**Trouble**

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**Part 1 - Borrowing Trouble**

Lara Finn came home from school dripping sweat. The school year ended in three weeks and the temperature was already in the nineties with humidity near eighty per cent. Lara stripped off the linen mini skirt and blouse set and threw them damp as they were into the soiled clothing hamper. The laundry room was piled high with clothing, towels, and bedding, of which most belonged in Lara’s closet and drawers. Despite the fact her mother assigned the chores of laundry to her, she had a ‘roundabout’ attitude about housework in general and laundry in particular. 'I’ll get around to it when I get around to it'.

Lara would be a rising senior in three weeks, once graduation moved the old class on into the real world, taking her boyfriend Todd with it, Lara would be among the top layer of her school’s social order, as she put it, finally. Todd accepted admission to Central University in New Town. He would be a freshman there where her sister would be a first semester sophomore. Her sister, Kayla, due home from college in four days, was two years older than Lara.

Carla Finn, the widowed mother of the two girls, was thirty-nine years old and worked as a licensed realtor. The odd hours of showing homes throughout the area kept Carla away and Lara from an active parental presence most afternoons and evenings.

Tossing off her sports bra and briefs and adding them to the pile of soiled clothing, Lara walked naked and unconcerned from the laundry to her room. Opening a drawer in her dresser revealed not a stitch of underwear. Every camisole, bra, thong, panty and brief sat in the great pile of unwashed clothing in the laundry room. She had a date with Todd in a few minutes and her drawers and closet were devoid of clean clothes. “Heck, with it, I’ll try Kayla’s stuff,” Lara said to herself.

She showered, leaving her wet towels on the bathroom floor, and went to raid her sister’s closet. Kayla is five feet two inches tall and is curvy. Her shape is hourglass like, with thirty-four C breasts, a twenty-six inch waist and thirty-six inch hips. Lara stood five feet nine inches tall, taking after her late father. Lara measured thirty-six D breast size, twenty-four inches at the waist, and thirty-eight inch hips.

Kayla’s clothing fit Lara tight to the extreme. The high cut microfiber briefs she ‘borrowed’ dug into her at the waistband where they were stretched to the maximum. They also formed an automatic camel toe and Lara felt the fabric rub erotically against her clitoris. The underwire half bra she commandeered barely closed on its one front hook. Her sister’s yellow sweater, a sleeveless cardigan, was snug on Kayla. On Lara, it stretched to the furthest the fabric would allow and rubbed against the exposed nipples beneath it causing them almost to poke through the sweater’s knit. On Kayla, the sweater touched the waist band of her skirt, but on Lara it did not cover her belly button.

Lara went for broke and slipped on the matching mini skirt. On her sister, the skirt came short but near the knee. On Lara, the skirt was mid to upper thigh and pulled extremely tight around her buttocks.

Brushing her hair back into a ponytail controlled with a scrunchy, Lara used her sister’s make up kit to do her eyes and lips. Her boyfriend, Todd Baker, was due to pick her up for their date in less than twenty minutes. “Darn it, Kayla’s shoes never did fit me,” Lara muttered to herself and went to her own closet to find shoes to wear.

In life, timing is everything. If Todd were, say a few minutes early, or her sister stuck to the plan and did not arrive home for two more days, well then Lara would have been dust in the wind before the storm hit. Not a storm of rain and wind and thunder and lightening; no, this storm was one of sibling fury. Todd and Kayla pulled up in front of the Finn house within seconds of each other.

Todd honked and Lara dashed out expecting her boyfriend, but finding him with her sister, in deep conversation. “Come on, Todd, we gotta go,” Lara yelled hurrying to get into Todd’s car before her sister saw her.

“Gimme a minute, Lara, your sister is telling me a funny story about college. Since I’m headed to the same campus in the fall I want to talk to her.” Todd yelled back. Lara made the mistake of storming over to try to break Todd away.

“Lara, what the hells bells are you wearing?” came out of Kayla’s mouth, followed by, ”It better not be my good sweater and skirt set, because if it is I want it back and I want it back now, before you totally ruin it.”

Lara knew she was in trouble, “Okay, okay, I’ll go and change,” and she turned to reenter the house.

“Oh, no, you don’t,” Kayla yelled in a tone that stopped Lara short. “I want the sweater and skirt off and neatly folded, NOW!”

“But, Todd, and the neighbors…” Lara pleaded with no affect.

“Now!” Her sister replied. “It isn’t like Todd hasn’t seen you skinny dipping in our pool before. You took my clothes without permission. That makes you no better than a common petty thief, a shoplifter. If you do not strip them off here and now I call the cops, thief. I want my goods back NOW!” The anger that blazed from Kayla’s eyes made Lara shudder, she was truly afraid that her sister was angry enough to call the police. She slid the skirt off and folded it and followed that by unbuttoning the sweater, folding it and handing it to her sister. She turned; embarrassed at the semi-nude condition she was in, in public, to go back to the house.

“Hold it thief, whose bra and panties are those?” Kayla demanded.

“Yours,” her sister blubbered.

“Off with them, thief,” Kayla demanded. “Off with them right now.” Kayla had her cell phone out as if to dial nine- one- one, in fact she snapped several photos of the event to hold over Lara for the summer ahead.

As Lara tried to unsnap the bra, the clasp gave way with a rip. Kayla just smiled, “Well that is a hundred dollars you owe me to replace what you have ruined. Do you have cash, or should I plan to take it out of your hide? I think one switch of the cane for every dollar of the ruined garment should be enough, don’t you Todd?”

“Yes, ma’am, I believe that the Spencer Discipline plan calls for that kind of repayment,” Todd said.

Standing topless and indignant, Lara yelled, “What the hells bells are you calling HER ma’am for, stupid?” She glared at her boyfriend, who had not lifted a finger to defend her.

“Uh, no one told you to say a word, little sister, all that is required of you it to take my briefs off of your nasty behind,” Kayla ordered.

“Bad enough my breasts are on public display I am NOT going to show my crotch to the world,” Lara protested.

The confluence of forces in the universe coming against Lara multiplied with the arrival of Carla Finn. “What is going on here?” Carla demanded of all parties.

“Kayla is making me strip in public, Mom, just cause I borrowed some clothes,” Lara whined.

“I’m tired of this brat stealing my clothes and ruining them, Mom, look at the bra. She knew it was too small for her and wore it anyway and the hook snapped off. It is ruined. Look at my sweater and skirt set.” Kayla unfolded them and showed her mother where the knits were badly stretched out of shape. “I’ll need to take these to the dry cleaner and hope that they go back into shape. At the very least, she owes me for the dry cleaning bill. Maybe for the cost of replacing the set if it cannot be fixed.”

A half smile passed over Carla Finn’s face, “Lara whose briefs are those?”

“Kayla’s,” the younger daughter answered, knowing better than to lie to her parent.

