. She tried the key, a nice long key, and it opened. She could open it either way. She could lock it with the key and still pop it open with a pinch. With a little experimenting she convinced herself she could get the collar open whenever she wanted.  
  
Still very hesitant to leave it on she looked at Ralph seriously, “Wearing your collar will really make me your slave.”  
Ralph made a face and shrugged. “The collar is equipment, a business expense. I had to buy it to get you out of the last collar. Now we need it to get you into the office. If you keep up the payments you'll be making money. Now lets get you to work.” So now she was in the office to work but was just waiting.  
  
Now she could hear Ralph's angry growl. He had been using it on people to get their respect and to get them motivated, mostly by fear. It was getting closer. That meant the show was about to start. He marched into his office several steps ahead of three assistant types. As he walked through the door he looked at her and whispered, “Here we go!” She knew what that meant. He was yelling at all of them now and that made them pay attention. They were two young men in ill fitting suits and a woman with her hair pulled back so tight she almost looked like a man. They jumped with every sound he made, running to fix anything he mumbled about. Her job was to pay no attention at all.  
  
Once the assistants each had their task he stepped over to her. Bending down he shouted at her as loud as possible. “Why haven't you started typing, you stupid girl?!” The hair of her wig blew across her face, he was so close. “You could have been finished already!” He stepped over to the standing computer desk and banged on the key board. “Do I have to do everything for you?” He typed a few commands and opened a blank document screen. “Get over here!” She walked up to the desk and saw it was the just the right height for her to work at. She positioned herself close in front of it with her feet more than shoulder width apart, shoulders back and began to type, “I'm a nasty little slave girl. I'm a dirty little slave girl.” She kept typing this over and over as Ralph walked back to his assistants. She could not see their reactions and did not know if they could see what she was typing. The cool air from below told her they could see her privates from behind her if they looked. While she typed she scanned the rest of the two monitors. There was room to work but nothing was there yet. There was a tiny screen to the right for texting.  
  
Ralph finished giving his instructions to the worried assistants and sent them away with jobs to do and goals to meet. Once they were gone he sat at his desk and started to work. After a minute the text came up on her monitor, [OK, their gone.]  
  
Shortly a window appeared with the network path to the spreadsheet files. The names of the ones to fix popped up in her texting box, quite a few. She moused around creating new folders to keep her work safe and left copies of the files there. Ralph could see what she was doing on his screen but she was in a work space of her own. But first she had to do some tricky copy and paste. After a few keyboard short-cuts she had a big page of text filled with hundreds of “I'm a nasty little slave girl. I'm a dirty little slave girl.” for anyone to see if they walked into the room. Now she could get to work.  
  
Ralph had left her alone for a while to do his own work. She could see that the files were set up worse than the ones Ralph showed her at the apartment. Much worse, silly even. Didn't they have really smart people working here? The work was still interesting but not quite distracting enough. The whole time she was much too aware that she was standing in a strange office buck naked, her pose accentuating her figure with her naked pussy getting warm and cold depending on the AC. Earlier the cold air blew keeping her contracted till her pussy looked like a young lady's. Now the warm air circulated letting her open and unfold like, well, not like a lady. In battling the computer with this distraction she found several odd things about the spreadsheets. She kept notes during the hour and a half until she decided to text him about them.  
[Has anyone noticed the imbalance in the pay-forward expenditure? It has been ignored for several months.]  
Ralph replied, [I was expecting problems. Fix anything that needs it and keep detailed notes of what you had to do and why. Make them very clear. I'll have to explain them as discoveries of my own when it's time.]  
She went back to it once she sent, [Yes, Boss]  
  
In another half hour she could not wait but sent [Bathroom!] The coffee from earlier in the morning had finally made its way along.  
[Fine, use the coffee.] was the reply.  
With that she turned and walked to him as he stood up behind his desk. He yelled as loud as possible so they would hear outside, “Where's my coffee! You hopeless girl!” and handed her the coffee cup. She took it and ran from the office to the ladies room as if she was very upset. As she ran she could see everyone in the office stare at her with great shock. That poor naked girl. Once in the bathroom, sitting in the stall holding the mug on her knee, finally relieved, she thought about what they were playing at. How carefully he had to plan things. She knew the appearance was important to her identity and even her safety, but what a way to operate. They couldn't use this one again today but there were other tricks. There were moves to get her in, out and around the office while showing their relationship as strictly master and slave girl. Anything else would draw suspicion and perhaps threaten investigation.  
  