“Remove them this instant and return them to their rightful owner,” her mother said with no emotion in her voice, “This instant, right here, right now.”

Tugging the briefs over her hips and stepping out of them a very meek and subdued Lara Finn stood on the front lawn of her house nude save for her sandals.

“The shoes are yours?” Her mother asked and Lara answered in the affirmative, “Fine, then off you go with Todd. If you have not done the laundry, as I have asked you for four days now, and have run out of clothes to wear, then until the laundry is done by you and I give you permission to put clothing on again, that is what you shall be wearing.”

“I can’t go out like this!” Lara protested.

“Oh, you can and you will,” Carla Finn replied. Taking a Sharpie marker from her work bag Carla walked over to her youngest daughter and placed a D around the girls navel. Harshly turning her by pushing her shoulder, Carla finished the job by marking another D just above the crack of the girl’s buttocks. “There, now you are in legal compliance with the ‘minor child under discipline’ ordinance passed by the city council and put into effect last week. Another thing you were told to do, young woman, was to read the new ordinances and fully understand exactly what is now expected of the youth in this town. You obviously did not read them. So, you shall have to learn by experiencing them.” Carla walked away from her daughter totally unconcerned that the girl was stark naked in public.

“Come, Kayla, let’s see if we can do something about that sweater and skirt set,” and with the older sibling in tow Carla walked into the house.

Naked in front of her boyfriend, Lara asked, “What was my mom talking about, Todd, I don’t get it,” Lara was attempting to figure out if she should cover her pubic region or one of the other critically bare areas, breasts or bum, when Todd shook his head.

“Come sit in my car, now, Lara,” he ordered, “Before you are in worse violation of the new codes. You are under discipline. You cannot refuse an order given by an older peer, sibling, or adult. It is in the new ordinances.”

“WHAT?”

“I have a copy printed off in my car, come on with me and we’ll go over them so even a slacker like you will know what to expect.” Todd dragged his girlfriend to his car and sat her with the printout. “Now read it.”

“It is all legal mumbo jumbo and gobbledygook,” Lara complained.

“Third page, the five ordinance rules are spelled out in language anyone can understand.” Todd showed her, then said, “Read them out loud to me, so I know you have read them.”

Lara began, and the emotion in her voice told Todd clearly that she understood her whole world was now upside down.

“First, all children under the age of eighteen, or still in high school or junior college and living under their parent’s roof, shall, for the purpose of this ordinance, be considered minor children and subject to this ordinance. Second, minor children shall address those in authority over them with proper title and do so respectfully. Mother, father, uncle, aunt, and grandparents shall be addressed as family standard dictates. All other adults shall be referred to by rank, if in the service or in law enforcement, earned title of Doctor, Professor, Instructor, Mister, MS, Miss, or sir or ma’am.

"Oh that was why you were talking to Kayla like that,” Lara added an aside then continued,

“Third; a minor child who commits an act of delinquency shall be disciplined by an appropriate adult authority at the time of the delinquent act. The school system shall publish a penalty schedule for in school infractions. Juvenile probation officers shall carry rattan canes with which to mete out punishment for minor children in violation of civil laws. The child shall be detained, stripped, told exactly what law or infraction he or she is being punished for violating, and the proper number of strokes administered by the JPO. The child shall be forbidden clothing until the bruises from the caning have disappeared. A child disciplined by a parent may be marked with permanent marker, in lieu of caning. The same rule shall apply, the child shall not wear clothing until the marker has worn off.

"Well that explains this happy state of affairs,” Lara looked at herself. “So even if I do all the chores at home and act nice I’m naked until this stuff wears off, huh?

"Fourth, if a child continues to be disruptive or commits a second offence while under discipline, his or her hair shall be shorn off and the scalp shaved, said child shall not be permitted clothing of any sort until the hair has grown below ear length. Fifth, under no circumstance shall a child be permitted to cover their body nor to avoid a school, social, religious or family function while under discipline.”

“So do you get it now, Lara?” Todd asked. “Or do you want to reread the five points until you do get it?”

“No, they are clear, but why didn’t someone warn me,” Lara whined.

“We tried, I gave you a copy of these things last week. Your Mom offered to sit down with you and explain the new rules. You told her, last Tuesday when we were eating pizza, that you were going to read them that evening. Every white board in school has the message, “Read The Rules,” on it for weeks now. Lara, I adore you, but your bad habits and laziness have brought this on. No one can be blamed but you.” Todd leaned over and kissed his naked girl friend on the cheek. “Here’s hoping you don’t screw up again before my graduation party. I’d hate to have you attending bald and naked.” He giggled, “Well, naked might be kewl…and depending where you were bald…,” he looked down at the trimmed but lush pelt between Lara’s legs.

She blushed with embarrassment at that, a full body pink. He kissed her again and told her to get home and try to straighten things out between her mom and sister and to remember the rules.

**Part 2 - Avoiding Trouble**

Lara entered the kitchen through the back porch door. She heard the voices of her mother and sister, Kayla finished the conversation saying, “But, you know the good thing is when it is over all matters are officially closed. No permanent record and all parties are free to start over new and fresh.”

“Well, that might work at college and in New Town, sweetie,” Carla Finn told her eldest, “but I think it might not be as easy here in Middletown. Oh, and I expect you to abide by the same rule standard you had on campus, here at home.”

“No problems with that, Mom, and I am sorry about blowing up at Lara,” Kayla told her parent.

“Perhaps it was coming anyway, sweetie, with the new rules in effect it was better Lara get her first taste of them at home instead of at school or worse yet by a JPO with a heavy hand,” her mother replied.

“Oh, there is the girl of the hour,” Carla looked and saw her youngest in the next room, “I thought you and Todd were going out.”

Lara walked into the family room, “Todd told me to stay home, do my chores and homework and avoid trouble. I just wanted to say I am sorry for being a self centered thoughtless brat and I’ll get the laundry done, all of it, starting this evening, and be finished by Monday morning.”

“Don’t count on Sunday to get the chores finished. Remember, it is Grandma’s birthday celebration and she wants us to go to church with her and then attend the party for her at the senior center.” Carla reminded her youngest.

Her eyes flew open, “Mom, Gran can’t see me like this. Worse yet, her old lady friends can’t see me like this and icky old Mr. Jensen, his hands are bad enough when I have clothes on,” Lara was panicky.

“Lara, don’t be silly. Your grandmother changed you when you peed and pooped and bathed you until you were ten or eleven and you started taking showers instead of baths. What she doesn’t know about your naked body really does not exist now does it? If you are lucky the marker will wash off by then. If you aren’t then the party is come as you are, you HAVE read the rules haven’t you?” Her mother asked pointedly.

“Todd made me read them and also made me understand them; I think I’m good for now and if I have questions I’ll ask Kayla or you,” Lara sighed.

Two hours and three wash loads later, her mother called Lara to dinner.

“How is it going with the wash?” Carla asked civilly.