She had finished and was washing her hands, and the mug which really needed it, when the door opened. Two beautiful women, in lovely suits, walked in with wide eyes and worried looks on their faces. “Are you OK?” one asked while the other whispered, “What's your name?”  
Tracy put her wet hand to her cheek pretending to rub away some tears. She knew not to speak for any reason, not to answer any questions or give any information. As they approached she pretended the mug was very full of water and held it carefully out in front of her. This stopped the strangers from coming closer. “Nice suit!” she thought, “But I've got work to do.” With a wobbly mug as her only weapon the naked girl pushed passed them to the door and out.  
  
Once she was out she went to the coffee station, in the midst of all the desks, the pool, and made Ralph's coffee; a bit of cream and half a sugar, all perfectly open, naked and silent. The ladies following her into the lady's room made her nervous and that made her rush. Everyone stared as she bent over the fixings. Most stared as they kept typing, doing the work they had promised Ralph, that horrible man. Others, the guys, just stared, taking in the view of her skin, inch by inch, the sight of her breasts as they swung, her ass as she shifted her weight left and right. If there was a face between her wig and the collar nobody could see it.  
  
She soon realized this and stopped rushing. She stood up straight with the mug and took a slow, dramatic about face and paused. “I've got a suit too, you know,” she thought “and this is it.” This satisfied the curiosity of those around her, about what she looked liked all over. The air was warm and everything showed, even her lips left nothing to the imagination, and no one was trying to make eye contact. They were mesmerized. With that done she walked casually back to Ralph's office and her secret job, all the heads swiveling along as she passed. The curious made way for her and got back to work too.  
  
She preferred Ralph's office to the general pool out there. The carpet was deeper and softer and her feet needed all the warmth they could get. Ralph whispered a quiet “Thank you” when she put his mug down. She had withstood all the staring they could do to her naked form without any hint of a blush starting and now she was back to work, not yet fearless but managing despite the challenges.  
  
The more she worked the more she found in the spreadsheets that needed work. Who could have imagined such a deep mess, repeated over and over? In another half hour a young man came in to Ralph's desk and put down a large sandwich wrapped in paper, a can of soda and left. Ralph said nothing. After finishing something on his computer Ralph opened the pop and tore into the sandwich. The slave girl could not eat with the master. Tracy knew she had been eating too much anyway with Ralph and had to keep her figure as trim as possible. She just kept working.  
  
Ralph had finished eating when Tracy sent,  
[I really need to stretch. How do we do that?]  
[Go ahead and stretch. I won't peek.], he replied.  
She held back her smile and turned from her desk to the open carpet. She began by making a few lunging moves to get her legs over the stiffness that was starting up. The carpet was very soft and lovely to exercise on. With her feet spread way apart she rotated and swiveled her hips waiting to hear if one popped. Then she tried a split first left then right but was too out of shape. Finally with feet together she worked to reach down to her toes and only just made it.  
  
When she came back up she saw the sandwich man standing there holding the empty soda can and the torn wrapper from Ralph's finished sandwich. He looked pretty finished himself standing there staring at her with an unfortunate bulge in his pants. She put on her cold face and stood at attention. Ralph noticed her stopping and said, “Hey Joe, don't get any of that on the carpet!” Joe sprang to attention, crumpled the wrapper carefully and carried the trash away. It was all Tracy could do to keep from busting out laughing. She was safe here in her naked uniform, for now, but that would change.

**Part 10 - Tracy's Afternoon**  
  
After lunch the afternoon at The Company went productively and was winding down quietly. Tracy was very productive working on the spreadsheet problems and there were a lot of them. She would categorize each issue, add it to the notes, list the items adjusted and make the fix. Then include the results and the sources of the errors in the notes. Each time she completed a series she would say to herself, “Nope, still naked. Still working in a strange office.” She could tell the AC was working well since her nipples were hard. They weren't usually. Moving the mouse around even a little would let her breasts sway, shifting her balance a bit, making the carpet squeeze against her toes. She understood the situation was not going to change. Not soon.  
  
She had to play the part of the naked slave girl while doing this whirlwind repair of these terrible quadrature records. That meant keeping an eye out for people looking at her (they always did) from the giant hall window to her right, and whether they might notice what she was working on (not likely while she was totally naked). Ralph gave her access to the files but the work she was doing would all be his to brag about. It had to be this way. If it got out that she was fixing the files, that she knew what she was doing, her cover as an ignorant naked slave girl would be shot.  
  
Whatever punishment there might be for that would likely start with going naked. She was quite experienced with that by now. She knew how to get around, avoiding gravel and rough pathways, steering clear of men, except for Ralph of course. He kept her safe. He had a plan and was going to pay her for her trouble. And it looked like there would be a lot of trouble. It looked like a lot of money had been sitting in the wrong places. When all was sorted out it would likely cost someone dearly. Until then she was doing as he asked with his assurance of getting paid, paid to play his naked slave girl.  
  
Her experience with going naked still had not made her at all comfortable with it. The brief sprints of spreadsheet fixes took her mind off the air on her body and her sense of exposure for a time but it was always there. She found herself wishing she could get back the old turn-on she used to have going naked in the village as the pretend slave girl. At least then she wouldn't mind her nudity so much. But that would be dangerous, too. She feared her great blush might come back, or worse, the huge spontaneous orgasms that had followed it. So long as she had her modified slave collar and red wig she was hidden and people knew what she was, or thought they did; a slave girl, subject to humiliation by the owner, but not available for anyone else.  
  
Ralph did his own work and answered phone calls. As time went by there were more calls. She could tell he was getting frustrated with the interruptions. She was not surprised when he texted to her monitor, [Looks like there's going to be a meeting.]  
  
He wrote a note on a slip of paper, got up from his desk and walked to her at her standing desk. He stuck the note to the edge of her monitor and said,  
“These are your instructions. So long as your doing one of these you'll be fine. I'm not sure how long this meeting will be. Just remember the rules.” With that he left the private office.  
  
The note said, in bold letters, “Stand, Stretch, Type” This would free her from spending the whole time standing at attention and allow her to keep working on the spreadsheets. That's what “Typing” meant. Anyone peering at her work from the window could only see a screen full of “I'm a nasty little slave girl. I'm a dirty little slave girl.” that kept typing itself and growing all the time.  
  
Tracy had been “Typing” for twenty minutes when there was a flurry of people moving through the hallway by her window. She made a note to stop her work and stand at attention there to see what was happening but always had one more thing to finish. She had just saved a file when she was surprised by a woman appearing at her right side. She was much taller and very slim. She stood uncomfortably close to Tracy just to look down at her.  
  
“Alright, then. I'm Miss Williams. I'm with Inventory Management. You're looking very smart in your whoreish make-up and slave collar. Let's get a look at you.” Before Tracy could turn away Miss Williams had scanned the bar-code on her right hip with a large evil looking hand scanner. Reading it she said with surprise,“Ooh! That's not right. We'll have to see about that.”  
  
Tracy stepped back away from her desk, and Miss Williams. Turning to face her Tracy assumed her full attention stance. That meant feet more than shoulder width apart, shoulders back and hands clasped behind her back. Her privates, her tits, everything was on total display. They had to be. She didn't like it but it was the job and so long as she kept the character going she should be safe. Keeping her eyes locked ahead she noticed Miss Williams did not wear a suit. The first time Tracy had ever seen anyone here not in a suit. Instead she wore a white blouse with a tall frilly collar and long puffy sleeves. In her thirties, her hair was pulled back to a nondescript bun. Her rimless glasses made her look the model of efficiency.  
  