“Looks like we could use drier sheets and unless there is another bottle of laundry detergent in the garage, I won’t have enough of that to finish, either.” Lara replied honestly.

“Oh, I meant to get more of that when we were shopping last week. You remember I put the detergent back at the last moment as we were short on cash and needed food more than household supplies.” Her mom smiled and said, “After dinner just run to the store and pick up the few things we need. You can use my car.”

“Mom, I’m naked. I can’t go to the store like this, someone will see me,” Lara protested.

Kayla looked up at her younger sister and said, “Lara could I see you in the laundry room for a second,” she nodded to her mother who smiled and nodded in reply.

The two girls arrived in the laundry room and Kayla leaned on the front loading washer looking slightly up at the younger girl. “Lara you came close to real trouble with Mom. You say you read the rules, do you remember the part where it says no one under discipline may avoid a school, religious or family social function? Well that means Sunday you go with us even if the marker has not worn off. In addition, you must remember the part in the ordinance where it says you cannot refuse to perform ordinary activities like shopping or going to school just because you are naked and under discipline. If mom were to strictly enforce the rules your tail would have welts and your hair would be gone just because of your attitude.

“We are giving you room to learn the rules, society won’t be as lenient. When you get home from the store, I will share my college experiences with you. Oh, and don’t tell mom I told you, nail polish remover works great for marker on skin. You may need help for the one on your back, though; mom stuck it in an unreachable place.” Kayla then asked her sister if she would like company at the market. Lara agreed to this and Kayla told their mother that discipline rules were unclear as to whether a minor child under discipline may operate a motor vehicle. Carla agreed that Kayla should drive and Lara was to do the shopping.

When her mother bought her new Buick Enclave, Kayla inherited the older Pontiac Montana, all wheel drive minivan. The girls used that to go shopping. Kayla gave Lara the choice of riding shotgun in front or in the slightly more sheltered second row bench seat. Lara took shotgun.

“You know these seatbelts were not designed for nude bodies, sis, just look at the way the shoulder strap cuts into my chest under my left breast.” Lara told Kayla in perhaps the least guarded moment since her stripping.

“Yeah, that can be a real problem, Lara. I know a couple of sorority sisters who had some bad strawberry rashes until we learned that this stuff called moleskin, hey, it is not really skin from small burrowing rodents,” in reaction to the wrinkled nose on her sister, “It is real soft cotton stuff that doctors use to protect skin from pressure injuries. We can pick some up at the market while we are there. I’ll get that and the nail polish remover while you get the laundry supplies. We check out on different lines, okay?”

“Why all the secret agent stuff?” Lara asked.

“If you are caught buying acetone to remove your discipline marks, you can be caned and get your hair cut off, I’m trying to avoid you suffering worse penalties,” Kayla told her as they rolled into the lot and parked in a space as close to the store doors as possible.

“Lara, give your purse to me. If you see someone you know and try to hide behind it you will be subject to another round of discipline. Just take the money you need for the detergent and drier sheets.” Her sister advised.

Thankfully, for Lara the store was quiet. She knew the anti theft cameras would capture her every moment in the aisles and those images used if a case was brought against her for discipline violation. To avoid this she grasped the bar on the shopping cart with both hands and went about her shopping. “Wow,’ she thought, ‘I never noticed how cold the produce and meat areas were kept.’ The stiffness of her nipples might have been a reaction to her excitement; the goose bumps on the rest of her body suggested she was cold. She rounded the corner to the household cleaning aisle and braced for impact. Mrs. Kmetko, the neighbor across the street for whom she often babysat, was coming up the aisle she had to go down.

“Well, hello Lara, it is so good to see you this afternoon. I was going to call to see if you could sit for the girls from four o’clock on tomorrow. Mr. Kmetko and I have a business dinner to attend.” Then her eyes widened and she smiled. “It won’t matter if you are still under discipline. The girls were being total brats earlier and lost their clothes for the weekend as punishment.”

“Well, sure, Mrs. K. I will be happy to sit. I can use the extra cash and Todd has a ball game out of town.” Lara smiled back. The carts separated as the two shoppers went their own way, Lara found the ‘HE’ detergent, and drier sheets her mom liked. With two items, she used the express lane. “Oh, NO,” her mind screamed, the boy at the check out was ‘blotchy Bruce’ a victim of psoriatic acne he had few friends and was teased by almost everyone. Lara, had never taunted the boy, but had stood by in her clique as others had.

“Suck it up,” she told herself. “Hi, Bruce, I have not much in the cart today. we just kind of ran out of laundry stuff.” She put the bottle and carton onto the conveyor belt.

“Hey, Lara, that explains the outfit,” Bruce scanned her nude body with the adoration any teen-age boy would offer the girl he considered a goddess walking near him. “Just plain ran out of clothes, huh?”

Lara giggled. Actually, that is exactly what got her into this mess. “Uh, yeah, something like that.” She handed him the twenty-dollar bill and took her change and the bags from his hands. He noticed the D on her backside then.

“Lara, be careful, carry those bags low at your sides so the JPO can’t accuse you of covering up.” The boy called kindly from behind her.

She stopped, turned around, and leaned over the check out. The kiss she placed on the boy’s damaged cheek was short but memorable for both of them. “Thank you for caring and warning me, Bruce, you are a better friend to me than I have ever been to you.”

Carrying her bags at an appropriate low post, Lara exited the store and met her sister in the parking lot.

“What kept you? I thought you wanted to be in and out of the market as quickly as you could?” Kayla asked her younger sister.

“I bumped into Mrs. Kmetko. She wants me to sit for the girls tomorrow night. Guess what? The girls are under discipline! She doesn’t care if I sit naked. Guess she thinks it will show the girls no matter how old you get you can be punished.” Lara giggled.

“Uh, what was that at the check out? I saw you through the window?” Kayla asked.

“I gave Bruce a peck on the cheek for being a good friend and warning me not to cover up with the shopping bags outside the store.” Lara said.

“Well, okay then, let’s get your naked self back home before anyone else decides to,” Kayla did not finish. The police cars pulling into the lot with their lights flashing prevented her.

**Part 3 - Boyfriend Trouble**

Lara woke up needing the bathroom and found she could not roll out of bed as she did normally. “Oh, yeah, I slept over with the Kmetko kids,” she opened her eyes and found Ellie with her right hand on Lara’s tummy snuggled in closely and on the other side, Emma was snuggled close to her left. All three being under discipline, were nude.

She slid down the bed and got up at the foot. Padding down the hall, she bumped into Gloria Kmetko, equally naked. “I see we both have tiny bladders,” Mrs. Kmetko giggled, “I’m done so you go right ahead.”

Finished with her pee, she availed herself of the shower. Dried off, Lara wandered down stairs following the smell of fresh coffee. “I hope this is not a problem, ma’am, the girls and I were up a little beyond their bedtime last night. I put them in at the right time, but, they found something on YouTube they showed me and we were up trying to find the source for it. I thought I was a good computer person, but Ellie, wow, she could go into forensics she is that good.”