She handed the big scanner to the very large man walking in behind her. He hung it back on his hip where it had spent a lot of time. She took back her clipboard from him and started looking at her list. Tracy thought it suitable that she had a clipboard. The nice blouse only emphasized the fact that she was as flat as a...Two men, there were two men behind Miss Williams. Both very large and each two heads taller than Tracy. They were very muscular and dressed in tight T-shirts and loose pants and seemed ready to lift desks or small cars. They stood close to Miss Williams and listened to what she said.  
  
She checked a few things off her list and finally looked down at Tracy with a cold smile. “Mr. Hertzog has confided in us all about your situation and I think it's really for the best. We are going to get you set up in no time so there will be no trouble at all. Your name is 'Linda'? And you don't speak. Well that's charming, but you can type. That will be useful. Mr. Morrison has a real need for a typing robot just now and we'll see he has a look at you once we get you properly registered. Come with me, 'Linda'.” With that she walked to the office door, the very large men turning to follow.  
  
Tracy did not take a step.  
  
“Ralph sold me out? Thought it was for the best? Who are these people?”, Tracy thought. She was very close to panic. As Miss Williams and the two men stepped to the doorway Tracy looked out her window to the hallway. The hall was filled with people from all over The Company milling about for no reason except to see what happened next.  
  
They chatted, sipped coffee and shared papers in folders but each kept stealing glances at the naked slave girl in Ralph's office, waiting to watch her get taken away. She was the new girl on the block but they didn't think she would be for long. They were looking into the goldfish bowl to watch the cat eat her up.  
  
Miss Williams stopped at the doorway, surprised to see Tracy was not following behind. She turned and sauntered back to Tracy in the slowest most threatening way one could while dressed in a frilly white blouse and a long narrow skirt.  
  
“'Linda'” she said, emphasizing the quotes around the name,“I don't know what Mr. Hertzog or your other masters have told you but you do have to come with me. You are inventory and I'm the one to see that you are properly registered.” She came closer and closer until she stood with her face an inch above Tracy's. Her frilly chest brushing against Tracy's bare nipples. “We have to straighten out your bar-code and see that you are registered with The Company as an asset.”  
  
Tracy remained at attention.  
  
“My associates, Mr. Hanson and Mr. Jared, will be happy to assist you in any way necessary to bring you down to our department, won't you, gentlemen?” Tracy saw the men pull back their enormous shoulders and fold their gigantic arms. Their hands were rough and calloused. Just perfect for picking up things. Naked things. They looked like they could pick her up like a case of beer and have a party doing it. Tracy knew she was finished.  
  
That's when it started. As she stared directly at this woman's chin Tracy could feel the heat begin. It was only a small hot spot just above her nose. Miss Williams, with sarcasm and menace in her voice couldn't see the heat slowly edging up beneath Tracy's bangs to her hairline under the wig. The blush was returning. A fiery swirl of red-hot skin over her entire nude body was on its way. The threat of her exposure must be the cause, she thought. A great insight to have at a moment like this. She had to keep it back, under control. She could not afford to be exposed.  
  
But she was exposed! She was completely naked and away from all her possessions, her IDs, her keys, her clothes. She was professionally nude with nothing to identify her as a non-slave. The naked slave girl character was too perfect. The people outside were waiting for this, for her to crack, to give up. They were hoping to see her carried away, squirming naked over their heads to some unknown Inventory department. The heat was coming on, despite the wig and the eye make-up. The blush was trying to spread over her face. She could not let this woman see it.  
  
Miss Williams continued, “But, 'Linda' your going to enjoy being an undressed servant of The Company. That's what it's all about for you isn't it, you slut? The constant nakedness, the humiliating exposure. That's what you enjoy, isn't it? Mr. Hertzog told us all about that. Well your going to enjoy a lot of it. We have lots of work for you. Some of it even useful. And Mr. Morrison is so looking forward to seeing you again.  
  
Again? That didn't sound right. But it was too late for that. Too late to wonder. Miss Williams turned her head and spoke. The large men came right up behind her. Tracy did not care. She walked to Ralph's desk. When Miss Williams turned again to threaten 'Linda' once more she was gone.  
  
Tracy had fallen into Ralph's very large, very deep over-sized leather desk chair letting it swivel from the desk. Miss Williams seemed afraid to raise her voice but whispered as sharply as she could. “It won't do you any good, you whore! You are coming with us.”  
  
Tracy parted her legs casually and began rubbing her pussy, right at the top. She rubbed it openly, slowly, deliberately and with great purpose. Eventually she closed her eyes a bit. Miss Williams said, “Gentlemen! Bring her along!” Tracy could see them coming, right between her parted knees.  
  
As they approached her Tracy brought her left foot up on the chair to open up her sex wider. Her head began to tip back. The large men walked to either side of the chair, coming to stand against each arm looking down. Tracy reached up with her left hand to pinch her nipple. She rubbed her pussy a little harder, pinching and rolling her nipple the whole time. Miss Williams shook with rage.  
  
Mr. Jared looked down and spoke with a soft, deep voice, “Miss?”  
  
Tracy opened her eyes part way to look at Mr. Jared's pants. “Wow! He really likes me!” she thought. She looked up at his rough face biting her lower lip, then went back to rubbing her naked sex, a bit faster now, while everyone watched. This continued with neither Mr. Hanson or Mr. Jared moving to put a stop to it. They seemed more than happy just to watch. Miss Williams whispered more sternly and almost desperately, “Stop her!” but they just kept watching.  
  
The people in the hallway were glued to the window. Tracy's window, where she was always on display. She was displaying much more now and all sorts of people had all sorts of responses to it. A fair amount of quiet muttering, “Disgusting!”, “Terrible.” but a few whispered “Marvelous.”, and “Awesome!” and one not so quiet, “You go girl!” The huge men blocked the view for many but no one could walk away. Not until they saw what would happen.  
  
How much longer she could keep this up Tracy was not sure but the blushing had been stopped. She was in control again. Now, what to do about Miss Williams?  
  
She stayed in the chair pinching and rubbing away until she saw her computer finally flip its screen saver on, hiding her spreadsheets and the secret work she had been doing. Now it would be OK. Despite the pretend text of “I'm a dirty little slave girl.” it was clear she was doing more than typing. Luckily there had been distractions.  
  
With her work safely hidden Tracy had less to fear about being caught as a pretend naked slave girl, but not much. If she stood up to Miss Williams and actually spoke what could she say? “I know you've got a beautiful slave collar yourself under that pretty blouse. Won't you show the nice people?” Turning someone's modesty against them would be a powerful tool and she would be the one to do it. But she would only have one shot at it.  
  
Miss Williams herself was composing a great threat for Mr. Hanson and Mr. Jared. Anything to stop them lusting after Linda's naked body, grab her and get going. Just then people in the hallway shouted and shoved as Ralph angrily stormed into his office. “Hello, Susan!” he shouted. “How's Victor Morrison these days? You're still his assistant, right?” His words were friendly but his tone was very loud and increasingly threatening.  
  
Miss Williams was very shocked to see Ralph and spoke with difficulty. “Oh! Mr. Hertzog! I'm now in charge of Victor's... Mr. Morrison... Inventory, his control, I'm in charge of inventory... control... for Mr. Morrison.” As she stammered through a poor explanation the hallway cleared rapidly. No one wanted to be caught away from their desk now. Not with this going on. They knew they would hear Ralph losing his temper no matter where they went.  
  
Ralph was louder than ever, “That's really interesting, Susan. That makes you some kind of important assistant, alright.” He quickly walked up to his desk, looked up and smiled at the two large men, even taller than he was. To them he spoke rather quietly.  
“George, Dave, how are you today?”  
They slowly smiled and nodded.  
“Great! Get over there, will you?” he pointed to the doorway.  
They suddenly realized they were really in trouble and tried to rush to where he pointed. Being very large was no longer an advantage as they got in each others way with the chair and the desk while hustling to the door. Tracy stayed curled up in the chair as it spun and payed close attention.  
  