“Why in the world would you keep the girls up for that?” Gloria asked. Seeing the laptop Gloria used for work sitting on the counter, with Gloria’s permission Lara opened it and went to the correct YouTube page. Gloria watched as the humiliating sequence played repeatedly with zoom affect at certain points.

“They were helping me, and they were very sweet about it. I was blaming my ex-boyfriend, Todd, who was there when it happened. Ellie was able to show from IP address and routing, don’t ask me how she does it, that the shots were entered from the Grady wifi system. Problem is the Grady family never password protected their wifi so anyone could have pirated their system. Even Todd,” Lara explained to the girls’ mother.

“Ellie is clever, and she is on the verge of being a beauty. Emma is already there, boys want to date her thinking she is sixteen or older. It is the height. Now, take a look at the angle from which the footage was shot.” Gloria waited for the light bulb to go on in Lara’s head. “I bet it was shot from my bedroom window. I will further bet that my husband or one of the girls is the videographer. The red herring of using the Grady wifi to post, had to be Ellie’s idea, Bud would never think of it. If I am right, you may punish them as you see fit. Not Bud, I’ll deal with him, but those two conniving children of mine.”

“Could this wait until after school tomorrow? I have my Gramma’s church service and birthday party to get to,” she giggled, “not that I have to get dressed or anything. So I need to get home, right after I drain this.” Lara sucked down the last of the coffee in her mug and rinsed the mug in the sink to await the dishwasher.

“Come over when you are ready,” was all Gloria Kmetko told her sitter, who left with several more dollars compensation than she had expected.

When Kayla and her mother saw Lara come in the mudroom door they were both ready to take the drive to church. Both were wearing sundresses and sandals. Lara grabbed a piece of toast; put the cash from the Kmetko’s on the table and ate the toast and gulped a glass of juice. “Washed up over at Gloria and Bud’s, Mom so I’m ready when you are,” Lara smiled.

“Under the rules, they are Mr. And Mrs. Kmetko, Lara. You may no longer refer to them in the familiar of first names.” Carla reminded her. The frown on Lara’s face showed she still did not get the hang of this new order.

Gramma’s church ten miles away from the Finn home took the Finn family half an hour travel time. Parking the Enclave took another ten minutes. The Finn women made it into the church five minutes before the doors closed and services began.

Lara thought she was free and clear, the seniors were recognized, Gramma Finn had a hymn dedicated for her birthday and then the preacher stood and announced his sermon topic, “Obedience is better than Sacrifice,” he began.

Lara zoned out seven minutes into the sermon, until a nudge from her mother brought her back into the moment. “I see we have a live example, young lady please step up here. I’m sure your testimony will act as a deterrent for the youth of this congregation.”

“Go up there, he wants you to tell everyone what happened to you,” Kayla stage whispered.

“But, I’m naked,” Lara responded.

“I believe that is the point,” Carla Finn told her daughter, “go up front now.”

The center aisle of the church might have been seventy-five feet long. To Lara with every eye upon her, the walk up that narrow lane felt like it was a marathon course.

The Pastor smiled at her and kept his eyes on hers, “This is Lara Finn, granddaughter of Silvia Finn. Let’s give her a warm gospel Chapel welcome.” Polite applause for the ‘sinner’ in the front of the church came from the congregation. “She will now give us her testimony.”

“Hi,” Lara began nervously, “Most of you know that some new laws and ordinances were voted into law recently. I was one of the slackers who did not know nor care about those things. I had a boyfriend, nice clothes and an attitude that nothing really mattered in life but me. I let my chores pile up at home, did the bare minimum to pass in school and generally believed life was something you slept through between parties.

“My reality check came on the day my sister came home from college and caught me wearing her clothes because all of mine were dirty and in a pile in the laundry room. It was my main chore to keep up with the wash. My mom kept reminding me to do it and I always found an excuse not to do it. Kayla, my sister, demanded I give her back her clothes.

“I was not aware of public stripping as part of the new rules, Kayla demanded her sweater and skirt. I figured what the heck my bikini and the underwear I had on covered the same bits so I gave them to her. She found out the undies I wore were also hers and while we were arguing Mom pulled up and the next thing I new I was naked and had a big D on my stomach and another on my back.”

As she told more of her story from Thursday afternoon when it began to Friday when she found out she would not be allowed to dress again until her mother released her from discipline, to the story about shopping and the encounter with the police. Lara found her nipples growing erect even as her body reddened with embarrassment. She also discovered she became increasingly damp between her legs as she related her testimony before the congregation of the church.

She found herself breathing rapidly and squirming as she finished her story. The Pastor pointed out, “This young lady is under discipline and clearly needs relief. Who among us will show her the heavenly mercy and relieve her burden.”

“HUH?” Lara thought, “What is he talking about?”

Kayla whispered to her mother, “OMG, they are looking for someone in the church to masturbate Lara to orgasm, which is what relief means in the JPO program.”

“They would not do that here in church,” Carla whispered back. Then she watched as two ushers brought a small table with a white linen tablecloth on it to the front of the sanctuary. To her within she thought, “Well then maybe they would.”

“Yes,” the pastor acknowledged the volunteer, “Lara’s relief sponsor shall be her grandmother.”

Lara was told to lie back on the table, the two male ushers held her up by the shoulders. Granny Finn walked slowly but steadily to her side and whispered in her ear, “Remember the summer you turned ten and I taught you how to do this. How it was our little secret? Well, close your eyes and pretend you are ten again.”

Granny Finn tweaked the granddaughter’s nipples, until the rubbery eraser tips became fully extended and then began gently stroking the girl’s thighs before reaching the outer lips of her vagina. By then a stain had grown on the white linen cloth, there was no denying Lara was aroused and needed relief. A few strokes on the inner lips parted them and then the older woman began to caress stroke and flick Lara’s clitoris. Moans, squirms and groans followed by gasps and finally, “AAAAYYYEEE!!!” Then Lara sagged back into the arms of the ushers.

“Now all the youth in the congregation you have just witnessed the consequences of sinful disobedience in a live demonstration. Be warned that any child under discipline attending services here will stand up front confess in testimony to the sin that brought about their nakedness and if necessary be relieved before the congregation. Let us pray, God forgive all those who sin and are made to wear the shame of nakedness, bless this child that she might change her wicked ways and be healed of the sin of sloth and laziness that led to her disobedience. Help the youth of this church to avoid all fault and shame. We pray to you, Amen

“This service is concluded go and enjoy the rest of the day God has given us.”

Lara was confused. She was utterly humiliated in one part of her brain; her grandmother had publically masturbated her to orgasm. The other part was saying, “Heck, I have never come so hard in my life and I still can’t breath right.”