Ralph bent over the desk and wrote on his little notepad shouting very loudly again. “Inventory control, Susan? Hmm. Well, a title like that must give you some real authority, huh?” He kept writing and then tore the note off the pad. He folded it slowly and carefully, walking up to Miss Williams shouting louder and louder. “But it gives you no authority on this floor,” now raising his voice louder than ever before, “And no business in my private office! You stupid c\_nt! Get out of that chair!” The last lines he shouted looking directly at Tracy, still in his chair. He was yelling at her, but the abuse was for Miss Williams. Everyone knew.  
  
Tracy sprang from the chair stumbling towards him. He reached out and gave her the note. In his familiar low growl he commanded her, “Get to the coffee shop and get me some real espresso, Lynda.” That was Tracy's cue to dive out of the office. Out of the building! Before she knocked the two giants aside like bowling pins she saw Miss Williams' face. It was paler than her frilly white blouse. The door slammed behind her as she sailed down the hallway, taking her long, barefoot, tit-bouncing steps passed all the well dressed gawkers and thrill seekers still running for cover. The whole floor had heard it and was waiting to hear the rest.  
  
Even at the elevator Tracy could hear Ralph tearing into Miss Williams, loudly and through the door, the large men inside hoping they weren't next.  
“...and does Victor Morrison really need you to sneak up here and pull my assistant away...” she heard as the elevator doors closed.

**Part 10 - Tracy Goes for Coffee**  
  
Tracy marched through the open air and sunny weather across The Company's beautiful lawn and soon the embankment on the roadway. The sun warmed her skin all over and the breeze blew absolutely everywhere. She kept an eye out for traffic and stones too large. And everyone kept an eye out for her. She didn't notice. She just kept thinking. Ralph sure knew what he was talking about when he had given her the rules. There were going to be terrible people, people who were after her. She needed to be careful. And the bar-code! He was right about the bar-code! She had really blown up when he told her what that morning's package was about.  
  
“New bar-codes?!” You really were planning to keep me as your slave girl!” She squealed when Ralph showed her what came in the overnight package. Her signing for the delivery man had caused her to blush so terribly. “You were planning this all along!” She was naked as ever and trying not to be the naked slave girl.  
  
Ralph explained calmly, “No, I was planning it when your key was lost and before we had a mechanic to break open your old collar. That nice man in the junk yard set me up with a supplier.” Tracy began to think back. “That bar-code on your hip won't pass inspection after so many days, let alone an actual scan. If your going to wear any kind of collar you have to have a working bar-code.”  
  
She'd had her pretend bar-code from when she was first trapped in her collar so long ago. It had worn well but was not going to pass as a proper registration anymore.  
“If your old collar had not come off you would need one of these to go anywhere outside.”  
“Anywhere outside naked, you mean.”  
Ralph smiled and nodded, “Naked. Now go scrub that one off and follow the instructions for one of these. They look complicated.” Tracy followed the instructions. They weren't complicated but Ralph had limited expertise with party tattoos.  
  
She had forgotten the new bar-code when Miss Williams was scanning it and thought she had been caught. Ralph told her it would fool any hand scanner but probably not if they took her away for the real deal. That exposure really did start her blushing. Being discovered naked beneath her wig. Uncovered as a nude fake in her modified slave collar. It really did start her getting hot and red all over. She went to the chair partly as an escape and partly to get ahead of the arousal. If she faked it, she thought, it might keep it away, and it did.  
  
She also thought the chair might make it tough for the guys to reach in and grab her even if they wanted to. Slippery leather, slippery girl. What were they going to do? But she knew they would have found a way. Even so, better to go as a live woman than a stiff slave girl standing at attention. She knew Ralph was fine with her in the chair. He had told her, “Use whatever you can, do whatever you need to.” Now she would have to tell him she kept them away using her pussy.  
  
With her skin warm and dirt all over her bare feet and in her toes she made it to the coffee shop down the highway on the far corner. Not the finest of establishments but the agreed on spot. This was the espresso move. She would go here when ordered to. She walked to the counter and waited for the owner to take a good long look at her, up and down. There was no use rushing these things. Finally she waved Ralph's note at him and he took it. He nodded obediently as he read and finally said, “Yes, sir!” to the note itself.  
  
He went into an elaborate process making coffee with much squirting, gushing and splashing ending with delicate decorations and a cookie on a saucer. He carried them over to an isolated corner table by the full length window overlooking the roadway and set them down. Looking around he noticed Tracy still standing at the counter naked in her muddy feet wondering what was going on. He secretively waved her over to where he was. When she got there he whispered, “So sorry, miss. I've got your coffee right here and our best biscotti roll, on me. You can wait here for him, if you would please. No one will bother you, I promise.”  
  
She knew to stand at attention even when away from The Company. There still could be someone keeping watch. She faced inward from the sunny window to see the customers come and go, leaving her backside displayed to the passing traffic. She saw her shadow on the tiled floor in front of her outlining her body with anatomical precision. Well lit and always on display. That was the job, if there was a job. The recent standoff and her narrow escape had her wondering. Once it cooled off she occasionally sipped the coffee and nibbled the biscotti. “Wow, this is some coffee!”, she thought. Ralph had remembered how she liked it and ordered the deluxe version. Even the biscotti was fantastic after fasting all day.  
  
Time passed and customers filled up the place but none paid much attention to the naked slave girl with the fiery red hair standing at attention by the window. She didn't move much so they were satisfied to sit far away and give her the occasional glance. She enjoyed the snack but did not finish the coffee. She knew her limits and the risk of trips to the ladies room.  
  
It was not too long before she saw Ralph's car pull around and park. When he came in the door the owner made quite a fuss over him. Ralph smiled and kept pointing to the coffee pot. When he had his own coffee in hand he went back to where Tracy was stationed.  
  
He came up to her and as he put down his cup he put his other hand on her shoulder. He leaned his head close to hers and said very quietly, “Girl, you sure do make a whole lot of trouble.” He sat down knowing she would remain standing. Facing her and away from the store he had a grin from ear to ear.  
“So, I'm in trouble?”, she asked.  
Ralph stirred his coffee and spoke very quietly, “No, you're fine, The Company's in trouble. They're all boiling mad about your coming in there. They've never liked new people, and apparently naked people. ”  
“I got that impression. I kept to the rules like you said but God I was scared. They could have sold tickets to that.”  
“You did fantastic! I can't believe those bastards didn't get you stolen away before I got there.”  
“They almost did. I couldn't have kept them off me much longer. I think they were just about to carry away the chair. So, the meeting was just to get me away from you, then?”  
“Yeah, I should've figured it out sooner. Lots of build up all day but nothing going on once it started. Just a trap.”  
“They told me you sold me out.”  
“Of course. They can be really cruel. But you know, we have the same secret. If you get busted then I get busted.”  
She was dying to know, “Victor Morrison was the old gent who came by your office yesterday, right?”  
“You remembered, good. He remembered you, alright. He thought he could get you transferred, stolen, kidnapped, whatever. Then you'd be his very own naked worker bee, and probably worse.”  
  
As he sipped his coffee she asked, “Will Miss Williams survive all the...shouting you did at her?”  
“Oh Susan? I've been waiting to do that for over a year. She had it coming and she knows it. Imagine! A made up department and everything. She's a minor assistant acting like a top manager at every opportunity. Trying to get ahead no matter what. I could tell you about the things Vic has put her up to. For what I did they'll probably just double her bonus. I was sorry to treat you that way but it was necessary.”  
  
Tracy was not so secretly pleased at Miss Williams difficulties, “Almost worth it for her, then.”  
“She'll be fine but she won't ever come on my floor again. That's for sure. Yeah, they all live for their bonuses.”  
  
Ralph put down his coffee and reached into his coat pocket. He pulled out a package of cleaning wipes and threw them down hard onto the table. He gave an indeterminate growl and shout for anyone spying on them and added quietly, “Here are some wipes for your feet. I knew it would be a muddy job getting here.” She grabbed them up pulling some out and cleaning off her bare feet while standing. Bending her knees to reach her feet gave the customers an even better view of her privates which did not go unappreciated. She actually did mind but could not get caught being modest.  
  