To make matters worse or better Lara was not sure, Bruce Wilkes stood in front of Lara. “Oh, please no! Of all people to attend this church Bruce who was my supermarket kiss.”

“Hi, Lara,” Bruce smiled his damaged face radiant and his perfect teeth showing, “That was very brave of you. This church announced two weeks ago that once the Juvenile Protection Outreach program began we would be a sponsoring and participating agency. Sorry, it turned out that you were the first girl to have to testify. Sorry our video caused you to loose your boyfriend. If I told you he was seeing Gemma Weems on the sly would it help? He has been to my shop buying condoms and I saw her in the car waiting on him, twice.”

Lara felt her humiliating embarrassment slowly change to anger. Todd two timing her with Gemma, Gemma of all girls in the junior class, Gemma Weems.

“Uh, I know this is late coming Lara, but, I have a bid for prom and now that you are not dating Todd, would you go with me as friends?” Bruce asked her in a timid voice.

She stood, kissed Bruce full on the lips, and responded, “Not as friends, as boyfriend and girlfriend. You are sweet, loyal, kind and everything I want in a man. What I thought I wanted in Todd the jock with good looks. Well, he proved that to be the wrong thing for me. If you will have me on your arm, I’m yours for the summer and maybe senior year as well.”

**Part 4 - Sitter Trouble**

Lana finished the last load of laundry just before one o’clock in the morning. She had every item folded or ready to hang (her mother’s work clothes already on hangers) and decided to call it a night. Her plan was to rise early enough to sort all the wash and place her clothing back into her drawers and closet before going to sit for the Kmetko girls.

Her surprise was finding her mother, who usually slept in on Saturday morning, already up and about at seven a.m. when she padded down to the laundry room. Her second surprise was to find her father’s old military duffel bag in the laundry room. It was empty.

“Hi Mom, what gets you up this early?” Lana cheerfully greeted her parent and reached for the carafe of coffee in the brewer.

“There were three things that needed emptying, dear one, my bladder, my head and this laundry room.” Her mother did not sound upset. Instead, she continued to fill her late husband’s duffel bag with her youngest child’s freshly laundered clothing.

“Mom, I got up early to finish this and put things away, thank you for helping, however...”

She was cut off by her mother. “However, I gave you the instructions to have the laundry room emptied last night. However, I rose this morning to find you had once again modified instructions to suit your own purposes and you went to bed leaving the job almost but not quite finished. Therefore, I have packed all of your clothing in daddy’s duffel bag and I will return them to you when I see more of an effort on your part to improve.” Carla Finn shouldered the bag with her youngest daughter’s clothing in it and went to the locking closet that hid the hot water heater and HVAC unit. After locking the duffel in the closet, she turned to her stunned daughter and calmly told her, “Effort and improvement will earn you clothing. It would seem you want to go to Gramma’s party as you are now, so that wish is granted. Prom is coming up as are all of the graduation parties and the end of the year class trip. It is up to you how you attend.”

Kayla stomped down the stairs about then. Clad only in panties, she was stretching out the cramps of her period and sleep, “I smell coffee. Did some earth goddess in this house make a pot of coffee already? Oh, thank you benevolent deity.”

The clang of cup on rim of carafe followed and a sigh that indicated the ingestion of caffeine had successfully begun. “What’s going on between you two?” The older sister asked of her mother and younger sibling.

“Lana has extended her punishment period for failing to complete the assigned task in the time she was told to finish.” Carla told Kayla.

“Uh, Mom, maybe due to the time we spent sorting out the legal stuff with the JPO you could…”

Her mother cut her off. “Extend the time, and give her some slack? No, Kayla, just as your CU rules clearly state for your class assignments the time limit and due date are final. Penalties must be imposed for failing to abide by the due date.” Carla was not angry, there was no need. She had determined that she would apply the new rules completely but fairly, so it came as no surprise to Kayla when she added, “You know the conversation we had when Lana first went under discipline. I told you and you agreed that until you finish sophomore year at CU while living home both JPO and CU rules apply to you as well. I understand you wishing to defend your sister, but arguing with me, if you do it again, will have consequences.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Kayla replied. “I have that summer job interview on Monday; I just wanted to remind you both that I’ll have the Pontiac over at the country club from early in the morning to later in the afternoon. I can drop Lana off at school on the way if that will help you, Mom.”

“Let’s call that a plan for now and we’ll talk about it after Gram’s party tomorrow. If that falls through we have a summer clerk job open at the real estate office. It might not pay as well as the club job, but it is still open.” Carla Finn subtly pushed for this. Kayla wanted to work outdoors and the country club job was grounds keeping for the golf course. Carla feared the college age boys, both workers and sons of club members, would hit on her and coerce her into acts she might otherwise not entertain. Kayla, who had lost her virginity shortly after pledging EXPOSD, was hoping for just that type encounter, a nice summer romance with no fall strings attached. If she took the job in her mother’s office, well let us just say the prospect of a happy summer diminished greatly. She saw the light at the end of that tunnel very well.

Lana worked the next three hours, towels placed in all the linen closets and neatly stacked, her mother’s clothing hung in the correct closets and folded in the correct drawers, Kayla had a few things from college on her bed. Kayla liked to put her own things away. Lana stripped the bed linens in all three bedrooms remade the beds with fresh sheets and pillowcases and started the laundry for soiled linen.

“Is it okay if I go sun by the pool while the wash cycle runs through?” Lana asked her mother.

“Okay, but pay attention to the timing,” her mother responded, then added, “Todd is on his way over. He says he has something important to show you.”

The hinges on the gate leading to the fenced in pool squeaked then slammed shut.

Looking up from her lounger pillow, she was on her tummy sunning her back, Lana grinned at her boyfriend. “Hey, move over you are blocking my sun,” she teased. The look on his face was not an amused one.

“What the heck is this,” Todd was controlling his anger, barely, “It is all over YouTube, something like fifty thousand hits so far.”

“HUH?” Lana rubbed her eyes and added, “WHAT?”

The blackberry screen came to life and Lana watched the security tape from the supermarket. Titled, ‘Naked Girl Gives Clerk A Tip,’ it clearly showed Lana leaning over the conveyor belt and kissing Bruce.

“Uh, oh yeah, Kayla and I went shopping last night and…” she could not finish.

Todd bellowed, “You planted one on that guy and you are naked. You haven’t even kissed me since you’ve been stripped in discipline and you kiss that geek?” Todd paced about the lounge chairs and then said, “I think, no I know, we are SO OVER!”

He stormed out. Lana got up from the chair, tears in her eyes and wandered into the house. The buzzer to the washing machine sounded. She dumped the bed linens into the drier and hoped the tears she blotted on the sheet would not stain as they dried.

Her mother stopped to say she was leaving to show a house and saw the younger of her daughters sobbing. “Honey, what is wrong?”

“Somebody put the security tape from last night on YouTube, Todd saw it and was so mad about it he broke up with me.” Lana blubbered.

Platitudes and conciliatory words would not soothe her daughter. Carla hated to leave with Lana in that frame of mind but her clients were waiting. “Kayla, come down here and help your sister, please.” The mom summoned the older girl from her room.

It took three pints of Ben and Jerry’s and two hours but by the time the sisters put the dried linens away and cleaned the house Lana was smiling. “So, this breakup was coming, huh, how did I not see it?”

“Sis, you will be a senior in high school. Todd is going away to college. My guess is his plan was to pick a fight sometime in July so he’d be free to leave for CU without a girl back home. So it just happened earlier over something that you could not control. Really, if he would not stand with you during this he wasn’t worth the tears you cried,” Kayla comforted.

“Yeah, I think what pisses me off is now I have no one to escort me to prom or the class trip, Todd was there like an umbrella, you could count on him when you needed him. Maybe I was using him a bit more than I was in love or cared for him.” Lana shrugged and opened the last container of Cherry Garcia.

“The Kmetko kids might have enjoyed some ice cream tonight,” Kayla giggled and dug her spoon into the rich confection right after her sister.

“You kidding me, please say you are? Feed those two sugar and they bounce off the walls for hours,” Lana shook her head.

Two hours later, Lana watched as Gloria Kmetko dressed for the business dinner. In her early forties and in good shape from tennis and a gym membership, only the stretch marks on her stomach and the well-nursed breasts' slight sag betrayed her age. As Lana helped her wriggle into the sheath she issued her last minute instructions, phone numbers and the usual parent to sitter information. Lana thought, ”Mrs. Kmetko doesn’t realize she is in compliance with the CU dress code, or does she?”

“Where is the dinner?” Lana asked.

“Bud is trying to win the grounds keeping contract for Central University’s new campus in Arneytown, we are meeting the regents in West Hamlin.” Gloria responded.

“That explains a lot,” Lana said.

“What do you mean?”

“Uh, why you have to leave so early dressed in your dinner clothes. It is a long drive to West Hamlin.” Lana covered. “Oh, you will be home late. Even though I live just across the street I could be grabbed for curfew violation if I go home tonight. Would it be okay if I slept over?”

“Of course Lana, since Bud and I don’t expect to be home before two or two thirty, you feel free to stay with the girls over night.” Gloria added a necklace and earrings to her outfit and yelled, “Bud, I’m ready go get the car started and the air conditioner on.” Then to Lana, “Or I’ll melt, or worse yet sweat the dress through before we get there.”

The plan was pizza and a movie then showers and bed. At thirteen and eleven, the girls were old enough to take responsibility but not old enough to stay on their own so Lana approached the evening as a party of equals. Ellie, the eleven year old, sported a big D on her still rounded tummy. She hadn’t quite gone from little girl body yet. Emma, her older sister showed the promise of that transition for Ellie. Emma was a solid A cup with a nipped waist and hips that promised curves once a bit of flesh attached to the bone of her last growth spurt. Ellie was about an inch taller than Kayla was. Emma was already as tall as Lana’s five foot nine and had several more inches yet to grow. She also sported a D on her stomach.

Two Harry Potter films back to back drove bedtime from the agreed upon ten p.m. to nearly midnight. Lana told them she bent the rules so they could see the movie, but now they needed to get to bed and to sleep. Off they went, whispering between them. Lana stayed behind and cleaned up the family room.

The girls were still giggling when she went to their room. Their computer was in sleep mode, but the girls were not. “What is going on here?” Lana asked in what she thought to be a stern voice.

“You are a regular YouTube star,” Ellie giggled.

“Oh, no, please tell me it is not the security footage from the market again?” Lana begged.

“Nope,” Emma pressed a button and there in full detail was a video of Lana being stripped in front of her house. Kayla was in some of the frames so she did not shoot it. Unless a neighbor had camera ready and snapped away from inside a window, these pics had to come from Todd’s camera phone.” Lana was enraged and mortified equally.

**Part 5 - Summer Trouble**

Bruce asked his parents if he could escort Lara to Gramma Finn’s birthday party at the senior center. The Wilkes knew of how Bruce came to his relationship with Lara; while not fully approving, they believed in second chances. “The girl,” his mother had said,” is not a bad girl in the criminal sense. She is a typical teen who made some very poor choices.”

Mr. Wilkes concurred, “She could be one of our daughters, or our son,” he looked Bruce in the eye, “particularly if our son does not get his yard work done by dark tonight.”

Services ended at eleven thirty. The party was from noon until two thirty. Bruce agreed to be home by three and have the work completed by six, or dinnertime.

The senior center was across the street and down the block from the church, an easy walk. “You know, the pastor wanted to be the one who gave you relief. He thought it would be a true humiliation and a lesson learned by all the children in his congregation. When I heard that, I had to volunteer, sweetie, I would rather you be embarrassed by someone you love than humiliated by a stranger, and a man at that,” her grandmother chatted with the still weak-kneed Lara.

“Right now I love you and hate you equally, Gram. I love you for taking charge of the situation and doing what you did. My relief was mind blowing, heavens be you have technique and touch and I’m glad it wasn’t our first time either. I was too busy in my moment to notice, what was the reaction of those people in the pews?”

“Most of my age group and some of the older parents of children tried to look away, they felt I think like those called to witness an execution. Most did not want to see the actual decisive moment. Many of the teens were fully attentive yet looked horrified. As you kids say, it was an OMG moment. They realized the pastor and board of deacons was completely serious about any of them found under discipline having to undergo the same treatment. I also think there was a smattering in all age groups that found this voyeuristically stimulating. Several hands were working in several laps, Mr. Jensen among them. Yes, I know he is a grabber and groper - everyone does, but it overlooked because of his palsy and dementia, not quite Alzheimer’s, but slipping in that direction. He still thinks it is nineteen forty-four when pinching a girl’s bottom or slapping her behind was a complement. He probably thought he was lucky enough to wander into a girlie show at a carnival or some such.” Gramma Finn giggled.

The party was uneventful. Balloons, strung about black and silver, along with the usual sandwiches and salads, and a large sheet cake reading Happy Birthday Silvia. The girls circulated in the room and Gramma’s friends readily accepted both girls as they were. The older women told Kayla so many times, “Why don’t you get comfortable and join your sister?” That finally Carla whispered, “you are under rules, they are your elders.”

Kayla unsnapped the neck strap of her sundress and for the second time since arriving home found herself nude in public. She handed her mother the dress and continued on as if nothing happened. Lara looked, “Mom, told me this might happen. The old gals told you to take it off, huh?”

“Yeah, these rules take some getting used to,” Kayla grinned, “Want to cause some mischief?” She whispered in her sister’s ear. Lara responded, “You devil, THAT is something I should have thought up.” Both girls laughed.