Ralph started in as she leaned against the table and cleaned up. “Now, business. The problems you've been finding are going to make a giant difference. Not only is it going to mean more money for our group but as you see it's all been going to the other section, the marketing folks. It looks like someone there has been building the errors that your finding. I don't understand how but you're on the trail. Keep at it. When it comes out that they're responsible there's going to be some real changes. We just have to keep our snooping under wraps until we know just who's responsible.”  
  
Tracy could not imagine being under wraps as she watched the entire coffee shop staring straight at her open pussy. “The corporate drama is interesting, I guess, but is there a job or a paycheck coming to me in all this?”  
  
“Yes! We're going to be at this for a several weeks, maybe a month or two. So I had to talk to them about having you around.” He reached into his other pocket and pulled out the note he had taken back from the coffee shop owner. He began writing on the back with his pen. “Of course they won't hire a naked slave girl but since I brought mine,” he emphasized “mine” in a way that showed he didn't mean it, “they have to compensate me for having you there. They really fought against it but the laws are clear and you are mine to bill out as I please. They have to call it an iterative increase to my reimbursement of weekly expenses, very complicated. This just pays you for the time being but I did pretty good, I think.”  
  
  
  
He put the note on the table close to where she stood at attention for her to see the number. Her heart sank when she saw it. It was just over a few hundred dollars. She remembered how she struggled to live on the weekly paycheck from her temp job and this was barely fifty dollars more. How could she survive on this? And to have to earn it all while pretending to be a naked slave girl? What pretending! She was always naked and wearing a collar! And always under threat of exposure wherever she went!  
  
Tracy stood there in just her bare skin entirely exposed for everyone, trying not to cry while Ralph never stopped explaining. “I'm not going to take any part of this, either. It's all going to you from my weekly expense account. After all, you're doing the work.”  
  
Maybe it would be OK, she thought. She was staying with Ralph, that would save her rent. She had no expenses herself, no car, no clothes. No Life! She was as good as his permanent possession! She worried about her eye make-up as she felt a tear roll down her cheek.  
  
Ralph stopped being dense for just a moment and quit talking. He looked around behind him at all the faces to see who all was in the coffee shop with them. He turned back to her and said, “OK, have a seat.” She slid her bare behind onto the chair already warm from the sun, looking down to keep the tears back. He said, “Take it easy. What's the matter?”  
  
She looked up and took in a breath carefully trying not to let out a sob, “That's really not very much. I thought there would be... more.”  
  
He spoke quietly. “I think there is more. This is not the lousy temp job you had. This is the big corporate world. There's a lot more money here than you're used to. You're helping me figure out where it's disappearing to. And you will be paid in proportion to that when we find it. And you're being paid for the risk to your safety as we know, not to mention the loss of your modesty. But it lets you work on the files. That's where the real money is hiding.”  
  
She felt a bit more important but still had to quietly complain. “None of that matters. If I have to go naked like this for a whole month or more I should get more than that each week!”, she said shoving the note back to him.  
  
Ralph finally understood. He carefully turned the note around and began to push it back towards her. He spoke slowly and sternly. “Tracy, listen to me. You are an independent agent in my employ, understand? You are not a naked slave girl. You are a secret weapon. You will have to act the part of the naked girl to have access to the data we need. At the end there will be a large bonus for you, a percentage of what you find. Until then this is not your weekly pay. This is your hourly rate.”  
  
She sniffled for a bit, looking at the number. “Hourly?”  
He waited patiently and watched her think. After a moment he added,“Tax free.”  
  
He waited another minute and stood up grabbing the note. Bending down he whispered. “Not bad for your second day. Now let's get home and get something to eat.” He marched with his giant steps to the front of the shop as she sat there bare ass naked. Thinking. Doing the math. At the door he turned and shouted, “Come on, Lynda, you stupid! girl. Move it!”, and walked out. After a long moment, still thinking, she jumped up and streaked through the coffee shop, arms pumping, bare feet slapping the tile the whole way and out the door after him.