Two naked girls were soon seen whispering in their grandmother’s ears. Gramma Finn broke out into a grin. She called Carla to her side, and whispered into her ear. Carla jerked upright her jaw dropping and Silvia patted the table in front of her. Carla unsnapped her sundress and joined her daughters, totally naked.

Gramma Finn had whispered, “As your mother-in-law and the girls’ grandparent, I have authority over you. I suggest you join your girls in their nudity, since if you had provided more discipline to them neither of them would find themselves having to be naked in public.”

When Carla jerked upright and began to protest, she was simply told, “You can strip and be done with it or argue, be stripped anyway AND be spanked.” Gramma had patted the table demonstrating she was serious. Carla had removed her dress. Her untrimmed pubic hair fluffed out and the ends of her slightly sagging breasts presented stiff eraser pointed nipples.

Bruce wandered over to Lara, “Hey your sister is cute, but your Mom, wow, I see now where you get it from.”

“Actually I take after my Dad and my Gramma,” Lara said. “Kayla is closer to my Mom in looks and shape. My guess is this is your first naked MILF and you had better stop staring or Gramma will have you stripped naked next.”

“If I could be naked next to you while you are naked, that would not be too bad,” Bruce smiled and pecked her on the cheek.” Then looking at his watch, “OMG I promised my folks I’d be home to do yard work. I have to get going or I WILL be naked beside you.”

“Mom,” Lara asked her mother, “Is it okay if I go over to Bruce’s place and help him clean his yard. You know, weeding and stuff?”

“Don’t get your party clothes dirty, young lady,” Her mother teased. Carla then twirled about utterly enjoying her nudity. Nakedness had been casual in the Finn house. Carla was now thinking it might become mandatory.

Lara kissed her Gramma goodbye, said her goodbye’s to all the people at the party and left on Bruce’s arm. His house was less than two blocks away and they made it through the gate at two fifty nine. Bruce leaned down and pulled a weed. “There. I started the job on time. Let me get changed and we can get continue.”

“Here's an idea, just take off what you're wearing and we’ll get started,” Lara smiled.

“You want me to get naked in front of you?” Bruce’s voice elevated to a squeak.

“You have seen my mother, my sister, and me naked. Fair is fair and it will save on laundry later.” Lara joked.

“Okay, but I have to warn you I’m not nearly as pretty as you are in the buff.” Bruce pulled off his shirt, kicked off the boat shoes he had on and dropped his pants. Folding both and placing them on a deck chair he removed the briefs that were is last barrier of modesty. Then he turned around slowly.

Lara looked at what she saw with awe. He was lean, not overly muscled, about two inches taller than she was and totally hairless. Pockmark scars covered his shoulders and upper back. A few more scars showed on his upper legs and buttocks and even more running from his navel to his pubic area.

“Psoriatic acne,” he stated evenly, “Before the doctors could control it the damage went this far. The cure was a cancer drug. The side effect was I lost all my hair for two years. All that has grown back is what is on my head. His crooked grin seemed to say without words, ‘I must look like a leper who should be driven from the village.’

“That’s an autoimmune disease, right? Like lupus or the Crohn's Disease that took my Dad? You didn’t ask for it and if they found a way to stop it in you, I am happy for you. Heck if it will make you feel like we are a couple I’ll shave off all of my hair, including my head. I don’t like you because of the packaging, Bruce, I like the beautiful present the packaging holds,” Lara told her boyfriend. He said not a word, just wrapped his arms around her and kissed her.

“Come on, we have until six to get this job done, or my nakedness will no longer be voluntary.”

Five forty-five came and the bushes were trimmed, the weeds pulled and the grass mowed in neat patterns both rear and front yards. The couple took turns dancing under the hose to rinse off the grass and cuttings sticking to them. Standing together wet and naked they did not hear the Wilkes’ slip out of the patio door and approach the Weber grill.

His mom cleared her throat, “Bruce, why are you naked?”

Bruce turned with his shoulders lowered and a full body blush creeping over him. “Lara convinced me it would save on laundry later?” he sheepishly replied.

His dad then said, “Lara, do you eat steak? We are grilling tonight and we would like you to stay for dinner. Dress is casual, if you were wondering. Bruce, you will stay as you are.”

“Steak is fine Mr. Wilkes, medium if possible. Mrs. Wilkes, is there anything I can do to help you? Set the table or anything?”

“No, we are fine, do you want to call your mother and tell her you are staying for dinner?”

“Good idea, I have to tell her I did not soil my party clothes, well I did, but I cleaned them right away,” she giggled.

When she went to make the call, Bruce told his parents, “That was an inside joke, last thing Mrs. Finn told Lara when she asked to come help me do yard work was for Lara not to dirty her party clothes.”

His parents laughed. Then his father spoke, “You may not have made the deadline if Lara had not helped you. I am not so sure you were in complete compliance under the rules. We decided when we saw how well you two worked together, to give you this one. But, you are to remain nude until school tomorrow, understood?”

Bruce nodded the affirmative as Lara walked back in. “I was warned again by my sister to not be late for curfew. What time does the sun set tonight? If I’m not in fifteen minutes before then the JPO can pick me up.”

“I believe it is eight ten tonight,” Mr. Wilkes said, “Just let me check that on the computer.” He returned in three minutes to say, “Sunset is eight twelve to be precise. We will drive you home so that you may scamper into your backdoor unseen if you wind up too close to your time.”

“Or, since you are already dressed for school, if you wished to sleep over here tonight that is also a possibility. Bruce has bunk beds; he can clear the action figures off the top bunk for you.” Mrs. Wilkes suggested.

Bruce went from flaccid to fully erect when his mother made the suggestion. Mr. Wilkes looked, rolled his eyes, and said, “Honey, that might not be such a good idea.”

“Stand up, Bruce,” his mother ordered, by her tone he knew it was not a suggestion, “Show Lara what the thought of her spending he night did to you.”

Bruce stood and his erection stood tall and straight and out from his stomach by four inches. His mother pushed it in to his abdomen and it stopped one inch shy of his navel.

“Nice, isn’t it?” She said this to Lara, “One of the side effects of his treatment he may not have mentioned is he is sterile.” Bruce flinched at her touch when his mother said that. “The doctors say he MAY resume producing sperm in the future, but he is tested every six months and thus far nothing. So, even if you two find yourselves so deep in lusty rut that you cannot stop yourselves, your Mom and we have no worries about early grandparenthood.”

“She’s saying she’s okay if we have sex,” Bruce said with a tone in his voice that was more than upset but less than angry. His father smiled over his shoulder and added, “Even if you were not sterile, son, there is plenty of contraception in the house. Between your sisters and brother, you could find what you need in any bedroom in this house.”

His twenty-year-old brother was at Parris Island in the Marines. His two sisters were away for the weekend with friends at the shore. One girl was nineteen and the other eighteen. Bruce was the youngest in the family.

Dinner was uneventful and full of lively conversation about Bruce and his siblings growing up. One girl, the older one, was now entering sophomore year at Templeton University; the younger would start at Ammerville College in the fall. Bruce also wished to go to Ammerville, but his safe school was Central University West Hamlin, where Kayla Finn attended. Lara admitted she had slacked off so badly in her junior year she did not know if she could get accepted to CUWH and she might have to stay home and go to community college first.

“It is all about the tests and the admissions thesis,” Mrs. Wilkes told Lara. “If you can score highly enough on your college boards and write an exceptional essay, most schools will admit you even with one slumping year grade point average. Use your essay to explain your slump. Plus you still have finals this year to use to pull up your grades.”

“What would I need to go from a 2.3 GPA to a 3.0 where I was second semester? Lara asked.

“Probably 4.0 across the board on your finals and papers,” Bruce answered her. “It is not impossible and if we work hard, together we can make a good try at it. My folks are both educators, Mom edits textbooks and Dad is finishing a dissertation on Etruscan romantic literature for his doctorate in ancient languages. Between the three of us, we should be able to tutor you back up to a solid B.”

“Bruce won’t admit to it but he is the math and computer geek in the family,” Mr. Wilkes added. “So your world history, English and math are covered. What else do you need help with?”

“Sciences, I was lost in Earth Science and totally lost in chemistry,” Lara said. “I had to take Earth Science this year because of the mix up in freshman year.”

“Oh, you were one of the bridge kids,” Mrs. Wilkes said, “The ones who came in to West End when South Bend was closed with mold.”

“Yeah, and West End did not have enough science lab space for us so we were told we would make it up once we got back in our school building.” Lara said.

“Vera can help with that, if we can get her on board,” Bruce suggested. His oldest sister was a sciences major/pre med at Templeton.

“She will help, no question.” His father stated as though he had something to hang over the older girl’s head.

\* \* \*

Lara spent the next three weeks naked in school. After the first day of gawks and some sly touching, it became the new normal for Lara to present at the front of the class or write on the dry erase board and soon no one seemed to notice her nudity. The biggest change was Lara participating and involving herself intelligently in class. Her answers were mostly correct when called upon, her papers were flawlessly worded and in proper format, and somehow she had begun to grasp the elements of fundamental trigonometry.

Drilled on the eras of geologic time she now knew that rock was of three basic types, Cambrian was much older than Quaternary, and could explain the basics of soil erosion. She walked through the chemistry practicum exam, understood the formula for the chemical composition she would make, added and heated her solutions correctly and finished with a solid crystal of potassium iodide. Her English paper on the Scarlet Letter referenced such obscurities as Meredith Wilson’s use of Hawthorne’s characters in the Music Man’s song, ‘A Sadder But Wiser Girl”, and the possible biblical reference of the A to the mark of the Beast in the book of Revelation.

Every thing she turned in had the quality and content of something done at a higher academic level than junior year of public high school. When Carla Finn was called to explain the turn around, she smiled and said, ask Bruce Wilkes. Bruce told the principal that Lara was his steady girlfriend now, and as a member of his family by extension academic failure was not an option. The principal compared her work of the first and second marking periods to the work now. It was consistent and slightly improved. The period the girl was with Todd, as her boyfriend, seemed to explain her slump. She finished the year with a squeak by 3.0.

When Carla Finn told her daughter her reward for turning her life around was the return of her clothing, Lara responded, “Thanks Mom, but no thanks. Life naked has been good for me and at least until September I’d like to stay this way.” Her temporary D in marker her mother replaced with a sterling neck chain with a D pendant.

That was what she wore to prom; well that and a wrist corsage of lilies. Ignoring the beauty and the beast references tossed by some other cruel teens there, Bruce joined her in nudity. The two danced every dance and obviously enjoyed each other’s company the whole evening. When friends become lovers it is a line that can never be retracted. They had waited, though all parents were fine if they had, to have sex until prom night. Bruce spent the night at the Finn house. Lara had a full size bed and it did not squeak as Bruce’s bunk bed did.

They say revenge is a dish best eaten cold. Ellie Kmetko was proof of that by example. On her way to her middle school formal dance celebrating the end of year Lara, and Bruce with his video camera, stopped Ellie at the car door. “Ellie, may I ask you a question?”

“Well, I’m kind of in a hurry.”

“Ellie, I wish to ask you a question.” Lara repeated. Mrs. Kmetko looked at her daughter and told her, “You will not go anywhere until you answer Lara.”

“Go ahead and ask,” Ellie replied.

“Did you shoot video of me the day I went under discipline?” Lara asked.

“NO!” Ellie shook her head and tried to go to the car.

“If not you, then who did shoot video of me going under discipline from your parent’s bedroom window?”

Rolling her eyes and thinking as fast as she could the girl screeched, “Emma”.

“Oh, Emma shot the video,” Lara waved to Mr. Kmetko and Bud brought his already nude oldest around to the front of the house from the side yard.

“Emma, did you shoot video of me being stripped in discipline from your parents bedroom window?” Lara asked her.

“Yes, ma’am I did, and I’m very sorry about it.” Emma replied honestly.

“Sorry you did it or sorry you were caught at it?”

“Truly sorry I did it, ma’am, and I know you will be paddling me for it at some time soon.” Emma responded.

“Now, then Ellie, did you post that video on YouTube?”

She was caught; Lara and her parents both knew the answers to the questions she was being asked, “Yes, yes I did. I thought it would be funny. I thought when we showed it to you the night you sat with us that we could embarrass you into letting us do what we wanted. If that is all the questions you have I am late for my party.”

“Not only late, but very overdressed. I had four items of clothing when I was stripped for discipline, I would like four items of clothing from you, now, please.” Lara held out her hand.

“Strip little girl, or I will do it for you, and paddle your rear end raw before you go to the dance instead of later,” Mrs. Kmetko told her daughter so sternly that she knew disobedience was not an option.

“Mom, I…” the blubbering began. “Bud, get the yardstick,” from Gloria.

Buttons unbuttoned and the lacy party frock that once covered Ellie from shoulder to knee was a puddle at her feet.

“That is one, you owe me three more articles of clothing.” Lara told her.

“All I have are my panties and knee socks,” The girl wailed.

“Off with them then, and we shall be even.” Lara stood firm.

The girl raised one foot then the other to remove her shoes and then pulled down and off each sock in turn. She stood in frilly lace party panties and nothing else.

“Well, you still owe me one more piece,” Lara tapped her foot and Gloria Kmetko hefted the yardstick Bud brought her.

Thumbs at the hip sides of the waistband Ellie wiggled out of her panties, folded them on the rest of her clothing and handed the pile over to Lara. Tears streaking her face, the youngest Kmetko daughter knew what was next.

“Okay, get in the car, you have a party to get to and you are already fashionably late.” Lara told her.

Ellie’s wails of protest to her mother as they drove off could be heard even through the closed windows of the car.

{that’s all, folks}

The End